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THE

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VOLUME LXXIX

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THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

I.

February 20, 1890. There is not a moment of my life that you have shared with me which I cannot recall with a distinctness fairly sunlit. My joys and my sorrows, my triumphs and my failures, have faded one by one from emotions into memories, quickening neither pulse nor thought when they recur to me, while you alone can set both throbbing. And though for years I have known that if you loved it would be some one worthier of you, yet I have loved you truly, and whatever I have been in all else, in that one thing, at least, I have been strong. Nor would I part with my tenderness for you, even though it has robbed me of contentment, for all the pleasures of which I can dream cannot equal the happiness of loving you. To God I owe life, and you, Maizie, have filled that life with love; and to both I bow my spirit in thanks, striving not to waste his gift lest I be unworthy of the devotion I feel for you.

If I were a stronger man, I should not now be sobbing out my heart's blood through the tip of a pen. Instead of writing of my sorrow, I should have battled for my love despite all obstacles. But I am no Alexander to cut the knot of entanglements which the fates have woven about me, and so, Midas-like, I sit morbidly whispering the hidden grief, too great for me to bear in silence longer.

I can picture my first glimpse of you as vividly as my last. That dull rainy day of indoor imprisonment seems almost to have been arranged as a shadow-box to intensify the image graved so deeply on my memory. The sun came, as you did, towards the end of the afternoon, as if light and warmth were your couriers. When I shyly entered the library in answer to my father's call, you were standing in the full sunlight, and the thought flashed through my mind that here was one of the angels of whom I had read. You were only a child of seven, — to others, I suppose, immature and formless; yet even then your eyes were as large and as serious as they are to-day, and your curling brown hair had already a touch of fire, as if sunshine had crept thereinto, and, liking its abiding-place, had lingered lovingly.

"Don," cried my father, as I stood in the doorway, "here 's a new plaything for you. Give it a welcome and a kiss."

I hung back, half in shyness, and half in fear that you were of heaven, and not of earth, but you came forward and kissed me without the slightest hesitation. The details are so clear that I remember you hardly had to raise your head, though I was three years the older. Your kiss dispelled all my timidity, and from the moment of that caress I loved you. Not that I am so foolish as to believe I then felt for you what now I feel, but by the clear light of retrospect I can see that your coming brought a new element into my life, — an element which I loved from the first, though with steadily deepening intensity, and I can-

not even now determine at what point a boy's devotion became a lover's.

To the silent and lonely lad you were an inspiration. What I might have grown to be had you not been my father's ward I do not like to think, for I was not a strong boy, and my shyness and timidity had prompted me to much reading and to little play. But it was decreed that you were to be the controlling influence of my life, and in the first week you worked a revolution in my habits. I wonder if now, when you see so many men eager to gratify your slightest wish, you ever think of your earliest slave, whom you enticed to the roof to drop pebbles or water on the passers-by, and into the cellar to bury a toy soldier deep in the coal? Does memory ever bring back to you how we started to paint the illustrations in Kingsborough's Mexican Antiquities, or how we built a fire round a doll on the library rug, in imitation of the death of an Inca of Peru as pictured in dear old Garcilasso de la Vega's Royal Commentaries? You were a lazy child about reading, but when not tempting me into riotous mischief, you would sit by me in the library and let me show you the pictures in the old books, and I smile now to think what my running versions of the texts must have been. Our favorite books were the Nuremberg Chronicle and De Bry's Voyages, for the pictures of which, since the Latin was beyond me, I invented explanations and even whole stories, — stories over which you grew big-eyed and sleepless, and which we both came to believe so firmly that we never dreamed them to be the cause for the occasional outburst of laughter from my father, when he was in the library.

Even in those days you veiled your witchery and mischief-loving nature behind that serious face with its curved but unsmiling mouth. Keen as many of our pleasures were and blithe as were our pranks, I can scarcely remember a smile upon your face. Now and then the merriest of laughs rang out, fairly infectious in its happiness and joy, but of so rare recurrence as to win for you the sobriquet of "Madam Gravity." Your inscrutability allured and charmed me then as I have seen it fascinate others since. I shall never understand you, and yet I think I misunderstand you less than others do, for you cannot hide from me the quick thought and merry nature which you keep so well hidden from them; and often when others think you most abstracted or sedate, I know you are holding high carnival with Puck and Momus. Again and again I have noted your gravity in the most humorous situations or with the most ridiculous of persons, and have smiled in secret with you. Last summer, when my mother won such a laugh by telling, as something that had happened to her personally, the old story from Peele's Merrie Conceits, which we had read as children, you looked grave, though the incident had twice the humor to you that it had to the others. In my own merriment I could not help glancing at you, and though neither of us laughed, we understood each other's amusement. Evidently you were not used to having your mood comprehended, for after a moment you seemed to realize that I was responding to what you had thought unknown to all. You looked startled and then puzzled, and I suppose that I became even more of a mystery to you than ever. You could not know that my knowledge of you came from those early days when your nature was taking shape. Without my memory of you as a child you would be as great an enigma to me as to the rest of your friends, and so no doubt it is a small thing in which to glory. But it gives me joy to feel that I understand you better, and at this very moment know more of your thoughts, than your husband ever will.

I owe to you many dark closetings and whippings that I never deserved. My mother complained that from being a

troublesome child I had become a fiend of mischief, but my father laughed and predicted that you would make a man of me. I wonder if you ever think of him, and what your thought is? We both so loved him that I cannot believe he has passed entirely out of your heart. How ready he was to be our comrade! Whether tired or busy he would join us, not as mentor, but as playfellow; and now that I know what there was to depress his spirits at that time, I marvel at his cheer and courage. Would that I had one half of the bravery with which he met his troubles!

Perhaps he was right in his assumption that you would have made a man of me. I do not recollect any act of mine which bore the semblance of courage except the rescue of the street dog from those boys. I hated to see the poor beast tortured, but I feared the roughs, and so stood faltering while you charged among them. Not till one of them struck you was I driven to help, but I can still feel the fury which then took possession of me. I was blind with rage, and a great weight seemed pressing on my chest as I rushed among the boys and fought, hardly conscious of the blows I gave or received; indeed, the whole thing was a haze until I found myself sitting on the sidewalk, crying. For days I went about with a bandage over my eye; but my father drank my health that night, and I remember his pat of approval, and hear his "Bravo, Donald, I 'm proud of you." It was significant that I received all the praise, and you none; my courage was questionable, yours was not.

Those happy, thoughtless years! The one kill-joy was my mother, and she made your life and mine so grievous with her needless harshness, quick temper, and neglect of our comfort that I think she must have made my father's equally miserable. Dimly I can recollect her sudden gusts of temper, and his instant dismissal of us from the room when they began. Do you remember how he used to come up to the nursery to smoke, often staying till our bedtime, and then how we could hear him go downstairs and out of the front door? We did not know that he went to his club, nor at what hour he returned; and if we had it would have meant nothing to us. But we both knew he found no pleasure with my mother, and we felt he was right, for in avoiding her he was but doing what was our chief endeavor. I have heard many admire her for her beauty, for her church and charitable work, for her brilliancy in society, for her executive ability, and for her general public spirit. Her neglect of her household, her extravagance, her frequent absences, and her fatigued petulance when at home were known only to her household. Our servants rarely remained a month with us, — were changed so often as to destroy all possibility of comfort; but we three were not free to follow their example, and so our misery made us the dearer to one another. I am proud to think that, close as we drew together, my father never uttered in my presence a single word of criticism or complaint against my mother, and I should be the better man if, instead of writing these unfilial words, I left them unsaid. Indeed, I will not spend more of my evening on these old memories, but begin on my work.

Do you remember, Maizie, how my father taught us to give him and each other a parting word? "Good-night, father. Good-night, Maizie. God bless you both," it used to be. He sleeps now in his grave, and three years ago you barred your door to me, but still I can say as of old, "Good-night, Maizie. God bless and keep you, dear."

II.

February 21. To put all this on paper is weak and aimless, yet it seems to ease my sadness. I suppose a scribbler unconsciously comes to write out

whatever he feels, as a nervous woman plays her emotions away on a piano. If this is so, why should not I salve my grief in any way that lessens it? Those old days had such happiness in them that the mere memory brings some to me, and to sit here at my study table and write of the past is better than idle dwelling on the present.

You were jubilant when first told that we were all to go to Europe for a summer, and laughed at my fears and despondency. Could I have had an intuition of coming evil, or was my alarm due to the engravings of those terrible sea-monsters with which Mercator populated the oceans in his Atlas sive Cosmographicæ, and to the pictures and tales in bloodthirsty old Exquemelin's Bucaniers of America? Our notions of what the trip meant were evidently not very clear, for at once we set to storing up provisions, and weeks before the time of sailing we were the proud possessors of a cracker-box full of assorted edibles, a jar of olives we had pilfered, and a small pie you had cajoled the cook into making for us. How we loved and gloated over that pie! Daily we sorted our sea-stores, added new supplies, and ate what clearly could be kept no longer. My mother found us one day deeply engrossed in the occupation, cuffed us both, and sent the olives back to the pantry and the tin box to the ash-barrel. As for the pie, such hot words passed about it between "Madame" and "Monsieur Philippe" that our cook left us without warning. We were again punished for being the cause of his desertion, and that evening father dined at his club.

The different effects my mother's gusts of anger had on you and on me were curiously distinctive. You met them fearlessly and stubbornly, while to me the moments of her fury were moments in which I could scarcely breathe, and of which I felt the terror for hours after. I sometimes wonder if the variance was because I had learned to fear the outbursts even as a baby, whereas your character had partly formed before you encountered them. Who knows but a change of circumstances might have made me the fearless one, and you the timorous? At least I should be glad to think that I might have been like you in courage and spirit, even though it is impossible to imagine that you could ever be like me.

What a delight the ocean voyage was to us! Those were the times of ten-day trips, still dear to all true lovers of the sea; and had our wishes been consulted, thrice ten would have been none too long for our passage. The officers, the crew, the stewards, and the passengers were no more proof against your indefinable spell than was I, and it seemed quite as if the boat were your private yacht, with all on board seeking only to serve you. Our pleasure was so intense that we planned an ideal future, in which I was to become the captain of a steamship, and you were to live on the ship in some equally delightful if impossible capacity.

The last time I was in Paris, I walked several miles merely to look at the outside of our *pension*, and then went on and sat dreaming in the little park near it in which we passed so many hours of our stay in that city. As of old, the place was full of children and nurses, and I understood what had puzzled me not a little in recollection, — how you and I, without mingling with them, had learned so quickly the language they chattered. Do you remember their friendly advances, met only by rebuffs? My coldness flowed from shyness, and yours from a trait that people to this day call haughtiness, but which I know to be only a fastidious refinement that yields acquaintance to few and friendship to fewer. From the moment you came into my life I craved no other friend, and you seemed equally content. What was there in me that won for me what you gave so rarely? Was there an instinct of natural sympathy, or was it merely pity for me in the

loving heart you mask behind that subtle face?

It is indicative of what children we still were that during the whole of our sojourn in Paris neither of us was conscious that our standard of living had changed. We lodged in a cheap pension; instead of our own carriage we used the omnibus; and a thousand other evidences told the story of real economy, yet not one we observed except the disappearance of our *bonne*, and this was noted, not as a loss, but as a joy to both.

After the nurse was gone my father became more than ever our comrade, and a better one two children never had. Oh, those long excursions to Versailles, Montmartre, and Fontainebleau, our boat trips up and down the Seine, and our shorter jaunts within the city! What happiness it was to us when he came in whistling and cried, "Donald, Maizie, you are horribly bad children, and I 'm going to take you on a lark to punish you!" After time spent in filling our lunch-basket with big rolls bought at the *boulangerie*, a few sous' worth of cherries or other fruit lengthily bargained for with the *fruitier*, and a half litre of cheap wine, plus whatever other luxuries our imaginations or our appetites could suggest, away we would go for a long day of pure delight, whether passed under green trees or wandering through galleries and museums. My father was an encyclopædia of information, and had the knack of making knowledge interesting to the child mind. He could re-create a bygone period from a battle-axe or a *martel de fer*, the personality of a queen from her lace ruff or stomacher, and the history of plant growth from a fern or flower. If his mind had been allowed to expand when he was young, instead of being stunted in a broker's office, I believe he might have been one of the world's great writers or critics.

Under such stimulating tutelage our progress in those two years was really wonderful. No subject my father touched upon could remain dull; we were at a receptive age when the mind is fresh and elastic for all that interests it, and Paris was a great picture-book to illustrate what he taught us. We did not know we were studying far deeper into subjects than many educated people ever go. I laugh still at your telling the old German on the train to Sèvres the history of the Faust plot, and at his amazed "Och, zo!" to hear such erudition pour from your childish lips. I think you were the cleverer and the quicker, but there was no competition, only fellowship, about our learning. I suppose you were above rivalry as you are above all mean things.

And that is your chief glory to me. In those seven years of closest companionship, and in these last three years of lesser intercourse but far keener observation, I have never known you to do a mean thing or to speak a mean thought. I almost feel it treason to couple the word with you, or deny a trait so impossible for you to possess, and of which you have always shown such scorn and hatred. At this moment I know that I should only have to speak to part you forever from ——. Ah, what foolishness I am writing, tempting me to even greater meanness than his, and so to deserve the greater contempt from you! Thinking me mean, you closed your doors to me three years ago, and I love you the better that not even for auld lang syne could you pardon what is so alien to you. If the day ever comes when you again admit me to your friendship, I shall be happy in knowing that you think me above baseness or meanness; for you would not compound with them, Maizie, be the circumstances what they might.

Our Paris life would not have been so happy and careless but for the slight part my mother had in it. So little did we see of her in those years that I think

of her scarcely as one of us. I remember dimly a scene of hot anger between her and my father, — he standing passively by the high porcelain stove, while she raged about the room. So great was her anger that once, in passing, as I crouched scared and silent on the sofa, she struck me, — a blow which brought my father to my side, where he stood protecting me while the storm lasted, with his hand resting lovingly on my shoulder. My vague impression is that the outburst was only a protest against the poor lodgings, but it may have occurred when some explanation took place between my parents. I can see my mother now, sitting on the little balcony overlooking the garden of our pension, snarling an ill-natured word at us as you and I tried to play consultation games of chess against my father. He gave us odds at first of the rook and two pawns, but finally only of a knight. Oh, the triumph of those victories! How we gloried in them, and how delighted our antagonist was when we conquered him! Little we minded what my mother did except when we happened to be alone with her, and I think that the dear father played bad chess with us rather than good at the cafés, and made us his companions wherever he went, to save us from her severity.

I can recall very clearly her constant difficulties with our landlady and the servants, which finally culminated in a request that we should seek lodgings elsewhere. Do you recollect Madame Vanott's clasping us both in her arms and filling our hands with bonbons, when the time of parting came? I do not know where we removed to, my sole remembrance of the next few weeks being of my mother's complaints of lodgings, food, servants, and French life generally. We moved three times within a month, fairly expelled by our landlords because they could not live at peace with "la Madame." Our last exodus began in an angry scene between her and the housewife, in which a gendarme played a part, and from which you and I fled. The next morning we learned that my mother had determined to return to America, and leave us to live our own life. Three days later we said emotionless good-bys, my father going as far as Havre with her.

Her departure set us asking questions, and my father's replies explained many things which, in our childish talks, we had gravely discussed. He told us how his own wealth had been lost in Wall Street, barely enough being left for a competence even in Europe. Of my mother's leaving us he spoke sadly. "She never pretended to care for me," he said, "but I loved her and was willing to marry her. The wrong was mine, and we should not blame her if, when I can no longer give what was her price, she does not choose to continue the one-sided bargain." At the time her absence seemed to you and me only a relief, but now, as I look back, I know that my father never ceased to love her, — all the more, perhaps, because his love had never been requited, — and that separation must have been the final wrecking of his life. Yet from the day she left us I never heard him speak an angry word, and sorrow that would have crushed most men seemed to make him the gentler and sweeter. I wish — Ah! the clock is striking three, and if I am to bring working power to working hours, I must stop writing. Good-night, dear one.

III.

February 22. After my mother left us we did not stay in Paris, but went to Ischl, which we merely made the point of departure for walking tours which often lasted for weeks. Several times I have spoken of the region to you, hoping to draw from you some remark proving a recollection of those days, but you always avoid reply. Yet I am sure they

are not forgotten, for miles of the Tyrol and Alps are as familiar to me as the garnishings of a breakfast-table. My father had the tact and kindly humor that make a man equally at home and welcome in *Gasthaus* and *Schloss*. Though we traveled with only a knapsack, his breeding and education were so patent to those whom we met that we spent many a night inside of doors with armorial coats of many quarterings carved above them, and many a day's shooting and fishing followed. Yet pleasant as was this impromptu and "gentle" hospitality, I think we were all quite as happy when our evenings were spent among the peasants, drinking beer, talking of farming and forestry, singing songs, or listening to the blare of the peripatetic military band.

My father was a fine German scholar, and you and I acquired the language as quickly and as easily as we learned French. We always had books in our pockets, and used to lie for hours under the trees, reading aloud. Long discussions followed over what we had conned, enriched by the thousand side-lights my father could throw on any subject. To most people reading is a resort to save themselves from thinking, but my father knew that pitfall, and made us use books as a basis for thought on our own part. After a volume was finished we would each write a criticism of it, and the comparison of my attempts with his brilliant, comprehensive, and philosophic work taught me more of writing than all the tuition I ever had.

My craving for knowledge, always strong, became inordinate, probably because the acquisition of it was made so fascinating that I learned without real exertion. I began to find limits even to my father's erudition, and chafed under them. He reviewed his Greek that he might impart it to us, as he had long before taught us Latin, and together we all three studied Spanish and Italian. I was not satisfied, for my desire for the one thing my father was unable to teach was not appeased by the twenty which he could. I begged for regular tuition, and, indulgent as he always was, he took us to Heidelberg, where I was enrolled in the gymnasium. Yet the long hours of separation that this entailed made little difference in our relations, for except for these we were inseparable. Whenever my school-work left us time to quit Heidelberg we made walking tours, and we availed ourselves of the summer holiday to see far-away lands. The great libraries were our chief goals, but everything interested us, from the archaic plough we saw in the field to the masterpiece of the gallery. I do not know whether I was dull for my years, but I do know that you were precocious and had no difficulty in keeping up with me in my studies. Indeed, thanks to your own brightness and to the long hours spent with my father while I was reciting, you went ahead of me in many respects. It makes me very happy now to think of what you two were to each other, and to know that you are so largely indebted to him for the depth and brilliance of mind that I hear so often commented upon. And I love you all the better because you made those years so happy to him by your love and companionship.

Last winter Mrs. Blodgett accused me of being a misogynist, and proved her point by asking me to tell the color of Agnes' eyes. You and Agnes only laughed when I miscolored them, but Mrs. Blodgett was really nettled. "There!" she said. "Apparently, Agnes and I are the only women you ever go to see or pretend to care for, and yet you think so little of us that you don't know the color of our eyes." Had she only asked me to describe your eyes in place of Agnes' I should not have erred, but I suppose even then the world would be justified in thinking I do not care for woman's society. Certainly, you, of all others, have the right to think so, after my twice refusing your friendship; and yet it is

my love of you far more than my studies or shyness that has made me indifferent to other women. And so far from being a misogynist, I care for as few men as women. You perhaps recall how much apart I kept myself from my fellow students, and how my father had to urge me to join them in the fencing and chess contests? Later, at the university, after you had left us, I entered more eagerly into the two pastimes, and succeeded in making myself a skilled swordsman. As for chess, I learned to play the game you tested last October on the veranda of My Fancy. You looked gravely courteous when, after our initial battle, I had to ask from you the odds, and never dreamed that I fathomed your secret triumph over your victory. You are so delightfully human and womanly, after all, Maizie, to any one who can read your thoughts. It is a pleasure to see your happiness in the consciousness of your own power, and I grudge you victory over me no more than over other men. Yet while you play better chess, I think you could not conquer me quite as easily if I were not much more interested in studying the player than the play. Perhaps but for you I should have made friends, for later, at the university, despite my shyness and studiousness, I seemed fairly popular; but so long as I had you I cared for no other friend, and after our separation I could form no new tie. Neither in love nor in friendship have you ever had a rival in my heart.

Our happiness ended the day when Johann, the poor factotum of our boarding-place, found us in the castle park and summoned us back to the house, where my father and Mr. Walton were awaiting you. The news that we were to be parted came so suddenly that we could not believe it. I stood in stunned silence, while you declared that you would not go with your uncle; even in that terrible moment speaking more as a queen issuing orders than as a rebel resisting authority. We both appealed to my father, and the tears stood in his eyes as he told us we must be parted. Mr. Walton sat with the cool and slightly bored look that his worldly face wears so constantly, and I presume it was impossible for him to understand our emotion.

Your luggage had been packed while we were being summoned, and I carried your bag down to the carriage, in the endeavor to do you some last little service. We did not even go through the form of a farewell, but, tearless and speechless, held each other's hands till my father gently separated us. To this day the snap of a whip causes me to catch my breath, it brings back so vividly the crack with which Mr. Walton's cabman whipped up his horse. Fate was merciful, for she gave me no glimpse of the future, and so left me the hope that we should not be parted long. I question if the delicate lad I was in those days could have borne the thought that our separation, enforced by others, would in time be continued by you.

The life was too happy to last; and yet I do not know why I write that, for I do not believe that God's children are born to be wretched, and I would sooner renounce my faith in him than believe him so cruel to his own creations. The sadness and estrangement in my life are all of human origin, and mine, it seems to me, has been a fuller cup of bitterness than most men have to drink. Or am I only magnifying my own sufferings, and diminishing those of my fellow mortals? To the world I am a prosperous man, with promise of even greater success. Do all the people about me, who seem to be the same, bury away from sight some grief like mine that beggars joy?

Can you, Maizie, in the tide and triumph of your beauty and wealth, hide any such death-wound to all true happiness? Pray God you do not. Goodnight, my darling.

IV.

February 23. After you were gone I fled to my room, crawling under the window-seat, much as a mortally wounded animal tries to hide itself. Here my father found me many hours later, speechless and shivering. He drew me from my retreat, and I still remember the sting of the brandy as he poured it down my throat. Afterwards the doctor came, to do nothing; but all that night my father sat beside me, and towards morning he broke down my silence, and we talked together over the light which had gone out of our lives, till I fell asleep. He told me that the death of your two aunts had made you a great heiress, and rendered your continuance with us, in our poverty, impossible. "She 's gone away out of our class, Donald," my father said sadly, "and in the change of circumstances her mother would n't have made me her guardian. It was better for all of us to let her uncle take her back to New York." Even in my own grief I felt his sorrow, and though he did not dodge my questions, I could see how the subject pained him, and avoided it thenceforth. How strangely altered my life would have been if I had insisted on knowing more!

The doctor came several times afterwards, for I did not rally as I should have done, and at last he ordered a year's cessation of studies and plenty of exercise. It was a terrible blow to me at the time, for I was on the point of entering the University of Leipzig; but now I can see it was all for the best, since the time given to our tours through Spain and Italy was well spent, and the delay made me better able to get the full value of the lectures. Moreover, that outdoor life added three inches to the height and seventeen pounds to the weight of the hitherto puny boy. For a time my father made my health his care, and insisted on my walking and fencing daily; but after that long holiday he need not have given it a thought, for I grew steadily to my present height, and while always of slender build, I can outwalk or outwork many a stockier man.

My university career was successful; it could hardly have failed to be, with my training. I am afraid that I became over-elated with my success, not appreciating how much it was due to my father's aid and to the kindness of two of my instructors. For my Ph. D. I made a study of the great race movements of the world, in which my predilection for philology, ethnology, and history gave me an especial interest. I so delighted my professor of philology by my enthusiasm and tirelessness that he stole long hours from the darling of his heart, to aid me. (I need hardly add that I do not allude to Frau Jastrow, but to his Verb-Roots of Fifty-Two Languages and Dialects of Indo-Germanic Origin, to be published some day in seventeen volumes quarto.) He even brought me bundles of his manuscript to read and criticise. Our relations were as intimate as was possible between a professor and a student, and despite his reputation for ill temper the only evidence he ever gave me of it was a certain querulousness over the gaps in human knowledge.

My doctor's thesis on A Study of the Influence of Religion in the Alienation and Mixture of Races — which, with a vanity I now laugh over, I submitted not merely in Latin, but as an original work in four other languages — was not only the delight of both my dear professors, but was well considered outside the university. At Jastrow's urging, poor Buchholtz printed editions in all five languages; and as only the German had any sale worth mentioning, he ever after looked gloomy at the mere mention of the title. But though it earned me no royalties, it won me the Kellermann prize, given every fifth year for the best original work on an historical subject.

On our first arrival in Leipzig my fa-

ther sought literary employment from the great publishers of that city of books, and soon obtained all the "review" and "hack" writing that he wished. He encouraged me to help him in the work; and in my training probably lay his chief inducement, for he was paid at starvation rates in that land of hungry authors. The labor quickly taught me the technical part of authorship, the rock which has wrecked so many hopes. Our work brought us, too, the acquaintance of many literary men, and thus gave us our pleasantest society, and one peculiarly fitted to develop me. Furthermore, we secured command of the unlimited books stored on the publishers' shelves, which we used as freely as if they were our own private library.

Very quickly I began to do more than help my father in his work; I myself tried to write. He put many a manuscript in the fire, after going over the faults with me, but finally I wrote something that he let me send to an editor. His admirable judgment must have been warped by his fatherly love, for the article was rejected. A like fate befell many others, but at last one was accepted, and I do not know which of us was the more delighted when it was published in the Zeitschrift für Deutsche Philologie. By my father's advice it was signed with a pseudonym; for he pointed out that I was still too young for editors who knew me to give my manuscript a reading, and that a German name would command greater respect from them than an English one.

I received twenty marks for that first article, and spent it in secret the next day. Had you known of my pleasure in the gift, and the hopes that went with it, I think you would have sent a line of acknowledgment to the hungry-hearted fellow who, after four years of separation, still longed for a token from you. Three times had I written, without response, but I thought the beauty of the photograph would so appeal to you that it must bring me back a word from you, and lived in the hope for six months. My father joked me genially about what I had done with that vast wealth, pretending at moments that he believed it had been avariciously hoarded, and at other times that it had been squandered in riotous living, till one day, when all hope of acknowledgment had died, his chaff wrung from me an exclamation of pain, suppressed too late to be concealed from him. So closely attuned had we become that he understood in an instant what it meant, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, "Forgive me, my boy! I have been very cruel in my thoughtlessness!"

Nothing more was said then, but later that evening, when we rose from our work, he asked, "She never replied?" and when I shook my head, the saddest look I ever saw in him came upon his face. He seemed about to speak impulsively, faltered, checked himself, and finally said, "Bear up, Donald, and try to forget her." I could only shake my head again, but he understood. "She 's feminine quicksilver," he groaned, "and I can't get the dear girl out of my blood, either." We gripped each other's hands for a moment, and I said, "Good night, father," and he replied, "God help you, my boy." How happy we should have been could we have said to you, "Good-night, Maizie"!

V.

February 24. I cannot clearly fix the time when I first decided upon a life of letters, and presume it was my father's influence which determined me. After the publication of my first article, all the time I could spare from my studies was devoted to writing. Most of it was magazine work, but two text-books were more ambitious flights. Undertaken at my father's suggestion, the books were revised by him, till they should have been published with his

name, and not my pseudonym, on the title-page. This I urged, but he would not hear of it, insisting that his work was trivial compared with mine. I understand his motive now, and see how wise and loving he was in all his plans. Thanks to his skill in clarifying knowledge and fitting it to the immature mind, both books attained a large sale almost immediately on their publication.

My father's abnegation went further, and occasioned the only quarrel we ever had. After the publication of several of my articles, in reading the Deutsche Rundschau I found an interesting critique signed with the name I had adopted as a pseudonym. I laughingly called my father's attention to it, yet really feeling a little sore that the credit of my work should go to another, for the first literary offspring are very dear to an author's heart. From that time I was constantly meeting with the name, but stupidly failed to recognize my father's brilliant, luminous touch till the publication of another article of my writing revealed the truth to me; for at the end of this I found again my pseudonym, though I had signed my own name. On my sending an indignant letter to the editor, he returned me the revised proof of my article, at the bottom of which "Donald Maitland" was struck out, and "Rudolph Hartzmann" substituted. My father had made the change in the last revision, and had returned the sheets without letting me see them.

In a moment the veil was gone from my eyes, and, grieved and angry, I charged him with the deception. I do not like to think of what I said or of the gentleness with which he took it. The next day, when I was cooler, he pleaded with me to let him continue signing the name to his articles; but I insisted that I would not permit the double use, and the only concession he could win from me was that I would still keep the name provided he refrained from using it again. How could I resist his "Don, I never asked anything but this of you. I am an old man, with no possibility of a career. You are all I have to love or work for in this world. Let me try to help you gain a name." Oh, father, if I had only understood, I would not have been so cruel as to deny your request, but would have sacrificed my own honesty and allowed the lie rather than have refused what now I know to have been so dear a wish. I even resented what I thought a foolish joke of his, when he registered us constantly as "Rudolph Hartzmann and father." It is poetic justice that in time I should stoop to so much greater dishonesty than that I was intolerant of in him.

Owing as much to his articles as to those I subsequently wrote, my pseudonym became a recognized one in the world of letters, and my work soon commanded a good price. Furthermore, considerable interest was excited as to the author. There is a keen delight in anonymous publication, for one does not get the one-sided chatter that acknowledged authors receive, and often I have sat in the midst of a group of littérateurs and scholars and heard my articles talked over. I was tempted even to discuss one, — criticising it, of course, — and can remember the way my father hid his laughter when a member of the party said, "Maitland, you ought to write an article refuting Hartzmann, for you 've got the brains to do it." I am amused to think how vain and elated I became over what I now see was only 'prentice work. I am glad you did not know me in those years of petty victory, and that before we met I had been saddened and humbled.

Some one at Mr. Whitely's dinner, last winter, asked what was a sufficient income, and you, Maizie, gravely answered, "A little more than one has," which made us all laugh. If you had not been the quicker and the wittier, and thus forestalled me. I should have said, "Enough to satisfy the few wishes

which money can satisfy." Thanks to my prize, my writings, and the profits of my textbooks, I obtained this. In fact, the three so lengthened my purse that I fancy few millionaires have ever felt as truly rich; for I was enabled to gratify my greatest wish. In our visits to Spain, Italy, and Constantinople, I had garnered all that I could find bearing on the two great race movements of the Moors and Turks, which so changed the world's history; but I had discovered that I needed more than the documentary materials to write clearly of them. I longed to go to their source, and then follow the channels along which those racial floods had rushed, till, encountering the steel armor and gunpowder of Europe, they had dashed in scattered spray, never to gather force again. In my eagerness I had been for making the attempt before, but my father had urged our limited means and the shortness of my university vacations as bars to my wishes. My degree removed the one objection, and my earnings and prize the other. Few persons would care to undertake the travel we planned with the pittance we had earned, but it was enough for us. How fortunate it is for me that my student life and travels trained me to absolute self-denial and frugality! Otherwise these last three years of closest economy and niggardliness would have been hard to bear.

By the influence of Professor Humzel, working first through his former pupil, Baron Weiseman, secondly through Giers, and thirdly through I know not whom, we secured permission to join a Russian surveying party, and thus safely and expeditiously reached the mountains of the Altai range. We did not stay with the party after they began their work, but assuming native dress we turned southward; plunging instantly among the medley of peoples and tongues which actually realizes the mythical Babel. Turkish, Hebrew, Arabic, and Sanskrit I had mastered in varying degrees, and they were an "open sesame" to the dialects we encountered, while the hot sun and open-air life soon colored us so deeply that we passed for men of a distant but not alien race. Following nature's routes, once man's only paths, we wandered leisurely: to Tashkend on horseback, to Bokhara on foot, by boat down the Amoo to Khiva, and on to Teheran, then by caravan to Bagdad, up the Euphrates, gradually working through Asia Minor. Stopping at Smyrna for a brief rest, we took boat to Cyprus, from there crossed to Damascus, and from Jerusalem traveled along the caravan route to Mecca. Passing over the Red Sea to Egypt, we skirted the south coast of the Mediterranean, till we reached the Pillars of Hercules.

You ought to have made that pilgrimage. In speaking of my book you expressed the wish that you might make the trip, and those years would have been as great a playtime to you as to us. You could have borne the exposure, rough though the life was, and it would have been as compound oxygen to your brave and venturesome nature. I confess I do not like to think of that dazzlingly pure skin burned to any such blackness as I saw in my mirror on reaching the end of our journeyings; for truly no better Arab in verisimilitude strolled about the native quarter of Tangier in May, 1886, than Donald Maitland.

My long study of those older races and three years' life with them have not made me accept their dogma of fatalism, yet I must believe that something stronger than chance produced our meeting in that Moorish town. Down streams, over mountains, and across deserts, seas, and oceans, our paths had converged; on foot, mounted, by rail or boat, we came together as if some hidden magnet were drawing us both. A thousand chances were against our meeting, even when we were in the same town; for you were housed in the best hotel, while we

lodged in a little Jew place in the Berber quarter. In another day my father and I should have crossed to Spain, without so much as a visit to the European section. But for that meeting I should have returned to Leipzig, and passed a contented life as a Herr Doctor and Professor; for though my heart was still warm with love of you, it had been denied and starved too long to have the strength to draw me from the path my head had marked out. Yet I would not now accept the unemotional and peaceful career I had planned in lieu of my present life; for if my love is without hope, it is still love, and though you turned me away from your door with far less courtesy than you would shut out a beggar, yet I am near you and see you constantly, and that is worth more to me than peace. Good-night, my love. God bless you.

VI.

February 25. It was thought of you which led to our meeting. After the evening meal of dried salt fish, pancakes, dates, and coffee, my father and I wandered out to the Sok, and, as was our wont, sat down among the people. Refusing the hasheesh water and sweetmeats which the venders urged upon us, "to make you dream of your love joyfully," we listened to the story-tellers and the singers. Some one with a fine natural voice sang presently an Arabic love-song: —

"My love, so lovely yet so cruel,
Why came you so to torture me?
Could I but know the being who
Has caused you thus to hate me!
Once I saw and gazed upon your lovely form each hour,
But now you ever shun me.
Yet still each night you come in dreams
For me to ask, Who sent you?
Your answer is, Him whom I love,
And you bid me then forget my passion.
But I reply, If it was not for love, how could the world go on?"

It was a song I had heard and loved in many lands and many dialects, but that night it stirred me deeply, and brought to mind your image, ever dear. I sat and dreamed of you till the farrago about me became unbearable, and, whispering a word to my father, I rose and strode away, with a yearning fairly mastering. I could have had no thought that you were near, for when we stood far closer I was still unconscious of your presence. But if not an intuition, I ask what could it be?

Wandering through the narrow streets without purpose or goal, I presently saw looming above me the great hill on which stands the Alcassaba. Climbing in the brilliant moonlight up the steep and ill-conditioned road, and passing that jumble of buildings upon which so many races and generations have left their impress, I strolled along the wall to a ruined embrasure at the corner overlooking the sea. How long I stood there leaning upon the parapet I do not know. Not till you were close upon me was I conscious that my solitude was ended.

I heard footsteps, but was too incurious to turn and glance at the intruders. Nay, more, when that harsh, strident American voice said, "There, is n't that great?" I felt so irritated by both tone and words that but for the seeming rudeness I should have moved away at once. You spoke so low I could not hear your reply, and I wonder what you said; for his "great" applied to such beauty must have rasped much more on your artistic sense than it did on mine.

"And this black fellow in the turban standing here," continued the strident voice, "he fits, too, like the paper on the wall, though probably he 's a sentry taking forty winks on the sly. It makes an American mad to see how slack things are run over here."

I heard a gentle "Hush," and then a murmur as you went on speaking.

"None of these black fellows speak English," came the self-assured voice

again. Then, though I could have heard his natural tone full fifty feet away, the man called much louder: "Hey! what 's the name of that point out there?"

I should have chosen to make no answer, but, remembering the courtesy and dignity of the race I was personating, I replied without turning, "Cape Spartel."

You must have said something, for a moment later he laughed, saying, "Not a bit of it. Now see me jolly him up." I heard footsteps, and then some one leaned against the parapet, close beside me. "Backsheesh," he said, and jingled some coins in his pocket.

I stood silent, so he tapped me on the shoulder and asked, "Are you one of the palace guards?" Unsuppressed by my monosyllabic "No," he persisted by saying, "What 's your business, then?" jingling his coins again. "Stop pulling me, Mai," he added, as an aside.

"I 'm a stranger in Tangier," I answered quietly.

"From whereabouts?" he questioned.

"The East," I replied.

"Oh, you 're one of the wise men, are you?" he said jocosely. "Are you a Jew or a Mohammedan?"

"Not the latter, fortunately for you."

"And why fortunately?" he asked.

"Because a true believer would have taken the question as a deadly insult."

"They 'd be welcome," he laughed, "though it is rather irritating to be mistaken for a Jew. I should n't like it myself."

I thought of the dignified Jew traders who had made part of our caravan in the journey from Bagdad to Damascus, and answered, "There is little danger of that."

"I guess not," he said. "But if you are n't a Jew or a Mohammedan, what are you?"

He had spoiled my mood, and since it was gone I thought I would amuse myself with the man. "A seeker of knowledge from the Altai Mountains," I responded.

"Never heard of them," he said; "or is it your Choctaw for those?" he added, pointing towards the dark masses of the Atlas Mountains.

I smiled and answered, "They are many moons' travel from here."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "How did you happen to come?"

"To follow after those gone before."

"I see," he said. "Relatives, I suppose? Hope you found them well?"

"No," I replied, carrying on the humor, "dying."

He jingled his coins, and asked, "Anything to be done for them?"

"Nothing," said I.

"What 's the complaint?"

"Civilization in the abstract, repeating rifles and rapid-firing guns in the concrete."

"Eh!" he exclaimed.

Then the lowest and sweetest of voices said, "Won't you tell us what you mean?"

Was it my irritation that the man before me, rather than the subtler-passioned people I knew so well, was the dominant type of the moment, or was it the sympathy your voice stirred within me, which made me speak? In a moment I was sketching broadly the inhumanity of this thing we call Christian civilization, which, more grasping than the Inquisition, has overrun the world, tearing the lands from their owners, and, not content with this spoliation, demands of its victims that they shall give up the customs of many centuries' evolution, and conform to habits, governments, and religions which their very instincts make impossible; and because they cannot change, but break out, these believers in the golden rule shoot them down. I protested at the mockery of calling civilized a world held at peace by constant slaughter, or of styling the national Jack Ketches of humanity Christian nations! I demanded the right of one man to hold another barbaric because he will not welcome his master, greet with joy the bands of steel we call railroads, and

crush his nature within the walls of vast factories, to make himself the threefold slave of society, government, and employer. And finally, I gloried in the fact that though the white races had found a weapon against the black and yellow ones which enabled them to overrun and subjugate, yet nature had provided nature's people with the defense of climate, — a death-line to the whites; and behind that line the colored races are unconquerable in the sense of conquest being extinction. I knew the other side, that altruistic tenet of political economy defined in brief as "the greatest good of the greatest number," and in my mind held the even balance of the historian between the two; but to this utilitarian, modern, self-satisfied American I had to urge the rights of races thousands of years our senior, and far in advance of us in the knowledge and amenities that make life worth the most.

You both were silent till I ended; but I had best left unspoken what your companion could not understand, for when I finished he asked, "What mountains did you say you came from?" And when I told him, he added laughingly, "You must have some pretty good stump speaking in your elections."

"We are very grateful for your explanation," you said gently.

"Never been in America?" he surmised; and except for you I should have told him that I was his countryman, it would have been so adequate a retort to his inference. But your voice and manner had made me so ashamed of my earlier mood that I merely answered, "Yes."

"Humph!" he grunted in surprise, and as if to prove his incorrigibility he continued, "Thought your ideas were too back-number for that."

I could not help laughing, and the moment my laugh became articulate yours too overflowed your lips, as a spring breaks past its edges and falls rippling over pebbles.

That laugh, so well remembered, revealed your presence to me. My heart beat quickly and my head whirled dizzily, and in my bewilderment I took a step backward, quite forgetting the embrasure, till a stone gave way and I felt that I was falling. Then my consciousness went from me, and when thought came surging backward I lay a moment quiet, thinking it must have been a dream.

"He 's coming round all right," I heard, and at the sound I opened my eyes. You were leaning over me with the moonlight shining on your face, and I caught my breath, you were so beautiful.

"You 've given us a scare," continued the man, on whose knees my head was resting. "You want to keep your wits about you better. Pretty poor business tumbling off walls, but that 's what comes of having ruins. You won't be quite so cocky in the future about your run-out races."

I felt his laughter justified, but hardly heeded it, my thoughts were so engaged. You were wetting my forehead with brandy, and I lay there too happy to speak.

"Now let me raise you a bit higher," the man said kindly, "so you can get your addled senses back." He lifted me, and I groaned at the sudden terrible pain that shot up my leg.

"Hello!" he cried, laying me gently down. "Something wrong, after all? What is it?"

"My leg," I moaned.

"Here, Maizie, hold his head, while I appoint an investigating committee," he said, and in another moment I felt your arms about me, and in my joy at your touch I almost forgot my torture.

"Well, you 've broken one of your walking-sticks," the man informed me, after a gentler touching of it than I thought possible to his nature. "Now, Maizie, if you 'll sit and hold his head, I 'll get a litter. You won't mind staying here alone, will you?"

"It is my wish," you said calmly.

"O. K.," he said, rising, and even in

his kindness he could not help but seize the opportunity to glorify his country. "If this had happened in New York, Mr. Altai, we 'd have had an ambulance here five minutes ago! Civilization is n't all bad, I tell you, as you 'd find out if you 'd give it a chance."

The moment he was gone I tried to speak, and said "Maizie;" but you let me get no further, saying "Hush," and putting your hand softly over my lips. I suppose you thought me merely repeating the name he had called you, while I loved your touch too deeply to resist the hand I longed to kiss. Now I am glad I did not speak, for if I had it would have robbed me of my last sweet moment with you.

Long before I thought it possible, and far too soon, indeed, despite my suffering, we heard men approaching. When the torch-bearers came climbing over the rocks, my first desire was to see how much of your beauty was owing to the moonlight, and my heart leaped with exultation to find that you were beautiful even in the livid glare of the torches.

"Now, Mr. Altai," your companion said, "where shall we take you?" and I gave him the name of the hotel. A moment later, as they lifted me, I again fainted, but not till I had kissed your hand. You snatched it away, and did not hear my weakly murmured "Good-night, Maizie."

VII.

February 26. The setting of my leg, that night, was so long and exhausting an operation that after it was done I was given an opiate. Instead of bringing oblivion the drug produced a dreamy condition, in which I was cognizant of nothing that happened about me, and saw only your face. I knew I ought to sleep, and did my best to think of other things; but try as I might, my thought would return and dwell upon your beauty.

I have often wished I had been born an artist, that I might try to paint your portrait, for words can no more picture you than they can transmit the fragrance of a violet. Indeed, to me, the only word which even expresses your charm is "radiant," and that to others, who have never seen you, would suggest little. No real beauty can be described, for it rests in nothing that is tangible. In truth, to speak of your glorious hair, the whiteness of your brow and throat, the brilliant softness of your eyes, or the sweetness yet strength of your tender though unsmiling lips is to make but a travesty of description. I have heard painters talk of your hair and try to convey an idea of its beauty, but I know it too well even to make the attempt. When we were gazing at the rainbow, last autumn, and you said that if its tints could be transferred to a palette you believed it would be possible to paint anything, I could not help saying, "Except your hair." You laughed, and said, "I did not know you ever made that kind of a speech!" whereupon Agnes cried, "Did n't I ever tell you, Maizie, the compliment the doctor paid you last winter?" I thought she was alluding to my retort when my mother said that your eyes were so large and lustrous that, to her, they were "positively loud." Indignant at such a remark, Agnes had appealed to me to deny it. Not caring to treat the malicious speech seriously, I had answered that I could not agree, though I had sometimes thought your eyes "too dressy for the daytime," — a joke I have heard so often quoted that it is apparently in a measure descriptive, yet one which I should have felt mortified at hearing repeated to you. Fortunately Agnes' reference was to another remark of mine, in which, speaking of your mouth, I had crudely translated a couple of lines from a Persian poem: —

"In vain you strive to speak a bitter word, —
It meets the sweetness of your lips ere it is heard."

You were too used to compliments to be embarrassed when the lines were repeated, and only looked at me in a puzzled way. I do not wonder you were surprised at the implied admiration of the two speeches, after my apparent coldness and indifference. My behavior must seem to you as full of contradictions as your beauty is to me. To say your great attraction is the radiance — the verve, spirit, and capacity for enthusiasm — of which one cannot fail to be conscious is to deny the calm dignity with which you bear yourself, yet both these qualities belong to you. The world insists that you are proud and distant, and your face has the clean-cut features which we associate with patrician blood, while your height and figure, and the set and carriage of your head upon that slender throat, suggest a goddess. But I, who understand you so much better than the world, know that your proud face overlies the tenderest of natures, and is not an index, but a mask of feelings you do not care to show. As for the people who criticise you most, they would be the last to do so if they were not conscious of the very superiority they try to lessen. — Ah, how foolish it is to write all this, as if I needed to convince myself of what I know so well! And even if this were for the eye of others, to those who know you not it would be but the extravagant idealism for which a lover is proverbial.

When I awoke from the sleep my dreaming had drifted into, my first request of my father was to find your whereabouts. He told me that a dragoman had come that morning to inquire for me, and had left what now he showed me, — a great bunch of roses and a basket of fruit, with a card bearing the name of "Mr. Foster G. Blodgett" and the address "547 Fifth Avenue," and on the back of which was written:

"With sincere regrets that a previously formed plan of leaving Tangier this morning prevents our seeing our courteous instructor of last night, and with hopes that he may have a quick and easy recovery from his accident."

The card was a man's, but the handwriting was feminine, and the moment my father turned his back I kissed it. I was further told that the servant had asked my name and taken it down, giving me the instant hope that when you knew to whom you had been so merciful, you would even disarrange your plans to let me have a moment's glimpse of you. But though I listened all the afternoon hopefully and expectantly, you never came. I felt such shyness about you, I did not speak to my father of your beauty, and he did not question me at all.

Our native hotel, built in Eastern fashion about a court, with only blank outside walls, was no place in which to pass a long invalidism, and three days later my father had me carried to the steamer, and, crossing to Gibraltar, we traveled by easy railroad trips to Leipzig. We had left our belongings with Jastrow, and he begged us, on our arrival, to become members of his household, which we were only too glad to do for a time. His joy over my return was most touching, and he and Humzel both seemed to regard me very much as if I were the creation of their own brains, who was to bring them immortal fame in time. My father had long before counseled me to be a pursuer of knowledge, and not of money; telling me the pursuit of the latter narrowed the intellect and stunted the finer qualities of one's nature, making all men natural enemies, while the acquisition of the former broadened one's mind, developed the nobility within, and engendered love of one's associates. These two men illustrated his theory, and had my tendency been avaricious I think their unselfish love and example would have made me otherwise. And yet, how dare I claim to be free from sordidness, when all my thoughts and hopes and daily life are now bent on winning money?

My leg was far too troublesome to permit me to sit at a desk, but my father insisted on being my scribe; and thus, lying on a lounge, I began part of the work I had so long planned, taking up for my first book the Turkish eruption, the crusades against the Saracens, and their subsequent history. Thinking so much of you, both as the child who had won my boyish heart and as the beautiful woman whose face had fascinated and moved me so deeply, I do not know how, except for my work, I should have lived through those long and weary months of enforced inaction while my leg so slowly knit.

More as recreation from this serious endeavor than as supplementary labor, I gathered the articles I had written for the Deutsche Revue and the Revue des Deux Mondes from time to time in our travels, and with new material from my journal I worked the whole into a popular account of what we had seen and done. While I still used a walking-stick I was reading proof of the German edition, and my English replica, rather than translation, was under negotiation through my publisher for London and New York editions. My father, who busied himself with a French version, insisted that the book would be a great success, and the articles under my assumed name had been so well noticed that I was myself hopeful of what better work in book form might do for my reputation; for, against his advice, I had determined to abandon my pseudonym.

But all these schemes and hopes were forgotten in the illness of my father. Contrary to my wishes, he had overworked himself in the French translation, while his life, for months of my enforced inactivity, had been one long service, impossible for me to avoid or refuse without giving him pain. This double exertion proved too great a strain. The day after he sent the manuscript to Paris, as he sat conning the sheets of the concluding chapter of my history, he laid them down without a word, and, leaning forward, quietly rested his head upon the table. I was by his side and had him on the sofa in an instant, where he lay unconscious till the doctor came. We were told that it was a slight stroke, and by the next day he seemed quite well. But slowly he lost the use of one side, and within a week was helpless. I like to remember that I was well enough to tend him as he had tended me. He lingered for a month, sweet and gentle as always; then, one evening, as I sat beside him, he opened his eyes and said, "Good-night, Don. Good-night, Maizie." And with those words his loving soul went back to its Creator.

I found about his neck a ribbon to which was attached a locket containing the long tress you cut off for him that day in the Bois, one of my mother's curls, and a little tow-colored lock which I suppose was my own hair before it darkened, — a locket I have since worn unchanged, because, sadly discordant though such association has become, I cannot bring myself to separate what he tied together. It seems to symbolize his love for all of us.

The kindness of my friends I can never forget. I was so broken down as really to be unfit for thought, and their generous foresight did everything possible to spare me trouble or pain. Especially to Professor and Frau Jastrow do I owe an unpayable debt, for they made me feel that there was still some one in whose love I stood first; and had I been the child who had never come to them, I question if they could have done more for me than they did.

One thing that I had to do myself was to notify my mother of my father's death. From the time she had quitted us my father and I had avoided mention of her, but during his illness he asked me to write in case of his death, and gave me her New York address, from which I inferred that in some way

he had kept himself informed concerning her, though I feel very certain that she had never written him. That I had never tried to learn anything myself was due to the estrangement, but still more to my interest in my studies and work. Now I wrote her, as I had promised, telling her briefly the circumstances of my father's illness and death, and offering to write fuller details if she wished to know them. I would not feign love for her, but I wrote tenderly of him and without coldness to her. She never replied.

Kind as were all my intimates, I craved more than friendship, however loving it might be. One of the two great loves of my life had gone out from it, and, in the gap it left, the other became doubly dear to me. The wish to see you grew and strengthened each day, until at last it shaped my plans, and I announced my intention to visit America; making the specious explanation that, after my long illness and grief, the change would be the best specific for me.

At this time I received the offer of appointment as professor extraordinarius of philology and ethnology under Jastrow, another manifestation of his love; but till I had seen you I would not bind myself by accepting, and through his influence I was given three months to consider my answer. I seem doomed never to requite the services of those I love the most, but I am glad that in the nine months which I passed under his roof my knowledge of the Eastern dialects had pushed his work so much nearer completion.

Leaving all my possessions behind except the manuscript of my history, I started on my voyage of love. For two days I tarried in Paris, settling my little property. I had long known that the flotsam of my father's fortune, wrecked in Wall Street, was a few bonds deposited with Paris bankers; and when I called upon the firm it was merely to continue the old arrangement, by which they cut the coupons and placed them to my bank credit. It was in this visit that I searched out our old pension, and sat dreaming in the park. How could I imagine, remembering those days of closest love and sympathy, and knowing too your kindness to one you thought a mere Eastern stroller, that you could have changed so to your former friend?

The most curious fact to me, in looking back upon that time, is that the idea never occurred to me that you were a married woman. It never entered my thoughts that a beauty which fascinated and drew me so far from my natural orbit must be an equally powerful charm to other men. As for Mr. Blodgett, I never gave him a second thought, not even accounting for his relations with you. My foolishness, I suppose, is typical of the scholar's abstraction and impracticality.

As the steamer neared New York, my impatience to see you increased apace. Far from longing for our old ten-day passage, I found a voyage of seven days too long. Ridiculous as it may seem, I almost lost my temper at the slowness of the customs examination. I believe I was half mad, and only marvel that I did so sane a thing as to go to a hotel, change my clothes, and dine, before attempting to see you.

I looked up Mr. Walton's address the moment I reached my hotel, and sent a messenger there to inquire your whereabouts. He brought me back word that Mr. Walton was absent from the city, but the servant had informed him that you still lived with your uncle and that you were in town.

I cannot tell you the surprise and joy I felt when, on arriving at your home on Madison Avenue that evening, I discovered it to be our old habitat. It seemed as if your selection of that as your home, probably from sentiment, was a bow of promise for the future, and I rang the bell, almost trembling with emotion and happiness.

The footman showed me to the drawing-room and took my card. All inside, so far as I could see, was changed past the point of recognition, but everything was beautiful, and I felt in that one room that no decorator's conventional taste had formed its harmony, but that an artistic sense had planned the whole. What a contrast it was to the old days of untasteful and untidy richness!

I sat but a moment before the footman returned. Looking not at me, but over my head, and with an attitude and air as deferential as if I were the guest of all others most welcome, he said, "Miss Walton declines the honor of Mr. Maitland's acquaintance, and begs to be excused."

The blow came so suddenly, and was so crushing, that for a moment I lost my dignity. "There must be some mistake!" I exclaimed. "You gave Miss Walton my card?"

The footman only bowed assent.

"Go to Miss Walton and say I must see her a moment."

"Miss Walton instructed me to add, in case Mr. Maitland persisted, that she prefers to hold no intercourse with Mr. Maitland and will receive no messages from him."

Pride came to my rescue, and I passed silently into the hall. The servant opened the door, and I went out from my old home, never to enter it more. At the foot of the steps I turned and looked back, hardly yet believing what I had been told. Even in the sting and humiliation of that moment my love was stronger than the newer sensations. I said, "Good-night, Maizie. God keep you," and walked away.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A CENTURY OF SOCIAL BETTERMENT.

A CITIZEN of the United States who wore a badge of mourning in memory of Washington, and took part in the contested presidential election of 1800, lived at a time when our country nowhere touched the Gulf of Mexico and nowhere crossed the Mississippi River; at a time when there were but fifteen States in the Union, and when no one of them had a population of a million souls or could boast of a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

The twenty years which had elapsed since Cornwallis laid down his arms at Yorktown, and especially the ten years which followed the day when the States came under the New Roof and made the Constitution the supreme law of the land, were periods of such amazing progress that the people of the United States in 1800, compared with what they were in 1780, were a new nation. Yet as we of to-day look back to them, their condition of life seems so crude that it is hard to realize that they are separated from us by a hundred, not a thousand years, and that there are numbers of men still with us who saw the light while Jefferson was serving his first term as President. It is hard to realize that the great-grandfathers of many of us were men who never in the whole course of their lives struck a match, or used a postage-stamp, or heard a steam-whistle, or saw a pane of glass six feet square or a building ten stories high. What passed for thriving cities at the opening of the present century were collections of a few thousand houses without any pretensions to architectural beauty, ranged along narrow streets, none of which were sewered and few of which were paved and lighted. The government was of the simplest kind. The mayor still held a court. The watch-

man, with his rattle and lantern, still went his rounds at night. The citizen was still required to serve on the watch, and to keep in his house, hard by the front door, a number of leather buckets, with which, at the clanging of the court-house or the market bell, he must hurry to some burning building. Water for putting out fires, indeed for household use, was drawn from private wells or supplied by the town pumps, for there were but two cities in the Union blessed with water-works. It was still an offense to smoke on the street, or to carry live coals from a neighbor's house (a common practice in the days when matches were not), or to be out after ten at night.

Lack of good and abundant water, lack of proper drainage, and ignorance of the simplest principles of sanitation spread diseases of the most dreadful sort. Smallpox was common among the poor. Year after year New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore were visited by yellow fever, which sometimes raged with the violence of a plague.

Few of the appliances which promote health, which increase comfort, which save time and labor, were in use; not even in the houses of the rich was there a furnace, or an open grate for burning coal, or a bath-room, or a gas-jet. The warming-pan, the foot-stove, and the huge four-post bedstead with its curtains to be drawn when the night was cold were still essentials. That boy was fortunate who did not have to break the ice in his water-pail morning after morning, in winter. No city had reached such dimensions as to make a horse-car or an omnibus necessary. Time was of little value, and no pains were taken to save it in the household or in the affairs of the business world. That magnificent display of inventive genius which is the admiration of the world had scarcely begun.

Few of the modern methods of extending business, of seeking customers, of making the public aware of what a merchant had for sale, existed even in a rude state. There were no commercial travelers, no means of widespread advertising. When the century opened, there were two hundred newspapers in the United States, but only seventeen were dailies. No great weeklies, no magazines with a circulation covering the whole country, had then been dreamed of. But it mattered little, for the field a merchant could cover in his business was limited by the immense cost of transportation. As late as 1810, to move freight from New York to Lewiston on the Niagara River, almost entirely by a water-route, cost forty dollars a ton, with tolls extra. To haul a ton of goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburg cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. To carry a bushel of salt two hundred miles by land cost two dollars and a half. The charge for transporting a barrel of flour three hundred and fifty miles was five dollars; the same charge was made on a hundred pounds of sugar carted three hundred miles.

Not only was the field of business enterprise thus restricted, but the transaction of business within that field was slow and difficult. The merchant kept his own books, — or, as he would have said, his own accounts, — wrote all his letters with a quill, and, when they were written, let the ink dry or sprinkled it with sand. There were then no envelopes, no postage-stamps, no letter-boxes in the streets, no hourly collections of the mail. The letter written, the paper was carefully folded, sealed with wax or a wafer, addressed, and carried to the post-office, where postage was prepaid at rates which would now seem extortionate. To send a letter which was a single sheet of paper, large or small, from Boston to New York or Philadelphia, cost eighteen and a half cents, and to Washington twenty-five cents. To carry a letter from Philadelphia, then the capital of the United States, to Boston, and bring back an answer by return mail, would have consumed from twelve to eighteen days, ac-

cording to the season of the year and the weather.

What was true of the merchant was true of men in every walk of life. Their opportunities were few; their labor was ill paid; their comforts were far inferior to what is now within the reach of the poorest.

In the Sunday issues of the great metropolitan journals — a Sunday issue was a thing unheard of ninety years ago — are thousands of advertisements of employers seeking help. Many of the advertisers are conducting trades, professions, occupations, absolutely unknown in 1800, and to these might easily be added many more. The great corporations, the mills and factories, the railroads, the steamboat, express, and telegraph companies, that give employment to millions of human beings are the creations of our day. A specialist of any sort — a patent lawyer, a corporation lawyer, an oculist, a physician devoting himself to the cure of diseases of children, a nurse trained to tend the sick — was unheard of. Very little preparation was needed for any profession. The knowledge gained in the course of a few months passed in the office of a judge or a physician was sufficient to entitle any man to practice law or medicine. Many sects required no preparation whatever for the ministry, and the ministry, medicine, and law were the only recognized professions.

What we call the "workingman," the "mechanic," had no existence as classes. Labor was performed in the South almost exclusively by slaves, and in the North very largely by men and women who for the time being were no better than slaves. Throughout the free States were thousands of Irishmen, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Germans, who, in return for transportation from the Old World to the New, had bound themselves by indenture to serve the captain of the ship that brought them over. The time was three, five, even seven years, and the conditions were that the servant should have meat, drink, apparel, washing, lodging, and sometimes six weeks' schooling every year, and at the end of the term of service two complete suits of clothes. In every case one of these "freedom suits" was new.

The moment a cargo of such "indented servants," "redemptioners," "bond-servants," reached port, the public would be informed by a notice in the newspapers, and whoever wanted men or women for any sort of labor, skilled or unskilled, would hasten to the ship and buy them from the captain. When the redemptioner had served his time, and began as a freeman to work for hire, the wages paid him were such as would now be thought shamefully low. Soldiers in the army received three dollars a month. Farm-hands in New England were given four dollars a month and found their own clothes. Unskilled laborers toiled twelve hours per day for fifty cents. Workmen on the turnpikes then branching out in every direction were housed in rude sheds, fed coarse food, and given four dollars per month from November to May, and six dollars from May to November. When the road from the Genesee River to Buffalo was under construction, in 1812, though the region through which it went was the frontier, men were hired in plenty for twelve dollars per month in cash, and their board, lodging, and a daily allowance of whiskey.

Out of wages so scanty the most thrifty could save nothing. But woe betide him if work was slack, or he fell sick and ran in debt. Then he became no better than a criminal, and, if the creditor wished, could be made to share a criminal's dingy and filthy prison. In nothing is the contrast between those days and ours more striking than in the absence of a broad humanitarian spirit, a generous sympathy for the unfortunate and hard-pressed. In all our land there was not a reformatory, nor an asylum for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, or for lunatics.

Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that the men of 1800 had made no advance. The barbarous criminal codes of their fathers had been greatly civilized. The pillory, the lash, the stocks, the branding-iron, and the shears were fast falling into disuse. The death penalty was much restricted. Nevertheless, the state of the almshouses and the prisons was a disgrace to the humanity of our ancestors. So late as 1804 we find the paupers in the Baltimore almshouse appealing to the public for rags with which to dress their sores. So late as 1809 the Humane Society of New York drew a picture of the condition of the Bridewell which almost surpasses belief; but, unhappily, the condition there was no anomaly, and reports of a dozen jails in as many States show it to have been the common lot of all.

The questions which most concern us, in the study of any people at any time, are not only, What were they? but, What were they doing? How were their faces set? Were they looking backward with tender regret to the past? Were they looking forward with resolute hopes to the future? Were they standing still? Were they merely marking time, or were they really on the march? On the march our ancestors most certainly were. The pace was slow, but as time passed it quickened, and when the middle of the century was reached the rate of advance was portentously rapid.

The long embargo and the war for commercial independence ended our industrial subjection to Great Britain. Manufactures, rude and primitive, it is true, sprang into existence, and a hundred new fields of industry were opened to our citizens. Tens of thousands of men, held on the seaboard for twenty years by the extraordinary development given to neutral trade and commerce by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, were deprived of a livelihood, were turned adrift by the peace of 1815, and, bidding farewell to the East, hurried westward to build up a new empire in the valley of the Mississippi. Up the Mohawk and along the great northern lakes, across Pennsylvania to Pittsburg and down the Ohio, up the Potomac and over the portage to the Ohio, through the mountain passes of southwestern Virginia and around the mountains into the cotton-lands of Alabama and Mississippi, poured an army of pioneers, clearing the lands, marking out the streets of future cities, and building up new commonwealths. In the short space of five years, five new States, all beyond the Alleghanies, came into the Union.

And what was the social condition of the great mass of men in the West? Their homes were log-cabins, with puncheon floors, with windows in which greased paper was more often seen than glass, with furniture made by the occupant, with doors that swung on leather hinges and had a latch-string instead of a knob. The household utensils were of the simplest kind. Brooms and brushes were made of corn-husks. Corn was shelled by rubbing the ears up and down a piece of old tin punched full of holes; it was carried on horseback to the mill, or pounded in a wooden mortar, or ground in a hand-mill. Cooking-stoves were unknown. Chickens to be roasted were hung by leather strings before the open fire. Bread was baked in a Dutch oven on the hearth, or in an "out oven" out of doors.

In the East, meantime, new forces had come into play. The steamboat was on lake and river. The canal had joined great waterways. A network of turnpikes and passable roads covered the country. These civilizers had so abridged distance that in 1825 the frontier and the seaboard almost touched. Boston was but two days from New York, New York but fifteen hours from Philadelphia, and Philadelphia but fifteen from Baltimore.

Freight could then be moved from

New York to Pittsburg by way of the Erie Canal for six dollars a hundred pounds, and from New York to Detroit for four dollars and fifty cents. These rates revolutionized business. The field a merchant or a manufacturer could cover by his enterprise seemed boundless. The whole West, as well as the East, became his market, and transportation companies for the handling of freight began to make their appearance, in order to enable him to reach that market.

Simple as these things appear, they changed the whole course of life. New industries, new trades, new occupations, sprang up on every hand. Time became a commodity, and the demand for time-saving and labor-saving machinery and devices gave the first impetus to that inventive genius which has done so much for the betterment not only of our own people, but of the world. Not a year went by but some great discovery, some great invention, added to the stock of human comfort. In 1825 the tinder-box gave way to a rude form of match. In 1826 axes and edged tools were first manufactured in the United States. The first lithograph was made in 1827. The wood-planing machine, the manufacture of paper from straw, and the introduction of the locomotive date from 1828. The arts were enriched by the discovery of the means of galvanizing iron and the invention of the brick-making machine in 1829. The first omnibus in our country was used in New York city in 1830. Dr. Guthrie gave chloroform to medicine in 1831. Street railways were introduced in 1832, and the first public trial of a reaping-machine was made in 1833. But the list is too long to be called over. Seven years more, and Colt had invented his revolver, a line of steamships were crossing the Atlantic in fifteen days, Ericsson had tested and applied his screw propeller, and Goodyear had found out how to turn india-rubber from a soft and sticky gum to an article of boundless application in the arts, the sciences, and the affairs of daily life. The railroad was fast spreading its network over the country, and the beginning of the express company of our time was made by Harnden and Adams. When the middle of the century was reached, the farmer was planting his grain with a drill and cutting it with the horse-reaper, the sewing-machine was finding its way into every household, telegraph-poles were rising on all the important highways, daguerreotypes were coming into fashion, and pain had been conquered by the discovery of anæsthetics.

The second quarter of the century was remarkable for the earnest efforts made by men and by associations of men to better the condition of their fellows. Robert Owen preaching communism and founding his communities in the Western States in the twenties; Brisbane, the disciple of Fourier, dotting the free States with his phalanxes in the early forties; the American Bible Society sending the word of God into a million homes; the great temperance crusade rescuing six hundred thousand drunkards, and leading the way to prohibition, to high license, to local option; the outburst of humanitarianism which reformed the penal codes, which abolished imprisonment for debt, which turned the jails from brothels and seminaries of crime to reformatories, and covered the land with homes, asylums, lodging-houses, houses of correction, penitentiaries, and institutions for the reform of juvenile delinquents; the abolition societies battling nobly in the cause of the slave; Sylvester Graham advocating his reformed diet of bran bread and water; Mrs. Bloomer struggling for dress reform, and illustrating it with the garment that still bears her name, — these are but a few of the innumerable manifestations of the efforts for social betterment.

Many of these attempts were vision-

ary and futile; but the gain to mankind from such as were useful was enormous. Life was less brutal and more humane. Every labor-saving device that did by machinery what had before been done by hand raised some portion of the great mass of toilers, and made each of them less of the drudge and more of the man. The laboring man was especially benefited. Though his wages had increased but little, they were more easily earned and brought richer returns. He no longer toiled from sunrise to sunset, but counted ten hours a working-day. He was no longer subject to imprisonment for a paltry debt. His wages were paid, not once a month, but once a week. Better means of transportation, cheaper methods of manufacture, enabled him to eat better food and wear better clothes than ever before. New industries, new trades, new occupations, new needs in the business world, afforded to his son and his daughter a hundred opportunities for a livelihood that were unknown in his youth, while the free-school system enabled them to fit themselves to use such opportunities without cost to him. It was then, and it is still, the common belief that every piece of machinery with which one man can do the work of six men makes the lot of the workingman so much the harder. Happily this is far from being the case. It is machinery which has led to the expansion of labor. The railroad, the sewing-machine, and the telegraph were very primitive affairs in 1850, yet they were violently and bitterly opposed. From the day wherein it became apparent that the locomotive could climb a hill and go safely round a curve, and that a new means of rapid locomotion had really been introduced, the most dismal pictures were drawn of its effect on certain branches of industry. The breeders of horses, the drivers of stagecoaches, the keepers of wayside inns and taverns, the proprietors of stage companies, the owners of stock of the turnpike companies, were all to be ruined! To the amazement of the croakers, none of their predictions came true. Stage drivers became conductors or ticket-agents. The transportation companies for the movement of freight became the great feeders of the railroads, and thronged the turnpikes, more congested than ever with farmers carrying grain, lumber, and produce to the nearest station. The demand for track-layers, for engineers, for firemen, for civil engineers, for mechanics, opened new fields of labor to thousands of men who must otherwise have crowded the ranks of older industries. The manufacture of rails, of cars, of locomotives, laid the foundation of branches of labor hitherto unknown, and expanded others already in existence. Wire-makers, glass-makers, and manufacturers of chemicals very quickly felt the benefit of the introduction of the telegraph, while a great army of young men found steady employment in new occupations as operators and messengers.

When Howe was striving to introduce the sewing-machine, the prediction was made that the day of the sewing-girl was over. In truth, her day was just dawning. But it is needless to cite instances. What was the lot of the humblest laborer was the lot of all. The condition of every man was bettered.

With the growth of cities had come untold comforts and conveniences. The dark and unpaved street, the town pump, the night-watch, were becoming things of the past. Gas and plumbing were in general use. Wayfarers were no longer huddled together at the hotels and inns, and forced to sleep six in a room and two in a bed. The home of the average man was better furnished and warmed, and was supplied with comforts and luxuries such as his grandfather could not have had at any price. He was a better educated, broader minded, more generally well informed man than his father had been. If he were a lawyer, the vast mass of legislation made

necessary by the expansion of commercial enterprises, the rise of banks and corporations, the appearance of the railroad, the telegraph, the express company, and the protection of the interests involved, not only brought to him more business and more money, but exacted from him an amount of study and intelligence not required from the lawyer of 1800.

The latter half of the century, and more particularly the last quarter, has been preëminently a period remarkable for the advancement of science and the application of the principles of science to the betterment of mankind. Were we to take out of our life to-day all the mechanical devices that were not known in 1850, the whole social fabric would fall to pieces. Were we to strip ourselves of the thousand conveniences of daily life introduced in half a century, we should be utterly at a loss how to supply our wants, how to transact the most common affairs. Were we to take from the industrial world every means of livelihood that has sprung up since 1850, millions of our fellow-citizens would be driven to starvation. The telephone, the telegraph, the typewriter, the sewing-machine, the department stores in the cities, have revolutionized the condition of woman. Thirty years ago the business world was closed to her; she might be a teacher, or a seamstress, or a mill-hand, or go out to service; she could not be a clerk or a secretary. To-day she is everywhere: at the bar, at the sick-bed as physician and trained nurse, in ten thousand offices and behind ten thousand counters; schools have been established for her especial benefit, colleges are open to her, and in three States she has been made the political equal of her brother, has received the right to vote for candidates for any office and to hold any office under the State.

The manual training school and the technical school have destroyed the old apprentice system. The boy who spent seven years of his life acquiring an imperfect knowledge of the merely mechanical part of a trade, giving his labor in return for bad instruction, food, and cast-off clothing, exists only in history. In the manual training school he is now freely taught not only the very best way to use his tools, but the reason why a particular way is the best, and at the end of two years he is a far better equipped and more intelligent mechanic than the old apprentice at the end of seven.

Cheap transportation, cold storage, and the immense development of the canning industry have placed on the table of every man an endless variety of food without regard to the season of the year. The salmon of Oregon, the fruits of California and Florida, the vegetables of the West, are to-day within the reach of the poorest laborer. The machinery for ploughing, planting, reaping, harvesting, has made possible the enormous grain-fields of the West, and these, aided by the railroad and the flour-mills of the Northwest, provide the beggar in the street with a quality of bread which fifty years ago could not have been had by anybody. The machine-made shoe, the machine-made undergarment, ready-made clothing cut with a die and sewed on a machine, the application of the marvelous invention of Goodyear to wearing apparel, have rendered it possible for men and women of all sorts to be cleaner, healthier, more neatly dressed, and better protected against the weather than were their grandfathers.

Could some well-to-do tradesman of 1800 come back to the great city where, when it was a little town, he kept a shop, over which he lived and in the rear of which he very possibly made the chairs, the shoes, the harness, the copper kettles, he offered for sale, — could such a man come back and enter the homes of some of his descendants, he would see little with which he was familiar. He would find them, in all probability, living in a style surpassing in magnificence that of the

royal governor or the merchant prince at whose approach he had, as a boy, seen his father hurry to the shop door to make an obeisance or stand bareheaded while the great man went by. He would see about him on every hand comforts and appliances he would not understand. The furnace that warmed the house, the gas that lighted it, the electric bell that summoned the servants, the bath-room with its hot and cold water, would astonish him. In the library he would probably see more books than in 1800 were in any public library in the land. On the library table, with steel pens, rubber bands, the blotter, and a host of articles he could not name, would lie a morning newspaper not six hours old, containing news not twelve hours old from every part of Europe. He would hear with astonishment that there are in New York city more daily morning and evening newspapers than there were daily papers in the whole United States in 1800, and that each one of these provides its readers with an allowance of information regarding affairs all over the face of the world more full and exact than in his day was to be had regarding his own town. The contents of the illustrated magazines, the literary magazines, the periodicals secular and religious; the postage-stamps on the letters, the photographs about the room, the telephone in the corner, the messenger call, would reveal to him a social condition which we neither appreciate nor fully understand.

But it is not only in material comfort that the condition of man has been bettered. Diseases once the scourge and terror of the world have been wellnigh extirpated. A pock-marked face is now as rare as a century ago it was common. We no longer stand in dread of an annual visitation of yellow fever. We have learned how to control cholera.

We have abolished slavery, we have beaten down polygamy in Utah, we have driven the prize-fight from the Territories and the lottery even from Louisiana. In a spirit of broad humanity we have extended protection to helpless children and to dumb brutes. Never was the hand of fellowship so cordially extended to the fallen, never were such serious efforts made to bring back the wayward and to turn the erring from the wrong path to the right. We have added to the glory of God by conceding to his creatures the right to worship him in such manner as they please.

John Bach McMaster.

EMERSON, SIXTY YEARS AFTER.[1]

I.

"LEAVE this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! The calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not mul-

[1] It is now sixty years since Emerson's first book was published, the pamphlet on Nature (1836).

tiply the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience."

This extract from The Conduct of Life gives fairly enough the leading thought of Emerson's life. The unending warfare between the individual and society shows us in each generation a poet or two, a dramatist or a musician who exalts and deifies the individual, and leads us back again to the only object which is really worthy of enthusiasm or which can permanently excite it, the character of a man. It is surprising to find this identity of content in all great deliverances. The only thing we really admire is personal liberty. Those who fought for it and those who enjoyed it are our heroes.

But the hero may enslave his race by bringing in a system of tyranny; the battle-cry of freedom may become a dogma which crushes the soul; one good custom may corrupt the world. And so the inspiration of one age becomes the damnation of the next. This crystallizing of life into death has occurred so often that it may almost be regarded as one of the laws of progress. Emerson represents a protest against the tyranny of democracy.

He is the most recent example of elemental hero-worship. His opinions are absolutely unqualified except by his temperament. He expresses a form of belief in the importance of the individual which is independent of any personal relations he has with the world. It is as if a man had been withdrawn from the earth and dedicated to condensing and embodying this eternal idea — the value of the individual soul — so vividly, so vitally, that his words could not die, yet in such illusive and abstract forms that by no chance and by no power could his creed be used for purposes of tyranny. Dogma cannot be extracted from it. Schools cannot be built on it. It either lives as the spirit lives, or else it evaporates and leaves nothing. Emerson was so afraid of the letter that killeth that he would hardly trust his words to print. He was assured there was no such thing as literal truth, but only literal falsehood. He therefore resorted to metaphors which could by no chance be taken literally. And he has probably succeeded in leaving a body of work which cannot be made to operate to any other end than that for which he designed it. If this be true, he has accomplished the inconceivable feat of eluding misconception. If it be true, he stands alone in the history of teachers; he has circumvented fate, he has left an unmixed blessing behind him.

The signs of those times which brought forth Emerson are not wholly undecipherable. They are the same times which gave rise to every character of significance during the period before the war. Emerson is indeed the easiest to understand of all the men of his time, because his life is freest from the tangles and qualifications of circumstance. He is a sheer and pure type and creature of destiny, and the unconsciousness that marks his development allies him to the deepest phenomena. It is convenient, in describing him, to use language which implies consciousness on his part, but he himself had no purpose, no theory of himself; he was a product.

The years between 1820 and 1830 were the most pitiable through which this country has ever passed. The conscience of the North was pledged to the Missouri Compromise, and that Compromise neither slumbered nor slept. In New England, where the old theocratical oligarchy of the colonies had survived the Revolution and kept under its own water-locks the new floods of trade, the conservatism of politics reinforced the conservatism of religion; and as if these two inquisitions were not enough to stifle the soul of man, the conservatism of busi-

ness self-interest was superimposed. The history of the conflicts which followed has been written by the radicals, who negligently charge up to self-interest all the resistance which establishments offer to change. But it was not solely self-interest, it was conscience that backed the Missouri Compromise, nowhere else, naturally, so strongly as in New England. It was conscience that made cowards of us all. The white-lipped generation of Edward Everett were victims, one might even say martyrs, to conscience. They suffered the most terrible martyrdom that can fall to man, a martyrdom which injured their immortal volition and dried up the springs of life. If it were not that our poets have too seldom deigned to dip into real life, I do not know what more awful subject for a poem could have been found than that of the New England judge enforcing the fugitive slave law. For lack of such a poem the heroism of these men has been forgotten, the losing heroism of conservatism. It was this spiritual power of a committed conscience which met the new forces as they arose, and it deserves a better name than these new forces afterward gave it. In 1830 the social fruits of these heavy conditions could be seen in the life of the people. Free speech was lost.

"I know no country," says De Tocqueville, who was here in 1831, "in which there is so little independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America." De Tocqueville recurs to the point again and again. He cannot disguise his surprise at it, and it tinged his whole philosophy and his book. The timidity of the Americans of this era was a thing which intelligent foreigners could not understand. Miss Martineau wrote in her Autobiography: "It was not till months afterwards that I was told that there were two reasons why I was not invited there [Chelsea] as elsewhere. One reason was that I had avowed, in reply to urgent questions, that I was disappointed in an oration of Mr. Everett's; and another was that I had publicly condemned the institution of slavery. I hope the Boston people have outgrown the childishness of sulking at opinions not in either case volunteered, but obtained by pressure. But really, the subservience to opinion at that time seemed a sort of mania."

The mania was by no means confined to Boston, but qualified this period of our history throughout the Northern States. There was no literature. "If great writers have not at present existed in America, the reason is very simply given in the fact that there can be no literary genius without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America," wrote De Tocqueville. There were no amusements, neither music nor sport nor pastime, indoors or out of doors. The whole life of the community was a life of the intelligence, and upon the intelligence lay the weight of intellectual tyranny. The pressure kept on increasing, and the suppressed forces kept on increasing, till at last, as if to show what gigantic power was needed to keep conservatism dominant, the Merchant Province put forward Daniel Webster.

The worst period of panic seems to have preceded the anti-slavery agitations of 1831, because these agitations soon demonstrated that the sky did not fall or the earth yawn and swallow Massachusetts because of Mr. Garrison's opinions, as most people had sincerely believed would be the case. Some semblance of free speech was therefore gradually regained.

Let us remember the world upon which the young Emerson's eyes opened. The South was a plantation. The North crooked the hinges of the knee where thrift might follow fawning. It was the era of Martin Chuzzlewit, a malicious caricature, — founded on fact. This time of humiliation, when there was no free speech, no literature, little manliness,

no reality, no simplicity, no accomplishment, was the era of American brag. We flattered the foreigner and we boasted of ourselves. We were over-sensitive, insolent, and cringing. As late as 1845, G. P. Putnam, a most sensible and modest man, published a book to show what the country had done in the field of culture. The book is a monument of the age. With all its good sense and good humor, it justifies foreign contempt because it is explanatory. Underneath everything lay a feeling of unrest, an instinct, — "this country cannot permanently endure half slave and half free," — which was the truth, but which could not be uttered.

So long as there is any subject which men may not freely discuss, they are timid upon all subjects. They wear an iron crown and talk in whispers. Such social conditions crush and maim the individual, and throughout New England, as throughout the whole North, the individual was crushed and maimed.

The generous youths who came to manhood between 1820 and 1830, while this deadly era was maturing, seem to have undergone a revulsion against the world almost before touching it; at least two of them suffered, revolted, and condemned, while still boys sitting on benches in school, and came forth advancing upon this old society like gladiators. The activity of William Lloyd Garrison, the man of action, preceded by several years that of Emerson who is his prophet. Both of them were parts of one revolution. One of Emerson's articles of faith was that a man's thoughts spring from his actions rather than his actions from his thoughts, and possibly the same thing holds good for society at large. Perhaps all truths, whether moral or economic, must be worked out in real life before they are discovered by the student, and it was therefore necessary that Garrison should be evolved earlier than Emerson.

The silent years of early manhood, during which Emerson passed through the Divinity School and to his ministry, known by few, understood by none, least of all by himself, were years in which the revolting spirit of an archangel thought out his creed. He came forth perfect, with that serenity of which we have scarce another example in history, — that union of the man himself, his beliefs, and his vehicle of expression that makes men great because it makes them comprehensible. The philosophy into which he had already transmuted all his earlier theology at the time we first meet him consisted of a very simple drawing together of a few ideas, all of which had long been familiar to the world. It is the wonderful use he made of these ideas, the closeness with which they fitted his soul, the tact with which he took what he needed, like a bird building its nest, that make the originality, the man.

The conclusion of Berkeley, that the external world is known to us only through our impressions, and that therefore, for aught we know, the whole universe exists only in our own consciousness, cannot be disproved. It is so simple a conception that a child may understand it; and it has probably been passed before the attention of every thinking man since Plato's time. The notion is in itself a mere philosophical catch or crux to which there is no answer. It may be true. The mystics made this doctrine useful. They were not content to doubt the independent existence of the external world. They imagined that this external world, the earth, the planets, the phenomena of nature, bore some relation to the emotions and destiny of the soul. The soul and the cosmos were somehow related, and related so intimately that the cosmos might be regarded as a sort of projection or diagram of the soul.

Plato was the first man who perceived that this idea could be made to provide the philosopher with a vehicle of expres-

sion more powerful than any other. If a man will once plant himself firmly on the proposition that *he is* the universe, that every emotion or expression of his mind is correlated in some way to phenomena in the external world, and that he shall say how correlated, he is in a position where the power of speech is at a maximum. His figures of speech, his tropes, his witticisms, take rank with the law of gravity and the precession of the equinoxes. Philosophical exaltation of the individual cannot go beyond this point. It is the climax.

This is the school of thought to which Emerson belonged. The sun and moon, the planets, are mere symbols. They signify whatever the poet chooses. The planets for the most part stay in conjunction just long enough to flash his thought through their symbolism, and no permanent relation is established between the soul and the zodiac. There is, however, one link of correlation between the external and internal worlds which Emerson considered established, and in which he believed almost literally, namely, the moral law. This idea he drew from Kant through Coleridge and Wordsworth, and it is so familiar to us all that it hardly needs stating. The fancy that the good, the true, the beautiful, — all things of which we instinctively approve, — are somehow connected together and are really one thing; that our appreciation of them is in its essence the recognition of a law; that this law, in fact all law and the very idea of law, is a mere subjective experience; and that hence any external sequence which we coördinate and name, like the law of gravity, is really intimately connected with our moral nature, — this fancy has probably some basis of truth. Emerson adopted it as a corner-stone of his thought.

Such are the ideas at the basis of Emerson's philosophy, and it is fair to speak of them in this place because they antedate everything else which we know of him. They had been for years in his mind before he spoke at all. It was in the armor of this invulnerable idealism and with weapons like shafts of light that he came forth to fight.

In 1836, at the age of thirty-three, Emerson published the little pamphlet called Nature, which was an attempt to state his creed. Although still young, he was not without experience of life. He had been assistant minister to the Rev. Dr. Ware from 1829 to 1832, when he resigned his ministry on account of his views regarding the Lord's Supper. He had married and lost his first wife in the same interval. He had been abroad and had visited Carlyle in 1833. He had returned and settled in Concord, and had taken up the profession of lecturing, upon which he in part supported himself ever after. It is unnecessary to review these early lectures. "Large portions of them," says Mr. Cabot, his biographer, "appeared afterwards in the Essays, especially those of the first series." Suffice it that through them Emerson had become so well known that although Nature was published anonymously, he was recognized as the author. Many people had heard of him at the time he resigned his charge, and the story went abroad that the young minister of the Second Church had gone mad. The lectures had not discredited the story, and Nature seemed to corroborate it. Such was the impression which the book made upon Boston in 1836. As we read it to-day, we are struck by its extraordinary beauty of language. It is a supersensuous, lyrical, and sincere rhapsody, written evidently by a man of genius. It reveals a nature compelling respect, — a Shelley, and yet a sort of Yankee Shelley, who is mad only when the wind is nor'-nor'west; a mature nature which must have been nourished for years upon its own thoughts, to speak this new language so eloquently, to stand so calmly on its feet. The deliverance of his thought is so perfect that this work adapts itself to our mood and has the

quality of poetry. This fluency Emerson soon lost; it is the quality missing in his poetry. It is the efflorescence of youth. The pamphlet called Nature showed the clouds of speculation in which Emerson had been walking. With what lightning they were charged was soon seen.

In 1837 he was asked to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting. The mystic and eccentric young poet-preacher now speaks his mind, and he turns out to be a man exclusively interested in real life. This recluse, too tender for contact with the rough facts of the world, whose conscience has retired him to rural Concord, pours out a vial of wrath. This cub puts forth the paw of a full-grown lion.

Emerson has left behind him nothing stronger than this address, The American Scholar. It was the first application of his views to the events of his day, written and delivered in the heat of early manhood while his extraordinary powers were at their height. It moves with a logical progression of which he soon lost the habit. The subject of it, the scholar's relation to the world, was the passion of his life. The body of his belief is to be found in this address, and in any adequate account of him the whole address ought to be given.

"Thus far," he said, "our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. . . . Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine, also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. . . . These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He, and he only, knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

Dr. Holmes called this speech of Emerson's our "intellectual Declaration of Independence," and indeed it was. "The Phi Beta Kappa speech," says Mr. Lowell, "was an event without any former parallel in our literary annals, — a scene always to be treasured in the memory for its picturesqueness and its inspiration. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"

The authorities of the Divinity School can hardly have been very careful readers of Nature and The American Scholar, or they would not have invited Emerson, in 1838, to deliver the address to the graduating class. This was Emerson's second opportunity to apply his beliefs directly to society. A few lines out of the famous address are enough to show that he saw in the church of his day signs of the same decadence that he saw in the letters: "The prayers and even the dogmas of

our church are like the zodiac of Denderah and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose. . . . It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity — a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man — is lost. None believeth in the soul of man, but only in some man or person old and departed. Ah me! no man goeth alone. All men go in flocks to this saint or that poet, avoiding the God who seeth in secret. They cannot see in secret; they love to be blind in public. They think society wiser than their soul, and know not that one soul, and their soul, is wiser than the whole world."

It is almost misleading to speak of the lofty utterances of these early addresses as attacks upon society, but their reception explains them. The element of absolute courage is the same in all natures. Emerson himself was not unconscious of what function he was performing.

The "storm in our wash-bowl" which followed this Divinity School address, the letters of remonstrance from friends, the advertisements by the Divinity School of "no complicity," must have been cheering to Emerson. His unseen yet dominating ambition is shown throughout the address, and in this note in his diary of the following year: —

"*August* 31. Yesterday at the Phi Beta Kappa anniversary. Steady, steady. I am convinced that if a man will be a true scholar he shall have perfect freedom. The young people and the mature hint at odium and the aversion of forces to be presently encountered in society. I say No; I fear it not."

The lectures and addresses which form the latter half of the first volume in the collected edition show the early Emerson in the ripeness of his powers. These writings have a lyrical sweep and a beauty which the later works often lack. Passages in them remind us of Hamlet:

"How silent, how spacious, what room for all, yet without space to insert an atom; — in graceful succession, in equal fulness, in balanced beauty, the dance of the hours goes forward still. Like an odor of incense, like a strain of music, like a sleep, it is inexact and boundless. It will not be dissected, nor unravelled, nor shown."

"And what is to replace for us the piety of that race [the Pilgrims]? We cannot have theirs; it glides away from us day by day; but we also can bask in the great morning which rises forever out of the eastern sea, and be ourselves the children of the light. I stand here to say, Let us worship the mighty and transcendent Soul."

Emerson is never far from his main thought: —

"The universe does not attract us till it is housed in an individual." "A man, a personal ascendency, is the only great phenomenon."

"I cannot find language of sufficient energy to convey my sense of the sacredness of private integrity."

On the other hand, he is never far from his great fear: "But Truth is such a fly-away, such a sly-boots, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light." "Let him beware of proposing to himself any end. I say to you plainly, there is no end so sacred or so large that if pursued for itself will not become carrion and an offence to the nostril."

There can be nothing finer than Emerson's knowledge of the world, his sympathy with young men and with the practical difficulties of applying his teachings. We can see in his early lectures before students and mechanics how much he had learned about the structure of society from his own short contact with the organized church.

Behind all lay a greater matter, — his grasp of the forms and conditions of pro-

gress, his reach of intellect which could afford fair play to every one.

His lecture on The Conservative is not a puzzling *jeu d'esprit* like Bishop Blougram's Apology, but an honest attempt to set up the opposing chessmen of conservatism and reform so as to represent real life. Hardly can such a brilliant statement of the case be found elsewhere in literature. It is not necessary to quote here the reformer's side of the question, for Emerson's whole life was devoted to it. The conservatives' attitude he gives with such accuracy and such justice that the very bankers of State Street seem to be speaking: —

"The order of things is as good as the character of the population permits. Consider it as the work of a great and beneficent and progressive necessity, which, from the first pulsation in the first animal life up to the present high culture of the best nations, has advanced thus far."

"The conservative party in the universe concedes that the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he ought to be; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction, and this omission makes his whole doctrine false. The idealist retorts that the conservative falls into a far more noxious error in the other extreme. The conservative assumes sickness as a necessity, and his social frame is a hospital, his total legislation is for the present distress, a universe in slippers and flannels, with bib and pap-spoon, swallowing pills and herb tea. Sickness gets organized as well as health, the vice as well as the virtue."

It is unnecessary to go, one by one, through the familiar essays and lectures which Emerson published between 1838 and 1875. They are in everybody's hands and in everybody's thoughts. In 1840 he wrote in his diary: "In all my lectures I have taught one doctrine, namely, the infinitude of the private man. This the people accept readily enough, and even with commendation, as long as I call the lecture Art or Politics, or Literature or the Household; but the moment I call it Religion they are shocked, though it be only the application of the same truth which they receive elsewhere to a new class of facts." To the platform he returned, and left it only once or twice during the remainder of his life.

His writings vary in coherence. In his early occasional pieces, like the Phi Beta Kappa address, coherence is at a maximum. They were written for a purpose, and were perhaps struck off all at once. But he earned his living by lecturing, and a lecturer is always recasting his work and using it in different forms. A lecturer has no prejudice against repetition. It is noticeable that in some of Emerson's important lectures the logical scheme is more perfect than in his essays. The truth seems to be that in the process of working up and perfecting his writings, in revising and filing his sentences, the logical scheme became more and more obliterated. Another circumstance helped make his style fragmentary. He was by nature a man of inspirations and exalted moods. He was subject to ecstasies, during which his mind worked with phenomenal brilliancy. Throughout his works and in his diary we find constant reference to these moods, and to his own inability to control or recover them. "But what we want is consecutiveness. 'T is with us a flash of light, then a long darkness, then a flash again. Ah! could we turn these fugitive sparkles into an astronomy of Copernican worlds!"

In order to take advantage of these periods of divination, he used to write down the thoughts that came to him at such times. From boyhood onward he kept journals and commonplace books, and in the course of his reading and meditation he collected innumerable notes and quotations which he indexed for ready use. In these mines he "quar-

ried," as Mr. Cabot says, for his lectures and essays. When he needed a lecture he went to the repository, threw together what seemed to have a bearing on some subject, and gave it a title. If any other man should adopt this method of composition, the result would be incomprehensible chaos; because most men have many interests, many moods, many and conflicting ideas. But with Emerson it was otherwise. There was only one thought which could set him aflame, and that was the thought of the unfathomed might of man. This thought was his religion, his politics, his ethics, his philosophy. One moment of inspiration was in him own brother to the next moment of inspiration, although they might be separated by six weeks. When he came to put together his star-born ideas, they fitted well, no matter in what order he placed them, because they were all part of the same idea.

His works are all one single attack on the vice of the age, moral cowardice. He assails it not by railings and scorn, but by positive and stimulating suggestion. The imagination of the reader is touched by every device which can awake the admiration for heroism, the consciousness of moral courage. Wit, quotation, anecdote, eloquence, exhortation, rhetoric, sarcasm, and very rarely denunciation are launched at the reader, till he feels little lambent flames beginning to kindle in him. He is perhaps unable to see the exact logical connection between two paragraphs of an essay, yet he feels they are germane. He takes up Emerson tired and apathetic, but presently he feels himself growing heady and truculent, strengthened in his most inward vitality, surprised to find himself again master in his own house.

The difference between Emerson and the other moralists is that all these stimulating pictures and suggestions are not given by him in illustration of a general proposition. They have never been through the mill of generalization in his own mind. He himself could not have told you their logical bearing on one another. They have all the vividness of disconnected fragments of life, and yet they all throw light on one another, like the facets of a jewel. But whatever cause it was that led him to adopt his method of writing, it is certain that he succeeded in delivering himself of his thought with an initial velocity and carrying power such as few men ever attained. He has the force at his command of the thrower of the discus.

His style is American, and beats with the pulse of the climate. He is the only writer we have had who writes as he speaks, who makes no literary parade, has no pretensions of any sort. He is the only writer we have had who has wholly subdued his vehicle to his temperament. It is impossible to name his style without naming his character: they are one thing.

Both in language and in elocution Emerson was a practiced and consummate artist, who knew how both to command his effects and to conceal his means. The casual practical, disarming directness with which he writes puts any honest man at his mercy. What difference does it make whether a man who can talk like this is following an argument or not? You cannot always see Emerson clearly; he is hidden by a high wall; but you always know exactly on what spot he is standing. You judge it by the flight of the objects he throws over the wall, — a bootjack, an apple, a crown, a razor, a volume of verse. With one or other of these missiles, all delivered with a very tolerable aim, he is pretty sure to hit you. These catchwords stick in the mind. People are not in general influenced by long books or discourses, but by odd fragments of observation which they overhear, sentences or head-lines which they read while turning over a book at random or while waiting for dinner to be announced. These are the oracles and orphic words

that get lodged in the mind and bend a man's most stubborn will. Emerson called them the Police of the Universe. His works are a treasury of such things. They sparkle in the mine, or you may carry them off in your pocket. They get driven into your mind like nails, and on them catch and hang your own experiences, till what was once his thought has become your character.

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both." "Discontent is want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will." "It is impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself."

The orchestration with which Emerson introduces and sustains these notes from the spheres is as remarkable as the winged things themselves. Open his works at a hazard. You hear a man talking.

"A garden is like those pernicious machineries we read of every month in the newspapers, which catch a man's coat-skirt or his hand, and draw in his arm, his leg, and his whole body to irresistible destruction. In an evil hour he pulled down his wall and added a field to his homestead. No land is bad, but land is worse. If a man own land, the land owns him. Now let him leave home if he dare. Every tree and graft, every hill of melons, row of corn, or quickset hedge, all he has done and all he means to do, stand in his way like duns, when he would go out of his gate."

Your attention is arrested by the reality of this gentleman in his garden, by the first-hand quality of his mind. It matters not on what subject he talks. While you are musing, still pleased and patronizing, he has picked up the bow of Ulysses, bent it with the ease of Ulysses, and sent a shaft clear through the twelve axes, nor missed one of them. But this, it seems, was mere byplay and marksmanship; for before you have done wondering, Ulysses rises to his feet in anger, and pours flight after flight, arrow after arrow, from the great bow. The shafts sing and strike, the suitors fall in heaps. The brow of Ulysses shines with unearthly splendor. The air is filled with lightning. After a little, without shock or transition, without apparent change of tone, Mr. Emerson is offering you a biscuit before you leave, and bidding you mind the last step at the garden end. If the man who can do these things be not an artist, then must we have a new vocabulary and re-name the professions.

There is, in all this effectiveness of Emerson, no pose, no literary art; nothing that corresponds even remotely to the pretended modesty and ignorance with which Socrates lays pitfalls for our admiration in Plato's dialogues.

It was the platform which determined Emerson's style. He was not a writer, but a speaker. On the platform his manner of speech was a living part of his words. The pauses and hesitation, the abstraction, the searching, the balancing, the turning forward and back of the leaves of his lecture, and then the discovery, the illumination, the gleam of lightning which you saw before your eyes descend into a man of genius, — all this was Emerson. He invented this style of speaking, and made it express the supersensuous, the incommunicable. Lowell wrote, while still under the spell of the magician: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere, and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one, — that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was *our*

fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could n't help feeling that, if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be whirled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha! ha!' to the sound of the trumpets."

It is nothing for any man sitting in his chair to be overcome with the sense of the immediacy of life, to feel the spur of courage, the victory of good over evil, the value now and forever of all great-hearted endeavor. Such moments come to us all. But for a man to sit in his chair and write what shall call up these forces in the bosoms of others, — that is desert, that is greatness. To do this was the gift of Emerson. The whole earth is enriched by every moment of converse with him. The shows and shams of life become transparent, the lost kingdoms are brought back, the shutters of the spirit are opened, and provinces and realms of our own existence lie gleaming before us.

It has been necessary to reduce the living soul of Emerson to mere dead attributes like "moral courage" in order that we might talk about him at all. His effectiveness comes from his character; not from his philosophy, nor from his rhetoric nor his wit, nor from any of the accidents of his education. He might never have heard of Berkeley or Plato. A slightly different education might have led him to throw his teaching into the form of historical essays or of stump speeches. He might, perhaps, have been bred a stone-mason, and have done his work in the world by traveling with a panorama. But he would always have been Emerson. His weight and his power would always have been the same. It is solely as character that he is important. He discovered nothing; he bears no relation whatever to the history of philosophy. We must regard him and deal with him simply as a man.

Strangely enough, the world has always insisted upon accepting him as a thinker: and hence a great coil of misunderstanding. As a thinker, Emerson is difficult to classify. Before you begin to assign him a place, you must clear the ground by a disquisition as to what is meant by "a thinker," and how Emerson differs from other thinkers. As a man, Emerson is as plain as Ben Franklin.

People have accused him of inconsistency; they say that he teaches one thing one day, and another the next day. But from the point of view of Emerson there is no such thing as inconsistency. Every man is each day a new man. Let him be to-day what he is to-day. It is immaterial and waste of time to consider what he once was or what he may be.

His picturesque speech delights in fact and anecdote, and a public which is used to treatises and deduction cares always to be told the moral. It wants everything reduced to a generalization. All generalizations are partial truths, but we are used to them, and we ourselves mentally make the proper allowance. Emerson's method is, not to give a generalization and trust to our making the allowance, but to give two conflicting statements and leave the balance of truth to be struck in our own minds on the facts. There is no inconsistency in this. It is a vivid and very legitimate method of procedure. But he is much more than a theorist: he is a practitioner. He does not merely state a theory of agitation: he proceeds to agitate. "Do not," he says, "set the least value on what I do, or the least discredit on what I do not, as if I pretended to settle anything as false or true. I unsettle all things. No facts are to me sacred, none are profane. I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no past at my back." He was not engaged in teaching many things, but one thing, — Courage. Sometimes he inspires it by pointing to great characters, — Fox, Mil-

ton, Alcibiades; sometimes he inspires it by bidding us beware of imitating such men, and, in the ardor of his rhetoric, even seems to regard them as hindrances and dangers to our development. There is no inconsistency here. Emerson might logically have gone one step further and raised inconsistency into a jewel. For what is so useful, so educational, so inspiring, to a timid and conservative man, as to do something inconsistent and regrettable? It lends character to him at once. He breathes freer and is stronger for the experience.

Emerson is no cosmopolitan. He is a patriot. He is not like Goethe, whose sympathies did not run on national lines. Emerson has America in his mind's eye all the time. There is to be a new religion, and it is to come from America; a new and better type of man, and he is to be an American. He not only cared little or nothing for Europe, but he cared not much for the world at large. His thought was for the future of this country. You cannot get into any chamber in his mind which is below this chamber of patriotism. He loves the valor of Alexander and the grace of the Oxford athlete; but he loves them not for themselves. He has a use for them. They are grist to his mill and powder to his gun. His admiration of them he subordinates to his main purpose, — they are his blackboard and diagrams. His patriotism is the backbone of his significance. He came to his countrymen at a time when they lacked, not thoughts, but manliness. The needs of his own particular public are always before him.

"It is odd that our people should have, not water on the brain, but a little gas there. A shrewd foreigner said of the Americans that 'whatever they say has a little the air of a speech.'"

"I shall not need to go into an enumeration of our national defects and vices which require this Order of Censors in the State. . . . The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion."

"Our measure of success is the moderation and low level of an individual's judgment. Dr. Channing's piety and wisdom had such weight in Boston that the popular idea of religion was whatever this eminent divine held."

"Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity, the squalid contentment of the times."

The politicians he scores constantly. The following is his description of the social world of his day: "If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers."

It is the same wherever we open his books. He must spur on, feed up, bring forward the dormant character of his countrymen. When he goes to England, he sees in English life nothing except those elements which are deficient in American life. If you wish a catalogue of what America has not, read English Traits. Emerson's patriotism had the effect of expanding his philosophy. To-day we know the value of physique, for science has taught it, but it was hardly discovered in his day, and his philosophy affords no basis for it. Emerson in this matter transcends his philosophy. When in England, he was fairly made drunk with the physical life he found there. He is like Caspar Hauser gazing for the first time on green fields. English Traits is the ruddiest book he ever wrote. It is a hymn to force, honesty, and physical well-being, and ends with the dominant note of his belief: "By this general activity and by this sacredness of individuals, they [the English] have in seven hundred years evolved the principles of freedom. It is the land of patriots, martyrs, sages, and bards, and if the ocean out of which it emerged should wash it away, it will be remembered as

an island famous for immortal laws, for the announcements of original right which make the stone tables of liberty." He had found in England free speech, personal courage, and reverence for the individual.

No convulsion could shake Emerson or make his view unsteady even for an instant. What no one else saw, he saw, and he saw nothing else. Not a boy in the land welcomed the outbreak of the war so fiercely as did this shy village philosopher, then at the age of fifty-eight. He saw that war was the cure for cowardice, moral as well as physical. It was not the cause of the slave that moved him; it was not the cause of the Union for which he cared a farthing. It was something deeper than either of these things for which he had been battling all his life. It was the cause of character against convention. Whatever else the war might bring, it was sure to bring in character, to leave behind it a file of heroes; if not heroes, then villains, but in any case strong men. On the 9th of April, 1861, three days before Fort Sumter was bombarded, he had spoken with equanimity of "the downfall of our character, destroying civilization. . . . We find that civilization crowed too soon, that our triumphs were treacheries; we had opened the wrong door and let the enemy into the castle."

"Ah," he said, when the firing began, "sometimes gunpowder smells good." Soon after the attack on Sumter he said in a public address, "We have been very homeless for some years past, say since 1850; but now we have a country again." "The war was an eye-opener, and showed men of all parties and opinions the value of those primary forces that lie beneath all political action." And it was almost a personal pledge when he said at the Harvard Commemoration in 1865, "We shall not again disparage America, now that we have seen what men it will bear."

The place which Emerson forever occupies as a great critic is defined by the same sharp outlines that mark his work, in whatever light and from whatever side we approach it. A critic in the modern sense he was not, for his point of view is fixed, and he reviews the world like a search-light placed on the top of a tall tower. He lived too early and at too great a distance from the forum of European thought to absorb the ideas of evolution and give place to them in his philosophy. Evolution does not graft well upon the Platonic Idealism, nor are physiology and the kindred sciences sympathetic. Nothing aroused Emerson's indignation more than the attempts of the medical faculty and of phrenologists to classify, and therefore limit individuals. "The grossest ignorance does not disgust me like this ignorant knowingness."

We miss in Emerson the underlying conception of growth, of development, so characteristic of the thought of our own day, and which, for instance, is found everywhere latent in Browning's poetry. Browning regards character as the result of experience and as an ever changing growth. To Emerson, character is rather an entity complete and eternal from the beginning. He is probably the last great writer to look at life from a stationary standpoint. There is a certain lack of the historic sense in all he has written. The ethical assumption that all men are exactly alike permeates his work. In his mind, Socrates, Marco Polo, and General Jackson stand surrounded by the same atmosphere, or rather stand as mere naked characters surrounded by no atmosphere at all. He is probably the last great writer who will fling about classic anecdotes as if they were club gossip. In the discussion of morals, this assumption does little harm. The stories and proverbs which illustrate the thought of the moralist generally concern only those simple relations of life which are common to all

ages. There is charm in this familiar dealing with antiquity. The classics are thus domesticated and made real to us. What matter if Æsop appear a little too much like an American citizen, so long as his points tell?

It is in Emerson's treatment of the fine arts that we begin to notice his want of historic sense. Art endeavors to express subtle and ever changing feelings by means of conventions which are as protean as the forms of a cloud; and the man who in speaking on the plastic arts makes the assumption that all men are alike will reveal before he has uttered three sentences that he does not know what art is, that he has never experienced any form of sensation from it. Emerson lived in a time and clime where there was no plastic art, and he was obliged to arrive at his ideas about art by means of a highly complex process of reasoning. He dwelt constantly in a spiritual place which was the very focus of high moral fervor. This was his enthusiasm, this was his revelation, and from it he reasoned out the probable meaning of the fine arts. "This," thought Emerson, his eye rolling in a fine frenzy of moral feeling, "this must be what Apelles experienced, this fervor is the passion of Bramante. I understand the Parthenon." And so he projected his feelings about morality into the field of the plastic arts. He deals very freely and rather indiscriminately with the names of artists, — Phidias, Raphael, Salvator Rosa, — and he speaks always in such a way that it is impossible to connect what he says with any impression we have ever received from the works of those masters.

In fact, Emerson has never in his life felt the normal appeal of any painting, or any sculpture, or any architecture, or any music. These things, of which he does not know the meaning in real life, he yet uses, and uses constantly, as symbols to convey ethical truths. The result is that his books are full of blind places, like the notes which will not strike on a sick piano.

It is interesting to find that the one art of which Emerson did have a direct understanding, the art of poetry, gave him some insight into the relation of the artist to his vehicle. In his essay on Shakespeare there is a full recognition of the debt of Shakespeare to his times. This essay is filled with the historic sense. We ought not to accuse Emerson because he lacked appreciation of the fine arts, but rather admire the truly Goethean spirit in which he insisted upon the reality of arts of which he had no understanding. This is the same spirit which led him to insist on the value of the Eastern poets. Perhaps there exist a few scholars who can tell us how far Emerson understood or misunderstood Saadi and Firdusi and the Koran. But we need not be disturbed for his learning. It is enough that he makes us recognize that these men were men too, and that their writings mean something not unknowable to us. The East added nothing to Emerson, but gave him a few trappings of speech. The whole of his mysticism is to be found in Nature, written before he knew the sages of the Orient, and it is not improbable that there is some real connection between his own mysticism and the mysticism of the Eastern poets.

Emerson's criticism on men and books is like the test of a great chemist who seeks one or two elements. He burns a bit of the stuff in his incandescent light, shows the lines of it in his spectrum, and there an end.

It was a thought of genius that led him to write Representative Men. The scheme of this book gave play to every illumination of his mind, and it pinned him down to the objective, to the field of vision under his microscope. The table of contents of Representative Men is the dial of his education. It is as follows: Uses of Great Men; Plato, or The Philosopher; Plato, New Readings;

Swedenborg, or The Mystic; Montaigne, or The Skeptic; Shakespeare, or The Poet; Napoleon, or The Man of the World; Goethe, or The Writer. The predominance of the writers over all other types of men is not cited to show Emerson's interest in The Writer, for we know his interest centred in the practical man, — even his ideal scholar is a practical man, — but to show the sources of his illustration. Emerson's library was the old-fashioned gentleman's library. His mines of thought were the world's classics. This is one reason why he so quickly gained an international currency. His very subjects in Representative Men are of universal interest, and he is limited only by certain inevitable local conditions. Representative Men is thought by many persons to be his best book. It is certainly filled with the strokes of a master. There exists no more profound criticism than Emerson's analysis of Goethe and of Napoleon, by both of whom he was at once fascinated and repelled.

John Jay Chapman.

THE HOUSE OF THE SILENT YEARS.

The Silent House it standeth wide, —
Yea, open is the door;
The winds of Peace from every side
Blow round it evermore.

Unhewn of axe, unmade of hands,
Its walls so broad and still;
Like to a sea the pale gray lands
Flow up to the gray sill.

Candle were vain, and sun but dim,
For here the Dark doth cease;
Nor drink nor meat is spread for him
Who suppeth here with Peace.

Arrows speed not, nor hurtling spear,
Nor plague cometh to slay;
Viol and rebec make no cheer,
For Song hath had his day.

Grief shattereth here his weary cup;
No watch the hours do keep
That they may call the red East up,
Or soothe the West to sleep.

Fashions, desires, dreams, swarming fears,
Fade past the threshold gray;
One day is as a thousand years,
A thousand years one day.

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

DOMINANT FORCES IN SOUTHERN LIFE.

It is not the purpose, in this study, to describe the great advance in material development that the South has made in recent years. We have all heard of that, and some investors in "boom" towns have heard too much of it. Our concern is with a much more difficult investigation, — one requiring not a little audacity for its inception, and more than an ordinary amount of penetration, perseverance, and fair-mindedness for its successful prosecution. We are to endeavor to determine what the Southern people stand for to-day in economics and politics, in letters and art and science, in morals and manners and education, or, to be brief, in culture. Such an inquiry, especially when it is conducted on a limited scale, will necessitate many assumptions and omissions, but above all, if its results are to be expressed pictorially, it will require a background. For such a background we will assume a South of diversified interests in place of the former single interest, of mixed society in place of the former more or less rigid castes, of rapidly springing up and growing cities in place of a number of stagnant villages and a few unprogressive towns; in short, a South allied in a thousand ways with the outside world, utilizing all the resources of modern progress, seeking foreign capital and welcoming foreign labor, in place of a South isolated from the world, recalcitrant against much of modern progress, and desiring only to be left alone to work out its own destiny. We shall be compelled, it is true, to let our background shade off into the gathered blackness of lingering night or threatening clouds, when we remember that around the centres of progress and light stretch dark tight belts of what would speedily become the chaos of barbarism, but for the energy and bravery and faith of the people whose intellectual and moral development we are about to study.

The figures in the foreground, whom we call loosely the Southern people, are more varied than one would at first imagine. This variety is not a new thing, nor is it in any marked degree a result of recent diversification of interests or of steady infiltrations of alien strains of population. For a long period, owing to certain economic and political conditions that are too familiar to be detailed, the States from the Potomac to the Rio Grande opposed a united front to the advance of modern civilization, waged a protracted war for the preservation of their own institutions and the establishment of their autonomy, and when defeated and restored to the Union on a new basis gave their adherence so entirely to one political party and to one set of political principles as to earn for themselves the sobriquet of the "Solid South." Now, a "Solid South" would seem to presuppose a homogeneous Southern people coextensive with the geographical, or rather political area thus designated; but to draw this inference would be to make a mistake almost equal to that made by the European who thinks Chicago a three or four hours' ride from New York, and confounds our Eastern and Western populations. If political opinions and prejudices be not taken into account, the typical Charlestonian will be found to differ as much from the average inhabitant of Nashville as the typical New Yorker does from his rival of Chicago. The Virginian and the Georgian have points of contact, to be sure, but they differ radically in many important respects, — just as radically as a citizen of New Jersey does from a citizen of Wisconsin. They may, perhaps, differ more radically, on account of the fact that state lines are more strictly drawn in

the South than in any other portion of the Union. It is, of course, measurably true to affirm that the Southern people are descendants in the main of that portion of the English people "who had been least modernized, who still retained a large element of the feudal notion." The usual assumption that the civilization of the North is Puritan, while that of the South is Cavalier, rests on a substantial though small basis of fact. It is further true that the institution of slavery gave a more or less uniform patriarchal tone to society in every Southern State. But when all the points of resemblance are numbered and estimated, it will still be found that the tidewater South differs from the Southwest as much as New England does from the Northwest, that each State of a subsection differs from its neighbors; and that there are important lines of cleavage within some of the States themselves. Such a general proposition, however, is of little value unless it is accompanied by particular illustrations.

The two leading types of Southern population are plainly the Virginian and the South Carolinian of the tidewater. For this fact there are both historical and physiographical reasons. Virginia was the first and South Carolina the second Southern colony to be settled by well-to-do Englishmen who desired to found permanent homes. The introduction of slavery and its application to staple crops speedily gave an aristocratic tone to society in both provinces; but between them, in North Carolina, and to the south of them, in Georgia, there were fewer wealthy settlers and no staple crops to speak of, so that from the first society in these provinces was more or less democratic in spite of slavery. Before, however, the gentry of the coast could expand and occupy the country lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, and beyond the latter range of mountains, a very different sort of people had moved in and taken possession. Hardy Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, thrifty German Lutherans, sober and industrious Quakers, had occupied the "up country," and in North Carolina had spread toward the coast. Among these people, owing to their habits and the nature of their soil, slavery could take no strong hold; hence they remained democratic and distinct from their tidewater neighbors, as indeed they are to this day. So it came to pass that when, after the Revolution, tidewater Virginians, in consequence of debt and the impoverishment of the land, determined to emigrate, they passed over the two mountain ranges and settled in Kentucky, or went as far to the southwest as Alabama, later on, while the hardy mountain people, hungry for land and eager for adventure, moved along the valleys and over convenient passes, and founded settlements, the more important of which were destined to coalesce into the distinctively democratic commonwealth of Tennessee. Meanwhile, the invention of the cotton-gin made it worth the South Carolinian's while to bide at home, and opened up to immigration and settlement the States bordering on the Gulf. As in the case of all new countries, the inflowing population was extremely mixed, but the man who had most slaves could clear his land and start his cotton soonest; and so throughout the lower tier of southwestern States aristocracy triumphed, on the whole, over democracy, being somewhat aided by the presence of French and Spanish populations at Mobile and New Orleans. But in the midst of all this movement and confusion the tidewater Virginians and South Carolinians stood for political and social ideals before which the rest of the South and the Southwest bowed until the advent of Jackson and his frontier Democrats to power. The Virginian fell before the storm, but the South Carolinian bent and rose again. Slavery, not Tennessee democracy, represented the aspirations of

the Southern people during the three momentous decades before the Civil War, and slavery's banner Calhoun and his South Carolinians were obviously best fitted to bear. So it has come about that the early prestige of Virginia and the later prestige of South Carolina have invested the "low country" inhabitants of those States — for it is "low country" ideals that have prevailed — with an importance in the eyes of their fellow Southerners and of the rest of the world that is only just beginning to be shaken by the progress of commonwealths that have learned better how to utilize their material resources. But what now can one say of these two types of Southerners?

In the first place, they are nearer to the type of Englishmen that originally settled in the two colonies than might be expected, when the lapse of time is considered. They are distinctly less American in their habits of thought and action than are Georgians or Tennesseans, New Yorkers or Iowans. In the cities one naturally finds all sorts and conditions of people, but in the country and in the bosom of indigenous families one finds one's self continually confronted with some survival or recrudescence of English trait or custom. There is a certain colonialism in the attitude assumed by many of these good folks toward all things modern and American that strikes one as odd in people who gave Washington and the Pinckneys to the cause of Independence. There is a persistence in customs, a loyalty to beliefs and traditions, a *naïveté* of self-satisfaction that cannot be called conceit, a clannishness, an attachment to the soil, that are radically English and thoroughly picturesque, but are certainly not American.

These and similar traits the tidewater inhabitants of the two States have in common. And yet they differ to such a degree that even the superficial observer has no difficulty in distinguishing them without having recourse to such external peculiarities as dialect or physical appearance. The Virginian is more democratic than the South Carolinian; he has more *bonhomie;* he is not nearly so punctilious, or stern, or fiery. A true South Carolinian gentleman would never have sat in the White House with slippers worn down at the heels, as Jefferson did. Many Virginian gentlemen would not have done it, either, but they would have comprehended how it was possible to do it. In some way or other, the Virginian developed from a seventeenth-century into an eighteenth-century English squire. He became more or less an easy-going optimist, fond of good company and good living, never so vulgar as Squire Western, but likely to fall into careless, slipshod habits, unless upheld, as was often the case, by the refined women about him. With the South Carolinian it seems to have been different. What with the infusion of sober Huguenot blood, what with the masterful qualities necessitated by his isolated position among great masses of black barbarians, he took himself and life more seriously than the Virginian did, and he does so to this day. He has the earnestness and much of the courtly charm of the best type of seventeenth-century Englishman. If the Virginian gentleman is a Squire Allworthy, the South Carolinian is, if it can be conceived, a Colonel Hutchinson fighting on the Royalist side. One even finds that a Virginian boy of the better classes has more bonhomie and less dignity than a South Carolinian of similar age and breeding. The Virginian loves his State and is proud of her history, but on alien soil, amid a pleasant company, he can forget her. The South Carolinian is rarely so unbending, and is, unintentionally no doubt, supercilious toward all other peoples and States. He is not merely glad to hail from his native State, he is not merely anxious to return thither to die, he is miserable whenever and as long as he is not living there. Nay, he actually wishes to be rooted to a particular parish or town. The *genius loci* is the

god he worships, and he stands for everything that is not cosmopolitan. Hence he is *par excellence* the Southern conservative, so thoroughgoing in his provincialism that it ceases to appear narrow and small, and reaches the infinite if not the sublime. On this side, as indeed in general intensity of nature, he goes far beyond the Virginian. The latter is conservative and slow to move, yet after all he is a disciple of Jefferson, and he cannot help remembering that his kinsfolk peopled Kentucky, and that there are men of Virginian stock thriving in all parts of the country. But even on him the waves of progress have had to dash and dash in order to produce any effect, and he stands to-day, with the South Carolinian, like a promontory jutting out into a rising sea. His promontory is, however, a little greener than that of his neighbor.

Such, in the main, is the material on which the Zeitgeist has had to work in the two Southern States that were in the lead before the Civil War practically leveled everything. Very different, as we have seen, is the material in the State lying between the Old Dominion and the commonwealth that had a philosopher for godfather. The North Carolinian is, and has always been, the typical Southern democrat. If he has not progressed rapidly, it is not because he has been unwilling to give up his traditions, though he has them, but because he has always been more or less hampered by physical difficulties, and more or less cast in the shade by his greater neighbors. He has ever been unpretending, but his virtues have been many and solid. He has had his history miswritten, but instead of uttering bitter complaints has set to work to rewrite it. He has labored indefatigably, although with small success as yet, to obtain a good system of public instruction, seeing that large portions of his State would without this remain unexploited for generations. He is still backward in many respects, and still has to bide taunts about not having produced many great men, about smelling of turpentine, and about allowing the practice of "dipping" to continue within his borders. But like the patient, thoroughgoing democrat he is, he takes it all good-naturedly, and has determined not to be last in the race of progress that he is running with his neighbors, though he does at times stop to listen, open-mouthed, to a quack proclaiming the virtues of some political nostrum.

The South Carolinian has always arrogated to himself the name "Carolinian," and he has never been on very familiar terms with his northern neighbor. His feeling for his southern neighbor, the Georgian, is also one of mere tolerance, for the latter has long been called the Southern Yankee, and fairly deserves the appellation. He has much of the shrewdness and push that mark the typical "Down-Easter," and he has a considerable share of that worthy's moral earnestness. In addition he has a good deal of the Virginian's geniality and love of comfort, of the North Carolinian's unpretending democracy, and of the South Carolinian's tendency to exhibitions of fiery temper. But over and above everything else he has an honest and hearty and not unfounded pride in Georgia, and a sort of masonic affiliation with every person, animal, institution, custom, — in short, *thing*, — that can be called Georgian. He may not always stand for culture, but he does always stand for patriotism, state and national. He loves success, strength, straightforwardness, and the solid virtues generally, — neither is he averse to the showy ones, — but above all he loves virtue in action. Though possessed of a strong, clear intellect, he is more particularly a man of five senses, of which he makes as good use as he can. He may not always taste the sweetness or see the light of the highest civilization, but he has a good healthy appetite for life. In fine, the Georgian is the Southerner of

all others who comes nearest to being a normal American. There are, to be sure, varieties of Georgians, and different phases of civilization are represented in different sections of the State, but the features of character that make for uniformity are more numerous and important than those that make for divergence. The various elements that compose the population — original settlers, incomers from Virginia and the two Carolinas — seem to have been fused, save perhaps on the coast about Savannah, rather than to have preserved their individuality, and the result is the typical Georgian, energetic, shrewd, thrifty, brave, religious, patriotic, tending in the extremes of society to become narrow and hard, or self-assertive and pushing.

The Floridian on the one hand, and the Alabamian on the other, may be fairly described as modified Georgians. Florida, being a comparatively new State, settled under great difficulties and by various stocks, has not until recent years played any great part in Southern history, and even now represents little that is suggestive of an indigenous civilization. This is not true of Alabama, save of the mineral region in the northern part of the State; but the Alabamian, while a distinct personality, has never impressed himself upon the South as his neighbors on the Atlantic coast have done. He seems to hold partly by the Georgian and partly by the Virginian (with whom he is often connected by ties of blood), and has many of the best qualities of both. He is either a "limbered-up" Virginian or a mellowed Georgian. He is also a much less strenuous type of man than his neighbor to the west of him, although in their dates of settlement and in their physiographical features the two States do not present striking points of difference. As for the Mississippian, he too possesses well-defined but mixed characteristics. He seems to hold by the South Carolinian on the one hand, and by the Tennessean on the other, which is another way of saying that he is a Southwesterner whose natural democratic proclivities have been somewhat modified by institutions and customs of an aristocratic cast. On his large plantation, amid his hundreds of slaves, it was a matter of course that he should develop some of the South Carolinian's masterful traits, while his position as a frontiersman and pioneer necessarily gave him a basis of character not dissimilar to that of the hardy settler on the Watauga or the Cumberland. To understand the Mississippian, then, or indeed any Southwesterner as far as the Rio Grande, we must know something about the Tennessean.

This stalwart citizen of a State which has already played an important part in our history, and which from its position and resources ought to play a still more important part in the future, naturally holds by the North Carolinian in many of his characteristics. He can generally point to Scotch-Irish ancestors from whom he has inherited the love of independence and the sturdy democratic virtues that characterize the people of the mountain sections of the States on his eastern border, but he owes to these ancestors something that differentiates him from his kinspeople east of the Alleghanies. The latter have been somewhat abashed, somewhat kept in check, by their contact with the civilization of the tidewater, but he wears upon his forehead, whether he dwell on hill or plain, that "freedom of the mountaineer" of which Wordsworth sang. His fathers, whether they owned slaves or not, never ceased to be democrats, and so he is a democrat through and through, of a less unpretending type than the North Carolinian. Through the valor and the exertions of those fathers he has a wide and fair domain in which to choose his dwelling-place, but whether he has his abode among the mineral treasures of his mountains, or in the blue grass plains, or amid the low-lying fields that whiten

with the cotton-boll, he is always and everywhere the open-handed, self-reliant, easily-excited son of equality and freedom that Wellington's regulars went down before in the fatal trenches of New Orleans. In fact, the Tennessean is not, strictly speaking, a Southerner at all. The basis of his character is Western, and though his sympathies were divided in the Civil War, and though he helps to make up the "Solid South," he has really as little affiliation with the Southerners of the Atlantic coast as Andrew Jackson had with John C. Calhoun. He has not, indeed, the murderous intentions of his great hero and idol, but when he counts himself as being *of* the Southern people he ought to change his preposition and say that he is *with* them.

The other Southwestern States naturally have more distinctively Southern features than Tennessee, but we need hardly go into particulars. Arkansas and Texas are as yet too new to have stood for much in the history of Southern culture, and save in certain localities they are still in the transition stage common to pioneer States. When their various strains of population have been fused and their immense territory has been really settled, the emerging civilization will be almost inevitably Western in tone. It will not be Western in exactly the same way that the civilization of Wisconsin and Illinois is Western, but then the civilization of the latter States differs from that of Nebraska, or Colorado, or the Dakotas. Yet it will most assuredly not be Southern in any true sense of the term, for in this country the meridians of longitude have on the whole prevailed over the parallels of latitude.

In Louisiana a Southern civilization has been developed in the lower part of the State, and will probably always dominate it. The Louisianian of this section is quite different from his western compatriots of the towns on the Texas and Arkansas borders, and he possibly comes nearer to the foreigner's idea of what a Southerner is than any other of the types that have been described. Perhaps this is because most foreigners get their ideas of the South from Uncle Tom's Cabin. Be this as it may, the typical Louisianian seems to understand the *dolce far niente* better than the Virginian; he keeps social life going with less trouble than the South Carolinian; he would never think of bustling and working like a Georgian; he would die of the blues if he had to exchange the picturesque contrasts of his chief city and the lower half of his State with the gray-colored uniformity of the life that the North Carolinian has led for generations. But if the Louisianian has enjoyed life, he has not had the wisdom to develop all portions of his interesting commonwealth, and he has never taken a commanding position among his Southern brethren. With him, however, our modest efforts at portraiture must cease, and we must endeavor to take such a view of the Southern people as a whole as will enable us to answer the question with which we began, — what do these people stand for in economics and politics, in letters and art and science, in morals and manners and education, or, to be brief, in culture?

Such a question would be important and hard to answer in case of any homogeneous people; it is especially important and hard to answer in the case of the heterogeneous Southern people. It is important because the world has a very vital interest in learning what has been the general result of the four long years of war waged to preserve the Union, and to rid the South of an incubus that she seemed to have no means and little desire of shaking off. This result cannot be fairly measured in census statistics showing an increase in population and wealth, a growth of towns and factories, an advance in material prosperity. Information is needed about the character of the new generation that has wrought this material improvement.

Are men and women growing up in the South who will not be content merely to see great commercial centres developed, new lines of railroad constructed, fresh and varied industries introduced, but will endeavor in addition to raise the standard of American life and culture, and thus to contribute to the essential and eternal welfare of the race? The importance of such a question needs no comment.

But it is as hard to answer as it is important. Not only are the Southern whites heterogeneous in race elements and in character, but alongside of them lives and moves a race to which it would be manifestly unfair to apply customary tests, yet which must be taken into account at every stage of our investigation. Then, again, the people we are to study have not passed in a normal way from one stage of culture to another; they have not borrowed of their own accord from other peoples, as the Romans of old or the Japanese of our day; they have been forced by external circumstances to change their modes of life and habits of thought; so that the problem of determining how far their present status of culture is firmly rooted, and how far it really represents their ideals and aspirations, is rendered delicate and complex in the extreme. Furthermore, the inhabitants of the South in 1865 began their new lives under varying conditions of disadvantage. In the older States much of the land was thought to be worn out. Some States had served as battle-grounds, while others had escaped the severer ravages of war. The ratio of negroes to whites varied, also, as did the capacity of the white population for the kinds of work that were most needed. And what was true of the States when compared was true of the various divisions of a State. Virginia was on the whole better fitted to begin the work of rehabilitation than South Carolina, and Piedmont and southwestern Virginia were better fitted than the tidewater region of the same State. It follows, then, that even if the inhabitants of the Southern States had presented a uniform type of character at the close of the war, they would not present to-day a uniform tone of civilization, or at least would not have made uniform progress. Yet, in spite of all variations of character and of all divergences of actual achievement, there are reasons for maintaining that in 1896 the people of the States stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande form a population which may be profitably considered as a whole by the critic of American culture.

In the first place, the citizens of all these States have been affected in more ways than they imagine by that defunct institution of slavery of which many of them have no personal knowledge. They are likewise affected to-day by the fact that they are brought into perpetual contact with a free alien race, to whom they are theoretically bound to allow legal and political rights, but to whom they cannot allow social rights without the risk of disintegrating their own civilization. They are further affected by the fact that in every locality and grade of society men and women are to be found who represent an old order of things, who inculcate social and political principles alien to American ideals, and who seek in every way to foster sentiments that favor Southern segregation, and that antagonize the unifying forces at work in the rest of the nation. They are affected finally by the fact that the dominant political party for many years practically treated them as citizens of a section, and by its legislation welded them into a compact mass of tax-payers who, rightly or wrongly, regarded themselves as tribute-payers. The generation, then, that has built up the South of to-day is united by ties of sentiment and interest, which, while not strong enough to endanger the permanence of the Union, are strong enough to have overcome till now the forces that make for divergence, and to warrant the critic and historian in speaking of a

Southern people heterogeneous in manners, but homogeneous in ideas.

The men who are doing the brunt of the work in the South to-day may be said to range between twenty-five and sixty-five years of age. The youngest was born six years after the war, and can remember nothing of the period of reconstruction; the eldest had got his education and had started in life before the South seceded. The men ranging from sixty-five to fifty-two had had more or less schooling, and had become imbued with Southern feelings and ideas before they went to the field; those from fifty-two to forty received little schooling, and were practically unaffected by the civilization for which some of them fought. Indeed, any man born between 1850 and 1860, — and it is this class that best represents what the South is to-day, — unless he was favorably situated, obtained little education except such as he could pick up himself after the war was over. Even the men born in the decade from 1860 to 1870 were often deprived of educational facilities on account of the necessity they were under of entering at once upon the active duties of life. It follows, then, that most of the men who since 1865 have built up the South have either brought to their task the ideas and training of an older generation and a bygone civilization, or else have carried on their work untrained or self-trained. When this fact is duly weighed, their achievements will seem little short of marvelous. But the men from thirty-six to twenty-five, who have pressed forward to fill the gaps made by death or to increase the army of workers, have had educational and other advantages in inverse proportion to their ages, and there is now no reason why the South should not be able to count each year on a fully educated quota of citizens from her upper and middle classes. Until recently she has not been able to do this, and has had to bear in addition the weight of the ignorance and thriftlessness of her millions of illiterate whites and negroes. With these facts before us, let us now endeavor to estimate what she has accomplished and what she is in point of culture. And first with regard to economics and politics.

While the material development of the South in the past thirty years has been almost startling, it would nevertheless be rash to assume that the economic character of her people has been entirely transformed. Slavery no longer exists, and labor is no longer considered disgraceful; but the negro, though politically free, is still socially and economically servile, and still affects his white employer disastrously in many ways. With the growth of towns, an artisan and a middle class have been developed, and the former aristocracy of birth and wealth has given way to one of wealth only; but in the country the well-to-do middle-class farmer is the exception, the gentleman planter is becoming much rarer, and the negro and "poor white" squatters cumber and choke the ground. Want of thrift and intelligent foresight and an inherited instinct of *laissez-faire* are to be observed in every rural community, — normally in tidewater and remote mountain regions, less commonly in such favored spots as the Valley of Virginia. In cotton-growing localities the factor or commission merchant plays a part fully as important as he did before the war, and practically holds both planter and plantation in his grasp. With the factor on one hand, and the lazy negroes with whom he works on shares on the other, it is no wonder that the lot of the gentleman farmer is continually growing worse, or that his sons seek urban employment whenever they can. It is also no cause for surprise that the agricultural classes, hampered by their own improvidence, by their failure to diversify their crops and utilize their resources, and by their still limited commercial facilities of every sort, should become discontented with their fate, and

should lend a ready ear to each new political sophism. The day of prosperity is still far removed from men who, — some of them, — primitive enough to buy in the spring the mules needed for their fields, work them unmercifully during the summer and fall, mark them and turn them out to shift for themselves in the winter, and then in the spring following buy a fresh lot on credit from a drover; mildly wondering the while why mules and money are so hard to keep.

The rural South, then, especially in the older portions, is, economically speaking, far from progressive, and what was once the single occupation of the Southern gentleman is now the last that he would voluntarily assume. In the rich Valley and on the grazing-lands of southwest Virginia, in parts of Georgia and in the blue grass region of Tennessee, farming pays fairly, owing to the greater thrift of the inhabitants and to the fertility of the soil; but on the whole, the progress of the New South, like that of the rest of the country, has not taken the direction of agriculture. It is through its urban development only that the section has justly earned its sobriquet. New cities like Roanoke, Va., have sprung up on ground that twenty years ago was parceled into farms. Ante-bellum villages have become large cities, as in the case of Atlanta and Chattanooga. Old towns like Nashville and Richmond have taken a fresh lease of life, and become rich and progressive. A new railroad has made the fortune of this place, a new textile or other industry has caused the growth of that. And all this progress has been due to the abolition of slavery and to the destruction of property caused by the Civil War. The Southerner of the last thirty years has simply had to work in order to live, and, like the rest of the world, he has preferred the town to the country. The Congressman who to-day should cease attacking bankers and syndicates, and imitate his ante-bellum predecessors by delivering a speech against commerce and manufactures, would be looked upon by his constituents as a lunatic or a fool. The man who should declare it to be beneath his dignity to engage in any respectable and productive calling would be similarly regarded. The point of view has changed, and it is now no longer necessary to call commercial conventions which shall pass resolutions beseeching the gentry not to look down on commerce and to give some of their sons a business training. Yet, in spite of all this advance, it would be idle to assert that Southern urban communities have not much to learn. The business energy and enterprise of Atlanta would not be so commented on if they were abundantly evident in other cities; and with all its energy Atlanta is far from being a model municipality. In every Southern town the citizens are still new to civic needs and duties. Money is often generously expended on schools, but entirely withheld from libraries. Museums and art-galleries are almost unknown, theatres are poor, and the workingman and the shopkeeper are left to amuse themselves as best they may in the bar-room or the meeting-house. Men of wealth have comfortable homes and opportunities to travel that make up for the lack of the ordinary public instrumentalities of culture, even of decent bookstores, but they do not properly consider the needs of the average citizen, perhaps because old Southern traditions of family life interfere with the spread of modern ideas of civic collectivism.

Yet while there is much to desire in the economic progress of Southern cities, and while the jealousy constantly shown toward them by the rural communities is greatly to be deplored, there is also much to be thankful for. What has been accomplished rests on a solid basis, except in the case of certain mushroom towns, and there is every reason to hope for a steady development. For the Southerner, though conservative and ever hampered by untoward conditions,

has not been quite so lacking in industrial enterprise as is often imagined. His success in other sections is proof of this, and the student of ante-bellum history can point to many commercial schemes of splendid scope that did not fail through any lack of capacity on the part of those who inaugurated them. That the people at large are still far too easy-going and visionary cannot be denied; that the negroes and illiterate whites are not the best material out of which to make artisans is also true; but the facts remain that the Southerner of the towns is becoming more energetic and shrewd, even if he is losing some of his social graces, and that the negro makes a better artisan than he does a farmer, and the illiterate white a fairly tractable miner and mechanic. With this hopeful outlook, we can afford to be content and to pass to other topics; remembering, however, that economic conditions enter so largely into the warp and woof of a people's civilization that we shall be continually compelled to take fresh account of them.

The truth of the last statement becomes apparent the moment one begins to discuss politics. Never before in the history of the world have political and economic questions been so inextricably confused, and this is especially true of the South. The presence of the negro, certain party traditions, lack of great statesmen and of wide-reaching views, and the financial policy of the general government have been the chief causes of the maintenance of the "Solid South;" economic unrest is the chief cause of its instability to-day. The late accessions to the Republican party in Louisiana have been due to the discontent of the sugar-planters. In mining and manufacturing districts there is a decided demand for protection, and numerous desertions from the Democratic ranks would follow in consequence but for the feeling, right or wrong, that white control of the negro is based on the continued success of that party. But in rural circles the revolt has already advanced to such a degree that it is impossible to predict results. The discontent of the farmers, after expressing itself in the so-called Alliance movement, has driven them by thousands into the arms of a new political body that appeals through its name and its principles to the common people. The Democratic party, after first making war on the Populists, has recently fused with them to a large extent, a procedure which is likely to result in a permanent alienation of a majority of its influential supporters in the cities. In whatever way the present complications are unraveled, the result will almost certainly be a splitting up of the "Solid South" along economic lines of cleavage. Nor is this to be wondered at. The urban communities have different needs from the rural; they are far in advance of them in education; their political ideals must therefore vary, sooner or later.

The benefits that will flow from this political disintegration of the South, even though it be based, as seems likely, upon class antagonism, cannot be overestimated. The despotic sway of party principles, combined indeed with that of church creeds and of social conventions, has contributed more than anything else to the isolation and backwardness of the South. It has brought it to pass that the section which gave Washington and Jefferson to the Union has for two generations failed to produce a thoroughly great statesman, or, of recent years, even a politician of more than respectable powers. It has put mountebanks into the gubernatorial chair, and stained the judicial ermine with homicidal blood. It has checked the growth of a native literature except in the narrow field of provincial story-telling. It has rested like a black cloud over every schoolhouse and college, has enfeebled and diverted to wrong ends the power of the press, has taught honest men to cheat and excuse

themselves by casuistry, has retarded the sense for law and order, and has hampered or thwarted the genius of every youth of lofty aspirations.

No one who has not lived in the South can at all appreciate what the waning of political intolerance will mean for its people. It will mean far more than the liberation of genius. It will mean the checking of political corruption, and the uplifting and ennobling of every citizen who has a vote to cast. It will mean a freer play of mind that will affect advantageously every industrial, educational, and social interest. It will mean that at last the South's cry for more capital and more laborers will be fully responded to, that in wealth and culture its people will soon be abreast of those of other sections, that they will contribute in ample measure to the glory of the Union, and that they will grapple with their own peculiar problems with confidence and enthusiasm. It will mean, finally, that the justly earned reproach that the South has been for seventy years the chosen home of almost every possible economic and political heresy known to men will be forever removed.

Nor is this good result entirely dependent upon the immediate outcome of present political complications. Should the fusion of Democrats and Populists insure a practically "Solid South" for a generation to come, the work of disintegration would still be going on. Schools and colleges are being multiplied and improved, and the press is becoming a greater power for good. The generation which is growing up knows little or nothing about the horrors of reconstruction rule, and while rightfully determined to keep intact that supremacy of the whites which is essential to any civilization worthy of the name, is comparatively free from prejudice against other sections, and disposed to give the negro as fair a chance as circumstances will permit. Time, in other words, is doing its usual work of amelioration. The announcement that a politician has deserted to the Republicans is not necessarily followed now by his ostracism, as it was a decade ago. A man would not today be blackballed from a club for political reasons alone. One may express almost any political views on the platform or in print without running much risk of insult, provided one keep within the bounds of decency. One may even be an independent voter and not be too rudely stared at. On practical, present issues freedom of speech and action is becoming more and more assured except in one particular, in which few Southerners have any desire to go contrary to their fellows, — the advocacy of negro equality. This does not mean, however, that there are not men in the South who desire to secure for the negro his political rights within limits and his legal rights *in toto*, though they are forced to deny him all social privileges, or that they are debarred from giving publicity to their views. There are, fortunately, individuals here and there who dare to maintain the iniquity of the practice of lynching negroes, as boldly as others in high places, who should know better, brazenly defend or condone it. In view of such facts, it would be idle to hold that the political condition of the South, for all its present turmoil and confusion, is not improving.

Yet it would be equally idle to imagine that because there are signs of the gradual breaking down of party unity and political intolerance, the next generation of Southerners will find their civic duties altogether light and pleasant. They may find it possible to choose between two or more parties where their fathers could support only one, but in any party they will still have to grapple with difficulties as great as have ever confronted any people. They too will have their negro problem, and the disfranchisement of the race by the Mississippi plan or any other will only stave off the day of reckoning. They

too will have to face the dreadful menace to civilization presented by the illiteracy within their own ranks. They will have to reap the results of the election frauds practiced by their own fathers, and will discover that the maxim "The end justifies the means" will apply with as full force to a white adversary as to a black one. They will find that while lynching may be an expeditious method of obtaining the redress that cannot be got from badly ordered courts, it is very far from simplifying the problem of how to render those courts efficient. They will have to learn, finally, that glib talking is not sure evidence of statesmanship, that the color of a man's skin cannot make up for his deficiencies of education, and that sentiment for the past, however worthy, cannot of itself supply the place of all the civic virtues.

In conclusion, there is another point, also, that must be taken into account when we consider the probable amelioration of political conditions in the South. Where politics touch history, it must be confessed that the Southern people are as a rule totally astray in their thinking and unduly sensitive to criticism. Even the most liberal of them often fail to understand the historical development of the Constitution (although a great Southerner, Marshall, did most to develop it), and long-exploded theories in regard to it still hold sway among them. This sensitiveness to any treatment of their political history, whether by an alien or by a native, that does not square with their own preconceived and largely erroneous notions, is due in the main to a highly honorable and natural sentiment not controlled by adequate knowledge. It will pass in time, and must pass before competent ideas of political philosophy can be held by any Southern publicist or statesman. Without the basis of such a competent political philosophy, statesmanship of an enduring character is, of course, not to be looked for; but the growing liberalization of ideas which is visible in politics and literature and religion renders it certain that no long time will elapse before the advent of both philosophy and statesmanship. Here also, then, the outlook seems hopeful, although, alas, more than one political Boanerges is leading his much enduring people astray at the very moment of this writing.

W. P. Trent.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

III.

THE PERIOD OF THE NEWNESS.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."
WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*, Book XI.

THE above was the high-sounding name which was claimed for their own time by the youths and maidens who, under the guidance of Emerson, Parker, and others, took a share in the seething epoch sometimes called vaguely Transcendentalism. But as these papers are primarily autobiographic, it is well to state with just what outfit I left college in 1841. I had a rather shallow reading knowledge of six languages, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and had been brought in contact with classic books in each of these tongues. I may here add that I picked up at a later period German, Portuguese, and Hebrew, with a little Swedish; and that I hope to live long enough to learn at least the alphabet in Russian. Then I had acquired enough of the higher mathematics to have a pupil or two in that branch;

something of the forms of logic and of Locke's philosophy with the criticisms of the French eclectics upon it; a smattering of history and political economy; some crude acquaintance with field natural history; some practice in writing and debating; a passion for poetry and imaginative literature; a voracious desire for all knowledge and all action; and an amount of self-confidence which has now, after more than half a century, sadly diminished. It will be seen that this was an outfit more varied than graduates of the present day are apt to possess, but more superficial; their knowledge of what they know being often far more advanced as well as more solidly grounded than was mine. No matter; I was a happy boy, ankle-deep in a yet unfathomed sea.

I had two things in addition not set down in the college curriculum, but of the utmost influence on my future career. One of these has always been to me somewhat inexplicable. Cambridge was then a place of distinctly graded society; more so, probably, than it is now. Lowell has admirably described the superb way in which old Royall Morse, the village constable and auctioneer, varied the courtesy of his salutation according to the social position of his acquaintance. I can remember no conversation around me looking toward the essential equality of the human race, except as it was found in the pleased curiosity with which my elder brothers noted the fact that the President's man-servant, who waited at table during his dinner parties, became on the muster-field colonel of the militia regiment, and there gave orders to Major Quincy, his subordinate. In each professor's family there was apt to be a country boy "living out," "doing chores" and attending school; these boys often rose to influence and position in later life, and their children or descendants are now professors in the university and leaders in Cambridge society. The "town school" was distinctly a grade school; I had never entered it; did not play much with the "town boys," and was rather afraid of them. Yet it must have been that there was left over from the American Revolution something of the popular feeling then inspired, for without aid or guidance I was democratic in feeling; longed to know something of all sorts and conditions of men, and had a distinct feeling that I should like to be, for a year or two, a mechanic of some kind — a carpenter or blacksmith — in order to place myself in sympathy with all. The nearest I ever came to this was in making some excursions with an elder brother who, as engineer, was laying out the track of the Old Colony Railroad, and who took me as "hind chain man" at a dollar a day. I still recall with delight the sense of honest industry, the tramping through the woods, and the occasional dinners at farmhouses. It was at one of these festivities that, when my brother had eaten one piece of mince pie but declined a second helping, our host remarked with hospitable dignity, "Consult your feelings, sir, about the meat pie."

Another most important change was passing in me at about this time; the sudden development of social aptitudes hitherto dormant. As an overgrown boy — for I was six feet tall at fourteen — I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it. I find it difficult to convince my associates of later years that I then habitually sat mute while others chattered. A word or two of remonstrance from my mother had in a single day corrected this, during my senior year, so far as the family table was concerned; and this emboldened me to try the experiment on a wider field. I said to myself, thinking of other young men who made themselves quite agreeable, "These youths are not your superiors, — perhaps, in the recitation-room or on the playground, hardly your equals; why not cope with them

elsewhere?" Thus influenced, I conquered myself in a single evening and lost my shyness forever. The process was unique, so far as I know, and I have often recommended it to shy young men. Being invited to a small party, I considered beforehand what young ladies would probably be there. With each one I had, of course, something in common, — kinship, or neighborhood, or favorite pursuit. This would do, I reasoned, for a starting-point; so I put down on a small sheet of paper what I would say to each, if I happened to be near her. It worked like a charm; I found myself chatting away, the whole evening, and heard the next day that everybody was surprised at the transformation. I have to this day the little bit of magic paper, on which I afterwards underscored, before sleeping, the points actually used. It set me free; after this I went freely to tolerably large parties in Cambridge and Boston, in the latter case under guidance of my brother Waldo, who had now graduated from the Harvard Washington Corps into the Boston Cadets, and was an excellent social pilot. I saw the really agreeable manners which then prevailed in the little city, and cannot easily be convinced that there are now in the field any youths at once so manly and so elegant as were the two especial leaders among the beaux of that day, John Lothrop Motley and his brother-in-law, John Lewis Stackpole. It did not surprise me to read in later days that the former was habitually addressed as "Milord" to a degree that vexed him by waiters in Continental hotels. Such leaders were doubtless good social models, as was also my brother; but I had more continuous influences in the friendship of two fair girls, both of whom were frank, truthful, and attractive. One of them — Maria Fay of convent fame, already mentioned — was a little older than myself, while the other, just my own age, Mary Devens, was the younger sister of Charles Devens, afterwards eminent in war and peace. She died young, but I shall always be grateful for the good she unconsciously did me; and I had with both the kind of cordial friendship, without a trace of love-making, yet tinged with refined sentiment, which is for every young man a most fortunate school. They counseled and reprimanded and laughed at me, when needful, in a way that I should not have tolerated from boys at that time, nor yet from my own sisters, wise and judicious though these were. Added to all this was a fortunate visit, during my last year in college, to some cousins on a Virginia plantation, where my uncle, Major Storrow, had married into the Carter family, and where I experienced the hospitality and gracious ways of Southern life.

A potent influence was also preparing for me in Cambridge in a peculiarly fascinating circle of young people, — more gifted, I cannot help thinking, than any later coterie of the same kind, — which had grouped itself around James Lowell and Maria White, his betrothed, who were known among the members as their "King and Queen." They called themselves "The Brothers and Sisters," being mainly made up in that way: the Whites of Watertown and their cousins the Thaxters; the Storys from Cambridge; the Hales and the Tuckermans from Boston; the Kings from Salem, and others. They had an immense and hilarious intimacy, rarely however, for some reason, culminating in intermarriage; they read the same books, and had perpetual gatherings and picnics, their main headquarters being the large colonial house of the White family in Watertown. My own point of contact with them was remote, but real; my mother had removed, when her family lessened, to a smaller house built by my elder brother, and belonging in these latter days to Radcliffe College. This was next door to the Fay House of that institution, then occupied by Judge Fay. And as my friend Maria Fay was a cousin of some of the Brothers and Sis-

ters, they made the house an occasional rendezvous; and as there were attractive younger kindred whom I chanced to know, I was able at least to look through the door of this paradise of youth. Lowell's first volume had just been published, and all its allusions were ground of romance for us all; indeed, he and his betrothed were to me, as they seemed to be to the Brothers and Sisters, a modernized Petrarch and Laura or even Dante and Beatrice; and I watched them with unselfish reverence. Their love-letters, about which they were extremely frank, were passed from hand to hand and sometimes reached me through Thaxter. I have some of Maria White's ballads in her own handwriting; and I still know by heart a letter which she wrote to Thaxter, about the delay in her marriage: "It is easy enough to be married; the newspaper corners show us that, every day; but to live and to be happy as simple King and Queen, without the gifts of fortune, this is a triumph that suits my nature better." Probably all the atmosphere around this pair of lovers had a touch of exaggeration, a slight greenhouse aroma, but it brought a pure and ennobling enthusiasm; and whenever I was fortunate enough to hear Maria White sing or "say" ballads in moonlight evenings it seemed as if I were in Boccaccio's Florentine gardens.

If this circle of bright young people was not strictly a part of the Transcendental Movement, it was yet born of "the Newness." Lowell and Story, indeed, both wrote for the Dial, and Maria White had belonged to Margaret Fuller's classes. There was, moreover, passing through the whole community a wave of that desire for a freer and more ideal life which made Story turn aside from his father's profession for sculpture, and made Lowell forsake law after his first client. It was the time when Emerson wrote to Carlyle, "We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform; not a reading man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket." I myself longed at times to cut free from prescribed bondage, and not, in Lowell's later phrase, to "pay so much of life for a living" as seemed to be expected. I longed anew, under the influence of George Sand and Mrs. Child's Letters from New York, to put myself on more equal terms with that vast army of hand-workers who were ignorant of much that I knew, yet could do so much that I could not. Under these combined motives I find that I carefully made out, at one time, a project of going into the cultivation of peaches, an industry then prevalent in New England, but now practically abandoned, — thus securing freedom from study and thought by moderate labor of the hands. This was in 1843, two years before Thoreau tried a similar project with beans at Walden Pond; and also before the time when George and Burrill Curtis undertook to be farmers at Concord. A like course was actually adopted and successfully pursued through life by another Harvard man a few years older than myself, the late Marston Watson, of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Such things were in the air, and even those who were not swerved by "the Newness" from their intended pursuits were often greatly modified as to the way in which these were undertaken; as when the recognized leader of a certain class of the Harvard Law School abandoned, from conscientious scruples, the career of a practicing lawyer, and spent his life as a conveyancer.

What turned me away from the study of the law was not this moral scruple, but what was doubtless an innate preference, strengthened by the influence of one man and one or two books. After leaving college I taught for six months as usher in the boarding-school at Jamaica Plain, kept by Mr. Stephen Minot Weld; and then, greatly to my satisfaction, became private tutor to the three young sons of my cousin, Stephen Higginson Perkins, a Boston merchant,

residing in a pretty cottage which he had designed for himself in Brookline. In him I encountered the most attractive man I had yet met and the one who was most to influence me. He was indeed a man of unique qualities and great gifts; he was in the prime of life, handsome and refined, a widower, whose modest household was superintended by a maiden sister; his training had been utterly unlike my regular academical career; he had been sent to Germany to school, under the guidance of Edward Everett, then to the East and West Indies as supercargo, then into business, but not very successfully as yet. This pursuit he hated and disapproved; all his tastes were for art, in which he was at that time perhaps the best connoisseur in Boston, and he had contrived by strict economy to own several good paintings which he bequeathed later to the Boston Art Museum, — a Reynolds, a Van der Velde, and a remarkable oil copy of the Sistine Madonna by Moritz Retzsch. These were the first fine paintings I had ever seen, except the Copleys then in the Harvard College Library, and his society, with that he assembled round him, was to me a wholly new experience. He disapproved and distrusted all classical training, and was indifferent to mathematics; but he had read largely in French and German literature, and he introduced me to authors of permanent interest, such as Heine and Paul Louis Courier. He was also in a state of social revolt, enhanced by a certain shyness and by deafness; full of theories, and ready to encourage all independent thinking. He was withal affectionate and faithful.

I was to teach his boys four hours a day, — no more; they were most interesting, though not always easy to manage. I was young enough to take a ready part in all their sports, and we often had school in the woods adjoining the house, perhaps sitting in large trees and interrupting work occasionally to watch a weasel gliding over a rock or a squirrel in the boughs. I took the boys with me in my rambles and it was a happy time. Another sister of Stephen Perkins's, a woman of great personal attractions, kept house for her father, who lived near by, Mr. Samuel G. Perkins, younger brother of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, then the leading merchant of Boston. Mr. Samuel Perkins had been at one time a partner of my grandfather and had married his daughter, but had retired, not very successful, and was one of the leading horticulturists near Boston, the then famous "Boston nectarine" being a fruit of his introducing. His wife, Barbara Higginson, my aunt, had been a belle in her youth, but had ripened into an oddity, and lived in Boston during the winter and in a tiny cottage at Nahant during the summer, for the professed reason that the barberry blossoms in the Brookline lanes made her sneeze.

The summer life around Boston was then an affair so unlike anything now to be found in the vicinity as to seem like something observed in another country or period. Socially speaking, it more resembled the plantation life of the South or the ranch life of the West. Many of the prosperous people lived in Boston all summer, with occasional trips to Nahant or Saratoga or Ballston, or for the more adventurous a journey by stage among the White Mountains, encountering rough roads and still rougher taverns. But there existed all around Boston, and especially in Roxbury, Brookline, and Milton, a series of large estates with ample houses, all occupied by people connected in blood or intimacy, who drove about and exchanged calls in summer afternoons. Equipages were simple; people usually drove themselves; there were no liveries, but the hospitality was profuse. My uncle Perkins was a poor man compared with his rich brother; there was a theory that his beautiful pears and nectarines were to be a source of profit, but I fear that the balance-sheet, if perchance there ever was

any, would have showed otherwise. No matter, he had the frank outdoor hospitality of a retired East India merchant, which he was; every afternoon, at a certain hour, sherry and madeira were set out on the sideboard in the airy parlor, with pears, peaches, grapes, nectarines, strawberries and the richest cream, and we knew that visitors would arrive. Cousins and friends came, time-honored acquaintances of "the old gentleman," eminent public men, Mr. Prescott the historian, or Daniel Webster himself, received like a king. Never did I feel a greater sense of an honor conferred than when that regal black-browed man once selected me as the honored messenger to bring more cream for his chocolate. There was sometimes, though rarely, a little music; and there were now and then simple games on the lawn, — battledore or grace-hoops, — but as yet croquet and tennis and golf were not, and the resources were limited. In winter, the same houses were the scene of family parties with sleigh-riding and skating and coasting; but the summer life was simply a series of outdoor receptions, from house to house. It must be noted that Brookline was then, as now, the garden suburb of Boston, beyond all others; the claim was only comparative, and would not at all stand the test of English gardening or even of our modern methods, except perhaps in the fruit produced. I remember that Stephen Perkins once took an English visitor, newly arrived, to drive about the region, and he was quite ready to admire everything he saw, though not quite for the reason that his American host expected. "It is all so rough and wild" was his comment.

Into this summer life, on the invitation of my cousin Barbara Channing, who spent much time in Brookline, there occasionally came delegations of youths from Brook Farm, then flourishing. Among these were George and Burrill Curtis, and Larned, with Charles Dana, now editor of the New York Sun; all presentable and agreeable, but the first three peculiarly costumed. It was then very common for young men in college and elsewhere to wear what were called blouses, — a kind of hunter's frock made at first of brown holland belted at the waist,— these being gradually developed into garments of gay-colored chintz, sometimes, it was said, an economical transformation of their sisters' skirts or petticoats. All the young men of this party but Dana wore these gay garments and bore on their heads little round and visorless caps with tassels. Mr. Perkins, whose attire was always defiantly plain, regarded these vanities with ill-concealed disapproval, but took greatly to Dana, who dressed like a well-to-do young farmer and was always handsome and manly. My uncle declared him to be full of sense and knowledge, and the others to be nonsensical creatures. Dana was indeed the best all-round man at Brook Farm, — a good teacher, editor, and farmer, — but was held not to be quite so zealous or unselfish for the faith as were some of the others. It was curious that when their public meetings were held in Boston, he was their most effective speaker, while I cannot remember that George William Curtis, afterwards so eloquent, ever opened his lips at all.

I was but twice at Brook Farm, once driving over there in a sleigh during a snowstorm, to convey my cousin Barbara to a fancy ball at "the Community," as it was usually called, where she was to appear in a pretty creole dress made of madras handkerchiefs and brought by Stephen Perkins from the West Indies. She was a most attractive and popular person, and was enthusiastic about Brook Farm, where she went often, being a friend of Mrs. Ripley, who was its "leading lady." Again I once went for her in summer and stayed for an hour, watching the various interesting figures, including George William Curtis, who was walking about in shirt-sleeves, with his boots over his trousers, yet was escorting a young maiden

with that elegant grace which never left him. It was a curious fact that he, who was afterwards so eminent, was then held wholly secondary in interest to his handsome brother Burrill, whose Raphaelesque face won all hearts, and who afterwards disappeared from view in England, surviving only in memory as My Uncle the Curate, in Lotus-Eating. But if I did not see much of Brook Farm on the spot, I met its members frequently at the series of exciting meetings for Social Reform in Boston, at which the battle raged high between Associationists and Communists, the leader of the latter being John A. Collins. Defenders of the established order also took part; one of the best of the latter being Arthur Pickering, a Boston merchant; and in all my experience I have never heard a speech so thrilling and effective as that in which Henry Clapp, then a young radical mechanic, answered Pickering's claim that individuality was better promoted by the existing method of competition. Clapp was afterwards the admired leader of a Bohemian clique in New York and had a melancholy career; but that speech did more than anything else to make me at least a halfway socialist for life.

The Brook Farm people were also to be met occasionally at Mrs. Nichols's confectionery shop in School Street, where they took economical refreshments; and still oftener at Miss Elizabeth Peabody's foreign bookstore in West Street, which was a part of the educational influence of the period. It was an atom of a shop, partly devoted to the homœopathic medicines of her father, a physician; and she alone in Boston, I think, had French and German books for sale. There I made further acquaintance with Cousin and Jouffroy, with Constant's De la Religion and Leroux' De l'Humanité, the relics of the French Eclecticism, then beginning to fade, but still taught in colleges. There, too, were Schubert's Geschichte der Seele and many of the German balladists who were beginning to inthrall me. There was also Miss Peabody herself, desultory, dreamy, but insatiable in her love for knowledge and for helping others to it. James Freeman Clarke said of her that she was always engaged in supplying some want that had first to be created; it might be Dr. Kraitsir's lectures on language, or General Bem's historical chart. She always preached the need, but never accomplished the supply until she advocated the kindergarten; there she caught up with her mission and came to identify herself with its history. She lived to be very old, and with her broad benevolent face and snowy curls was known to many as "The Grandmother of Boston." I best associate her with my last interview, a little before her death, when I chanced to pick her out of a snowdrift into which she had sunk overwhelmed during a furious snow-squall, while crossing a street in Boston. I did not know her until she had scrambled up with much assistance, and recognizing me at once, fastened on my offered arm, saying breathlessly, "I am so glad to see you. I have been wishing to talk to you about Sarah Winnemucca. Now Sarah Winnemucca" — and she went on discoursing as peacefully about a maligned Indian protégée as if she were strolling in some sequestered moonlit lane, on a summer evening.

I have said that the influence wrought upon me by Brookline life was largely due to one man and one or two writers. The writer who took possession of me, after Emerson, was the German author, Jean Paul Richter, whose memoirs had just been written by a Brookline lady, Mrs. Thomas Lee. This biography set before me, just at the right time, the attractions of purely literary life, carried on in a perfectly unworldly spirit; and his story of Siebenkäs, just then opportunely translated, presented the same thing in a more graphic way. From that moment poverty, or at least extreme economy, had no terrors for me, and I could not bear the thought of devoting

my life to the technicalities of Blackstone. Not that the law-book had failed to interest me, — for it was a book, — but I could not consent to surrender my life to what it represented, nor have I ever repented that decision. I felt instinctively what the late Dwight Foster said to me long after: "The objection to the study of the law is not that it is not interesting, — for it is eminently so, — but that it fills your mind with knowledge which cannot be carried into another stage of existence." Long after this, moreover, my classmate Durant, at the height of his professional success, once stoutly denied to me that there was any real interest to be found in legal study. "The law," he said, "is simply a system of fossilized injustice; there is not enough of intellectual interest about it to occupy an intelligent mind for an hour." This I do not believe; and he was probably not the highest authority; yet his remark and Judge Foster's always helped me to justify to myself that early choice.

With all this social and intellectual occupation, much of my Brookline life was lonely and meditative; my German romances made me a dreamer, and I spent much time in the woods, nominally botanizing but in reality trying to adjust myself, being still only nineteen or twenty, to the problems of life. One favorite place was Hammond's Pond, then celebrated among botanists as the only locality for the beautiful *Andromeda polifolia*, so named by Linnæus because like the fabled Andromeda it dwelt in wild regions only. The pond was, and I believe still is, surrounded by deep woods and overhung by a hill covered with moss-grown fragments of rock, among which the pink *Cypripedium* or lady's slipper used to grow profusely. The Andromeda was on the other side of the lake, and some one had left a leaky boat there, which I used to borrow and paddle across the dark water, past a cedar forest which lined it on one side, and made me associate it with the gloomy Mummelsee of one of my beloved German ballads: —

> "Anigh the gloomy Mummelsee
> Do live the palest lilies many.
> All day they droop so drowsily
> In azure air or rainy,
> But when the dreadful moon of night
> Rains down on earth its yellow light
> Up spring they, full of lightness,
> In woman's form and brightness."

My lilies were in the water, not beside it, yet this was but a small variation; and among them there was to be seen motionless the black prow of some old boat which had sunk at its moorings and looked so uncanny that I never would row near it. Across the lake a faint path wound up the hill among the rocks, and at the summit there was a large detached boulder with a mouldering ladder reaching its top, where I used to climb and rest after my long rambling. Close by there was one dead pine-tree of the older growth towering above the younger trees; and sometimes a homeward faring robin or crow would perch and rest there as I was resting, or the sweet bell of the Newton Theological Seminary on its isolated hill would peal out what seemed like the Angelus.

What with all these dreamings, and the influence of Jean Paul and Heine, the desire for a free life of study, and perhaps of dreams, grew so strong upon me that I decided to go back to Cambridge as "resident graduate," — there was then no graduate school, — and establish myself as cheaply as possible, to live after my own will. I was already engaged to be married to one of the Brookline cousins, but I had taken what my mother called "the vow of poverty," and was willing to risk the future. Mrs. Farrar, an old friend of the family, with whom I had spent a part of the summer before entering college, reported with satisfaction that she had met me one day driving my own small wagon-load of furniture over muddy roads from Brookline to Cambridge, like any emigrant lad,

whereas the last time she had seen me before was at the opera in Boston, with soiled white kid gloves on. Never was I happier in my life than at that moment of transformation when she saw me. It was my Flight into Egypt.

I established myself in the cheapest room I could find, in a house then called "College House," and standing on part of the ground now occupied by the block of that name. Its familiar appellation in Cambridge was "The Old Den," and my only housemate at first was an eccentric law student, or embryo lawyer, popularly known as "Light-House Thomas," because he had fitted himself for college in one of those edifices. Here at last I could live in my own way, making both ends meet by an occasional pupil, and enjoying the same freedom which Thoreau, then unknown to me, was afterwards to possess in his hut. I did not know exactly what I wished to study in Cambridge; indeed, I went there to find out. Perhaps I had some vague notion of preparing myself for a professorship in literature or mathematics and metaphysics, but in the mean time I read, as Emerson says of Margaret Fuller, "at a rate like Gibbon's." There was the obstacle to be faced, which has indeed always proved too much for me, — the enormous wealth of the world of knowledge, and the stupendous variety of that which I wished to know. Doubtless the modern elective system, or even a wise teacher, would have helped me; they would have compelled me to concentration, but perhaps I may have absolutely needed some such period of intellectual wild oats. This was in September, 1843.

I read in that year, and a subsequent similar year, the most desultory and disconnected books, the larger the better: Newton's Principia and Whewell's Mechanical Euclid; Ritter's History of Ancient Philosophy; Sismondi's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire; Lamennais' Paroles d'un Croyant and Livre du Peuple; Homer and Hesiod; Linnæus's Correspondence; Emerson over and over. Fortunately I kept up outdoor life also and learned the point where books and nature meet; learned that Chaucer belongs to spring, German romance to summer nights, Amadis de Gaul and the Morte d'Arthur to the Christmas time; and found that books of natural history, in Thoreau's phrase, "furnish the cheerfulest winter reading." Bettina Brentano and Günderode — the correspondence between the two maidens being just then translated by Margaret Fuller, — also fascinated me; and I have seldom been happier than when I spent two summer days beside the Rhine, many years after, in visiting the very haunts where Bettina romanced, and the spot where Günderode died.

I tried to read all night occasionally, as Lowell told me he had sometimes done, and as a mathematical classmate of mine had done weekly, to my envy; but sleepiness and the morning chill soon checked this foolish enterprise. On one of these nights I had an experience so nearly incredible that I scarcely dare to tell it, yet it was, I believe, essentially true. Sitting up till four one morning over a volume of Lamennais, I left the mark at an unfinished page, having to return the book to the college library. A year after I happened to take the book from the library again, got up at four o'clock to read, began where I left off, and afterwards, — not till afterwards, — looking in my diary, found that I had simply skipped a precise year and gone on with the passage.

I continued to teach myself German on a preposterous plan brought forward in those days by a learned Hungarian, Dr. Charles Kraitsir, who had a theory of the alphabet, and held that by its means all the Indo-European languages could be resolved into one; so that we could pass from each to another by an effort of will, like the process of mind-healing. Tried on the German ballads this method proved very seductive, but when one

went a step farther it turned out very superficial; as is therefore all my knowledge of German, though I have read a good deal of it. All this way of living was intellectually very risky, as is the process of "boarding one's self" — which I have also tried — for the body; and I am glad to have come with no more serious injury through them both. For a specialist it would have been disastrous, but I was plainly not destined for a specialist; for a predestined essayist and public speaker, it was not so bad, since to him nothing comes amiss. Fortunately it was a period when a tonic influence and a cohesive restraint came from a wholly different direction; indeed, I might say from two directions.

The first of these influences was the renewal of my acquaintance with Lowell, which had been waived during my two years' stay in Brookline. He recognized in Thaxter, who about this time went to New York to study for the dramatic profession, and in myself, two of his stoutest advocates. We met a little more on a level than before; the difference of nearly five years which had formerly made him only my elder brother's crony was now becoming less important, and I found myself approaching that maturer period which a clever woman defined as "the age of everybody." To be sure, I could recall the time when my brother had come home one evening with the curt remark, "Jim Lowell doubts whether he shall really be a lawyer, after all; he thinks he shall be a poet." Now that poet was really launched, and indeed was "the best launched man of his time," as Willis said. I used to go to his room and to read books he suggested, such as Puttenham's Arte of Poesie, and Chapman's plays. He did most of the talking; it was a way he had; but he was always original and trenchant, though I sometimes rebelled inwardly at his very natural attitude of leadership. We sometimes walked out together, late in the evening, from Emerson's lectures or the concerts which were already introducing Beethoven. Sometimes there was a reception after the lecture, usually at the rooms of a youth who was an ardent Fourierite, and had upon his door a blazing sun, with gilded rays emanating in all directions, and bearing the motto "Universal Unity." Beneath this appeared a neat black-and-white inscription, thus worded: "Please wipe your feet."

Our evening walks from Boston were delightful; and Longfellow's poem of The Bridge does little more than put into verse the thoughts they inspired. The walk was then, as is certainly not now the case, a plunge into darkness; and there is no other point from which the transformation of the older Boston is more conspicuous. You now cross the bridge at night through a circle of radiant lights glancing in brilliant lines through all the suburbs; but in the old nights there was here and there in the distance a dim oil lamp; in time oil gave place to kerosene; then came gas, then electricity, and still the brighter the lamps, the more they multiplied. The river itself was different; there were far more vessels, and I have myself been hailed on the bridge and offered money to pilot a coasting schooner to Watertown. Seals also came above the wharves and gave Lowell the material for one of his best stories, but one which he never, I think, quite ventured to print. He saw two farmer lads watching from the bridge one of these visitors as he played in the water. "Wal, neaow," said one of the youths, "be them kind o' critters common up this way, do ye suppose? Be they — or be they?" "Wal," responded the other, "dunno 's they be, and dunno ez they be." This perfect flower of New England speech, twin blossoms on one stem, delighted Lowell hugely; and it was so unexampled in my own experience that it always inspired in me a slight distrust, as being too good to be true. Perhaps it created a little envy, as was the case with Alfred

Dicey, when he and James Bryce first visited America, and I met them at a dinner party in Newport. Dicey came in, rubbing his hands, and saying with eagerness, "Bryce is very happy; at the Ocean House he has just heard a man say Eurōpean twice!"

Another and yet more tonic influence, though Lowell was already an ardent Abolitionist, came from the presence of reformatory agitation in the world outside. There were always public meetings in Boston to be attended; there were social reform gatherings where I heard the robust Orestes Brownson and my eloquent cousin William Henry Channing; there were anti-slavery conventions, with Garrison and Phillips; then on Sunday there were Theodore Parker and James Freeman Clarke, to show that one might accomplish something and lead a manly life even in the pulpit. My bētrothed was one of the founders of Clarke's Church of the Disciples, and naturally drew me there; the services were held in a hall and were quite without those churchly associations which were then unattractive to me. My old friend Mr. John Glen King, of Salem, used to call the Disciples "Jerusalem wildcats," and to declare that the pastor strolled about and chatted with the parishioners during the singing. There was just enough of this sociability of manner to win my very hetcrodox heart; and at Theodore Parker's services there was yet more. To this day I sometimes dream of going to hear him preach, — the great, free, eager congregation; the strong, serious, commanding presence of the preacher; his reverent and earnest prayer; his comprehensive hour-long sermon full of sense, knowledge, feeling, courage, he being not afraid even of his own learning, absolutely holding his audience in the hollow of his hand. Once in New York a few years ago I went to Dr. Rainsford's church and felt for a moment or two — not, indeed, while the surpliced choir was singing — that I was again in the hands of Theodore Parker.

Under the potent influences of Parker and Clarke I found myself gravitating toward what was then called the "liberal" ministry; one very much secularized it must be, I foresaw, to satisfy me. Even in this point of view my action was regarded rather askance by some of my more strenuous transcendental friends, even George William Curtis expressing a little disapproval; though in later years he himself took to the pulpit, — in a yet more secular fashion, to be sure, — a good while after I had left it. I had put myself meanwhile in somewhat the position of that backsliding youth at Concord of whom some feminine friend said anxiously, "I am troubled about Eben; he used to be a real Come-Outer, interested in all the reforms; but now he smokes and swears and goes to church, and is just like any other young man." Yet I resolved to risk even this peril, removed my modest belongings to Divinity Hall, and bought one of those very Hebrew Bibles which my father had once criticised as having their title-pages at the wrong end.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

MEMORIALS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

JUST now it is the fashion, much heard of in the press, to purchase the houses in which our American authors have lived, and set them apart forever as shrines in the great men's honor. Though I do not see why the house of a literary man should be deemed his most appropriate memorial, any more than the house of a general or a President should be his, there is something to be said in behalf of this sort of monument, either in default of or as a supplement to a better one. When to the house is added sufficient land to make a public pleasure-ground which may bear the author's name, the monument becomes a really worthy one, whether the distinction of the man thus celebrated were won in literature or in any other field. But if the spot is to become a shrine of curiosity alone, so that its chief function shall be to receive the visits of impertinent people in large numbers, who come to gaze and say, "Is it possible that Hawthorne slept in this room? Could he have composed The Scarlet Letter, do you suppose, on this very spot where we are sitting?" and who then straightway begin to look about furtively for a splinter to carry away, then it must tend to keep the public interest in authors down on that dreadful plane of curiosity where it has dwelt so long, and from which it should be one object of literature to raise it.

However, a public memorial of any sort indicates the existence of a disposition to remember; and as the disposition has not been apparent in a marked degree in this country, we may look with some encouragement on a great author's home turned into a place of merely curious resort,— if we may also accept it as the promise of a time when we may have more dignified memorials. Up to the present we have few; and so far as monuments are a sign of public appreciation of our great authors, we have not held them in high honor.

Indeed, several of the most noteworthy memorials of the kind that we possess represent an attempt on the part of individual munificence to supply a deficiency of public recognition. Generally speaking, a monument built by one man to the fame of another is the evidence of one man's estimation; but if the people give proof of a considerable rejoicing in the possession of such a monument, it may well take on the character of a genuine public memorial. A monument built by a public subscription manifestly is a better evidence of public appreciation; and the statue or monument raised by the appropriation of public money to the purpose is probably more distinctly a public memorial than one raised in any other way. We have few monuments in the country that were built by public money; I am not acquainted with one of this sort raised to the memory of a man who was merely a man of letters. At Washington there is a National Hall of Statuary, to which every State is invited by the federal government to send the statues of two of its most illustrious citizens. Thus far, no State has found among its sons a man of letters whom it has deemed worthy of this distinction; and as most of the older States, which are practically the only ones in which literature has heretofore been cultivated, have already sent their representatives to this Senate of Genius, we have a prospect of seeing the hall filled with ninety of the nation's great men, — with more to come by and by, — not one of whom was a man of letters!

In any of our large cities — generally speaking, the only places where there are statues at all — nine tenths of the statues and monuments are likely to be commemorative of men or events connected with our political history. I think

this proportion would be found somewhat less, but still large, in England; in Continental European countries it is much less. In the Continental European countries, too, though the payers of taxes are commonly under much more distressing financial burdens than are our own, there is a much greater proportion of memorials raised by the appropriation of public funds. Our great cities are not now exactly poor in statues; but the exceedingly accidental character of these memorials, due to the fact that they are mainly the result of private subscription, is evidenced by a glance at the public out-of-door statues and other memorials in New York city. Of American literary men, distinctly as literary men, not one statue has been raised in that city; but there are statues of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and Robert Burns. One bust of an American author — Washington Irving — is found; and there are also busts of Cervantes, Schiller, and Thomas Moore! It would be hard to object to these memorials of Old World authors, provided they are works of art; but one would like to see with them at least as many memorials of Americans.

One of the best instances of what the statue of any great man should be, at any rate in respect of its situation, its perspective with regard to other memorials, and the local estimation in which it is held, is the statue of Longfellow at Portland, by Mr. Franklin Simmons. It is a dignified seated figure of the poet, in bronze, occupying a conspicuous site in the best part of the town, in the middle of a square which is now known as Longfellow Square. This statue was raised a few years ago by a fund solicited from a wide field, but obtained chiefly, I believe, in Portland. The sculptor was chosen through that curious local spirit which has affected unfavorably many of our architectural and other monuments: he was avowedly selected because he was a "Maine man," though he had never seen the poet. However, in this case the result seems to have been happy. The statue has much beauty, and the likeness is said to be excellent.

This statue stands in the poet's native town, as is entirely proper. It may appeal every day to thousands of young people, born under conditions very much like his, who should see in it the suggestion of possibility for them; poetically, it makes the stranger fancy the genius or spirit of the man still lingering among the scenes of his youth; and it symbolizes the satisfaction which every man feels when his name is remembered in his native town. This is an idea which is entertained as a matter of course in Europe, where, if the state erects a monument, it ordinarily chooses the great man's native place for it, even if the place is an insignificant hamlet. Municipal agencies in the Old World are quick to claim for their towns the honor of the first memorial of any famous man who was born in them. If the same spirit had prevailed in this country, the city of Boston would long ago have reared a statue of Edgar Allan Poe, quite without regard to the prejudice which the poet entertained against his native town; at least one of the various statues or busts of Webster would ornament the solid New Hampshire town of Franklin; and the printers' statue of Greeley would have been reared in the village of Amherst, in the same State.

In addition to the statue of Longfellow, Portland is to have as a memorial of him the Wadsworth house, after the death of its present tenant; it was the poet's home from early infancy until his acceptance of a professorship at Bowdoin College. Cambridge, whose right in the matter certainly ranks next to Portland's, has an appropriate memorial in a pleasant public park, which was set apart, by a public subscription, from the poet's land there. No doubt the little park will be a proper site for a future statue of Longfellow. Meantime, the public interest in this poet undoubtedly

does not centre in the smallest perceptible degree in the pleasure-ground, but beats itself in futile waves of curiosity against the house in which he lived in Cambridge.

The honor and affection in which John Greenleaf Whittier is held by nearly all the people over a great part of the country have begun to find expression — though chiefly, so far, by means of the munificence of individuals — in memorials. One subscription, quickly raised, placed a bust of him, by Mr. Preston Powers, in the Boston Public Library. Many schools and "institutes" in various parts of the country, intended for the education of the negro race, bear his name. As yet, however, the principal memorial of him, in the monumental sense, is the house in which he was born, at East Haverhill, which a generous citizen of Haverhill has presented to a board of trustees, expressing in his deed of gift the desire that the house and the ground about it be restored as nearly as possible to their original condition, and that access to them be freely given to the public, "that thereby the memory of and a love for the poet and the man may be cherished and perpetuated." Whether such a monument really exalts the memory of a man may be doubted. Already many articles of furniture which were taken away from the old house in 1836 have been gathered and restored to it; the desk on which Whittier wrote his first verses is in its old place in the kitchen; and the visitor to the interesting old house beholds the adulation of curiosity in full movement, and perhaps wishes that his countrymen were less curious and more respectful, — that their adoration centred more around high ideals and their symbols in art, and less around penholders, writing-desks, and easy-chairs. An attempt has been made to preserve, also as a memorial, Whittier's house at Amesbury, which contains his library and furniture, including the desk on which Snow-Bound was written; but this movement has fallen through for the present.

It may not be out of place to suggest that if there is any American poet who deserves the statue of a man of action, — not the seated or half-recumbent effigy of the thinker or philosopher, but the figure in bronze standing in the attitude of intellectual combat with the world, — that poet is Whittier. No figure, it would seem, could more readily inspire the sculptor, especially if the man be taken in the prime of his life. Every one who has described him at that epoch has left an account of a most impressive personality. Colonel T. W. Higginson saw in him, at thirty-five, "a man of striking personal appearance: tall, slender, with olive complexion, black hair, straight black eyebrows, brilliant eyes, and an Oriental, Semitic cast of countenance." Not an ill moment for the sculptor's consideration would be that of Whittier's appearance at the anti-slavery convention at Philadelphia, in 1833, when, according to Mr. J. Miller McKim, who was with him, his figure, "with his dark frock coat with standing collar, black flashing eyes and black beard," was noticeable; and if it be objected that it is the poet, and not the agitator, who should be represented, the answer may surely be made that the ethical basis was never lacking in Whittier's verse, and that it is as the poet moving his fellow countrymen by his works to humaner feelings that he should be depicted.

I have mentioned the circumstance that it has never occurred to the town of Boston to erect a monument to Poe, who, next to Franklin, probably has the most world-wide fame of all the men of letters native to that town; and Poe was connected with Boston not alone by the important accident of his birth, but by the commencement there of his literary career, itself an event worth commemoration. So far as I am aware, Boston never awarded to Poe the honor which, in the case of her dead literary men

of eminence, she sometimes deems it fitting to give in lieu of any further monumental attention, namely, the calling of a public meeting by the mayor, at which addresses are made and complimentary resolutions adopted. The name of Poe is indeed carved on the outer wall of the Public Library at Boston; so are several hundred other names. Their purpose is chiefly decorative. However, Boston's neglect in respect of Poe was but the neglect of all the rest of the country. His kindred left his grave at Baltimore unmarked, and a fund of about one thousand dollars had to be raised by public subscription to place above his ashes the unbeautiful mortuary monument which now bears his name. If an enterprising commercial person had not hired the cottage in which Poe lived at Fordham, just out of New York, and put up above its door the large sign "Poe Laundry," surmounting it with the figure of a raven, thereby arousing the wrath of many people, including the owner of the cottage, and shaming them into a protest, it is probable that the poet's fame would still be quite destitute of any public memorial. As it is, the land for a little public pleasure-ground to surround the Fordham cottage has been bought, the cottage is to be removed some sixty or seventy feet to the middle of this ground, and the place is to be called Poet's Park. Though there is about this name something which suggests that the poet's own name was avoided because it was not respectable, the memorial is perhaps on the whole more than Poe could have expected.

The extremely slight honor which has been paid the memory of this literary genius is in itself an indication that the American people do not readily thrill with the sort of pride which seeks grateful expression at the thought of the credit which has been brought to them by the work of their writers of reputation. If we go abroad, we find that we gain somewhat in the estimation of many people from the fact that we are the countrymen of Edgar Poe; we might at such moments regard ourselves a little the more highly if we were conscious of having paid to his genius the tribute of a worthy memorial.

The memory of Hawthorne seems to have failed even more completely than that of Poe to receive any public honor. He was born and spent the greater part of his life in Massachusetts. The town of Salem, where he was born and where he wrote his most famous work, has gained distinction in no small measure through his fame. It is a rich and cultivated town, but so far as I am aware it has no public memorial of any sort in his honor; no statue stands in its market-place, and no bust adorns its town hall. Though it has derived some profit from the unworthy sort of curiosity-worship which beyond doubt has been lavished in no small measure upon Hawthorne, and though it possesses two or three houses which have long done duty in a private way as "shrines," no public recognition of Hawthorne's genius seems ever to have been seriously attempted in Salem.

A modest stone marks his burial-place at Concord, but its modesty is well in keeping with the quiet rustic state which genius maintains in one corner of Sleepy Hollow; no bronze or marble magnificence would be fitting there. Both the houses in which Hawthorne lived at Concord, the Old Manse and the Wayside, have also been in some sense "shrines;" but they are still in private hands. Indeed, in the respect of its command of merely curious attention, Hawthorne's genius cannot be said to have lacked honor in his own country. Throngs of people have swarmed in upon his various and numerous residences in Salem and Concord. His son pathetically says, in his volume of memoirs of Hawthorne and his Wife: "Probably there will always exist in the public

mind a belief that the Wayside and the Old Manse are one and the same building; and such persons as have ventured to inhabit the former edifice since Hawthorne's death have often found it difficult or impossible to convince investigating travelers to the contrary. Nor is it easy to overstate the indignation and resentment of these same travelers when an attempt is made to insinuate the idea that the house may even now be a private dwelling, not at all hours of the day and night open to the inquisitive presence of strangers." It may be worth while to inquire whether we are not in some degree encouraging this vulgar curiosity, which is an affront rather than an honor to the memory of a great man, by setting apart the houses of authors as their most appropriate memorials, and filling these houses with articles of furniture and other objects connected with their private life. Possibly it is well that none of the residences of Hawthorne, who was peculiarly jealous of intrusion, has yet been so set apart. The manifestation of so much vulgar curiosity in his case makes our minds revert to the thought of the superior fitness and nobility of a monument to a great man to which the inspiration of art shall have lent dignity, and around which sentiments of veneration may cluster.

In the burial-place at Concord which I have just mentioned — a ground where the "Hollow" itself is disfigured by many glaring white stones in bad taste, and where the beauty of simplicity in burial is to be found chiefly on the neighboring hilltop — there lies the great pink stone, unmarred by any inscription, which marks the grave of Emerson. Standing beside this marvelously simple gravestone, I feel for a moment as if it somehow gave the lie to the wish I have expressed that our men of letters might have monuments wrought by the hand of Art. Why not always some such burial monument as this, full of the distinction of simplicity, and more expressive of the veneration of hearts which comprehend the master, perhaps, than a grander monument could be? For this moment the thought of Emerson seems to come to me in such words as these: "Go; there shall be no more statues of anybody: they are vain, and sculpture is dead, and art is but an unworthy attempt to spoil the beauty of common things; and if a man has not caused himself to be remembered in the hearts of his fellows, he is not fit to be kept in remembrance." But the contrary thought presently comes over me, with that inevitable Emersonian pendulum-swing. Art is initial, as he has said; it is the spiritual cause which puts beauty into matter; the noble bust of Emerson which I see daily — the statue that I hope some time to see — shall lead me to greet Emerson in the man on the street. "When I have been reading Homer, all men look like giants."

It is pleasing, indeed, to see the memory of Emerson apparently unprofaned by the intrusion of curiosity. His fame, like his body, seems to rest in a kind of boundless peace of nature. But it is inevitable that he must grow in esteem, and a visible memorial of him become almost a necessity. Doubtless there are many who would join me in hoping that there might be a special memorial to honor Emerson the poet as soon as there should be one to honor Emerson the philosopher, if not sooner. Will the debt that American letters owe to Emerson ever be paid? He was one of the few eminent American men of letters who were born in Boston, and certainly Boston owes him a statue; but I have heard of no movement to raise it.

In this same Concord there stands — or still did stand when last I was there — what seems to me an impressive memorial of a very great American man of letters. It is the cairn which has been raised by pilgrim hands at the site of Thoreau's hermitage on the shore of Walden Pond. In this heap of stones

there is one, I believe, which was laid by Walt Whitman; I know there is one that John Burroughs put there, and one from the hand of Bradford Torrey, and two which the ornithologists, Brewster and Faxon, added; many more were put in place by known and unknown disciples. I would certainly rather have contributed a stone to this Thoreau cairn than have given any amount of money to preserve the cabin which Thoreau built there, to be splintered away by souvenir-gatherers. Perhaps this cairn would be the best monument, after all, for Thoreau, if one could but be sure that some thrifty farmer of the neighborhood would not haul it away on a dull day, when other agricultural operations did not bid fair to prosper, to reinforce his barnyard wall. So simple and fitting a memorial needs a love of the common people toward the man to whom it is raised, to protect it, and the common people of New England know not Thoreau as yet.

Though I should say that the talent and discretion of a great sculptor might be depended upon to produce for the Common in Concord a monument of Thoreau which would cast no ridicule on his memory, but should beautifully commemorate his immense literary and philosophical service to his countrymen, I am not, for one, in favor of haste in attempting to provide any such memorial. I should like to see the seed which he sowed fructify a little more abundantly. It is a slow-growing seed, but it holds the ground like an oak. And meantime, I trust that the cairn on the site of his lordly hut will grow, and that even the thrifty farmer of Concord may come to know that the heap of stones means more, even to him, where it stands than it would walling his barnyard.

All the memorials thus far provided in honor of Dr. Holmes have been, I believe, of a private nature. Possibly his death is too recent, as such matters go in this country, to give opportunity for a monument to be much talked about; such a monument must become a crying matter before it arrives, and in the case of authors a very long time is apt to elapse before the matter cries. A monument to Holmes is a part of the debt which Cambridge owes to its famous native men of letters. I cannot help thinking that the people of this country feel that his service to our literature, in making a place in it for what is genial and graceful as well as wise, was well worthy of a notable memorial. We should, perhaps, lament less in his case than in any other author's the setting up of a personal "shrine," because he never minded intrusion in the least while he lived, and had a familiar personality; but, luckily or unluckily, the one house which could with any propriety have been turned into a Holmes shrine is gone long ago, and for nine months of the year cheerful college boys play various athletic games over the ground where it stood.

The memory of Lowell should be assisted to a monument by the fact that he was in some sense a public man. In this country, though a great man's fame were what it is ten times more through letters than through politics, the political side of it would win him ten statues while the literary side of it was gaining him one. This fact comes very near supplying an absolute test of our people's appreciation of literature. The statues of Franklin and of Edward Everett, in Boston, are cases in point. It was as a man of letters that Benjamin Franklin left his impress upon the world; but I venture to doubt whether statues of him would stand in such number in our cities as they do to-day if he had not been also, during a part of his life, a statesman. Philadelphia, New York, and Boston have statues of Franklin, and other worthy memorials of him exist, such as the great pleasure-ground in Boston which bears his name, and the school for the training of mechanics which is about to be built, and which,

indeed, has been founded by the legacy which he left the town. Philadelphia has not nourished so thriftily the equal fund which he left that town, nor honored him in so many noteworthy and beautiful ways.

As to the second statue which I have mentioned as illustrating the easy honor which a man of letters gains if he become a statesman, that of Edward Everett, it may be said that the attitude of the bronze figure itself (by Story, in the Boston Public Garden), which is that of the traditional legislative orator who demands with hand and voice the eye of Mr. Speaker, — unless, indeed, Wendell Phillips was right in declaring that he is pointing out the road to Brighton, — shuts out all suspicion that it may have been raised partly in honor of a man of letters.

Lowell's fame, I have said, should profit by the fact that he went as minister to Spain and England, — though, like Hawthorne, Motley, Bancroft, and many others, it is not likely that he would ever have been honored thus if he had not first been eminent as a man of letters. However that may be, the matter of a memorial to Lowell does not as yet proceed very brilliantly. As I write, a movement has been on foot for many months to raise a fund for the purchase from Lowell's heirs, for a public pleasure-ground, of the pine grove near his house in Cambridge, of which he has written so delightfully in his essays; but only a small fraction of the money needed has been subscribed. This is a pity. The proposed memorial, though far from being worthy to be considered definitive, would be fitting and beautiful.

William Cullen Bryant's memory has not been neglected. For many years his popularity was certainly great, and it has borne fruit in the park or square in New York city which bears his name and has a bust, — not of him, but of Irving, — and in a monument and memorial library in his native village, Cummington. Probably no better arrangement of memorial matters is to be expected in the case of a man who, like Bryant, was half poet, half journalist, and whose verse derived its merit from the meditations of a youth sublimely nourished among New England hills, while his life was mainly spent in the conscientious daily service of the people of a great city; and yet one would logically have expected to see his statue reared in that city sooner than one even of Walter Scott. There are many fine busts of Bryant in existence, the most noteworthy being that by Launt Thompson, intended for the Metropolitan Museum at New York, and that by Story, meant for Central Park.

The appreciation of Washington Irving has found its expression in the bust which has already been referred to. I am sure that Sunnyside, his home, near Tarrytown, has been the shrine of a good many pilgrimages, but it remains in private hands. This author's popularity has been attested, and to that extent his memory has been honored, by the bestowal of his name on a great number of small towns and post-offices throughout the country; one of these places, Irvington, is on the Hudson, quite near his old residence.

The only monument to James Fenimore Cooper that I know of is one which was erected by public subscription in a cemetery on the shore of Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown. A mortuary monument can hardly be considered a public memorial; and yet this one has a public character, because it does not mark Cooper's grave, which is in another place, — the Episcopal churchyard at Cooperstown, — because of the manner of its erection, and also because it stands near the spot which was the scene of the opening passage of The Pioneers. The name of the town of Cooperstown was not bestowed in his honor, but in that of his father, its founder.

Though Boston's shortcomings in providing memorials of its distinguished

sons have been mentioned, it is fair to say that Boston has probably a greater number of memorials of men of letters than any other city in this country. A fund has been gathered there, chiefly among the clubs, to raise a monument of some kind to the memory of Francis Parkman, on the spot where, for many years, he grew his roses on the shore of Jamaica Pond, within the present limits of Boston. The money is in such hands that a fitting memorial, on a most interesting site, — which is now, by the way, a part of the public park system, — is assured. The Paine Memorial Hall, built by free-thinkers, honors the name of Thomas Paine doubtless in precisely the way he would himself have chosen, namely, in affording a platform open for the discussion at every moment of all manner of new ideas. Funds were raised for a monument to Theodore Parker, and the work on it was partly done; but the monument, in such state as it is, remains, I am told, in a storage warehouse. In the State House yard stands an indifferent statue of Horace Mann, who is honored as an "educator" rather than as a man of letters, but who could never have been an "educator" if he had not also been a man of letters; and a noteworthy school for the deaf also daily honors this most useful teacher's name. One of the memorials which have been erected to men who were incidentally men of letters, but which, of course, would never have been erected if the men had not also been something else, is the statue of Alexander Hamilton, by Dr. Rimmer; built, I fancy, for one reason, to express a silent protest of Boston's conservatives against the multiplication of monuments which glorify the revolutionary idea. The statue certainly lacks the spirit of the revolutionary memorials: it is a cold, dead, stony figure, — the "indifferent work of a man of genius," it has been truly called; it seems to give color, in its ponderous frostiness, to the commonly accepted story that, for want of a studio, it was modeled in winter in an unwarmed church basement, where the sculptor's clay froze nightly.

Still another monument — and a most remarkable and beautiful one — owes its existence to something more than the literary renown of its subject. This is the Boyle O'Reilly memorial, by French, which stands in a pleasure-ground in one of Boston's most fashionable quarters. Few more lovely monuments have ever been erected than this; and it worthily commemorates, to judge from the emblems which it bears, not so much the poet as the Irish patriot and the friend of the common people. However that may be, literature may graciously enough take its part in the honor. If the exceeding beauty and conspicuousness of this memorial seem to establish in O'Reilly's behalf a renown out of proportion to that which greater American men of letters are awarded, it is only to be answered that the monument does not accuse the reputation of native American men of letters of littleness, but their friends of indifference.

There is at Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, a very worthy monument to another American man of letters, of a secondary rank, who was also in his way a public man. It is the Bayard Taylor Memorial Library, — a fine building, within which, besides the local library, is found a bust of Taylor. It keeps in memory a man of a type of which American letters has reason to be proud, — the country boy, educated through his own efforts, who has proved that scholarship can be attained outside the schools, though possibly not without their aid, and that the steady and faithful endeavor of a conscientious journalist to do his best in his own field may fairly ally journalism with literature.

Another great journalist, Horace Greeley, has attained the extraordinary and somewhat anomalous honor of two statues in a single city. One of these, erected in Printing House Square, New

York, by the printers of the United States, was possibly intended to honor chiefly the working printer who had risen to the eminence of a nomination for the presidency. The other stands in a square which bears his name. Greeley's works between covers are not his greatest title to fame; and yet I am sure he may truly be classed among men of letters.

There is another American author who has won fame abroad, but whose title to monumental honors is likely to be very slow in obtaining recognition at home. I have read in a German review of high standing that this man was a greater metaphysician than Hegel, and in a French review that, compared with his philosophical concept, that of Ernest Renan was as a will-o'-the-wisp. There is a growing impression abroad that he was our very greatest poet; and at home the appreciation and study of a considerable circle are carrying his thoughts and words into the intelligence and feeling of his countrymen. But to the majority he is still a kind of monster. It is almost superfluous to say that there is no talk of a statue to Walt Whitman. I fancy I have, indeed, heard of a movement in a limited field to buy and keep as a kind of "shrine" the poor tenement in which Whitman lived in Camden; but if this were done, the purchase could hardly escape the imputation of having been made for the purpose of casting a reproach on Whitman's contemporaries, which is hardly a worthy purpose of a memorial.

It is possible that I have not mentioned here all the public memorials of American authors that exist, but whether or not there are others, it is true that there are not many. It seems to me that this want is significant of certain things. As a rule, our people are as susceptible to the glamour of letters as any other. They appear to be quite sufficiently given to the worship of living literary heroes. Their discrimination in the selection of the objects of their adoration has not always been acute; but literary gods they must have. How is it that their sentiment has been on the whole so unstable, so little representative of any demand to be expressed in a concrete way? They have national ideals and aspirations that are deeply felt and steadfast, and they are particularly tenacious of their social, industrial, and economic purposes. Can it be possible that they have felt the influence of an uncertainty of possession with regard to their literature? Have they appreciated, perhaps unconsciously, its colonial character, and been unable to distinguish it sharply from the literature of a mother country which takes care of its own heroes? Has the national appreciation of letters awaited a characteristic expression in them?

I think it would be absurd to assert that such an expression has been quite wanting. It had begun, I am sure, before the Civil War, and the voice of it has been rising day by day since that time. But in the mean time this characteristic expression of the national life has itself been hindered by the want of national or distinctive feeling in other fields of art. So much remains to be thought out and wrought out before the national life shall be roused to the knowledge of itself!

As yet, American public sentiment does not appear fully to comprehend the mission of our authors, and its interest in them remains largely a thing of curiosity. I fear that the honor which it pays to their memory is not great, as evinced either by memorials of them or by its use of their works; and that the ultimate and adequate honor must await the real awakening of the national artistic consciousness.

Joseph Edgar Chamberlin.

THE JUGGLER.

IV.

The account which the newspaper made shift to give was but a bald, disjointed recital of the superficial aspect of events to one whose memory could so well reproduce the vivid fact; and where memory and experience failed him, his imagination, conversant with the status depicted, could paint the scene with the tints of actuality. A recent steamboat accident on the great Mississippi River had resulted in much loss of life. The words, as Euphemia droned them, still holding the newspaper with both arms outstretched, brought back to one of her listeners the sensation of forging tremulously along in midstream at nightfall, the shimmer of the shaking chandeliers of the great flimsy floating palace, the white interior of the ladies' cabin, with the "china finish" of the painted and paneled walls, its velvet carpets and furniture, its grand piano. He heard anew the throb of the engines, and the rush of water from the great revolving wheels; he had the sense, too, of the immensity of the vast river, gleaming with twinkling points of light close at hand, where the waves caught the glitter from the illuminated craft, and tossed it from one to another as the surges of the displaced water broke about the hull; further away could be seen the swift current hurrying on, a different dusky tint from the darkness; and still further, where the limits of vision were reached, one had even yet some subtle realization of that unceasing irresistible flow, although unseen and unheard. He remembered leaning over the guards and idly watching a number of mules on the deck below, crowded so thickly that they seemed only a dark restlessly stirring mass, until at some landing, when they were excited by the clamors of the roustabouts loading on more cotton, the pallid glare of the electric light rendered distinguishable the tossing snorting heads and wild dilated eyes. An ill-starred cargo! The frantic struggles of this animated mass caused much loss of human life; many a bold swimmer might have made the land but for the uncontrolled plunging of those heavy hoofs. And there was no lack of light to reveal the full horrors of the fate: those huge piles of bales of blazing cotton illumined the river for twenty miles. How unprescient, how strangely stolid, the human organism, the phlegmatic mind, the insensate soul, that no nerve, no faint tremor of fear or forecast, no vague presentiment, heralded the moment when every condition of life was reversed!

Up in the pilot-house he was now, with the captain and the pilot and the great shadowy wheel. The ladies had all vanished, leaving the cabin below deserted and a trifle forlorn. Once he had taken his way through those sacred precincts, affecting to be searching for some one; and so he was, — to discover if any one there was worth looking at twice: and this he esteemed a justifiable if not a laudable enterprise, for were the ladies not welcome to look at him? His trim business suit he felt was quite the correct thing. He had entire confidence in his tailor, and he swore by his barber! His proper thankfulness to his Creator, too, was not impaired by any morbid self-depreciation. With his strong, alert, handsome figure, his dark red-brown hair, his eyes the same tint, only kindled into fire, his long dark lashes, his drooping mustache, and the features with which nature had taken some very particular pains, — the ladies were quite welcome not to turn their heads away, if they chose.

However, his vanity was not insatiable.

He had made his triumphal progress through the circle earlier in the evening, and now he was relishing the captain's surprised laughter at sundry feats that he was exhibiting with a silver dollar and a goblet which did not always hold water. It was empty and inverted one moment; then, with no human approach to it, the silver dollar was under it, glimmering affably through the thin glass. It seemed the problem of life to the jolly captain to discover how this was done, and, being an ambitious wight, he assured his passenger, with a wild wager of ten dollars to nothing, that, after the boat left this landing, he would be able to do the trick himself before they made another landing. Before they made another landing he was initiated into deeper mysteries.

The boat was heading slowly for the shore. For the whistle, in loud husky amplitudes of sound, overpowering when heard so close at hand, had broken abruptly on the air, and the echoes of all the wild moss-draped cypress woods on either hand were answering the accustomed sound through the dark aisles of the swamp. To many a far cabin up lonely bayous they carried the note of the progress of "de big boat up de ribber." The great tremulous craft was swinging majestically round in midstream. Now and again sounded the sharp jangling of the pilot's bell. Then the boat paused with a quivering shock, backed, veered to one side, approached the shore, paused again, and then smoothly glided forward, trembled anew, and was still.

He had gone out on the hurricane deck. The wind blew fresh from the opposite shore; he was sensible of a certain attraction in the aspect of the gloom which was as above a darkling sea, for the further bank was hardly visible by day, and utterly effaced by night. The stars were in the water as well as in the sky. He looked up at them above the two dusky columns of the boat's chimneys, which were bejeweled now with swinging lights. The sudden stillness of the machinery gave one to hear the sounds from the land. A crane clanged out a wild woodsy cry from somewhere in the darkness. An owl, hooting from the farther bank, sent its voice of ill omen far along the currents of the great deep silent river. The clamor from the landing caught his attention, and he turned back to look down at the cluster of twinkling lights, — for the place was a mere hamlet. And but for the shifting of his attitude, — oh, could he but have contented his gaze with the sad spring night by the riverside, the lonely woods, the waste of waters, the reflection of the stars in the depths and the stars themselves in the infinite heights of the dark sky, — could this have sufficed, he said to himself as the girl read aloud the story of his fate, he might be living now.

For alive as the man looked, he was dead!

And the end of Lucien Royce — for this was his real name — came to pass in this way.

That night, as he shifted his position on the hurricane deck, a young fellow coming up the broad landing-stage amongst the neighborhood loafers bound to take a drink at the bar of every passing steamboat, caught sight of him in the fitful glare of the lights ashore and the steadier radiance of those on the boat, and lifted his voice in a friendly hail. This young fellow was very visible in the warm spring afternoon in the far-away mountains, where he had never been. The juggler inadvertently glanced down at the russet shoes on his feet, for this man had then stood in them. It was he who wore, that night, the long blue hose, the blue flannel shirt, the black-and-red blazer, the knickerbockers, and the tan-colored belt, which was drawn an eyelet or so tighter now, for the juggler was slighter of build. Notified by the whistle of the boat of its approach, he had come down to the land-

ing on his bicycle, merely for the break in the monotony of plantation life. Royce remembered how this other fellow had looked in this toggery, grown so familiar, as they stood together at the bar, and he asked of the new-comer more than once what he would take. Very jolly they were together at the bar. It was hard to part. Lucien Royce could scarcely resist the pressing insistence to return at an early day and visit his friend at his sister's place, half a mile back from the river, where he himself was a guest. But John Grayson was the black sheep of an otherwise irreproachable family, and Royce preferred more responsible introduction to make his welcome good. With this hampering thought in mind he was not apt at excuses. John Grayson, noting that he was ill at ease, instantly attributed it to commercial anxiety, and asked, with rude curiosity, how his firm was weathering the flurry. For this was a time of extreme financial stress. A general panic was in progress. Assignments were announced by the dozen daily. The banks were going down one upon another, like a row of falling bricks. With business much extended, with heavy margins to cover and notes for large amounts about to fall due, the cotton commission firm, Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, of St. Louis, of which his late father had been a partner, and of which he was an employee, had made great efforts to collect all the money due them in the lower country, and Lucien Royce had been sent south on this mission. He had succeeded beyond their expectations. Owing to the prevalent total lack of confidence in the banks, he had been instructed to transmit a considerable sum by express. This, however, was promptly attached in the express office at St. Louis to satisfy a claim against the firm; and though they were advised it could not be sustained in court, the proceeding was designed at this crisis to force a compromise in order to release the surplus funds. To furnish security proved impossible under the circumstances; and the firm being thus balked, Royce telegraphed in cipher to them for authority to bring the remainder home on his person, that it might be in readiness to take up their paper. Although he was rarely troubled by the weight of the money-belt which he thus wore, containing a large sum in bills and specie, he was very conscious of it now when Grayson, who with the rest of the community had heard of the attachment suit, abruptly demanded, with a knitting of his brow, "How in the world do you get your collections to them, if you can't send the money by express or draft?"

Royce controlled his face, and replied evasively, "I think the financial situation is on the mend now. As to the firm, it will pull through all right, no doubt."

John Grayson listened, his auburn head cocked to one side. He winked a roguish dark eye. Then, with a sudden jocose lunge at his friend, he slipped his arm around his waist, feeling there the heavy roll of the belt, and burst into rollicking laughter. The scuffling demonstration — for Royce had violently resisted — was eyed with stately disapproval by an elderly planter of the old régime, who possessed now more manners than means; evidently contrasting the public "horse-play," as he doubtless considered it, of these representatives of the present day with the superior deportment of the youth of the punctilious past.

Lucien Royce remembered how secretly perturbed he had been after this, for he knew that Grayson drank to excess and talked wildly in his cups; and although, in view of his own safety, he would hardly have cared to make public the character of his charge, he realized with positive dismay that it might be fatal to the interests of the firm should he encounter some legal process at the wharf in St. Louis, the result of this discovery.

But he was simple-hearted, after all. He did not suspect John Grayson of

aught dishonorable. His friend was a "black sheep," to be sure, but there are gradations in this sombre moral tint. To his puritanical elders Grayson was dyed in the wool. To the world at large he was a fine young fellow, of excellent forbears, merely sowing his wild oats, — a crop which many people have harvested in early years with scant profit, it is true, but without derogation to common honesty and repute.

And who knows but that only with the opportunity came the temptation? — that the turpitude of the crime was insomuch the less because it was not deliberate and premeditated? Certain it was that Grayson's cry of amazement and his plunge toward the guards were very like the precipitancy of dismay when he found that the huge boat was sheering off; she was turning as he dashed down the stair, and was headed once more on her course when he realized that in their conviviality he and his friend had failed to hear the sonorous panting of the engines again astir, the jangling of the bell, the heavy plashing of the buckets striking the water as the wheels revolved anew, and that the landing was now a mile down the river.

The captain showed much polite concern when the two young men resorted hastily to the "texas" and found him seated at a table, eying, with an air of great cunning and a robust intention to solve the mystery forthwith, a silver dollar which was securely invested under an inverted glass goblet, and which, so far as his powers were capable of extricating it thence, save by the rule of thumb, as it were, was the safest silver dollar ever known.

He desisted from this occupation for the moment to master the new perplexity that confronted him, and to express his most affable and ceremonious regret; for his boat carried all the cotton shipped from the rich sister's plantation, and the dictates of policy aided his constitutionally kindly disposition.

"Why, I would n't have kidnapped you this way for" — his eye fell on the bit of silver shining through the goblet — "for a dollar," he concluded modestly. "I 'll put you ashore in the yawl, if you like. I would turn down-stream and land again, but" — he faced half round from the table, with the lightness characteristic of some portly men, and sat with one hand on the back of the chair, and the other on the goblet — "but the truth is I 'm running pretty much on one wheel; there was an accident to the other before we were a hundred miles from New Orleans, and with this wind blowing straight across the river it 's mighty difficult getting out from the left bank; she can hardly climb against the current."

John Grayson appeared for a moment to contemplate the suggestion of going ashore in the yawl. The wind came in a great gust through the towering chimneys, the lights flickered, the texas seemed to rock upon the superstructure of the hurricane deck. "I don't believe I care to be on the river in a yawl in this wind, this dark night," he said, evidently debating the matter within himself.

"Then go to St. Louis and back with us!" exclaimed the hospitable captain. "Shan't cost you a cent, of course. We 'll make our next landing a little after midnight, I reckon, and I 'll telegraph Mrs. Halliday from there."

The jovial evening seemed to the juggler, as he sat staring at the girl reading aloud, with eyes blank of expression and that introverted look which follows mental processes rather than material objects, like an experience in another planet, so far away it was, as if so long ago. He remembered that he scarcely dared to touch a glass, with the consciousness of the treasure he carried in the belt he wore and all its interdependent interests, but John Grayson drank blithely enough, and the generous liquor relaxed beyond all precedent his loosely hinged tongue. Lucien Royce kept close

by his side as he wandered about the boat, having developed a fear that he would tell the secret that had come so unwarrantably into his possession; and when the captain asked as a favor that, on account of the crowded condition of the boat, Royce would share his stateroom with the guest, he acceded at once, preferring to have Grayson able to talk only to him until such time as he should be once more duly sober.

He consigned the guest to the upper berth, thinking that thus Grayson could not leave the stateroom without his knowledge. He lay awake by a great effort until he was sure from the snores of his jovial friend that Grayson was asleep; and when he dropped into slumber himself, as he was young and tired, having been much in the open air that day, to which he was unaccustomed in his clerical vocation, he slept like a log.

His consciousness was renewed, after a blank interval, with the sense of being awakened in his berth by a violent jar, and of striving to rouse himself, and of falling asleep again. Another interval of blankness, and he remembered definitely the grasp of John Grayson's hand on his shoulder, roughly shaking him, with the terrified announcement that there was something the matter. He experienced a sort of surprise that John Grayson was in the stateroom; then — it was strange that his mind should have thus taken cognizance of trifles — he recalled the crowded condition of the boat, and realized that his friend was leaping down from the upper berth. He stated, with drowsy dignity, that he did not care a damn what was the matter; that he had paid for his stateroom, which was more than *some* people could say, and that he expected to be allowed to sleep in it, or he would give bond that he would know the reason why.

The next thing of which he was aware was a flash of light in the room. The door had opened from the saloon, and a clerk had put in his head to say that there was no danger. The boat had struck a snag, it was true, but the damage was slight. Somehow Royce slept but lightly after this. The unreasoning sense of impending misfortune had come to him at last. Presently he was awake and conscious that he was alone. He lifted himself on his elbow and listened. What was that low roar? The wind? That sound of banging timbers must be the flapping of shutters or doors as the gust rushed across the river. He heard a clamor on the boiler deck. Voices? — or was it the wind, screaming wildly as it went? And why did they run the engines at that furious rate? He could feel the strain of the machinery in the very floor under his feet.

As he slipped out of the lower berth he perceived that the gray dawn was in the contracted little room, and he could see through the glass of the door opening on the guards the tawny-tinted stretches of water, the sad-hued cypress woods on a distant bank, draped with fog as well as with hanging moss, and down the stream the whiter tints of an island of sand covered with sparse vegetation, locally known as a "tow-head," for which the disabled boat was running with every pound of pressure which the engines could carry. There was, in truth, something the matter, for the tow-head would have been given a wide berth in a normal state; getting aground, when the less of two evils, showed a crisis indeed.

He looked about hastily for his clothes. They were gone, and in their place John Grayson's toggery lay in a heap. In his panic and the darkness Grayson had probably caught the garments nearest to his hand. His deserted friend hastily invested himself in the suit of clothes that John Grayson had left. As he was drawing on the blazer, suddenly a hoarse cry smote his ear. "No bottom!" sang out the leadsman. They were taking soundings. "No-o bottom!" And he felt the vibrations of the tone in the very fibres of his quaking heart.

He plunged out at the door on the guards, and as he stood there gasping for a moment he realized the situation. The boat was sinking fast; evidently in striking a snag the craft had sprung a leak. He saw on the deck the frightened passengers huddled together, here and there a man anxiously fastening life-preservers on the women and children of his kindred. Again the leadsman's cry, "No-o bottom!" floated mournfully over the water, and the frantic panting of the engines seemed redoubled. He saw the captain, cool and collected, at his post; the other officers appeared now and again in the group of passengers, soothing, reassuring, and doubtless their lies were condoned for the mercy of the intention. As he passed on amongst them all, nowhere did he catch a glimpse of John Grayson. "If I did n't know the fellow would n't play such a fool trick at such a time, I 'd think he was dodging me," he muttered. The next moment he had forgotten him utterly.

"Deep four!" called the leadsman.

As Royce listened he stood still, holding his breath in suspense.

"Mark three!" cried out the leadsman, sounding again.

Royce heard the plunging of his heart as distinctly as the echoes clanging from the shore. But suddenly they were blended with a new refrain, — "A quarter twain!"

He gave a great sigh of relief, and checked it midway to listen anew.

"Mark twain!" called the leadsman, with a new intonation.

There was no longer doubt, — they were in shallow water. A great exclamation of delight rose from the crowd. The very hope was like a rescue, — the relief from the blank despair! Here and there the hysterical sobbings of the women told of the slackening of the tension of suspense.

"Quarter less twain!" cried the leadsman, sounding anew.

The juggler remembered how free he had felt, how safe. The boat, even if her engines could not run her aground, would soon settle in shallow water, and rescue would come with some passing steamer.

A blinding glare, a thunderous detonation that seemed to shatter his every nerve, and he was weltering in the river; now sinking down with a sense of the weight of infinite fathoms of water upon him, and now mechanically trying to strike out with an unreasoning instinct like an animal's. When he could understand what had happened he was swimming fairly well, although greatly hampered by the clinging blazer that John Grayson had left on the floor, and which he now wore. The long reaches of the river, the shore, the dim dawn, were all lighted with a lurid glare; for the boat had taken fire with the explosion of the overstrained boiler. The roar of the flames mingled with the heart-rending screams of those whom hope had so cruelly deluded. But the sounds were all faint at the distance, and he never could understand how he had been thrown, unhurt, so far away. He saw none of the human victims of the disaster. Only now and again charred timbers, shooting by on the current, threatened him, and to avoid them necessitated some skillful management. A far greater danger was the proximity of two horses, also gallantly swimming, who followed him with loud whinnies of inquiry and distress, appealing in their way for aid and guidance, leaning on the humankind as if recognizing his superior capacity. More than once, one of them, a spirited mare, intended for new triumphs at the Louisville races, swam in front of him, as if to say, "Mount, and let us gallop off on dry ground;" deflecting his course, which was already beset with abnormal difficulties. For when almost exhausted, he saw that the land he was approaching, half veiled with the gray fog, was a bluff bank, thirty feet high at least, and as far as eye could

reach up and down the river there was no lower ground. To scale it was impossible. His heart sank within him. He felt that his stroke was the feebler when hope no longer nerved it. All was over. In his despair he could hardly make another effort. And although he had feared the horses, with their lashing hoofs and their unearthly cries, when the mare — the more importunate in dumb insistence that he would succor them — threw up her head, and with a wild inarticulate cry went struggling down into the depths to rise no more, he felt a choking sob in his throat, his eyes were blurred, he could scarcely keep his head above the surface. If he were further conscious, the faculty was not coupled with that of memory, for he never knew how he came to be in a flatboat floating swiftly down the stream from the scene of the disaster, and he never saw his remaining comrade again. Once more there came an interval void of perception; then he was vaguely aware that the flatboat was tied up in the bight of a bend, the shadowy cypresses towered above it, — he heard their waving boughs, — the water lapped about it in the swift flow of the ceaseless current; then blankness again, and he never knew how long this continued.

One morning he awoke, restored to his senses, in a bunk against the wall, and he discovered that the flatboat was not tied up to the shore in the place where it had been; he felt the motion of the river under it, and he knew that the flimsy craft with the rickety little cabin in its centre was afloat upon the stream. Every pulse of the current set his own pulses a-quiver. The very proximity of the fearful river caused a physical terror that his mind could not control. It was only by a mighty wrench that his thoughts could be forced from the subject, and fixed as an alternative on his surroundings. The interior of the cabin consisted of two apartments: one for bunks and cooking purposes; the other, apparently, from the glimpse through a door, fitted up as a store, with small wares, such as threads and perfumery, soaps and canned goods, and showy imitation jewelry calculated to take the eye and the earnings of the negroes at the various landings where the craft, locally called the "trading-boat," tied up. Through a further door he had an outlook upon the deck. An elderly woman with rough red arms was sitting there on a stool, peeling potatoes; a half-grown boy, cross-legged on the floor, tailor-wise, was sawing away on an old fiddle. Beyond still was the vast spread of the tawny-tinted rippling floods and the sad hues of the nearer shore. Lucien Royce recoiled at the very sight and turned away his eyes. Within, much of the wearing apparel of the proprietors dangled from the rafters. There were bunks on the opposite wall, imperfectly visible through the smoke from the tiny stove, which, despite a great crackling of driftwood, seemed to labor with an imperfect draft. Two men were seated close to it, and were talking with that security which presumes no alien ear to listen. A certain crime of robbery absorbed their interest, and Royce gathered that, fearing that they might be implicated in it, they had silently fled from the locality before their presence was well recognized. They had evidently had naught to do with it. They only wished they had!

A great swag it was, to be sure. The man had worn a money-belt, — a rare thing in these times. Heavy it must have been and drawn tight, for both hands had stiffened on its fastenings as if striving to tear it off. Its weight had doubtless drowned him. It was no joke to swim the Mississippi at high water, completely dressed and with a tight belt stuffed with money — gold or silver? And how much could the sum have been? Whenever this point was broached, a glitter of greed was in the eyes of each which made the grizzled-bearded faces alike despite

the variations of contour and feature. Always a long pause of silent speculation ensued, and whenever the supposititious sum total was mentioned, it had augmented in the interval. No one knew where the man went down; the body — the face beaten and bruised by floating timbers out of all semblance to humanity — had been swept upon a sand-bar. There some pirates of the river-bank had found it, had cut the belt open, had taken the money and fled, leaving the empty belt to tell its own futile story. At this point the flatboatmen would pause, and once more gloomily shake their heads and spit tobacco juice on the tiny stove, till it was as vocal as a frying-pan, and obviously wish that the chance had been theirs.

Thus it was that Lucien Royce had been apprised of John Grayson's death and of the loss of the funds with which he himself had been entrusted. Until this moment he had never missed the belt. Doubtless Grayson had taken it from him at the first alarm of striking the snag before the dawn, when he vainly sought to rouse his friend to a sense of danger. Was it possible, he marveled, that Grayson, leaving him to drown, as he supposed, had thought that the good money need not be wasted? Had its custodian been rescued, however, probably Grayson would have restored it; otherwise suspicion would have fallen upon him, since they had occupied the same stateroom. But if not, if Lucien Royce's body had gone to the bottom of the river, and no one the wiser that the money-belt did not go with it, — was it upon this chance, in that supreme moment of terror, that Grayson had had the forethought to act? He was not a man who made much account of the rights of others where his own comfort or his own pleasure was at stake. But his life, — did he risk the precious moment that might mean existence to save a sum of money for a St. Louis commission firm of which he did not know a single member? Would he have jeopardized his chances in the water with this weight, with this fatally close-gripping python of a belt, for a mere commercial matter? It was needless to argue the question. Royce knew right well, both then and now, that in no event, had he not survived, did Grayson intend to restore the money. Evidently the idea had flashed upon him when, in seeking to rouse his companion, his hands came in contact with the belt and the opportunity was his own. And so Grayson had gone to his death, drowned by the weight and the pressure of the stolen money. It seemed a grim sort of justice that by the last movements of his hands in life, the last effort of his will, he sought to tear it off, to cast it from him, as he went down into the hopeless depths.

Royce experienced hardly a regret for his false friend, — not more than a physical pang of sympathy, an involuntary shudder, his very nerves instinct with the terror of the water. Had Grayson not tampered with a secret not his own, the belt would now be safe. Royce himself had had the strength to sustain the weight in the water. He was used to it, and its size had been carefully adjusted to his slender figure. He had felt no irking in wearing it. Now the money was gone, — the belt was found on another man. They would seem to have been confederates in the robbery of the fund. He was responsible for it. He could not reasonably account for its being out of his own possession without incriminating himself. Should he seek to inculpate the dead man alone, he was aware that the fact that Grayson could not speak for himself would speak for him. Nothing could palliate the circumstance that the belt was found on another man than its proper custodian, and that the leather had been slit and the money extracted. He would have to account for this, and improbable excuses would not go far with men smarting under a

ruinous loss from the carelessness or the drunkenness or the cupidity of their employee. He could not go back. He could never face the firm!

So light of heart he had always been, so light of heels, so light, so very light of head, that the anguish which pierced him at the idea of the loss of public esteem, of his commercial honor, of the confidence of the firm, involved in his seeming failure of probity, subacutely amazed him at its keen poignancy. He had hardly known how he valued these spiritual, immaterial assets. More than life, — far, far more than life! He began to contemn the struggle he had made in the water; he had been wondering and calculating, with an early gleam of consciousness and an athlete's stalwart vanity, how far he had swum, how long he had sustained himself in the great flood; for what purpose, he thought now, what melancholy purpose, to save his life for the ignominy of an episode behind the bars for breach of trust, embezzlement, robbery — he hardly cared what might be the technical rank of the crime of which he would so certainly be accused. Every reflection brought confirmations of the popular suspicion which would be so false, and which could not, alas, be disproved. With a mechanical review, as of a life when it is closed, sundry gambling escapades of John Grayson's recurred to his mind, in which he had been nearly concerned and which had attained a certain degree of notoriety. On one occasion, indeed, when he was younger and more easily led by his friend, a gambling establishment had been raided by the police, the two had been among the captured players, and being arraigned, although under false names, were nevertheless recognized. The exploit was so well bruited abroad that the senior member of the firm, who had been a friend and a partner of his father's, had given him what the old gentleman was pleased to term a "remonstrance," and what he himself denominated a "blistering." "Mark my words," had been its conclusion, "that fellow Grayson will ruin you." Was it possible that this prophet of evil would fail to note the fulfillment of his prognostication? Would this event give no color to the supposition that he had been gambling with the money, that Grayson had won it, and then was drowned and robbed?

Oh, why, why had he so struggled to save his wretched life? The terrors of the water no longer shook his nerves. As he noted the trembling of the little craft, — the flimsiest thing, he thought, that he had ever seen afloat, — he said to himself that it would be the luckiest event that ever had befallen him should the flatboat suddenly disintegrate, timber from timber, on the swelling centre of the tide, engulfing him never to rise again. "I would not move a hand to save my life. I wish I were dead," he said, his white face turned to the wall. "I wish I were dead." And then he realized that he had his wish. He was dead.

For the men were talking again, with a morbid revolving around the subject. From their disjointed dialogue it appeared that the "stiff" was not on the sand-bar now; it had been removed in obedience to a telegram from a firm in St. Louis, — Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, cotton commission merchants. One of their clerks had come down by train on the other side of the river, "nigh tore up" about the belt and the loss of the money. He knew the man from his clothes and the color of his hair and eyes, — "there was no other way to know him, he was such a s'prisin' bruised-up sight." This clerk had once given the man a meerschaum pipe that was in the breast-pocket yet, and some papers were dried off, and read and identified. He was shipped by train. They would bury him where he came from. The firm and its employees would turn out, probably, and do the handsome thing. "Good for trade, I reckon," remarked the pro-

prietor of the flatboat store, with an appreciation of sentiment as an agent of profit.

"What 's the man's name?" demanded the other.

"He never left no name as I heard. He loafed round Kyarter's sto' over thar in the bend awhile, an' a nigger rowed him over in a dugout to see the stiff, an' he give his orders an' put out fur the up-country quick."

"I ain't talkin' 'bout *him*. I mean the stiff. What was the stiff's name?"

"Oh, Royce. Lucien Royce, — that 's the stiff's name. Lucien Leonard Royce."

And thus it was that the juggler realized that he was dead.

He had made haste to leave the trading-boat as soon as he could stand, however unsteadily, on his feet. And the boatmen were not ill pleased to see him go. The humane search for all survivors of the wreck and the rescue of the bodies had been in progress for some days, but with a vague terror of implication in crime which must indeed be appalling to the poor, who believe that justice is meted out according to the price the victim can pay for it, the flatboatmen were drifting night and day further and further away from the dreaded locality. When they had chanced to meet the skiffs sent out by the search-parties for victims of the disaster, they had said naught of the man whom they had rescued, who lay between life and death in the bunk. They had even relinquished the opportunity of "scrapping" about the waters for floating articles, of scant value in themselves, hardly worth the gathering of them together by the owners, but precious indeed to those of so restricted opportunities, — tins of edibles, cutlery, bedding, cooking utensils, bits of furniture, table-ware, garments, and the like. Once a stranger had boarded the craft, but he came no further than the door of the store, where he was furnished with a flask of whiskey needed for a half-drowned man lying hard by on a sand-bar. So when their guest was at last on his feet again they bade him farewell with a right good will, and the trifle of change that was in the pocket of poor John Grayson's knickerbockers was a superfluity to their satisfaction.

They set Royce ashore one night at a point which they stated was a half mile from the railroad; it seemed a league or more through the dense oak forests, clear of undergrowth, level as a park, before he sighted a red lantern and saw an empty box car on a siding near a great tank. There was apparently not another soul in the world, so unutterably lonely was the spot. He clambered into the car, knowing that he could not well play the rôle of tramp on any discerning train-man while wearing Grayson's expensive russet shoes, albeit somewhat the worse for water, and his natty knickerbockers, blazer, and shirt. He would invent some story and beg a ride. He lay down behind a pile of bagging, and when he awoke he saw that the car was moving rapidly, that it was half full of freight, that the afternoon sun was streaming in dusty bars through the chinks in the door, that he must have traversed many a mile of the inland country from the scene of the disaster; so many miles that, the next morning, when the car was opened in the yard of the freight depot of a small town, the whole landscape was as strange to him as if he had entered a new world. Great purple mountains, wooded to their crests, encircled the horizon, itself seeming lifted to a great height, after the low-lying skies of the swamp country; and now and again, where the summit-lines fell to lower levels, further visions of enchanted heights in ethereal tints of blue and alluring sun-flooded slopes met his gaze. There was a river, too, narrow, smoothly flowing, but cliff-bound, crystal-clear in a rocky channel that curved between the mountains it reflected. The sunshine was so dazzling that he made scant shift to see the freight-hands, who, in moving the cargo, discov-

ered him. The first demonstration of the yardmaster was wrathful bluster because of the impudent device of the supposed tramp and his success in stealing a ride. But as Lucien Royce rose to his feet, and his costume of a young gentleman of bucolic proclivities taking his ease and dispensing with ceremony became visible, he was received with banter and laughter. He was presumed to be engaged in some kind of adolescent escapade, — stealing a ride for a wager, perhaps; and as, with his quick intelligence, he perceived this fact, he answered in the same vein. He leaped out of the car, made his way from the yard and up the main street of the town, and when, reaching its opposite extremity, he was out in the country, he walked as if for his life. All day long he trudged at the top of his speed. Pedestrianism had been one of his many fads, and he wished more than once for his pedometer, that he might have his score to boast of and break the record of the pedestrian club of which he was an active member; and then he would check himself suddenly, remembering that it was decreed that he should never see his old comrades again. He was dead! His safety imperatively required that he should remain dead. Apparently he left the sunshine behind him; the wind flagged and fell back; only certain clouds in some intimate converse with the summits of the mountains piled tier on tier above them, so darkly purple that sometimes he could hardly tell which was earth and which was sky. Always, as he clambered over the flank of some great ridge and looked upon the deep dells of the valley, these clouds were already crossing it, and rising, peak on peak and towering height over height, above the crest of the mountains still beyond. In one of these sequestered nooks among the vast ranges, when the swift lightnings were unleashed and the thunder reverberated from dome to dome and the weighty rain fell in tumultuous torrents, he dragged his stumbling feet to a lighted window dimly flickering in the gloom, and found the latch-string of Tubal Cain Sims's door on the outside, as the hospitable mistress of the cabin said it always should be, as she welcomed the wayfarer.

And thus it came to pass that within a fortnight after the disaster the juggler sat listening to the miller's daughter as she read the account of the terrible death of young Lucien Royce. He could have given the journalist many points on the detail of the accident. But his mind ceased its retrospection, and he hearkened with keen interest, for one so very dead, to the narrative of the supplemental events occurring in the city of his home. As Euphemia droned drearily on, he gathered that the firm had made an assignment, the result of the loss of the funds of which Lucien Royce had been robbed, and their consequent inability to take up their paper. The amount was stated at thrice the reality, and his lips curved with a scornful wonder as to whether this was a commercial device to render the failure more seemly and respectable, or was merely due to the magnifying proclivities natural to the race of reporters. "It lets the house down easier, — that 's one good thing," he reflected. And then he checked himself, marveling if other people who were dead could not dissever their interests and affections from those subjects and associations that had once enthralled them. "It must take a long time to get thoroughly acclimated to another world," he thought, realizing that the impulse of satisfaction which he experienced because the "break" had its justification in the eyes of the commercial world was the loyal sentiment to the firm shared by every man on their pay-roll. "We could have weathered the flurry easily enough but for this," he knew the various employees were all severally saying to their personal friends and such of the general public as came within their opportunity. It seems that cynicism is not a growth

exclusively native to this sphere, for he presently found himself attributing to a wish to fix general attention on this subject of the loss of the money the firm's elaborate attention to the details of the obsequies of their unfortunate employee. But they would not overdo it, he realized even before Euphemia, hobbling painfully among words whose existence had hitherto been undreamed of by her, and whose structure would serve to render them obsolete forever in her vocabulary after this single usage, had reached the description of the funeral arrangements. He had feared she would flag, and would thus balk his palpitating curiosity; but the mournful pageantry of death has its fascination to certain temperaments, and it is fair to say she would not have read so long, nor would Tubal Sims and his wife have waking listened, had the theme been more cheerful.

No, the firm would not overdo it. They were men of good taste and acumen. The public was suddenly given to remember that Lucien Royce's deceased father had been a member of the firm for many years, and much of the quondam prosperity had been due to his sagacity and sterling qualities. The young man's inherited interest in the business was of course swamped with the rest. And all this made the presence of each of the partners and of all the employees, together with large and showy floral tributes at St. —— Church, the more appropriate and natural. As no simple interment could have done, however, it had also riveted attention on that especial feature, the loss of the money, which was in itself calculated to excite much sympathy and commiseration in the commercial heart, and to be of service in securing a composition with creditors and the possibility of continuance.

"They need n't have been so mighty particular," he said to himself a moment afterward, his eyes bright and shining, the color in his cheeks. "I could have gotten up a big enough blow-out all by myself."

For that meed of popularity which many better men never achieve had been a gratuitous gift to Lucien Royce, who had never done aught to deserve it or given it a thought in his life. His gay young friends were bereaved. All experiencing a sense of personal loss, all struck aghast with dismay and pity, those attended in a body who were of his many clubs and societies, and others singly if they happened to be merely friends outside the bonds of fraternities. The church was densely thronged; a wealth of flowers filled the chancel. The words of a popular hymn were sung by a member of the Echo Quartet, a singer of local renown, to an air composed by the late Lucien Royce, — so pathetic, with such sudden minor transitions, such dying falls (it had been a love-song, and he had written the words as well as the music), that the congregation were in tears as they listened.

"Ah ha, my fine first tenor!" the juggler said to himself in prideful triumph at the praise of print. "And how about that final phrase of each refrain that you persisted ought to resolve itself into the major, and not the minor chord? Oh, oh! Mightily pleased to stand up before a big crowd and sing it now, for all its faulty harmony!"

But if he had already been gratified, he was shortly delighted. The account digressed to the personal qualities of the deceased, his great popularity, the high esteem in which he was held by his business associates, the great affection which his personal friends entertained for him, the extraordinary versatility of his talents. He was a wonderful athlete for an amateur. (The juggler listened with a critical jealous ear to the detail of certain feats of lifting, walking, and swimming. "I can break that record now," he muttered.) He was a very acceptable amateur actor. He sang delightfully, and composed charming songs with words

of considerable merit; in fact, he had a gift of light, easy versification. He was hospitable and joyous, and fond of entertaining his friends, to whom he was much attached, — the more as he was so alone in the world, having no near kindred since the death of his father. There was no bitterness in his mirth; he laughed with you rather than at you. ("Don't be too sure of that," said the juggler, in his sleeve.) He was wonderfully quick in learning, even quick in acquiring any mechanical art that struck his attention. He had really become a skillful prestidigitator (how the juggler blessed the six-pronged unpronounceable word as Euphemia struggled to take hold of it, and finally left it as incomprehensible!): and this came about partly through his extraordinary quickness, and partly because no one could resist his fascinating *bonhomie*, and many a traveling artist in legerdemain had imparted his professional secrets to him from sheer good will and liking. He was the same to all classes; he had an easy capacity for adapting himself to the company he was in for the time being, as if it were his choice. Many a pleasant haunt of his friends would lack its relish after this, and it would be long before the name or face of Lucien Royce would be forgotten in St. Louis city.

"Well," mused the juggler, with a sigh, as the reading concluded, "it 's worth dying once in a while, to get a send-off like that."

"Pore young man!" ejaculated Mrs. Sims, looking up with a sigh too, the relief from the long tension, her big creased solemn face bereft of every dimple.

The juggler caught himself hastily. "The paper does n't say what Sabbath-school he was a member of," he observed, with mock seriousness.

"That 's a fac'," returned Euphemia, unfolding the upper part of the journal to re-peruse with a searching eye the portion relating to biographical detail. After an interval of vain scrutiny she remarked, "Nor it don't say nuther whether he war a member o' the Hard-Shell Baptis' or Missionary or Methody."

"He mought be a sinner, an' the paper don't like ter say it, him bein' dead," wheezed Mrs. Sims lugubriously, intuitively seizing upon a salient point of polite modern journalism. The anxious speculation in her fat overclouded countenance was painful to see, for Mrs. Sims believed in a material hell with a plenitude of brimstone and blue blazes.

"I dare say he *was* a sinner!" exclaimed the juggler, with his manner of half-mocking banter. "Poor Lucien Royce!"

Only late that night, when all the house was still, and darkness was among the sombre mountains, and the absolute negation of vision seemed to nullify all the world, did his mood change. He lay staring with unseeing eyes into the void blackness about him, yet beholding with a faculty more potent than sight the decorated chancel, the clergyman in his robes, the crowds of sympathetic faces, the black casket with the funeral wreaths covering it, — the hideous mockery that it all was, the terrible hoax!

Charles Egbert Craddock.

PARK-MAKING AS A NATIONAL ART.

The parks and park systems are the most important artistic work which has been done in the United States. Architecture, sculpture, and painting have found adequate expression in this country, but, however good has been the work accomplished, no one can claim that our builders and artists have advanced their arts farther than these have ever been carried before. They would be the first to admit that even in their most successful productions they have been eminent disciples rather than masters. But there remains a fourth art, truly inexhaustible, in which, as in all the others, the aim is the production of beauty; and in this there is offered a fair field for such genius as it may inspire, where there are unrivaled natural advantages to stimulate artistic imagination, and few competitors to encounter. Certain it is that of this art, at least, we have not heard the last word, for its possibilities are unsounded, its future is unforeseen. In it there will always be full play for that exuberant, fanciful, large expression which is akin to the expansive taste of the American people, and no one can point to all its ways as trodden before.

Moreover, it is safe to say that in this art America has produced one preëminent artist; for in the opinion of competent judges it is held that in conception and execution of an exquisite ideal in landscape gardening, in mastery of practical detail and recognition of the larger moral aspects of great and beautiful public pleasure-grounds, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted has touched the highest point yet reached by any creator of picturesque scenery; and it is claimed that, largely owing to his inspiring genius, the park systems of the United States are in conception unrivaled in the world.

Different estimates have been made by noted writers of the relation of landscape gardening to other arts; some, like Girardin, believing that it can create a scenery "more pure, more expressive, than any that is found in nature herself," a view shared by Alison and Whately; while others limit its scope to producing merely picturesque and harmonious beauty such as we associate with ancient palaces and manor-houses. The primary idea is that a park should represent a quiet scene diversified with woods and water and gently rolling meadow, which, restricted often by bounds or hemmed in by unsightly and inharmonious surroundings, cannot lend itself to uncontrolled imaginative treatment; but in the gigantic reservations of our great country, comprising as they do cataract and mountain, forest and mighty river, it is possible that landscape art may have a stupendous future, now but dimly to be descried as a wonderful prospect. Its application contains the essence of all art, which is that the controlling hand of man shall enhance and glorify nature by framing her pictures in an appropriate setting, and so link the wild and magnificent to the tender and harmonious, that each shall form the complement of the other, and all be made to appeal to eye and heart with fresh human significance.

In comparing our park systems with those of other civilizations, it must not be forgotten that the ancient parks of the Old World were originally the property of great sovereigns or lords who had absolute control of the resources of their kingdoms or feoffs. When the pleasure-grounds of Versailles were devised in a desolate wilderness for Louis XIV., or gardens were planted at Tsarskoye Selo to delight the whimsical fancy of Catherine II. of Russia, they were paid for with treasure wrung from a suffering people; while the mighty barons of Great Britain acquired their broad acres and preserved

their stately forests and fair meadows by force of arms and the favor of kings. England is strewn to-day with public commons which are the remnants of ancient royal hunting-grounds; and there public footpaths often lead across private land, while many grandly wooded estates, freely thrown open to all who care to enter, are the property of private individuals.

In America, all pleasure-grounds of large extent have from the beginning been planned for the people; they are a constant source to them of pleasure and pride, and it is our boast that on this continent, with its unrivaled resources and its host of generous citizens, parks have been created in our generation which to-day can be favorably compared with the most famous ancient resorts of Europe; and when the schemes now begun have had time fully to be carried out, we shall have reservations for the public of unparalleled extent and beauty, reaching perhaps unbroken from the eastern seaboard to the shores of California. The idea of such a reservation, a national parkway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, leading from one beautiful pleasure-ground to another, and passing through great tracts of woodland patrolled by government foresters, is not inconsistent with the genius of our country, which ever seeks a closer union between its parts; while the gradually enlarging park systems of our cities indicate the way in which it may be brought about in the linking together of suburb after suburb by great boulevards which tend to bring civilization to distant homes by affording safe and easy communication between them.

In the growth of taste, no educator of the people has been more valuable than the parks. Their attractiveness is undoubtedly one of the causes of that everywhere increasing desire for more perfection in home surroundings, which starts from their neighborhood, or is impelled to action by those who have witnessed their influence upon the town. While the visitor to the park fancies himself merely resting, he is in fact receiving new sensations which insensibly educate both eye and mind. Around him he sees harmony, soft hues, sweet distances, noble groups of trees, broad sunny expanses of turf, the graceful waving of foliage, or he catches far-away glimpses of hills and water, while blossoming shrubs waft to him their fragrance, and the song of birds makes melodious the stillness, till all his senses are trained to delicate enjoyment. The shining sky above, the broad meadow below, the feeling of freedom and repose, all have an artistic value which helps to make the humblest more sensitive to beauty, more intelligent as to what constitutes it. Thus the park becomes the common school of the nation's art, where the first lessons are learned by the coming artist; for the same eagerness to learn which makes our country blossom with schoolhouses opens minds to the value of parks; they too are the key to something better that the people want to know.

The idea of the necessity of pleasure-grounds is so generally accepted now that it is hard to realize how stoutly resisted it was within our own generation, and how much persuasion was necessary to bring about the cession of land for the first large park in New York city. We can scarcely believe that only ten years ago Mr. Olmsted was urging the necessity of retaining Franklin Park in Boston, and boldly telling slow-going city councilors that there was "not one city in America or northern Europe, distantly approaching it in population, wealth, and reputation for refinement, which had not gone further than Boston in making good its deficiency in parks." In 1869 there were but two well-advanced rural parks in the United States; in 1886 there were twenty, and since that time they have multiplied with wonderful rapidity, — showing that at last the country is ripe for action.

In New England, each little village originally had its common, and if a seaport its public landing-place, but most of these have long since been appropriated to private use, Boston Common being the most important instance of the survival of a valuable open space in the heart of a great town. A sense of the value of these public holdings is being aroused, and some of them may yet be recovered. Here, also, as in Europe, private estates and beautiful tracts of land have been absorbed in the rapidly extending grounds of public parks; but sometimes, as in the case of Central Park in New York, and Jackson and Lincoln Parks in Chicago, acres of bare and unpromising ground have been given for the purpose by cities, merely because it was cheap and available at the time. The latter parks are monuments to the skill and energy which grappled successfully with their apparently hopeless problems.

Before entering, however, upon the history of the park movement in America, it would be well to explain clearly what is meant by the word "park" in its large sense, for with us the name is indiscriminately applied to small recreation-grounds which would be more accurately designated as greens, squares, places, gardens, or woods. While these lesser spaces also demand artistic treatment, it is in the park proper alone that the artist can give free rein to his creative and adaptive genius and produce broad picturesque effects. "A park," to quote Mr. Olmsted, "is a space of ground used for public or private recreation, differing from a garden in spaciousness and the broad, simple, and natural character of its scenery, and from a wood in the more scattered arrangements of its trees and greater expanses of its glades, and consequently of its landscapes."

In choosing a site for a public recreation-ground near a town, it is very desirable that views of considerable extent should be controllable within its borders, so that in the future unsightly buildings can never destroy their beauty. The roads and paths are of especial importance, for their curves and stretches should be so managed as to be easy and graceful without any straining for irregularity. At the same time, they must be so placed as to afford access to the most desirable places, for in our climate grass constantly trodden upon becomes worn and shabby, and the many million feet which tread the paths of our urban parks yearly would soon destroy the turf if allowed to trample it at their pleasure. There must be a variety of roads, for the carriage, the bicycle, the equestrian, and the foot passenger all need accommodation. There are over one hundred acres of roads in Central Park, and the demand is constant for enlargement; so it will readily be seen that in any public park near a city much natural beauty has to be sacrificed to provide conveniences for the travel and repose of many thousand men and horses.

The sheets of water and rippling streams and waterfalls which diversify parks are great additions to their beauty. In Providence, Springfield, Plymouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and many other towns, above all in Chicago, the views of lake and river and sheltered pond are essential to the charm of the parks, and have been most skillfully utilized to give attraction to an otherwise dreary waste. The providing of suitable shelters and resorts for the public is another difficulty which confronts the landscape gardener, for unless suitably placed and screened, and built to harmonize with the scene, they become blots rather than ornaments. Other architectural points must also be faced in bridges and entrance gates, which should never be too ornate, but be so constructed as in time to melt into their surroundings, so that when draped and backed with foliage they will be as harmonious as the rocks around with the parklike character of the scenery. Sometimes stone staircases have to be built to make different levels of ground

of easy access; and then comes the whole vexed question of fountains and works of the sculptor's art, with which the public is eager to adorn its pleasure-grounds, often without regard to appropriateness of character or situation. Added to all these difficulties the park-maker has the great problems of engineering and grading to cope with, as well as the constant desire of city authorities to combine all attractions in the park, and to turn parts of it into a botanical garden, or a zoological museum, or something else apart from its simple or restfully picturesque character.

Finally, to quote Mr. Olmsted again: "The value of a park depends mainly on the disposition and the quality of its woods, and the relation of its woods to other natural features, — ledges, boulders, declivities, swells, dimples, — and to qualities of surface, as verdure and tuftiness. Under good management, these things do not, like roads and walks, wear out, or in any way lose their value with age. Individual trees must from time to time be removed, to avoid crowding or because of decay; but as a rule, the older the wood, and the less of newness and rawness there is to be seen in all the elements of a park, the better it serves its purpose. This rule holds for centuries without limit."

The importance of an ancient forest is noticeable at the Arnold Arboretum, near Boston, where the noble hemlock wood which crowns the hill at the entrance constitutes the most striking feature of that great tree garden. The impressive solemnity of those ancient evergreens shadowing the rocky bluff, the wild seclusion of that forest fastness almost within sound of the city's roar, have a value to the world-weary spirit that must be priceless as the years roll on and bring the storm and stress of life nearer and nearer to its composing solitude.

Having thus indicated the especial problems which attend park-making even in congenial localities, we may throw some light upon the progress made in the last fifty years, in a correct valuation of this difficult art, by recalling the troubles encountered by the projectors of Central Park in the early fifties.

In 1849, Mr. Downing began, in The Horticulturist, a series of papers on landscape gardening, which had a great influence in the United States in awakening an interest in the subject. Consequently, in 1851, a bill was passed in the New York legislature which established a commission with special powers for the purpose of carrying on the work of making a park, the name and position of which were purely casual, for the site was fixed on by a mere chance. The New York legislature had, in the first place, passed a bill providing for a park on the east side of the island, about which there was some contention, and it was only as an afterthought that the same legislature passed the act under which the city took title to the ground now occupied by Central Park.

When the second bill came up for discussion, its originator turned to a map and inquired, "Now where shall I go?" whereat his comrade, without a moment's reflection, put his finger down and replied, "Go there," the point indicated appearing to be about the middle of the island, which therefore seemed to him least likely to excite local prejudice. Mr. Olmsted, who tells this story, says, "It would have been difficult to find another body of land of six hundred acres, upon the island, which possessed less desirable characteristics for a park, or upon which more time, labor, and expense would be required to establish them." He adds that in order to remedy imperfectly the defects in outline of the piece of ground the city had to spend more than a million dollars, which might have been saved by intelligent study; but the blundering policy could not be altered even by public discussion, nor

could public opinion at the time be brought to dissatisfaction with what was done or with those who did it. Men of wealth feared that the park would add to their taxes, and opposed it. The argument that certain European towns obtained advantage from their parks was met by an affirmation that the conditions being different, and Manhattan Island being surrounded by open water, artificial breathing-places were unnecessary. A leading citizen even suggested that all that was required was to plough up a strip just within the boundary of the ground and plant it with young trees, chiefly cuttings of poplar, which might be transplanted later to the interior, so that the park could be economically furnished with what was quite good enough for it. Somebody of distinguished professional reputation seriously urged in the newspapers that the ground should be rented for a sheep-walk, and that the sheep-trails would serve the public for footpaths, and nature might be trusted to plant shrubs and trees near them in sufficiently picturesque fashion to make a suitable strolling-ground. Others feared that a large park would develop riotous and licentious habits in its frequenters. The New York Herald, seven years after the enterprise was begun, had an editorial stating that it was "all folly to expect our country to have parks like old aristocratic countries;" that leading citizens like William B. Astor and Edward Everett could never have any chance to enjoy themselves where "Sam" was flirting with nursemaids, and knocking down better dressed men who might remonstrate with him and his friends for their noisy behavior. "Is it not obvious," says the sapient writer, "that the great Central Park will be nothing but a great bear-garden for the lowest denizens of the city?" and he proceeds to argue that it would be unfavorable to property in its neighborhood. Mr. Olmsted was asked by eminent citizens, eight years after the passage of the park act, whether he supposed that gentlemen would ever resort to it, or allow their wives and daughters to visit it. A prominent lawyer thought that it would be impossible to police it, and after the work was begun there were loud outcries against the reckless, extravagant, inconsiderate policy of those who had the making of the park in charge, one individual complaining that the designs were even fine enough for his private grounds!

The park was begun in 1858, but at every turn the enlightened policy of the designer was hampered and controlled by state and city officials. By good luck, the park commissioners, who were distinguished citizens chosen apart from political consideration, were allowed to remain in their places for many years, so that they learned to know something about their work. Meantime, they were denounced by the mayor in messages, and the common council and other departments of the city government refused to coöperate with them. Had these men not possessed exceptional personal character, and had not extraordinary powers been vested in them by the legislature, they could not have carried through a policy and method which commanded so little immediate public favor. What saved them was the general conviction that they were honest; but they were closely pursued all the time, so that here and there in the park evidences remain, in the shape of lasting defects, of the constant interference and restrictions to which they were subjected, as they worked with the hounds at their heels. Four thousand laborers were employed at one time, and the work was rushed along night and day, to put it as quickly as possible beyond the reach of those who were bent on stopping it.

At last the park reached a point where it began to be appreciated. From 1866 to 1870 thirty million visits were made to it by actual count, and many more must have passed uncounted. The poor and the rich enjoyed its refreshment;

public health was improved by it. The press awoke to the conviction of its importance, acknowledged its refining influence, and discovered that the park was as free from ruffianism as the churches were, arrests even for venial offenses, the result mostly of ignorance of the rules, amounting to no more than twenty out of a million visitors. Since that time the fourteen millions of dollars which the park has cost have been many times repaid in its effect upon the inhabitants of the rapidly growing city, while the rise in value of the property in its immediate neighborhood has been enormous.

Its character, so wonderfully evolved from stubborn material, is full of beauty, with all the simple pastoral charm of natural scenery. Owing to the conformation of the ground and the various demands of the public, it was found necessary to make a number of small picturesque scenes, rather than to furnish a single broad expanse of turf with groves of trees. It was, however, the effort of the designers to provide the largest open spaces practicable, and at great expense protruding masses of rock were blasted out at the lower end, and the spaces left were filled with loam. To this we owe a peaceful meadow, with its vague borders lost in the shady recesses of the trees, giving an idea of unlimited extent by the glimpses of grassy slopes seen at intervals beyond, though the green contains but sixteen acres, and the ball-ground only ten. In the north meadows there is a greater sense of freedom and space, though only nineteen acres could be secured even there, but the disposition of the roads and paths is so skillful that the fields produce upon the imagination the effect of far greater expanses, and are above all restful and satisfying with their suggestion of seclusion and country charm. A distinguished authority, defending it warmly from an unfavorable comparison, remarks, "In no European city, we can safely say, is there a park conceived in so purely naturalistic a way and kept so free from inharmonious details as the Central Park."

After the value of this resort was recognized, other spaces were set aside in New York and Brooklyn for recreation-grounds. When the commissioners began their work, six hundred acres of ground were thought by many to be too much for all park purposes. By 1870 three times as much land had been reserved for the public in New York and Brooklyn, fourteen miles of rural drives were completed, and ground was secured in the two cities and their suburbs for fifty miles of parkways, averaging with their planted borders and interspaces at least one hundred feet in width. Since that time more and more land has been devoted to public uses, and public opinion has been frequently enlisted to resist encroachments upon the breathing-spaces which still exist in the more crowded sections. The Riverside Drive in New York, which overlooks the Hudson for a distance of three miles, has an unrivaled situation for picturesque beauty; the broad strong river, with the wooded heights beyond, and the magnificent views up and down its course, giving the work a dignity of its own. Bronx Park and Fordham Park are of great extent. A park on Pelham Bay, which will one day be developed, comes down to the waters of the Sound. East River Park, on Manhattan Island, occupies a small portion of the bluff which fronts Astoria, and the shrunken Battery has still two thousand feet of sea-wall. Morningside Park, in the upper part of the island, near Harlem, is a strip of land about twelve hundred yards in length, eighty to a hundred yards wide, which is treated as an elaborated parkway. The original plans of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux are being carried out at present, and twenty thousand dollars have been expended on it this year. Morningside Avenue, upon the terrace above the high steep ledge which is its most picturesque feature, made safe by parapets and accessible

from below by stairways, is an important street commanding an extended view, which bounds the great architectural plateau on which will stand the Cathedral, St. Luke's Hospital, and the buildings of Columbia University. In addition to the greater parks numerous small pleasure-grounds are scattered all over the island, and the present park area of New York city alone is a fraction over fifty-one hundred and eighty-five acres.

Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, containing five hundred and fifty acres of land, is one of the most beautiful of all American parks, commanding as it does superb views over the river and outer harbor of New York, with both cities, Long Island, the Jersey shore, and the Atlantic in full view. It enjoys the great advantage of fine old woods, which, with its large transplanted trees, give it the aspect of some stately ancient pleasure-ground. The beautiful lake which covers fifty acres, the miles of drives and rides, and twenty miles of walks are all ably planned to afford pleasing glimpses of or outlooks upon the varied prospect. It is approached through a broad plaza, where stands a statue of Lincoln, by a series of fine boulevards two hundred feet in width, one of which is an ocean pathway extending to Coney Island, a distance of three miles.

Long satisfied with the Common and the Public Garden, Boston was one of the last of the great cities to secure adequate park equipment. In 1886 Mr. Olmsted wrote in a report: "Within the city of Boston, or close upon its border, there are nearly two hundred public properties which are not held with a view to building over them, and most of which are secured by legal enactments from ever being built over. . . . Of these permanent green oases among the buildings of the city the area is about four square miles, or nearly as much as the entire building space within the walls of some cities that had great importance in the world when the building of Boston was begun." From this it may be seen that the completion of its great country park, and also the unrivaled system of parkways which now link together its fine public grounds for miles and miles, are of very recent date, though rapidity of growth and largeness of conception render the whole combination the most far-reaching and important scheme yet outlined in America, or perhaps in the world.

The original plan of Franklin Park, made in 1869, was even more comprehensive than its present wide extent, including streams of water and areas in which lakes, with facilities for boating, skating, and bathing, as well as waterside beauty, could readily have been provided. The city government, however, could not be made to accept the larger plan, and only after much persuasion was it induced to secure a tract which contained no single natural feature of distinguished beauty or popular interest. The ground chosen was rugged and intractable, strewn with boulders and underlaid by ledges; in short, it was a rocky upland pasture, with a stunted second growth of trees, which were of importance only as masses. Its sole advantage was in the fact that "there could be found near the city no other equal extent of ground so pleasingly simple and rural."

So late as 1886 very little had been done to improve it, and the Notes on the Plan of Franklin Park, published that year, complain of the lack of sympathy with the picturesque idea, in mayors, councilmen, commissioners, superintendents, gardeners, architects, and engineers, and of their persistent ridicule of any plan of park-work not of a class to be popularly defined as strictly utilitarian and "practical." The idea of the park as "art" had not yet dawned upon the working part of the community; its worth as an adjunct to the Public Library and the Art Museum was still far from being comprehended by those whose votes and support were necessary to carry out the noble idea of the designer.

Stimulated by Mr. Olmsted's urgency and by the enlightened support given to his views by a few large-minded citizens, the city government at last awakened to action. The park commissioners were selected from those who could grasp the underlying idea of a great undertaking, and the work was resolutely advanced. With its development grew public appreciation; the value of the park system was recognized so promptly by the people, new and powerful writers so strenuously expounded its advantages and the importance of still larger acquisitions of territory, that a work which had lagged for fifty years has so greatly progressed in the last decade that Boston may now fairly claim that it has an unrivaled park system, so far reaching, so beautiful, so open to development under skillful treatment, that no future landscape architect born in its neighborhood can complain of a lack of field for his energies.

In 1891 the first suggestion was made for a system of parks adequate to meet the needs of the great cluster of cities and towns that, with the city of Boston, form practically one metropolitan community. In 1892 the preliminary Metropolitan Park Commission was appointed, and in an important report in 1893 its ideas were embodied in the form of law, and a million dollars were appropriated for carrying them out. The reservations secured at that time were, fifty-eight acres and a half, in which were the noble old Waverly Oaks and Beaver Brook cascade, so dear to James Russell Lowell; and the beautiful mountain-like range of the Blue Hills, a reservation five miles long, including an area of four thousand acres, the largest single park space possessed by any American city, obtained at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

The Middlesex Fells, since acquired, are a tract of wild woodland, two miles square, west of Boston, including in its boundaries Virginia Wood, the beautiful pine grove recently placed in the hands of the Trustees of Public Reservations by Mrs. F. F. Tudor as a memorial of her daughter. This park contains thirty-nine hundred acres of forest and lakes, and is ultimately to be connected with the Arnold Arboretum by a fine parkway, while the highway known as Blue Hill Avenue is to be changed into a boulevard from Franklin Park southward. The Lynn Woods, comprising eighteen hundred acres of forest, are also a part of this system.

In addition to the Park Commission of Boston there exists the body of Metropolitan Park Commissioners, who in 1895 reported that in their charge was an area of seventy-seven hundred acres, which, added to the total open spaces for recreative and water supply uses in the Boston metropolitan district, makes a total of almost fourteen thousand acres. The areas now or soon to be controlled by this commission include more numerous large pleasure-grounds than are governed by any public authority in America with the exception of the governments of the United States and Canada.

The acquisition of these great reservations by the State; the assumption by the city of the care of the roads and the policing of the Arnold Arboretum, an important educational adjunct to Harvard University; the passage of the playground act, and the additions to the general park act of the commonwealth, by which park boards are enabled, by consent of local authorities and a majority of abettors, to take and improve streets or parts of streets leading to parks; the incorporation of the society of Trustees of Public Reservations; the decorative treatment of the shores and embankments of the Charles River; the rescue of the Back Bay Fens, now one of the imposing adornments of beautiful Boston; the extension in all directions of fine pleasure-grounds, — these are exhibitions of serious and generous interest in the art of public improvement which seem to indicate that the time is coming when the whole State of Massachusetts may be in-

tersected with fine shaded avenues, leading from park to park in the towns along the route, reserved solely for pleasure travel. The banks of certain rivers and sections of the shores of the sea are included in the magnificent plans of the park commissioners of Massachusetts, and this important body, with its great powers and its generous equipment of money, can accomplish what the Trustees of Public Reservations could only suggest, as they did suggest the whole park system. There is no portion of the great work of park-making which does not admit of extended treatment, and the reports of the commissioners are full of valuable suggestions.

Philadelphia enjoys a priceless treasure in Fairmount Park, which has a larger acreage than any other park in this country, with the exception of the Boston park system. Almost three thousand acres lying along the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon are there thrown open to the public, with every convenience for boating, driving, walking, and all kinds of sports. The wild scenery of the smaller river is of the most picturesque character, and the road winds beside a tumbling stream shaded with dense foliage and bordered by fern-clad, vine-hung rocks; while the stately Schuylkill, with its arching bridges and majestic calm, lends itself nobly to decorative treatment, and affords pictures of rare beauty from its winding shores.

This is the oldest park in the country, dating back to 1812, when the Philadelphians, wishing to procure a supply of fresh water free from the impurities of city drainage, purchased the precipitous bluff known as "Faire Mount" over Schuylkill, then a remote spot. The first purchase was of five acres, increased as early as 1828 to twenty-four, while almost every decade has seen large additions to its area, either by purchase or by generous gifts ranging from numerous small sums of a hundred dollars to a few of ten thousand, and also by donations of many broad acres which were under high cultivation as private seats. The park was put into the hands of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux about 1868, when it already had an extent of over two thousand acres. The nobly spacious drives and the ornamentation of the springs, together with miles of planted trees, are monuments to their taste and skill. Though seven million dollars were expended in the mere purchase of the land, the long-sighted and shrewd old Quaker commissioners succeeded in acquiring the property for the city while the price was still low, so that, large as is the sum, it represents but a small portion of the value of the park at the present day. The stately oaks which survive on the sites of departed homesteads, the vistas through ancient woods, the great sky spaces with a foreground of river, are unique in character, and give this valuable park an atmosphere of rare distinction.

In 1860 Baltimore acquired Druid Hill Park, consisting of seven hundred acres of land which had for more than a hundred years been under cultivation as a private estate. Its surface is delightfully diversified with shady ravines, smooth hill-slopes, and broad meadows grazed by sheep. Deer roam under the shadow of its woods, and fish and wild fowl throng its sixteen lakes. Many of the trees are of great age and size, and through vistas one discerns the city and the lakes, while from Prospect Hill there is an extended view over the surrounding country. Through the wisdom of Governor Swann, mayor of the city when the park was bought, the street railways were compelled to pay one fifth of their gross receipts for the park purchase, in return for their franchise; so that when this princely acquisition was delivered into the hands of the people, not only was no bill of cost presented, but the property was provided with an income for its future maintenance. This is an example which might well be imi-

tated by other cities which are too ready to throw away franchises upon all sorts of corporations without any compensation.

The public reservations of all kinds in the city of Washington, including the parks proper and the small spaces at the intersections of avenues and streets, amounted in 1892 to about four hundred acres. Two hundred and sixty-eight acres are estimated to be in a condition which needs no further improvement. The botanical garden covers ten acres, and the agricultural grounds forty. In 1890 an act of Congress provided for "the organization, improvement, and maintenance" of a National Zoölogical Park under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, and about one hundred and seventy acres of ground, delightfully situated on Rock Creek, near Washington city, were secured. A more picturesque site could not have been chosen. The ground is diversified with cliffs and ravines, and watercourses abound throughout its noble woods, where grow fine old trees in the rich soil of the region. There is no European zoölogical garden of the same extent, and it is planned to furnish each animal with its appropriate surroundings. Already the park is a favorite resort of Washington people, and every year adds to its attractiveness. The grounds about the Smithsonian Institution and those of the Agricultural Department, with the Congressional Gardens in the very heart of the city, form most agreeable resorts, and furnish a great variety of trees and plants for the enjoyment of the many visitors who now view them at all seasons. The grounds of the Soldiers' Home afford an interesting parklike drive in the neighborhood of the city, and the sad charm of Arlington Heights, with its rows of soldiers' graves and the noble view of Washington and the surrounding country from the dignified old homestead, can never be forgotten.

The Chicago park system contains nearly nineteen hundred acres of land, most of which is in six parks of an average extent of two hundred and fifty acres each, three in one chain, and all, with one exception, connected by parkways. Lincoln Park, in the northern part of the city, is reached by a magnificent drive along the lake-front, bordered by stately dwellings. These houses, varied in their architecture, are in many cases surrounded by large cultivated grounds which form a fitting approach to the extensive park, where are planted trees that struggle upon a thin and sun-baked soil, affording to the citizens an agreeable shade and an attractive resort. In the opposite part of the city, the South Park is distinguished for the unrivaled meadow of a hundred acres which is its most important feature.

Jackson Park, so well known to the country as the site of the Columbian Exposition, was originally a most forbidding spot. The country about Chicago is flat and mostly treeless, with a tenacious clay soil, so that park-making is attended with immense difficulties; these were further complicated, in the case of Jackson Park, by the fact that its site, except about one tenth, which was artificially made land, consisted in 1893 of three ridges of beach sand with intervening swales occupied by boggy vegetation. A plan for a park upon this worthless spot — given, like the land for Back Bay Park in Boston and many of the New York city park lands, because it was unavailable for building — was made, early in the seventies, by Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux, together with one for the South or Washington Park, and the connecting strip of land now called the Midway. This idea comprised the use of the lagoons as a part of the landscape scheme, by broadening and varying their outline, and using the excavated material to form the basis of higher banks on the old sand-bars, and to make borders to the water-channels of communication.

When the World's Fair was projected, none of the general landscape design had been executed, and it was thought best to retain the element in the original plan of waterways, with terraced banks to support the buildings. Of course, all the grading, draining, and topsoiling of the land had to be done in an incredibly brief period, and none of the planting had more than two years in which to get rooted, while much of it had to be performed the very year of the Exposition; some of the turfing was not even completed in June when the visitors began to arrive. Moreover, the work had to be pushed rapidly with unknown and untrained men in a most uncertain and variable climate, on a treacherous bottom which might drop out at any minute. The result upon the several miles of raw, newly made shore, which had to be covered with a graceful drapery, was a most astounding evidence of what can be accomplished by skill and energy. None who saw it can forget the charm of those softly fringed water-banks, peopled by waterfowl and overhung by willows, or can cease to wonder at the promptness with which that beautiful result was achieved, while the growth of the freshly planted trees was even more surprising. The surroundings were an exquisite part of that fair vision which is one of the proofs of America's native aptitude for the noble art of landscape gardening.

After the Columbian Exposition was closed, eighty thousand dollars were handed over to the board of Washington Park as the price received from the sale of the wrecked Fair buildings, and this money is to be laid out in local improvements. At the northern end of the park, in the neighborhood of the Fine Arts Building, which has been preserved under the name of the Field Museum, there is to be landscape gardening of a character to suit the classic structure. Gradually the drives will curve more informally about the shore of the lagoon and the Wooded Island, sweeping to the summit of the little rise which overlooks the convent of La Rabida. Where was once the Peristyle there is to be a beautiful drive along the edge of the lake, following the lines of the shore from the long pier to the northern extremity of the pleasure-ground. Certain tracts of land near the site of the Liberal Arts Building will be prepared for tennis, baseball, and other sports.

The decision to retain the Art Building made it necessary to revise the original road-lines and most of the walks which had been designed for the original park, so that the surroundings of the great structure might be in harmony with it. The elements of the scenery are still the view of Lake Michigan from the shore drive and the Concourse, the spacious fields between the water and the southwest entrance, with their broad quiet stretches of pastoral landscape, and the lagoons themselves, to be enjoyed both from the shore and from boats. The shores are to be made more varied, but the North Haven and the Wooded Island will remain as they were during the Fair; and while various changes are to be made, nothing is to be done to destroy the peaceful landscape and the refreshing outlook over the great inland lake.

The boulevards of Chicago are also one of the great features which distinguish that enterprising city. There are nearly three hundred acres of them, from a hundred to two hundred feet in width, all lined with trees and connecting the parks.

It is impossible to particularize all the valuable work which is going on in the large towns throughout New England, in the great cities of central New York, and in the other Middle States; nor can I here dwell upon the Niagara reservation. In the West, after those of Chicago, the parks of St. Paul and Minneapolis are the largest and most beautiful. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Louisville, Omaha, Topeka, Pueblo, Colorado Springs,

as well as hundreds of other cities, have all acquired land for park purposes. In the South, Savannah and Charleston are leading the way, showing how that part of the country is also touched by the prevailing impulse. California was one of the pioneers in securing park lands; for as early as 1866 Mr. Olmsted was requested to draw a design for Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, which now has an extent of ten hundred and fifty acres, one side of it bordering on the Pacific. The situation is very bleak, and it was originally partly covered with drift-sand, no trees growing naturally upon it, and turf could be maintained only by profuse artificial watering. It furnished, however, by means of irrigation, a low southern vegetation of striking luxuriance and beauty, which has been dexterously encouraged. The advance of the sand is arrested by a screen of foliage on the shore, along which a parkway half a mile wide extends for three miles, with a reservation from two to four hundred feet in breadth, affording a view of the Pacific Ocean in all its majesty. When the scheme of the boulevard known as the Great Highway is fully carried out, there will be a drive facing the sea, and an inner one protected by a double row of trees, which will separate the two. One mile of this was completed in 1895. Other California towns are also active. San Diego has acquired twelve hundred acres in the centre of the city, which are not yet developed. Los Angeles has also begun an extensive park system, and there are fine grounds about Sacramento beautifully planted with specimens of rare trees.

In this brief and necessarily imperfect outline of the work which has been begun in this country, suggestive as it is of a great cumulative force in action, there has been no room for individual recognition of all the landscape gardeners who have had a hand in it, nor for a list of the numerous generous benefactors of parks all over the United States, and many pleasure-grounds have been left without mention. Reluctantly omitting many names and places of importance, I have selected examples which seem typical of the work, and I feel that describing the obstacles to rapid advance in one case is merely summing up the difficulties which everywhere beset park construction. The knowledge of the triumphant success of the park movement, wherever it once gets a foothold, is the cheering outcome of even a superficial study of this our most important artistic development.

The spectacle of organized beauty conveys a lesson our people learn at first slowly, but later with extraordinary quickness. Something within responds to the stimulus from without, and a fresh growth of æsthetic feeling must result from wise direction of popular taste in the great resorts of the public. Let us not be impatient because we find that the advance is unequal, that its importance does not move all hearts deeply, that only a few have fully awakened to the great æsthetic and sanitary value of public reservations. Slowly and surely the movement is going on which is to protect our scenery and our forests from destruction. If much exhortation seems to fall on deaf ears, let us not be discouraged, for some of it is not unheeded, and the now dormant seed of instruction is destined to yield in time a mighty harvest.

From sea to sea the reservations are dotted about the country, often ill policed, badly planted, and shamefully neglected, but we trust that the spirit which cherishes urban and country parks will clamor for the protection of those miles of territory now left to the plunderer and the firebrand before it shall be too late to save the mighty trees which, once destroyed, can never be replaced.

Foreigners are apt to ridicule the high estimate that we set upon ourselves, in view of the fact that the improvements

which are so manifest in their ancient communities and large cities lag behind in this inventive country, where we have less authoritative and socialistic municipal governments for our more rugged and independent civilization. The cheering fact remains that, without the strong arm of government to enforce progress, or the highly organized municipality, the will of the American people acts suddenly when it fairly begins to move, and is open to conviction when once really aroused. The rapid advance made by the park movement in the last ten years gives us confidence that our national æsthetic perception has been touched at last in the right spot and in the wisest way, and that through landscape beauty we may yet be led to the understanding of all kinds of art.

A point to be insisted upon, in conclusion, is that it is not sufficient to purchase land for parks; they must be planted with care and maintained with taste; and to keep them in condition, renewed expenditure is necessary. They cannot merely be purchased and left to nature and the public; they must be cultivated, pruned, policed; and the expense of preserving their beauty and usefulness must not be begrudged by tax-payers who reap such great advantages from them. Too many have the idea that the purchase of a park is the end of the matter. This is far from being the case, and exertions must constantly be made to secure liberal appropriations for its proper maintenance. Much difficulty exists in impressing this fact upon citizens, but in time they will realize that a great art demands continuous liberal support; and we may be sure that they will then be as generous in maintaining and improving the parks of the country as they have proved to be in purchasing them. Such an important art development as has been indicated must enlist the interest of public-spirited men in many communities, so that endowments to carry on the necessary work will become one of the pleasures of the rich, while no tax-payer will begrudge the extra charge necessary to make the parks of his locality a joy forever.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

A CONVENT MAN-SERVANT.

Delaveau was waiting with the convent carriage at Sézanne when we made our first plunge into Marne. He had also provided a large omnibus, or diligence, in which the company of religieuses and their pupils from the Paris convent were to be carried to the summer abbey. It was a warm July day, and the whole group panted from confinement in a third-class railway compartment, though the largest and airiest of this kind of carriage had been reserved for them.

"If a nun ever rode above third-class in France, there would be a great outcry," explained one of the Assumption mothers. But even railway employees could see the incongruity of hard benches in narrow wooden ovens for these refined women, some of whom had sprung from noble French and English families; and everything possible had been done to give a degree of comfort and entire privacy to their journey.

Whether Delaveau was intoxicated with joy or with vine juice at the return of his patrons, he capered from duty to duty. The piles of trunks and queer-looking luggage which people in the Old World take on their shortest journeys were finally ready in a van for the fifteen kilometres' transportation to

Château Andecy. As guests we were put in the convent carriage with madame one of the mothers; "la petite nouvelle," as she called the young American, taking first oral French lessons beside her. It was delightful to ride through cool air up the great sloping hills, with a gorgeous panorama of country spread behind us. Woods and grainfields, vineyards and glorious melting visions of light and shade far off, unrolled as Sézanne disappeared. Delaveau bragged of the country, pouring hysteric volubility on madame's ears. He had little black eyes which sparkled with exhilaration, and a nut-brown face, with cap pulled over the forehead. His figure was short and muscular.

The convent carriage was a shaky vehicle. Cushioned seats at the sides held five of us comfortably. Delaveau occupied the cocher's seat in front, but he would spring from it like a frog, and run along by his horse's head, slapping her neck with familiar companionship. It was evident he delighted in tormenting the good nun, and his joy over the return of the convent family let itself out in these antics. As we descended a long slope, he would slyly grind a sort of coffee-mill brake until it braced the wheel, and then startle the horse with shouts and whip-cracking. We tore downhill, the rickety carryall rocking like a steamer in a heavy swell. Madame raised her hands and shut her eyes, watched by Delaveau with apish rapture.

"Oh, more slowly, Delaveau, — go gently."

"Mais, non, madame," he coaxed. "It is not too fast. It is very easy."

Then with a sudden jerk he would pitch us all forward. Or while the mare galloped, he flung himself to the road and galloped beside her, slapping a fly or jerking her to her haunches. He fed her bunches of grass and talked to her like a mother, — "My fine Bichette!" — and tucking the lines upon her back, he sauntered, leaving us quite at the mercy of the amiable beast.

Then madame would appeal and command: "Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau!"

Upon which Delaveau would spring to his place, grind the coffee-mill brake again, and dash down another hill.

He could not understand a word of English, but he eyed us impudently when we talked about him. This convent man-servant was a person not to be looked down or discouraged, and he cared nothing for Americans, more than a panther would have cared gamboling at its tamer's feet. His tongue did not cease a minute its incessant chatter. He told madame of everything at the abbey; of Josephine his wife, of his eldest son and little René at Les Buissons, of Frizette's health and the growth of Mouton, the paschal lamb. A torrent of talk poured from his mouth, in the carriage or out of it.

"Did you ever hear such a gabbler?" sighed madame in resignation. "Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau! They say a woman's tongue runs always. It is most unjust. Hear this man. What will monsieur think of him? Americans do not talk all the time. But this man, we have had him seven years at the convent, and his woman. He is a good man, though I think he drinks too much, and it often happens we obey him instead of making him obey us. He must have his joke. Oh! regardez votre cheval, Delaveau!"

Madame, as she sat patient and apparently inattentive to Delaveau's gabble, shook her head and commented. He bragged of the convent property and its great abundance of springs. We passed a château which he said had no springs. He declared the region around Andecy was the finest country in the world. He bragged of upsetting his wife Josephine by driving over the brink of a stream in the dark.

"He is afraid of his wife," observed

madame. "He only dares tell behind Josephine's back what a wetting he gave her."

Some hint of this communication must have penetrated Delaveau, for he began at once to proclaim he was not afraid of anything on earth; and as for strength, there was no one to be compared to him except his son.

The heavy omnibus rumbling far behind our eccentric flights and pauses, we passed through many villages, each having its name and the name of its commune on the wall of the first house. Beautiful as the unfolding country was, the exquisite winding road seemed never able to overtake our goal. It was late in the afternoon before we paused in Baye at the inn with the inverted bush. Here the older Americans were to bide after introducing la petite nouvelle to her abbey, a kilometre or so away.

The remnant of an ancient estate now appertained to the nuns of the Assumption, who as an order have existed barely half a century. Beyond the abbey grounds their rights were distributed in parcels among their neighbors, until a map of Andecy would have resembled a map of German principalities.

Delaveau left off his antics, and drove soberly into the domain which he farmed and over which he stood guard during the absence of his patrons in winter. The outlying village of Andecy was an elbow lane of small stone houses sheltering the families of laborers on the land. Perhaps it had the antiquity of Baye, but there was no visible sign of this.

Screened like every French château from the passer, the abbey of Andecy was first fully seen when we entered the short avenue. A king in the twelfth century built it for his sister the abbess, and it had passed through many hands before being purchased by this sisterhood, — a typical white stone château with wings. At one side of the lawn an artificial lake was made to fall through a series of metal tanks, the latest owner having given himself up to fish culture. But nothing finny was now to be seen except goldfish playing in a fountain before the entrance. Next the half-sunk garden wall was a pleached walk of broad-leaved lindens so thickly interwoven overhead that sun and sky never penetrated. The canopy was like a bedding of many years' growth. The colonnade of tree-stems made a long vista ending in a half-dark grotto with its image. Beside this favorite walk each child had a little plot of flower-ground given her.

The abbey stood in front of a tangled park full of holly, fern, and ivy. And here the younger children had what were called their "Crusoes," the mossiest playhouses which could be contrived in a country overflowing with greenery. This little settlement, even when uninhabited, was a cluster of the most inviting sylvan homes.

Prominent on high ground, though quite apart from the château's right wing, stood the dovecote, a low tower of stone not unlike a martello tower. In those elder days nobody except the nobles was allowed to keep pigeons, so the dovecotes were made much of as a symbol of rank. The two great towers usually flanking the two wings of a château prove to this day how the prerogative was appreciated.

When we passed the avenue gates Delaveau was a lamb. When we alighted he touched his cap, and with Bichette gently and silently disappeared in buildings apart. With the convent environment, his habit of submission to and aloofness from the nuns returned upon him.

It was very pretty to see the young girls enter their summer home in line, exchanging cheek-kisses with the superior, who was there to receive them, and greeting her, — "Bon jour, ma mère." Their goûté, or afternoon lunch, was ready for them in the dining-room. Usu-

ally it consisted of chocolate and bread, or bread and ripe fruit; but after an early breakfast and a long ride, and the loss of the lunch-basket from the baggage, we were all glad to find a substantial déjeuner. As no man could lodge at the convent, our own rooms and dinner were already ordered for us — without la nouvelle — at the inn with the bush in Baye. But it was pleasant to linger in the pleached alley and feel the delicious peace of this place come over one like a blessing. Nowhere have I ever seen grass greener or water clearer. The front of the château had a rich paneled effect. The centre was three stories high. Just under the edge of the roof round-topped dormitory windows stood open and cool.

On the lawn, near the fountain, was an enormous iron pot, almost as huge as Guy's porridge-pot in a show-room at Warwick Castle. This had been used by former good abbesses in their soup-making for the poor; but modern hands had haled it out of the ancient and disused vault kitchen, and set it to boiling over with bloom in the open air. It bore on its side the date 1730, and was consequently having comfort ladled out of it to the poor of Marne before our Revolutionary fathers declared their independence. Briefly, that pot was older than the United States.

There were many rooms in the vault under the abbey, of stone and stone-hard plaster, having tunnel windows piercing the outer walls. A safe retreat they must have been in times of raid and siege. Here fagots were piled. A milk-chamber and an arched vault for hanging meat were dark and cool. The laundry had an oblong ever running pool, with a trap at its outlet for catching stray pieces.

From these convent cellars some exploring maids carried out a flat hard board shaped like a shadow of the human leg.

"Here," declared one, "is the old model on which they used to form cloth hose before knitting came into vogue."

"But you are mistaken," insisted another. "This is the leg of the poor in Marne. The mother abbess and her nuns kept it always with them to shape their charity work upon."

The care of the poor and the fine art of needlework seem to be among the earliest lessons of convent-breeding. One little lady of the noblesse had a pretty sewing-machine given her by her aunt the superior, not that she might amuse herself with a novel toy, but that she might the better sew for the poor.

A glass corridor, stone-paved, ran along the front of the abbey, and from this opened various high-ceiled apartments. I have slipped through that corridor of early mornings when the nuns yet spoke in whispers, and it seemed the tunnel vestibule to some cathedral. Sunlight fell softened on worn flags. From the hall at the end of this corridor a mighty and broad oak stairway, with hand-wrought iron balustrade, went up three stories; past the chapel, and the wing with chambers, and the recreation-room where the children had their books and tables and games, up to cool dormitories where a regiment might have encamped as under the sky. La petite nouvelle, infatuated with the larger snow-white vaulted barrack having a row of windows on each side, selected her bed within screens.

The garden was below the level of the lawn. When venturesome little girls ran along the top of the wall, they looked down into verdant deeps. Under their feet wall-fruit ripened, — such pears and apricots and peaches as grow only in that moist climate, basking on branches flattened by the gardener's force. The half-buried wall had once been part of the convent. Outlines of ancient doors and windows, filled up with stone, remained distinct.

One could not help wondering what shapes had gone in and out of these

doors; and if St. Alpin came there to celebrate mass, and what kind of Delaveau brought him and his acolytes in what kind of vehicle, whirling to the entrance, as the young curé of Baye now came.

I tried to picture to myself the abbey in winter; for it seemed as if winter could not visit that lush green land. Josephine and Delaveau and their brood would look out of their own domicile at the icy white pile, and he would approach like Jean Noël, sifted over with snowflakes, to take commands from one of the half dozen or more sisters who always remained. Their cells were all in one wing. Frost flowers and ferns would muffle in splendid white foliage the long glass corridor when, early in the morning, they crept noiselessly to the kitchen. And Josephine, if she came to help them with the housework which was part of their religious service, might imagine she heard noises in the huge closed dormitories. But Josephine, rotund and stolid, was probably more afraid of unclosing her own window-sashes at night than of anything in the convent. For was there not a man who slept outdoors all one summer night near Versailles, and became blind in consequence? Indeed, when one sees the blind and sore-eyed beggars on the road to Versailles, the day air scarcely seems wholesome thereabouts. But night air is a deadly enemy, which a good French housewife will exclude, from which she will protect her family with high curtained beds and smothering down sacks.

Delaveau came into the glass corridor every evening at six o'clock to take the letters for delivery at Baye. On Sunday morning, at early mass, he and his family were always to be seen in their chapel seats. The dress of the Assumption nuns is ideal: a robe of the shade which is neither lavender nor purple, but all royal, girt with tasseled cords of the same color, and a transparent white veil. To see devout women in such stately apparel passing before the altar to receive the sacrament, drawing their veils far over their faces as they bowed to the emblem, was to see a vision of angels. But such pictures are lost on peasants and very young Americans. Delaveau appeared to regard it with the stolidity of custom, and la petite nouvelle was impressed only by the length of the prayers. "My back almost broke," she lamented in private, "and the girls say it is because I have never been taught to kneel enough. But ma mère says I may sit down whenever I like, and I think I shall like to sit down all the time."

"You must never say 'sister' to the superior nuns," la petite impressed us, out of her new knowledge. "It is almost as wrong as saying 'ma mère' to a sister. To the inferior nuns you must say 'ma sœur.'"

Delaveau had a friend in Baye, the driver of the diligence to Epernay, who came to offer his horse and voiture and services instead of the slow cheese-laden public vehicle, for our transportation when we turned again eastward. This fellow had traveled. The convent man-servant openly admired his display of English. Liverpool and London itself had been explored by him quite regardless of expense. "I pay five sch'lings the day," he proclaimed, with a reckless dash of the hand.

When you deal with a peasant, you deal with a peasant. But when you make arrangements with a prince like this, you will find, as we did, that you have to contribute to his revenue a larger sum than that specified for services, or bring yourself into disrepute in your comings and goings.

As a general thing, the French peasant is no rolling stone except during his military service. The landlady of the inn with the inverted bush had never stirred from her own commune. "Je ne suis pas voyageur," she said, smiling and shaking her head. Her experience

began at one end of Baye, and was likely to end at the other. Eper-r-r-nay, — she dwelt on the letters, — it was so beautiful! But she had never been there nor desired to be there; and Sézanne was as far as the pole.

As Delaveau had first driven us to the convent, so he happened to be my cocher on my final departure; American independence having revolted against the tax of the man who spent five sch'lings the day in England. I dreaded sitting alone in the old carriage and enduring mile after mile of Delaveau's gabble; for I was to meet the train at Montmirail. Nuns take refuge in a book of prayer from the encroachments of the world, but what refuge is there for the people of the world from a convent man-servant?

The startling effervescence of a Frenchman, when occasion arouses him, is really not as astonishing as the calm which, like a flatness in beverages, follows it. I once saw a crowd on one spoke of that wheel of streets that rays off from the Arc de Triomphe as a hub. A baker's man, white-aproned and tray in hands, was under arrest, struggling with the gendarmes. I did not learn what he had done, but what he did was to put his salver down in the middle of the street and use his fists on both sides. He remonstrated; he burst into tears, and fought like a tiger. The officers took him, however, gently, being careful not to hurt him, and with laughing conciliatory pats. With a gesture of extreme despair he pulled off his white cap and dashed it to the ground. This act of capitulation was the discharge of his wrath. He at once picked up cap and tray, and fell into chatty familiarity with the gendarmes as they walked away arm in arm with him.

Though I had seen Delaveau in the effervescent state, I was really not prepared for the calm of that long ride to Montmirail. We drove over a stony, lovely country, which, except for the sterile rock and a glimpse of quarries, resembled rolling prairie. The park and hills of Andecy were far behind us, and Bichette steadily flung them farther still. The weather was very gray and raw. And not a word passed Delaveau's lips except the admonition to his mare, — "Di'e-don', Bichette, di'e-don'."

We finally wound through the crooked streets of Montmirail and reached the gare. Yet had not Delaveau disturbed my peace by a spoken word. And I never heard him speak again, for the franc he received when he set my baggage down was acknowledged by a bow and a lift of his cap. His silence was impressive. I looked after him with increased respect for the manifold capacities of the French people. The most voluble man in Marne had held his tongue half a day.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Mr. James Lane Allen, in all his work, — whether its purpose has been chiefly local or of larger inspiration, — has taken the Kentucky landscape, the Kentucky character, the Kentucky institutions, for his material. Surely, when he started out on his literary career with a series of careful studies in the Blue Grass Region, which were also to be illustrated by succeeding stories on the same subjects, he regarded himself somewhat as the prophet of a locality which up to that time had had no voice of its own in literature. But of more importance than the fact that Mr. Allen takes Kentucky for his subject is the fact that he is himself a Blue Grass Kentuckian. What this means he has himself told us in his book of studies: —

"They, the blue grass Kentuckians, are the descendants of those hardy, high-spirited, picked Englishmen, largely of the squire and yeoman class, whose absorbing passion was not religious disputation nor the intellectual purpose of founding a State, but the ownership of land and the pursuit and pleasures of rural life, close to the rich soil, and full of its strength and sunlight. They have to this day, in a degree perhaps equaled by no others living, the race qualities of their English ancestry, and the tastes and habitudes of their forefathers. If one knows the Saxon nature, and has been a close student of Kentucky life and character, stripped bare of the accidental circumstances of local environment, he may amuse himself with laying the two side by side, and comparing the points of essential likeness."

Mr. Allen was brought up as a country boy, spending much of his boyhood apart, in familiar intercourse with the shy tenantry of the woods and fields, and finding his companionship, outside of these, in the books that his mother led him to read, and which she selected with a sound taste for literature. His work was not born of cities. It too is of the soil, and "full of its strength and sunlight." It has a rich masculine endowment. We may notice this, and its kinship to the English genius, without denying its author an intellectual *légèreté*, a fine touch that Mr. Howells would put down as his American birthright.

Mr. Allen's academic life began with his entrance to the Kentucky University, once the Transylvania University, where he was graduated with the honors of his class. His first professional aim, he tells us, was comparative philology; and as preparatory to the study of it in Germany, he was accepted as a non-resident student for the doctor's degree by the academic council at Johns Hopkins, the first candidate to apply. "But this ended with the mere plan." It concerns us, however, as a plan, because it shows Mr. Allen's interest in language, which is always that of the scholar as well as of the enamored artist.

The year that saw him through college also placed him at the head of a family of three, whom his father's death, succeeding the wreck of the family fortunes in the war, had left without support. He was forced to find immediate employment in teaching. As teacher he filled one position or another, until, "liking college work always less, and literature always more," he went to New York about ten years ago, forsworn to authorship. During these teaching years he had served on the faculty of Kentucky University, and later had filled the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia.

All this goes to show that our author began his literary career equipped on the conventional lines, yet hardly in the conventional way. The account of the

obstacles that stood between him and a university education, his perseverance in surmounting them, his later scholarly ambitions, shows that the academic was with him a chosen way. His genius may very well prove conservative of literary tradition.

Mr. Allen's literary career began with the publication of certain magazine articles on the Blue Grass Region, since published in book form, and some illustrative stories that in 1891 were brought together in a single volume under the title of Flute and Violin. These stories were avowedly Kentuckian studies, with a local ambition to perpetuate types, especially those of the past, which the New Kentucky is dropping out of memory. Indeed, it is very characteristic of their author's genius that many of them owe their pathos to a certain memorial quality. Taken in the order of their appearance, we have first the Two Gentlemen of Kentucky, which sets forth with quaint, sad humor the friendship between master and slave, that survival of Old Kentucky which lived on in an alien world. The White Cowl represents the young Kentuckian transplanted to the life of the monastery. It shows us the stranger civilization on the native soil; and its tragedy is the tragedy of incompatible instincts and ideals. King Solomon of Kentucky is the outcast white, lower than the negroes, sold like them in the public square of Lexington for vagabondism, yet finally redeeming his manhood by an act that was beyond the virtue of the virtuous. We have in it, again, the profoundly touching relation between master and slave; for it is a free negro woman who buys the friend of her old master to save him from disgrace, and be his servant. Posthumous Fame is not a local study; it is a little experiment in the Hawthorne allegory. But Sister Dolorosa is a story of the convent as The White Cowl is a story of the monastery. Flute and Violin, the last of the series to appear, the initial story of the volume, grew out of an old memorial tablet in a church in Kentucky. The parson is an historical resuscitation. Mr. Allen says of all these stories that he wrote them "to train his eye to see, and his hand to report things as they were." Yet, strangely enough, it is not as local studies that we chiefly value them.

When they first appeared in the contemporaneous pages of the monthly magazines they must have made a singular impression; for reading them is like stepping from the street of modernism into some quiet precinct. One has only to look over their subjects to see how few bids they make for popular attention. There is little that is strictly novel in their inspiration. If the author sets out to reproduce the Kentucky type, after all, his studies have some of the familiarity of an older civilization. The Two Gentlemen of Kentucky, master and slave, so far as they furnish forth a motive, are just the master and faithful servant of the old English drama. As for the monastery and the convent, they are the traditional settings for a world-old tragedy in literature; and we come upon the stories of The White Cowl and Sister Dolorosa as on things not unfamiliar, however fresh their power over the imagination. Mr. Allen's literary method has not the least strain after novelty. A full classic outline, both in style and in narrative, sends us back fifty years for its literary prototype. And here we pause; here we are near our secret; for when, since the days of Hawthorne and Thoreau, has fallen such an accent in American letters? It is from the story of the saintly parson (Washington Irving might have owned him), who pays a long penalty for his one innocent indulgence in the melodies of life, that we quote: —

"At first the parson blew low, peculiar notes, such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered wandering sheep to gather home about him. Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in

the disordered flock of his faculties, — some weary, some wounded, some torn by thorns, some with their fleeces, which had been washed white in the morning prayer, now bearing many a stain. But when they had all answered, as it were, to this musical roll-call, and had taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, however weary, however suffering, then the flute was laid aside, and once more there fell upon the room intense stillness ; the poor student had entered upon his long nightly labors."

Here is a pathos that may well win, independent of any artistry ; but we speak for the lover of letters. Surely, not since Hawthorne in American prose, or Thackeray in English classics, have words flown so straight, yet on so light and effortless a wing ! And beside the unhurrying and perfect quality of Mr. Allen's prose, there is also another way in which his art, as shown in these first stories, looks back to fashions now somewhat in disuse. His work has a harmony that is the result of an ideal bent in taste, which chooses its material with a very delicate selection, and always with beauty as an end. The tradition of Beauty, — it is that which Sainte-Beuve calls the classic heritance ; and it is only when the tradition is so faithfully preserved as it is in Mr. Allen's work that we realize how it has been dimmed by the other ideals that art has proposed to itself of late. Take the story of Sister Dolorosa. Here there is so much regard for harmony in the strict classic way that, despite the local pretensions, the very landscape of the story becomes a symbolism of the human problem rather than a local background ; and in all the art of the story one cannot help seeing Pater's resolute "tact of omission," which is never tempted from its purpose by an effect of the realistic sort.

One finds it very easy to speak of these first stories simply as artistic successes. Not that they are wanting in more personal characteristics, but that the man is so much more in evidence as his art takes a new turn. It would, however, be untrue to say that a very marked personality did not make its appearance in literature at the time when Flute and Violin was published ; or that much of the charm of the stories is not a certain virile yet delicate quality that belongs as much to the man as to his art. No one can read Flute and Violin, Two Gentlemen of Kentucky, and chiefly Sister Dolorosa, without being touched by an understanding and a sweetness in them which are like a woman's ; but with Mr. Allen these are traits in a humanism that has the man's heart wherever it is found. These stories are stories of Kentucky life. Of more importance to us, they are stories by a Kentuckian ; and in all of them we find the Kentuckian sympathies at work in the artist. Love of the soil and a nearness to the natural earth, — these have bred a people richly endowed with manhood. Counting home-making the chief virtue, and the home the typical institution of the State, it is no wonder that the one of their number who turns to literature should be a humanist in the old and beautiful sense. He will not distrust human nature with its natural face, but will see it at once ever beautiful as it is ever old. Sister Dolorosa and The White Cowl are already prophetic. They oppose in an intense way the ascetic to the human ideal, with something in the passion of their treatment that foretells the author's later position in art.

We have now come to Mr. Allen's next stories, A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath, both published within the last two years. With them we step into the personal country. These two books are unlike the stories of the first volume in one marked way, — they are familiar ; they have a sort of wayward freedom that one would hardly expect from the almost schoolmasterly strictness of Mr. Allen's first work. But the author has not forgotten his art ; only some of the

reserve of new authorship has worn off, and he is now entirely himself in a new and characteristic way. One really hesitates to deal with A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath as a critic, lest, like Wordsworth's little sister, to catch the butterfly will be to brush the dust from its wings. However these stories impress other readers, to the present writer they have an autobiographic reality, as if the author were writing out a memory for its own sake ; so that, after listening to it, one closes the book almost with the feeling of closing it upon another's secret. But this simply explains the popular success of A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath. As Mr. Allen's first book arrested only the clique of letters, it is a tribute to the art that has grown in intimacy.

There is one passion of his that Mr. Allen could not fail to declare in showing more of his personality to the reader. On the title-page of Summer in Arcady there are these lines from Thoreau : —

> "O Nature . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> Some still work give me to do —
> Only — be it near to you ! "

Most characteristic ! For in the stories of which we speak the author first shows himself a Nature-lover as intimate as Thoreau. One can hardly choose out of the delicate observations of her which are recorded in these little books, and which are so large a part of their charm. It is enough to show how Nature is interwoven in their motive. Their dedication runs thus : " This is to her from one who, in childhood, used to stand at the windows of her room and watch for the Cardinal among the snow-buried cedars." And Mr. Allen is at home in this world of Nature as one is at home in the place of childhood affection.

A Kentucky Cardinal shows first how Nature turns the heart to love, and then becomes the meeting-ground and touchstone of affection. Last, in a quaint way, it makes the tragedy of misunderstanding, which of course precedes betrothal, turn on an act of untenderness to one of Nature's creatures. This is the Kentucky cardinal, the shyest and rarest of birds. One cannot miss the full intention of his place in the story, where the bird not only plays a delicate part in the dénouement, but becomes typical of the woman's rare and beautiful personality which is the inspiration of the whole.

Aftermath carries out a hint that has run through A Kentucky Cardinal. Will Nature, which is in the first place a single passion, be sacrificed to the humaner and intenser instinct of the man and the lover ? In Aftermath the human passion wins as it has won in A Kentucky Cardinal. Yet here is the beautiful part that Nature plays. When Death has closed the gate through which human affection reaches out to its desire, then Nature stands ready with her old healing friendship. " Aftermath," to use the author's own words, " is the second spring, which puts forth between summer gone and winter nearing." " It is Nature's refusal to be once reaped, and so to end." " The Harvester passed over my fields, leaving them bare ; they are green again up to the winter's edge." Mr. Allen's Nature is something more than a setting for the human story. It begins to take on the character of an analogy by which he reaches his interpretation of life. And always here, as in the earlier stories, there is the same exquisite fitness of incident and detail to the main motive. In this story, where the love of Nature touches at every point on its human destinies, the young mother dies from the chill of a blossom that her husband brings her in memory of their opening acquaintance in the garden, — a beautiful and poignant touch. It is characteristic of Mr. Allen's art, which has always in it something as seizing and as still as memory.

Yet we must do justice to the sunshiny quality of its humor. We had al-

ready recognized its quaint and delightful turn in Flute and Violin, where our parson prayed every morning that "during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and his moral faculty might discharge its function logically, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control." Humor runs like a note of laughter through almost every page of A Kentucky Cardinal and its sequel. It is always fanciful and characteristic, and how much it is in harmony with the intention of the story the pretty incident of the wren's nest, which the engaged lovers use for their private post-office, will show. It is something like Mr. Stockton's humor touched with poetry; that is, so far as it shares Mr. Stockton's *naïveté*. And this smiling and sweet manner which rarely fails him seems part of the breath of Nature in which the story lives. This is a marked quality of his work. In spite of a searching pathos which is almost inseparable from its inspiration, it is centred in peace and self-control. It is in the end a sane and cheery art.

Summer in Arcady completes our study of Mr. Allen's work. It is a story of a Kentuckian summer, warm with the sun of that fertile land, and reproducing for us country customs and country types with the homeliness of modern realism. Looking at the story on this side, we can see how the author's art has been modified by current modes since he wrote Sister Dolorosa. But more deeply felt, it convinces us how continuous has been his artistic ideal, how strong his art has grown around the principle that first shaped it. One cannot read the Prelude of this story, with the unfaltering accent of its style, delicate, resolute, and touched with imperishable poetry, and not be sure of the succession. One cannot feel the moving harmony of this pastoral, when Nature is ever playing her part in the heightening passion of the story, and not see the art of Sister Dolorosa and the Kentucky Cardinal in fuller evidence. As a sustained piece of work, far more ambitious than its predecessors in point of form, and successfully so, Mr. Allen's Summer in Arcady makes an epoch in his artistic career.

It has a further interest. It takes issue in a grave contention. There are in Aftermath some lines which, coupled with certain other passages in the story where the writer speaks of the married life with a directness that is matched by its delicacy, show what will be the final place of Nature in his interpretation of life: —

"And the other day you told me that I am not perfectly natural with anything but Nature. Nature is the only thing that is perfectly natural with me. When I study Nature there are no delicate or dangerous or forbidden subjects. The trees have no evasions. The weeds are honest. . . . Everything stands forth in the sincerity of its being, and Nature invites me to exercise the absolute liberty of my mind upon all life. . . . But after you have grown used to study Nature with absolute freedom and absolute peace, think how human life repels you. You may not investigate, you may not speak out, you may not even think, you may not even feel."

Summer in Arcady is a study of passion on its Nature side. It is a book which no woman could have written. Intensely masculine in conception, it also needs a man to interpret it with full justice. Mr. Allen has given us his own criticism in the Preface, and we may touch the moral aspect of the story briefly, as he touches it here. He speaks of it as a "protest" against the "downward-moving tendencies" of one class of European fiction; and he says that, in order to make this protest more forcible, he has met the enemy on its own grounds, the grounds of naturalism. But he uses the frankness of naturalism only that he may invest it with a forgotten reverence.

His protest, however, is not merely a protest of taste. He has meant it as a protest in morals; and to this end he has enlisted our sympathies in the struggle and victory of two young people, impelled alike by their inheritance and by their nearness to nature to sin against the civilized order of society, yet escaping through some warning of conscience and some self-control which was the birth of a better love. By such a story the author has attempted to do what seems a paradoxical thing: "wrest a moral victory for each of the characters, a victory for the old established order of civilized societies, and a victory for those forces of life that hold within themselves the only hope of the perpetuity of the race and the beauty of the world."

This victory has certainly not been won by the way of proof. Mr. Allen has wisely said that his story cannot "carry the weight and measure of an opposing argument." An argument it is not in any logical sense; for its consummation in the act of state marriage is not traced in its results, neither is it brought into any contrast with a tragedy that comes from following the natural instinct. But perhaps the story is truer to art in that it is an appeal, and not an argument, — an appeal away from what is merely natural to what is a higher impulse in the direction of human passion. We suppose there will always be some question about the wisdom of using a story like Summer in Arcady as a moral weapon. Its sincerity is its danger. It is a book so forcible that it is made to create experience. As for its "morality," it enters into this book, as into all fine art, through the principle of chastity in its soul to keep it pure. We can say this of Mr. Allen's book, and it is its exquisite distinction: he lays such delicate hands on the central mystery of life that he never offends us by one irreverent touch, or by one unveiling which, though honest in intention, might err to the side of grossness.

But to return to the place of Mr. Allen's last book in art. Referring to American fiction, in his Preface, as a "wholesome, altogether peaceful, and rather unambitious world of books," he sufficiently characterizes it as it stands apart in ideal from the English school, especially by this word "unambitious." The American school, remarkable for its sincerity in observation and its finesse, has yet been shy of dealing with some of those vital problems to which the Old World fiction has committed itself. It has perhaps lacked the volume of great emotional literature. For one, the present writer has not cared to see the effects of the latest imported fashion in contemporary writing — the novel of passion — as it has affected more than one native author. It has proved incompatible with their genius, which was of slenderer if no less true a quality than that of the fertile motherland. Mr. Allen's book is an exception, with one other that could not be more different in point of art, at times in point of refinement, yet has that which brings it under the same description, — Rose of Dutcher's Cooley. Both Mr. Garland and Mr. Allen had the endowment for their task. They were children of a strong and fertile land, with the virile genius that was not born of cities. But more than this common strength of temperament, as artists they were moved by a common poetry in their subject. It is the poetry of the generating earth, and of all Nature as it obeys one impulse to renew its life, — that poetry which allies itself so mysteriously with the promptings of human passion. The early and really beautiful parts of Rose of Dutcher's Cooley have some of the exquisite idyllism which makes Summer in Arcady a poem from first to last, and keeps it wholesome as with the fresh air of the sky and of the field. But further than this, Mr. Garland's book serves to illustrate Mr. Allen's only by contrast.

The two books, when brought to-

gether, illustrate one of those central divergences in the conception of art which will always make schools and contentions, but which we must accept so long as there are vital differences of temperament. Here are two books, which, with equal sincerity to Nature, rank as art on the different sides of realism and idealism. Mr. Garland has aimed at a complete contemporary picture; Mr. Allen has cared only for the poetry of his single subject; and we have as a result Mr. Garland's story, forcible, yet lacking in modulation and with a scarcely informing motive, and Mr. Allen's, answering part to part with the uplifting harmony of artistic perfection. However we may talk of schools, the highest art is the purest elation; and there is an elation of form as well as of subject.

But after all, the idealist temper is likely to go deeper than form. It is perhaps rather unkind to pit Mr. Allen against Mr. Garland in this way; but as they are typical and characteristic writers, one cannot help being interested in the contrast of their motives. In Rose of Dutcher's Cooley, Mr. Garland keeps throughout the indifference of the naturalist in his point of view; in Summer in Arcady, Mr. Allen (who, it must be remembered, brings to Nature the heart of a scientist as well as a poet) follows the lead of the ethical imagination. There is something in the character of our late realism to make us feel that it is the literature of disillusion. If this is so, then all the more have the idealists an artistic justification in seizing upon the quickening instinct of human nature to idealize its necessities by giving them better than an earth-born name.

In reviewing Mr. Allen's work, one characteristic grows more clear: we have in it the unusual blending of realism and poetry; of a sincerity which is the foe of sentimentalism with a passion for beauty that brings it to the service of ideal ends. This is its significance for the realistic art of the hour, which too often forgets the purity of the artistic pretension. There is another way in which, as was said, it has an almost unique place in American fiction: it dares the vital word. A critic has said that Pembroke, of all American novels since The Scarlet Letter, has struck the deep chord of master literature. If Summer in Arcady moves us with some such essential power, there is a coincidence to record. This book and Pembroke are the products of perhaps the two most indigenous civilizations of the New World. That, as literature, they have drawn from deep sources proves that the more enduring art is of older birth than yesterday. We cannot raise art on an unsettled civilization any more than on an iconoclasm that would dispense with the past standards of enduring beauty.

Edith Baker Brown.

THE POETRY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

DURING the last two or three years, we have often heard the lament that the Victorian era of poetry was closed; that with the death of Tennyson the last great voice had fallen silent; that only the small harpers with their glees were left, such as Chaucer saw sitting at the feet of the mighty masters of old; or that if one or two who might claim to belong to the band of fame lingered on, they were now old men, and their voices were no longer heard or were faint with age. But the lament was futile, however it might seem to be justified by the verse of the new Poet Laureate. Pye was Poet Laureate at the beginning of the century, as Austin is at its end. But before Pye died Scott and Wordsworth had already secured their seats among the immortals, and England, at the end of the century no less than at the beginning, is still the nursing mother of poets; and though Tennyson and his compeers be dead, her genius, with its eternal youth, is still finding fresh expression for itself, inspired with a novel poetic spirit as genuine as any that has moulded English verse.

This splendid continuous fertility of English genius, this unbroken poetic expression of English character and life from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling, is unparalleled in the moral and intellectual history of any other race. For five full centuries England has had such a succession of poets as no other land can boast. There is no reason to fear that the succession will fail. One dynasty may follow another, but the throne will not lack a king. It is a change of dynasty which we are witnessing now, and it was the mistaking of this for a break in succession that has given occasion to the lament that the Victorian era of poetry had ended.

As we look back over the poetry of the century, two main inspiring motives, exhibiting a natural evolution of poetic doctrine and influence, are clearly distinguishable. The one, of which Wordsworth is the representative, proceeded direct from external nature in her relations to man; while the other, with many representatives from Keats to Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, and Browning, was derived from human nature, from man himself in his various relations to the universe and to his kind. And all these latter poets, however they might differ in their look upon life, treated it either ideally and romantically, or else as matter mainly of introspective reflection and sentiment. Poetry with them was not so much an image of life as, on the one hand a scenic representation of it, and on the other a criticism of it. In their kind, the finer dramatic lyrics of Browning, scenic representations of life, may long stand unsurpassed, while for criticism and exposition of life of the intellectual order Clough and Arnold may have no rivals, as Tennyson may have none in the field of pure sentiment in exquisite lyrical form.

The poetry inspired by these motives was the adequate expression of the ideals of the age, — of its shifting creeds, its doubts, its moral perplexities, its persistent introspection. The mood lasted for full fifty years, and never did the prevailing mood of the higher life of a people find nobler or more complete utterance. But meanwhile the process of mental and spiritual evolution was going on. The mood was gradually changing; the poets themselves, by uttering it, were exhibiting its limitations; it was a phase of the spiritual life of man, of which no age exhibits the full orb. A new generation had been growing up under these poets, with its own conceptions and aspirations and its new modes of confront-

ing the conditions of existence. It found the poetic motives of the earlier part of the century insufficient; neither external nature nor human nature in any select aspect was what it cared most about. It had taken to heart the instructions of the poets; it aimed "to see life steadily and see it *whole*," or, in Clough's words,

> "to look straight out upon
> The big plain things that stare one in the face."

It took the whole world for its realm, and was moved to depict it in its actual aspect and what was called its reality. The realists of yesterday or to-day are the legitimate offspring of the romanticists and idealists of the mid-century, following, as is often the habit of sons, a different course from that which their fathers pursued. The new spirit showed itself at first in prose fiction. It was weak and often misdirected. It waited for its poet. For realism — the aim to see the world and to depict it as it is — required for the fit performance of its work the highest exercise of the poetic imagination. The outward thing, the actual aspect, is in truth the real thing and the true aspect only when seen by the imaginative vision. To see a thing truly, a man must, as Blake says, look *through*, not *with* the eye. The common reporter sees *with* his eye, and, meaning to tell the truth, tells a falsehood. But the imagination has insight, and what it sees is reality.

It is now some six or seven years since Plain Tales from the Hills gave proof that a man who saw through his eyes was studying life in India and was able to tell us what he saw. And those who read the scraps of verse prefixed to many of his stories, if they knew what poetry was, learned that their writer was at least potentially a poet, not by virtue of fantasy alone, but by his mastery of lyrical versification. The rhythm of these fragments had swing and ease and variety, and there was one complete little set of verses, at the head of the last story in the book, which made clear the writer's title to the name of poet. We had not then seen Departmental Ditties and Other Verses, or Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads: they came to us before long, and showed that the qualities which distinguished Mr. Kipling's stories were not lacking in his poems. There was the same sure touch, the same insight, the same imaginative sympathy with all varieties of life, and the same sense of the moral significance of life even in its crudest, coarsest, and most vulgar aspects. Many of these verses were plainly the work of youth, — of a boy full of talent, but not yet fully master of his own capacities, not yet wholly mastered by his own genius. They had a boyish audacity and extravagance; they were exuberant; there was too much talent in them, usurping the place and refusing the control of genius: but underneath their boyishness, and though their manner was not yet wholly subdued to art, there was a vital spirit of fresh and vigorous originality which, combined with extraordinary control of rhythmical expression, gave sure promise of higher manly achievement.

Mr. Kipling's progress as poet has been plain to those who have read the pieces from his hand which have appeared in magazine and newspaper in England and America, or have had their place in his volumes of stories during the last four or five years. A good part of this scattered verse is now gathered into The Seven Seas, but this volume is by no means a complete collection, and there are poems omitted from it which the lover of poetry can ill spare, and for which he would readily exchange some of those included in it.

But in spite of omissions and inclusions alike to be regretted, The Seven Seas contains a notable addition to the small treasury of enduring English verse, an addition sufficient to establish Mr. Kipling's right to take place in the honorable

body of those English poets who have done England service in strengthening the foundations of her influence and of her fame. The dominant tone of his verse is indeed the patriotic; and it is the tone of the new patriotism, that of imperial England, which holds as one all parts of her wide-stretched empire, and binds them close in the indissoluble bond of common motherhood, and with the ties of common convictions, principles, and aims, derived from the teachings and traditions of the motherland, and expressed in the best verses of her poets. It is this passionate, moral, imperial patriotism that inspires the first poem in the book, The Song of the English, and which recurs again and again through its pages.

But if this be the dominant tone, easily recognized by every reader, the full scale which includes it and every other tone of Mr. Kipling's verse is that of actual life seen by the imagination intensely and comprehensively, and seen by it always, in all conditions and under all forms, as a moral experience, with the inevitable consequences resulting from the good or evil use of it.

The gift of imagination, with which as a quality Mr. Kipling is endowed as few men have ever been, has quickened and deepened his sympathies with men of every class and race, and given him free entrance to their hearts. He "draws the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are;" and the thing as he sees it is the relation of experience and conduct, while the rule of life which he deduces from it is that of "Law, Duty, Order and Restraint, Obedience, Discipline." He does not enforce this rule as a preacher from the pulpit, but, as Shakespeare teaches it, by the simple exhibition of life in its multiplicity and apparent confusion.

"What is a poet?" asks Wordsworth, and he answers his question: "He is a man speaking to men, . . . carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. . . . He binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society." And this vast empire of society includes the mean and the vulgar no less than the noble and the refined; Tommy Atkins and Bill 'Awkins as well as McAndrew and True Thomas. The recklessness, the coarseness, the brutality of Tommy Atkins, the spirit of the beast in man, all appear in the Barrack-Room Ballads, but not less his courage, his fidelity, his sense of duty, his obscure but deep-seated sentiment. The gist of all these Ballads is the display of the traits of human nature which makes this semi-savage "most remarkable like you." Yet it will not be only the fastidious and the super-refined reader who will find that some of the ballads might well be spared. There is more than one in this last volume which offends the taste by coarseness insufficiently redeemed by humor or by suggestion of virtue obscured by vulgarity, diminishes the charm of the book as a whole, and interferes with the commendation of it which might otherwise be hearty and unqualified. And yet, in condemning these few pieces, and in regretting their association with nobler work, I am reminded of a sentence in the Apologie of Poetrie of Sir John Harington, printed in the year 1591, which runs as follows: "But this I say, and I think I say truly: that there are many good lessons to be learned out of these poems, many good uses to be had of them, and that therefore they are not, nor ought not to be, despised by the wiser sort, but so to be studied and employed as was intended by the writer and deviser thereof, which is to soften and polish the hard and rough disposition of men, and make them capable of virtue and good discipline."

But enough of blame and of excuse. From the reek of the barrack-room we come out with delight to the open air and to the fresh breezes of the sea. For the sea has touched Mr. Kipling's imagination with its magic and its mystery,

and never are his sympathies keener than with the men who go down upon it, and with the vast relations of human life to the waters that encircle the earth. Here too is manifest his love of England, the mistress of the sea. The ocean is the highway of her sons, and the paths of the ocean which they travel from one end of the earth to the other are paths from one region to another of her imperial dominion.

The passion for the sea, the mastery of its terrors, the confident but distrustful familiarity with it of the English seaman, have never had such expression as Mr. Kipling has given to them. From his splendid pæan of The English Flag, —

> "What is the flag of England, winds of the world declare,"

to The Song of the English, —

> "We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
> And she calls us, still unfed,
> Though there 's never a wave of all her waves
> But marks our English dead," —

his imagination dwells with vivifying emotion on the heroic combats — now victories, now defeats — of his race with the winds and the waves from which they draw their strength. All that belongs to the story of man upon the sea — the line-of-battle ship, the merchantman, the tramp steamer, the derelict, the little cargo-boats, the lighthouse, the bell-buoy — has its part in his verse of human experience. And so vivid are his appreciations of the poetic significance of even the most modern and practical of the conditions and aspects of sea life that in McAndrew's Hymn, a poem of surpassing excellence alike in conception and in execution, Mr. Kipling has sung the song of the marine steam-engine and all its machinery, from furnace-bars to screw, in such wise as to convert their clanging beats and throbs into a sublime symphony in accord with the singing of the morning stars. He has thus fulfilled a fine prophecy of Words worth's, that when the time should come, if it should ever come, when the discoveries and applications of science shall become "familiarized to men, and shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

Such a poem as McAndrew's Hymn is a masterpiece of realism in its clear insight into the real significance of common things, and in its magnificent expression of it. Here Mr. Kipling is at his best, revealing the admirable quality of his imaginative vision and obeying the true command of his genius. It is not strange that the insistence of his varied and vigorous talents should often, during youth, when the exercise of talents is so delightful and so delusive, have interfered with his perfect obedience to the higher law of his inward being. And the less strange is it because of the ready acceptance of the work of talent by the world and by the critics, and their frequent lack of readiness of appreciation of the novel modes of genius. Moreover, this age of ours, like every other age, is full of false and misleading doctrines of art, of which the fallacies are often to be discovered by the artist only through his own hard experience. But the interested reader of Mr. Kipling's verse will not fail to note that almost from the beginning there were indications of his being possessed by the spirit which, whether it be called realist or idealist, sees things as they are; delights in their aspect; finds the shows of the earth good, yet recognizes that they all are but veils, concealments, and suggestions of the things better than themselves, of ideals always to be striven after, never to be attained. The dull-eyed man finds life dull and the earth unpoetic. He is McAndrew's "damned ijjit" who asks, "Mr. McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"

But the poet finds to-day as entertaining as any day that ever dawned, and man's life as interesting and as romantic as it ever was in old times. Yet he is not satisfied; he reveals this human life to himself as well as to his fellows; he gives to it its form of beauty; but for himself there is a something for which he longs, which he seeks for, and which always eludes him. It is his beloved, it is his ideal; it is what Mr. Kipling, in one of his most beautiful poems, and one in which he gives expression to his deepest self, calls the True Romance. This poem begins: —

"Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die:
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem:
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them."

It is this poem which more than any other gives the key to the interpretation of Mr. Kipling's work in general, and displays its controlling aim. And more than this, it gives assurance of better work to come than any which Mr. Kipling has yet achieved. For as with every man who holds to a high ideal, pursuing it steadily, each step is a step in advance, so is it with the poet. The imagination, if it be a genuine faculty, and not a mere quality, is not to be worn out and exhausted by use. Nay, rather, it grows stronger with exercise; it is constantly quickened by each new experience; its insight becomes deeper and more keen. It is the poets in whom imagination is a secondary quality who, as they grow old, fail to equal their youthful selves. But the poets whose imagination is the essence of their being lose nothing, but gain always with advance of years. They are the real idealists.

I have said too little, in what precedes, concerning the gifts possessed by Mr. Kipling which would be matters of chief consideration with a minor poet, — gifts subsidiary to his imagination, though dependent on it for their excellence, — the frequent perfect mating of word with sentiment, the graphic epithet, the force, freedom, directness, and simplicity of diction, the exquisite movement and flow of rhythm, the felicity of rhyme. It would be easy to illustrate these qualities of his poetry by the selection of verses in which they are displayed; but there is little need to do so, for the poems are already familiar, not only to the readers of poetry, but to many who have hardly read any other verse. The Barrack-Room Ballads, set to old tunes, are already sung wherever the British soldier plants his camp. The correspondent of the London Times, who accompanied the recent expedition to Dongola, told in one of his letters how, while he was writing, he heard the soldiers outside his tent singing one of Kipling's songs.

The study of the forms of Mr. Kipling's verse must be left for some other occasion. It is enough now gratefully to recognize that he continues the great succession of royal English poets, and to pay to him the homage which is his due.

Charles Eliot Norton.

MR. GODKIN'S POLITICAL WRITINGS.

Mr. Godkin's political and economic essays [1] extend over a period of thirty years. They consist of contributions to magazines and reviews, discussing several of the questions raised by the great modern democratic movement of our day, and covering such a range as to suggest the idea that they form the groundwork for a systematic treatise on the whole subject of government. This, we hope, may prove to be the case. They are not, like most occasional essays on such topics, contentious or hortatory contributions to the continuous debate on public affairs kept up by the press, but represent the ripe views of an enlightened critic and student of the best school, who approaches his subject without prejudice, discusses it without passion, and records his conclusions with that ease and mastery of style which come only from long familiarity and study combined with unusual literary gifts.

Mr. Godkin's English is what the best English has always been, pointed, strong, and simple. An analysis of his style would show it to be the natural expression of his mind, working in the field to which his tastes direct him. For lucidity and directness it is unequaled among contemporary writers in this country or in England. The essays are contributions to political and economic literature of the most solid sort; in a brief notice we can only call attention to one or two salient features, and we do so because the appearance of this volume is, in our opinion, a literary event of no mean importance, marking the secure occupation of a distinct field by a political writer of the first order.

Before the period at which these essays begin, it was not clearly perceived that democratic institutions represented a changed condition in the whole social and economic world. It sometimes happens that the general external aspect of society lives on long after the vitality of its customs, observances, beliefs, and manners has been sapped by vast social changes; suddenly we wake to find ourselves in a new world, in which they have become in a measure superstitions. Before the Civil War, and for many years after it had come to an end, the view of political institutions still held by educated men of mature age was that they were matters of voluntary adoption, which, once introduced, tended to produce certain known consequences. Every country had a choice. It might have a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, or a mixture of these; the choice made, certain things would happen, the nature of which could be predicted with more or less certainty. It was partly in obedience to this theory that liberal institutions were adopted, on paper, all over Europe and in Spanish America, in most cases by nations for whom they were but ill-fitting disguises of the fundamental facts of their political life. Now we perceive clearly that political institutions are only within very narrow bounds a matter of choice, and that they are chiefly a result of social conditions. Universal suffrage, which was no essential part of the original liberal programme, has astonished friend and foe alike by spreading over the globe, less by choice than by natural action, like that of water finding its own level. We recognize now that democracy is a natural product of modern society, just as an absolute hereditary monarchy was of English life at the time of the Conquest, or as sla-

[1] *Problems of Modern Democracy.* Political and Economic Essays. [Reprinted from Reviews and Magazines, 1865–1896.] By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

very was in the primitive world. The principle of equality which Jefferson and his teachers thought they were discovering for mankind was really the promise of the great fact of equal rights and opportunities, in a society freed from vested abuse and privilege, of which they were the heralds, and which the disappearance of the old European order, and the spread of science, invention, and commerce, were to make a universal necessity.

This new view is not the thesis of Mr. Godkin's essays, but we know of no contributions to political literature which have helped to make it so plain. For example, in the leading essay in the book, Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy, he combats the idea, so prevalent a generation ago, that the marked features of American society were produced by democracy, and that democratic institutions transferred to any other country would give rise to precisely the same phenomena, and advances the view that "any speculation as to the causes of the peculiar phenomena of American society, in which its outward circumstances during the last eighty years do not occupy the leading position, must lead to conclusions radically erroneous, and calculated to do great injustice not only to the American people, but to democracy itself." In an exceedingly acute criticism, perhaps the most important discussion of the subject since Tocqueville wrote, he shows how the great French observer's studies are marred by his failure to perceive that in tracing what he saw here to the single cause of democracy, or the principle of equality, he deviated altogether from the true method of political study: it is on this account that his conclusions have not the permanent value which was anticipated for them. But Mr. Godkin does not merely criticise Tocqueville; he reconstructs the philosophy of the subject, and, with a powerful array of facts and reasoning, undertakes to show in what respect and by the operation of what forces the social conditions of the American people tended to produce democracy. The essay is not merely a striking literary or historical or critical performance, but is instinct with the true method of the political inquirer who is not led astray on the one side by the often misleading analogies of natural science, nor on the other by theory, but pursues the even tenor of the rational path which leads to some distinctly human, and practical, goal.

There is no speculative writer with whom one can very well compare Mr. Godkin. He recalls Mill, but only as regards method and in a restricted field. Mill took all human science for his province; these essays cover a small portion of it. On the other hand, Mill was a student and philosopher, but not a man of the world. His essay on Liberty belongs to the same class with some of those in this volume: it is an essay in which a trained inquirer speculates on the proper solution of some of the problems of government which in one form or another have agitated the world since the revival of learning, and which, having begun by troubling the brains of a few highly educated men, have ended in convulsing the civilized world. Mr. Godkin is a follower of Mill, as every one must be who is worth listening to at all, but his method, because of the circumstances we have mentioned, is in some respects more sure than Mill's. Among American writers, he may be regarded as a legitimate successor of the authors of The Federalist. He has, however, qualifications entirely his own.

Certain causes have hitherto tended to obscure Mr. Godkin's authoritative position as a publicist and a writer on government. They are involved in the history and circumstances of the time, which have fostered the temporary popularity of writers of a totally different and, as we believe, of a vastly inferior class. Any one who will read the eco-

nomical essays contained in this volume will have no difficulty in perceiving that they run counter to the philosophical fashion of the day. Their author would be put down as belonging to what is now called the "older" economical school, — that is, the school of Smith, Mill, Ricardo, and Malthus, the founders of economic science. On the one side he would fall under the ban of the "new" or historic economists, who think they have discovered that the method of inquiry pursued by those writers was in part false or narrow; and on the other side, under that of the speculative socialists, who, detesting political economy as originally taught, endeavor to solve what they believe to be the problems of modern society by various panaceas which are really day-dreams. Both the new political economy and socialistic speculations have had an extraordinary vogue during the past twenty years. The former has produced the curious hallucinations on the subject of the currency which, under the name of Bimetallism, pass for a body of economical doctrine; the latter, all sorts of schemes for making everybody happy and rich by law, which have suddenly come together in the last two or three years to precipitate the anomalous product called Populism.

Two essays, that on the Economic Man, written in 1891, and that on Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism (1894), give in a nutshell the gist of Mr. Godkin's views both on the proper method of economical inquiry and on socialism. Taken together, they show that he holds that there is only one school of economical thought and one method of inquiry in economical subjects; that so far as they deviate from this the new political economy and socialism are errors, and their professors the worshipers of error.

The essence of the question lies within narrow bounds, and may be explained in a few words. Political economy, as expounded by Smith and his followers, eliminates from the consideration of man many of his appetites, desires, hopes, and passions, and regards him solely as an economic creature, an animal eager to accumulate wealth on the easiest terms. The tendency of his nature in various other directions, his moral qualities, his patriotism, his benevolence, is not considered at all. This hypothesis, the new school replies, does not rest on the totality of the facts of life. No such creature really exists; and what is more, induction, and not deduction, is the foundation of knowledge. If we wish to inquire properly, we must not study the abstract "economic man," but man as he exists or has existed in actual industrial societies, take into account his political system, his laws, his morals, and his family life, and educe from these the true economical conclusion. As the economical history of no two countries is exactly alike, it follows that we may have a different political economy for every country: and this is what has actually happened. "There has arisen a German school, an Austrian school, an English school, a Russian school, and an American school, which all differ in the matter of 'method,' but all agree in repudiating Adam Smith and his economic followers."

Now Mr. Godkin holds that the "economic man" is an absolute necessity to us. The assumption of his existence is analogous to the assumption in natural science that a body once set in motion always travels indefinitely in the direction given it. Nobody ever saw a body traveling *in vacuo*, and nobody ever met with the "economic man," but the one assumption is as necessary to economical science as is the other to mechanics.

Political economy cannot be taught without assuming the existence of a creature who desires above all things, "and without reference to ethical considerations," to "get as much of the world's goods as he can with the least possible expenditure of effort or energy." "The

fact that he is not humane or God-fearing no more affects his usefulness for scientific purposes than the fact that the first law of motion would carry a cannon-ball through a poor man's cottage. The theory of production, of value, and of exchange rests on his assumed existence. He supplies the *raison d'être* of the whole criminal law, and of a large part of the civil law of all civilized countries. Ethics, and religion in so far as it furnishes a sanction for ethics, exist for the purpose of deflecting him from his normal course. The well-known Gresham's Law, which declares that the less valuable of two kinds of legal-tender money will drive the more valuable out of circulation, has been understood by some of our more ignorant bimetallists as meaning that one will exert some kind of mechanical pressure or chemical repulsion on the other. But Gresham's Law is simply a deduction from observation of the working of the economic man's mind when brought into contact with two kinds of currency of unequal value, and through our knowledge of the economic man we can predict its operation with almost as much certainty as the operation of a law of chemistry or physics. Ethics and religion, in fact, constitute the disturbing forces which make possible the organization and prosperous existence of civilized states. They have to be calculated and allowed for, and their working observed, just as the disturbing force of gravity or atmospheric or other resistance has to be calculated, allowed for, and its working observed, in astronomy or mechanics. But this calculation would be impossible if the constant tendency were not known. If the economic man were blotted out of existence, nearly all the discussions of the economists would be as empty logomachy as the attempt to reconcile fixed fate and free will."

This analysis cannot be improved upon, but if accepted it leads to a conclusion fatal to the authority of those who confound ethics with economics. It shows that these men are really not economists, but politicians or reformers, whose effort is, not the discovery of economic truth, but the restriction of individualism by means of governmental action, or the diffusion of wealth and happiness by means of governmental aid. Their accumulation of facts does not bring us any nearer the discovery of laws, and "they have not contributed anything of practical importance to our knowledge of the laws of value, of production, or of exchange, as extracted from the mind of the producer and purchaser." Their contributions to economical literature do not differ "from the books of intelligent and observant travelers."

This essay is in a critical sense a judgment. It passes in review a whole school of writing and teaching, and declares it to be founded in error, of which the falsity can be demonstrated by scientific means. The same may be said of the essay on the Bills of Socialism, in which it is shown, by a very simple examination of the facts, that even an absolutely equal redistribution of the wealth of the world would not appreciably improve the lot of any one in it. It is a destructive analysis of the whole socialistic scheme of reform, yet so temperately written, so free from exaggeration or excess, as to be convincing to any one who approaches the subject impartially. Whenever the drift of these essays shall have been mastered by the public at large and its guides, we shall be spared most of the economical confusion which now permeates discussion and legislation. That they have not yet been accorded the weight they deserve can only be attributed to the fact that they have run counter to the popular taste, which has been for twenty years all in the direction of "ethical" economy and socialism. For a generation the poor have been deluded by false hopes and promises, and fashionable philanthropy has fanned the breeze of an effeminate

radicalism teaching people to look to the "state" instead of to themselves for help. But, unless we are mistaken, the tide has turned, or is turning, and the next twenty years will witness a reaction in favor of sanity and truth. This change will place these essays for the first time in their true light as authoritative deliverances, by an extraordinarily clear and powerful thinker, upon the true scope and limits of political thought and social effort, — the science and art of government.

It can hardly be expected that those upon whose teachings a critic pronounces adverse judgment will be eager to testify to his competence. If he is right, they are sadly wrong, and accordingly much of Mr. Godkin's warning against false political and economic teaching has fallen upon inattentive ears. Between the true and false teachers in these matters it is very hard for the public at large to decide, except by the test of experience. To that test, in this case, appeal may safely be made. "By their fruits ye shall know them" applies to economists and publicists as well as to others. Modesty forbids Mr. Godkin to mention the important fact that the movement for the reform of the civil service (the success of which he cites as a signal illustration of the danger of denying that a democratic society has "the capacity and determination to remedy its own defects") was due originally to his own unremitting efforts, in the teeth of ridicule and abuse on all sides. Looking back thirty years, we can say now that the foresight which detected in this reform the key to a great democratic advance was a no less signal illustration of the author's constructive political wisdom. The general soundness of his whole view of government is rapidly being established before our eyes by the misfortune, disorder, and confusion which are overtaking the attempts made by rash theory in other directions. This is what has already in his own lifetime given him a peculiar repute and authority, and his words a tangible and visible sanction of the one incontestable kind.

In what has been said, the attempt has been made as far as possible to examine these studies of Mr. Godkin's in detachment from the journalistic career of the author, during the period covered by them; but after all, it is against what may be called an editorial background, the true nature of which should be kept in view by the reader, that they will be judged.

It is the impartially practical character of his political writings taken as a whole that separates them on the one side from speculative disquisitions on government and society, and on the other from political writing of another kind, the aim of which is to advance the views of a party or a set. In this respect, again, he reminds us of the great publicists of an earlier day, who succeeded, against heavy odds, in persuading the country to adopt the Constitution under which we live. It was through the press that they dealt their keenest blows, and it is their "leading articles" that now, at a distance of a hundred years, expound for us the foundations of our government. They were originally the leaders, not of a party, but of those who desired good government, as opposed to the enthusiasts, fanatics, demagogues, and partisans of the time; of those who knew only too well that party had always been the curse of free institutions. For thirty years Mr. Godkin has stood for precisely the same ideas.

In one of his essays he says that he is not an enthusiast for any form of government, because he regards government as an extremely serious kind of business, the problems of which cannot be solved by enthusiasm. This is one of those statements which mark out the essential character of the position which he holds. In party politics, the efforts of leaders are generally to appeal to some feeling, — the self-love of the crowd, party pas-

sion, the dislike of foreign rivals, the thirst for military glory or territorial empire, the longing for wealth without effort, the dislike of irksome authority; in speculative politics, there has been always an analogous tendency to appeal to the enthusiasm of an idea, and to make Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Democracy objects of worship instead of means to an end. It was under the influence of this sort of enthusiasm that the great democratic wave of fifty years ago carried the country completely off its feet, and introduced the system of frequent elections and short terms which has made the modern "machine" a possibility. Nothing has so degraded our bench and bar as throwing judicial nominations into the whirlpool of party politics; yet those who introduced the elective judiciary did it under the influence of disinterested enthusiasm for an idea, and had it not been for the woeful effects of their reform there is little doubt that a generation later it would have been extended to every executive office in the country. It is against this sort of enthusiasm that Mr. Godkin protests. What he would substitute for it the general drift of all that he has had to say about politics makes clear enough. The ideal he has in view — for without ideals we cannot live under any form of government — is rationality, the application to government of the teachings of experience. The first postulate of every branch of knowledge is devotion to truth, and the beginning of wisdom in the political art is common sense.

If what we have said is true, to talk of being pessimist or optimist about popular government is very much like talking of being pessimist or optimist about life. It is one of the characteristically sensible observations made by Mr. Godkin that there is no more reason why the human race should despair, in the face of the Malthusian law of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, than that it should confess defeat in the face of the fact of mortality. Some people will always take a cheerful view of the future, as others will always take a gloomy view of it; but neither cheerfulness nor gloom will enable us to reach any conclusion about it. Nothing is more certain than that neither optimism nor pessimism ever increased any one's foresight. If people talked of the duty of taking a cheerful view of chemistry, we should laugh at them; but if we are to make any advance in the study of government, our attitude toward institutions must aim at being as dispassionate as that of a chemist toward acids and alkalis. During the recent presidential campaign, a curious instance of the distracting effect of the emotional view of institutions was given on a great scale by the attitude of a large part of the English press. These conservative organs were from first to last gloomy about the result, and half predicted the election of Bryan. They could give no clear reason for their dread, but they exhibited an incapacity to appreciate the facts which made his election seem to cool observers in this country an impossibility, and did nothing but echo and reëcho their fears. The real reason was that they had always preferred to believe that popular institutions inevitably produced either anarchy or despotism. The election of Bryan would have been a verification of their pessimism. No doubt the cause of our making such slow progress in political science is that we are ourselves involved in the thing observed, while in natural science this is not the case. Very few observers ever reach such skill in self-detachment as is shown by the author of this volume.

Under other conditions than those which have existed for a generation, Mr. Godkin would have perhaps been conspicuously engaged in public life. But since the war, owing to a variety of causes, the gulf between politics, strictly so called, and the moral and intellectual forces which determine the

development of the country has deepened and widened. It is a commonplace that the public men of the United States are not at present really representative men. They neither mould its opinion nor guide its energies. On the other hand, while they have deteriorated, the country itself has made a stride in civilization. The result has been the growth of a great body of non-partisan independent opinion, closely allied to neither of the political parties, but holding the balance of power between them, and determining the resultant movement of the government against the will of both. This body of opinion has settled the fate, first of one party, and then of the other, in several elections, and its work is only begun. It is necessarily non-partisan, and its leaders are excluded from a definite public career by the very fact of being its leaders. They are found in the press, in the pulpit, in law, in education, in industrial pursuits, but not in politics. They have no machines, they cannot become bosses; they trade neither in offices nor in votes. But they constitute a powerful political force which those who need votes have to reckon with. The future of the country is theirs. If we are asked what common bond unites them, we can only say, the desire for better and more rational government. Now, if Mr. Godkin's work be examined as a whole, it will be seen that there is not a distinctive principle underlying the independent movement of his period for which he has not found its best and most forcible expression, and not an impulse to action that has not received impetus, and in many cases life, from him. We have mentioned the reform of the civil service; we might have referred to the second movement for the redemption of New York from Tammany Hall, in which he voluntarily incurred a very considerable personal risk, and, what now really seems incredible, had to convert people to the belief that the "new Tammany" was not on the whole a reformatory body.

Whether we believe in "necessary" men or not, we all recognize that at certain epochs public guides appear who divine what is necessary for those in whose interest they think and feel, with an instinct which resembles and in fact is genius. They are heard because they must be heard; they are followed because they must be followed. They point out the goal and mark out the path; and though what they tell us may sometimes run counter to our prejudices and be at war with our desires, in the end it prevails, because it is true. If the question is asked, To what single influence is the fact chiefly due that there is visible to-day a definite ideal of good government which beckons the country steadily forward, and a coherent body of independent thought which supports us in the hope that we may attain it? the answer must be, To that of the author of these essays.

MEN AND LETTERS.

VERBAL MAGIC.

A MUSIC-LOVER and devoted concert-goer of my acquaintance — "uninstructed, but sensitive," to characterize him in his own words — is accustomed to say that he distinguishes several kinds of enjoyable music. One kind is interesting: here he puts the work of composers so unlike as Berlioz and Brahms. Another kind is exciting, under which head he ranks the greater part of Wagner and the Bach fugues! And still another kind is charming. Whenever he uses this last epithet, he adds an explanation, the word being now so worn by indiscriminate handling as hardly to pass by itself at its full face value. He means that the music thus described — heavenly music, he sometimes calls it (of which his typical example seems to be Schubert's unfinished symphony) — has upon him an indescribable ravishing effect, as if it really and literally charmed him. Exactly why this should be he does not profess to decide. All such compositions are highly melodious and in some good degree simple; but then there is plenty of other excellent music to which the same terms seem to be equally applicable, which nevertheless lays him under no such spell. "I don't undertake to explain it," he says; "so far as I am concerned, it is all a matter of feeling."

Analogous to this is my own experience — and, I suppose, that of readers in general — with certain fragments of poetry, which have for me an ineffable and apparently inexhaustible charm. Other poetry is beautiful, enjoyable, stimulating, everything that poetry ought to be, except that it lacks this final something which, not to leave it absolutely without a name, we may call magic. Whatever it be called, it pertains not to any poet's work as a whole, nor in strictness, I think, to any poem as a whole, but to single verses or couplets. And to draw the line still closer, verse of this magical quality — though here, to be sure, I may be disclosing nothing but my own intellectual limitations — is discoverable only in the work of a certain few poets.

The secret of the charm is past finding out: so I like to believe, at all events. Magic is magic; if it could be explained it would be something else; to use the word is to confess the thing beyond us. Such verses were never written to order or by force of will, since genius and our old friend — or enemy — "an infinite capacity for taking pains," so far from being one, are not even distantly related. The poet himself could never tell how such perfection was wrought or whence it came; nor is its natural history to be made out by any critic. The best we can do with it is to enjoy it, thankful to have our souls refreshed and our taste purified by its "heavenly alchemy;" as the best that our musical friend can do with the unfinished symphony is to surrender himself to its fascination, and be carried by it, as I have heard him more than once express himself, up to "heaven's gate."

And yet it is not in human nature to forego the asking of questions. The mind will have its inquisitive moods, and sometimes it loves to play, in a kind of make-believe, with mysteries which it has no thought of solving, — a harmless and perhaps not unprofitable exercise, if entered upon modestly and pursued without illusions. We may wonder over things that interest us, and even go so far as to talk about them, though we have no expectation of saying anything either new or final.

Take, then, the famous lines from Wordsworth's Solitary Reaper: —

> "Will no one tell me what she sings? —
> Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
> For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

The final couplet of this stanza is a typical example of what is here meant by verbal magic. I am heartily of Mr. Swinburne's mind when he says of it, "In the whole expanse of poetry there can hardly be two verses of more perfect and profound and exalted beauty;" although my own slender acquaintance with literature as a whole would not have justified me in so sweeping a mode of speech. The utmost that I could have ventured to say would have been that I knew of no lines more supremely, indescribably, perennially beautiful. Nor can I sympathize with Mr. Courthope in his contention that the lines are nothing in themselves, but depend for their "high quality" upon their association with the image of the solitary reaper. On such a point the human consciousness may possibly not be infallible; but at all events, it is the best ground we have to go on, and unless I am sadly deluded my own delight is in the verses themselves, and not merely nor mainly in their setting. Yet of what cheap and common materials are they composed, and how artlessly put together! Nine every-day words, such as any farmer might use, not a fine word among them, following each other in the most unstudied manner — and the result perfection!

By the side of this example let us put another, equally familiar, from Shakespeare: —

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Here, too, all the elements are of the plainest and commonest; and yet these few short, homely words, every one in its natural prose order, and not overmusical, — "such stuff" and "little life" being almost cacophonous, — have a magical force, if I may presume for once to speak in Mr. Swinburne's tone, unsurpassable in the whole range of literature. We hear them, if we *do* hear them, and all things earthly seem to melt and vanish.

Not unlike them in their sudden effectiveness is a casual expression of Burke's. For in prose also, and even in a political pamphlet, if the pamphleteer have a genius for words, an inspired and unexpected phrase (and inspired phrases are always unexpected, that being one mark of their divinity) may take the spirit captive. Thus, while Burke is talking about the troubles of the time, being now in the opposition, and blaming the government as in duty bound, suddenly he lets fall the words, "Rank, and office, and title, and all the solemn plausibilities of the world;" and for me, I know not whether others may be similarly affected, politics and government are gone, an "insubstantial pageant faded." "All the solemn plausibilities of the world," I say to myself, and for the present, though I am hardly beyond the first page of the pamphlet, I care not to read further; like Emerson at the play, who had ears for nothing more after Hamlet's question to the ghost: —

> "What may this mean,
> That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

I am writing simply as a lover of poetry, "uninstructed, but sensitive," not as a critic, having no semblance of claim to that exalted title, — among the very highest, to my thinking, as the men who wear it worthily are among the rarest; great critics, to this date, having been fewer even than great poets; but I believe, or think I believe, in the saying of one of the brightest of modern Frenchmen: "Le bon critique est celui qui raconte les aventures de son âme au milieu des chefs-d'œuvre." So I delight in this adventure of Emerson's mind in the midst of Hamlet, as I do also in a

similar one of Wordsworth's, who was wont to say, as reported by Hazlitt, that he could read Milton's description of Satan —

> "Nor appeared
> Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured" —

till he felt "a certain faintness come over his mind from a sense of beauty and grandeur."

One thing, surely, we may say about verse of this miraculous quality: it does not appeal first or principally to the ear; it is almost never rich in melodic beauty, as such beauty is too commonly estimated. It is musical, no doubt, but after a secret manner of its own. Alliteration, assonance, a pleasing alternation and interchange of vowel sounds, all such crafty niceties are hidden, if not absent altogether, — so completely hidden that the reader never thinks of them as either present or absent.[1] The appeal is to the imagination, not to the ear, and more is suggested than said. Such lines, along with their simplicity of language, may well have something of mysteriousness. Yet they must not puzzle the mind. The mystery must not be of the smaller sort, that provokes questions. If the curiosity is teased in the slightest to discover what the words mean, the spell is broken. There is no enchantment in a riddle.

Neither is there charm in an epigram, be it never so happy, nor in any conceit or play upon words.

> "I could not love thee, Dear! so much,
> Loved I not Honor more," —

nothing of this kind, perfect as it is, will answer the test. Mere cleverness might compass a thing like that. Indeed, the very cleverness of it, its courtly gracefulness, its *manner* (one seems to see the bodily inflection and the wave of the hand that go with the phrase), the spice of smartness in it, are enough to remove it instantly out of the magic circle. Magical verse is neither pretty nor clever. It speaks not of itself. If you think of *it*, the charm has failed.

In my own case, in lines that are magical to me, the suggestion or picture is generally of something remote from the present, a calling up of deeds long done and men long vanished, or else a foreboding of that future day when *all* things will be past; a suggestion or picture that brings an instant soberness, — reverie, melancholy, what you will, — that is the most delicious fruit of recollection. It suits with this idea that the verse has mostly a slow, meditative movement, produced, if the reader chooses to pick it to pieces, by long vowels and natural pauses, or by final and initial consonants standing opposite each other, and, between them, holding the words apart; such a movement as that of the Wordsworth couplet first quoted, —

> "For old, unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago," —

or as that of the still more familiar slow-running line from the sonnets of Shakespeare, —

> "Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," —

a movement that not merely harmonizes with the complexion of the thought, but heightens it to an extraordinary degree. Not that the poet wrote with that end consciously in view, or altered a syllable to secure it. Wordsworth's lines, it is safe guessing, were for this time given to him, and dropped upon the paper as they are, faultless beyond even his too meddlesome desire to alter and amend. Indeed, in this as in all the best verse, it is not the metrical structure that produces the imaginative result, but exactly the opposite.

And here, as I think, we may gather a hint as to the impassable gulf that separates inspired poetry from the very highest verse of the next lower order. Take

[1] Is there a possible connection between this fact and the further one that really magical lines are seldom or never to be found in the work of the more distinctively musical poets, — say in Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, and Swinburne?

such a dainty bit of musical craftiness as this, the first that offers itself for the purpose: —

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying."

Admirable after its kind, a kind of which it might seem unfair to say that less is meant than meets the ear; but set it beside the Wordsworth couplet, so easy, so simple,

"Without all ornament, itself and true,"

so inevitable and yet so impossible. One is cheap in its materials, but divine in its birth and in its effect; the other is made of rare and costly stuffs, but when all is done it *is* made. Though it sound old-fashioned to say so, there is no art like inspiration.

The supreme achievement of poetic genius is not the writing of beautiful passages, but the conception and evolution of great poems, — the whole, even in a work of the imagination, being greater than any of its parts; but poetic inspiration reaches its highest jet, if we may so speak, its ultimate bloom, in occasional lines of transcendent and, as human judgment goes, perfect loveliness. I should like to see a rigorously sifted collection of such fragments, an anthology of magical verse, nothing less than magic being admitted. It would be a small volume, —

"Infinite riches in a little room;"

but it would need an inspired reader to make it.

Bradford Torrey.

UPON A MISSING WORD.

QUITE lately I read a sly and mellow essay in which the American writer (I am glad we can claim him) told of his putting Montaigne into a canoe, and in that company paddling inexpertly through a lake. From the lake he had got pleasure, but from his author such delight that he quarrels delicately with Pascal; for Pascal, it seems, said that Montaigne talked too much about himself, and the canoeist retorts: "If men dislike apparent egotism, let them leave Montaigne. Such men should vex themselves at all expression, for all fiction and art are ripe with personality."

With this vindication fresh in mind I chanced upon another essayist, an Englishman, and fiercer, much. Montaigne, he says, and Howell's Letters are his bedside books. "If I wake at night, I have one or other to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves forever, and don't weary me." Now comes the fierceness: "You say you are angry with a man for talking about himself. It is because you yourself are selfish that that other person's Self does not interest you."

These two make a strong defense, said I, but abruptly remembered that the canoeist had talked about his sandwiches and his tobacco and his fatigued shoulder-blades, his thirst for ale, his meal of ham and eggs — why, of course he would be sensitive about that word of Pascal's! With mutated name of thee shall the fable, etc. And as for the other man, Mr. Roundabout, he is simply notorious in the personal line. The Flaubertians and all well-conducted modern people deplore his indecent lack of reticence. Yet still, still, I blessed the egotists. So then I went to the dictionary, that bald interpreter of the race, but it had n't a favorable thing to say about egotism; indeed, it mentioned *vanity* as the unique synonym, and at once the pleasing thought occurred to me that nothing save my own erring modesty thwarted my producing a book like Montaigne's. And consider, if you please, what good company I should be in. Did n't Cicero sit down and confide his old age to us? And Horace? In his very first ode the fond creature says

how tall he should feel if inserted among lyric persons. And he goes on through his book about his wine and his farm, his odium for Persian apparatus; how when Lydia praises Telephus his *fervent liver grows tumid with difficult bile* — there 's personality for you! He contentedly imparts to us upon what occasions he will wrap himself in his virtue; that he had never been particularly religious until one fine day Jupiter — but you remember what happened at the conversion of the bard. And finally (crowning impertinence) he shouts at us triumphantly that he has built himself an imperishable monument. Himself. "Non omnis moriar," says he. No, indeed. He knew he had said some things well and briefly, and do you blame the incomparable master of verse — the most consummate of all, to my thinking — that he foresaw what, after all, has come true: that we go on quoting his phrases to-day because none of us has yet managed to say those things so beautifully as he?

Next, there is François Villon, who begins in the second line of his first poem to tell us all about himself and his *très-amoureuse* prison; and in every following stanza comes an "I" or a "me" for I don't know how many pages. Ah, who would have the engaging scoundrel different? Listen to him: —

> "Item, m'amour, ma chère Rose,
> Ne luy laisse ne cueur ne foye:
> Elle aymeroit mieulx autre chose,
> Combien qu'elle ait assez monnoye:
> Quoy? une grand bourse de soye,
> Pleine d'escuz, profonde et large:
> Mais pendu soit-il, que je soye,
> Qui luy lairra escu ne targe."

What a gait, what a charm! what condensed rapidity of art beyond hope of translation!

So you see, he is another egotist. Need I remind you that Cæsar's Gallic War is an enormous account of himself, and his bridge, and his legions, and his speeches? Did he toss those speeches off on the battlefield, do you suppose, while Dum-norix or som[illegible] head off until [illegible] did n't he revise [illegible] here and there be[illegible] He speaks with appa[illegible] ity; but those cadence[illegible] soldiers fill me with suspi[illegible] remembers how severely [illegible] the pirates he was when he wa[illegible] oner and would read his origin[illegible] to them, and they failed to perceiv[illegible] merit. I think we must count Cæ[illegible] among the egotists.

Finally, to ascend to the highest, there are the Psalmists, collectively called David. Each poem thrills with the personality of the writer, his tears and his joy. Upon the other hand, the most inveterate, the most abysmal egotist in conduct, Goethe, almost never talks about himself.

No. The dictionary has a blank in it where a word should be. Ego had nothing bad or good about it originally, any more than tu. But we, the human race, in our gradual experience (and through the trait which Mr. Roundabout so sharply pins) have colored that word dark, and never troubled to invent another that should mean the charming, the beneficent, the friendly, — the altruegotism! I 'm not going to invent the word myself, for reasons of a private nature; but one is badly needed. For when we speak of Montaigne or the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, we are led to make a false apology for the very virtue, the talisman, the soul that has captured our hearts.

Owen Wister.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MR. LOWELL.

In October, 1883, I found Mr. Lowell in Paris on a holiday from the United States Legation in London. His figure had grown robust; the lines of his face were less regular, but more striking than when I had last seen him. He and Mrs. Lowell were at a small hotel on the

rench and for had once passed the Romance lan- st visit I was shown e, as Mrs. Lowell was s alone; but seeing a thing which I believe he e than any other, a talk, he e to stay with such hearty and plaintive eagerness that, nothing , I sat down. He held an open book, t I asked him what it was. After an instant's affected hesitation he put his hand to his mouth and whispered, "Zola!" I laughed. He asked me what I thought of it; but not having read any of that writer's works I had nothing to say, and asked him in turn. He broke into abuse of people who like to write filth; he did not wish to read it, he said, but some acquaintance with all literature is requisite for a man of letters. "I once read a book of Dean Swift's, years ago," he added (he did not name it), "and the stench of it reeks in my nostrils to this day."

He and Mrs. Lowell had been to Vincennes: he knew it was not the memory of the Duc d'Enghien that took him there, but could not tell whose until they were passing the gate, when he remembered Mirabeau. I inquired whether, on the whole, he rated Mirabeau as a great force, or merely *vox et præterea nihil*. "Oh, a great force," he answered, "and sincere in his desire to serve both the nation and the crown." He talked a good deal about Mirabeau and his father and uncle. I expressed a wonder whether Mirabeau's death had changed the course of history, — if that single hand could have held back the Revolution until the humanitarian and liberal ideas of the times should have prevailed and outstripped the blind rush of the people. "It might," he said, "if he had had to deal with any two persons except the king and queen: if there had been a little more in him, and a little less in her, Mirabeau might have done miracles. But their doom was sealed, and the rest inevitably followed."

This was my first conversation with Lowell, and I was struck by his extreme familiarity with the epoch of the French Revolution; which, however, was not extraordinary in a literary man who was sight-seeing in Paris. I soon discovered that he was as widely and minutely informed on every subject that came up, — chiefly, indeed, history, politics, and letters; his faculty for acquisition and his memory must have been equally remarkable. One evening I was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Lowell and three other friends, and he began to lament the renaming of old streets which was going on, and the obliteration of the last traces of the Paris of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, — the Paris of the schoolmen and their open-air debates. He spoke of the local history that lay in the mere names of streets and squares, — Rue du Fouarre, Rue des Mauvais Garçons, and several more of which he gave the origin and legend. In the midst of this picturesque and learned disquisition he stumbled upon the class of a celebrated philosopher of those times, seated on their bundles of straw, — a well-known teacher whose name I cannot now recall, — and stated that he was a Jew.

He instantly began to talk of the Jews, a subject which turned out to be almost a monomania with him. He detected a Jew in every hiding-place and under every disguise, even when the fugitive had no suspicion of himself. To begin with nomenclature: all persons named for countries or towns are Jews; all with fantastic, compound names, such as Lilienthal, Morgenroth; all with names derived from colors, trades, animals, vegetables, minerals; all with Biblical names, except Puritan first names; all patronymics ending in *son*, — *sohn*, *sen*, or any other version; all Russells, originally so called from red-haired Israelites; all Walters, by long-descended derivation from wolves and foxes in

some ancient tongue; the Cæcilii, therefore Cæcilia Metella, no doubt St. Cecilia too, consequently the Cecils, including Lord Burleigh and Lord Salisbury; he cited some old chronicle in which he had cornered one Robert de Cæcilia and exposed him as an English Jew. He gave examples and instances of these various classes with amazing readiness and precision, but I will not pretend that I have set down even these few correctly. Of course there was Jewish blood in many royal houses and in most noble ones, notably in Spain. In short, it appeared that this insidious race had penetrated and permeated the human family more universally than any other influence except original sin. He spoke of their talent and versatility, and of the numbers who had been illustrious in literature, the learned professions, art, science, and even war, until by degrees, from being shut out of society and every honorable and desirable pursuit, they had gained the prominent positions everywhere.

Then he began his classification again: all bankers were Jews, likewise brokers, most of the great financiers, — that was to be expected; the majority of barons, also baronets; they had got possession of the press, they were getting into politics; they had forced their entrance into the army and navy; they had made their way into the cabinets of Europe and become prime ministers; they had slipped into diplomacy and become ambassadors. But a short time ago they were packed into the ghetto: now they inhabited palaces, the most aristocratic quarters, and were members of the most exclusive clubs. A few years ago they could not own land: they were acquiring it by purchase and mortgage in every part of Europe, and buying so many old estates in England that they owned the larger part of several counties.

Mr. Lowell said more, much more, to illustrate the ubiquity, the universal ability of the Hebrew, and gave examples and stati
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to a stop, but not to a conclusion, and
no one else spoke, I said, "And when the Jews have got absolute control of finance, the army and navy, the press, diplomacy, society, titles, the government, and the earth's surface, what do you suppose they will do with them — and with us?" "That," he answered, turning towards me, and in a whisper audible to the whole table, "that is the question which will eventually drive me mad."

Mr. Lowell was more fond of talking than any one else I ever knew. It was not in the least that he liked to hear himself talk, — he liked to talk; he more than liked it, — he loved it to excess. He could listen, he wanted to hear what you had to say, but he could not help interrupting you, for he always had something more to say. His mind was eminently responsive, besides which it had the property of self-suggestiveness; his conversation stimulated him in the same way that it stimulated other people. He surprised me by saying that he had difficulty in speaking French. Strange as it seemed, I could not doubt him: there was a cheerful frankness in Mr. Lowell's admission of his deficiencies which had nothing in common with humility, as if he had a belief, certainly well founded, that they took nothing from his merit. Whether this difficulty extended to the other languages in which he was equally well versed, I do not know; it is odd that such a lack should have been associated with his amazing fluency in his own tongue, and the comprehension of others, even to dialect.

...g a letter from ...ster in London; ...having been given ...well to a little friend ... to an English child. ... capital French-English ...le doll's style. What he ...as so comical, the point of ...himsical, that I would have ... no better entertainment if there ...not been so many greater things to ...ar him talk about. He was in good humor with Paris and his surroundings; he was brimming with fun; he seemed to be in a state of perpetual mental activity, of natural effervescence and ebullition like a sparkling spa. He told me, however, that he was subject to depression, which at that time it was not easy to imagine.

That autumn in Paris was my one season of what I may call companionship with Mr. Lowell, for I saw him at least twice a week, often for hours together. I saw him again in London, later in the year, when I was about to sail for America, and that was the end of our continuous intercourse. We met a few times afterwards at long intervals, on memorable occasions: in Cambridge at Harvard's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, in New York at the performance in Greek of The Acharnians by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, and twice or thrice in Philadelphia. I had delightful talks with him, turning on the celebration which had brought us together, and on his late visit to Europe, — he had always just come back. Is it treachery to tell that once when I rallied him a little on these fond returns to a country he had scored so sharply as England, and asked what he found there that he missed here, he lowered his voice and said rather sadly, "The charm of life"? One needs only to recollect that Elmwood was then closed and his faithful companion gone, that most of his early friends were dead and the "Brahmins" nearly extinct, to understand the comfort and cheer he found in a land where none of these associations were missed, and where congenial society was always to be had without seeking.

From first to last I saw Mr. Lowell scarcely fifty times, yet when I knew that I should see him no more I felt that a great pleasure, a great privilege, a stimulus and source of strength, were gone from my life. His conversation was interesting, instructive, amusing, brilliant, witty, racy, but to me its highest quality was tonic. I never met him, even for ten minutes, that he did not let fall some invigorating word, witness to the Puritan principle which was the groundwork of his character and the substratum of his nature, and ran through all he said and wrote like a vein of granite. It fortified my resolutions, it put my compromises and concessions to shame, it braced me to effort and sacrifice, and held up before me the true aims of life. This effect was unconscious on his part: I never spoke to him of it, and I never heard him moralize, yet it is as a moralist that I think of him most often. It is the recognition of the eternal difference between right and wrong that gives the ring to his earliest melodies, the point to his satire, the standard to his critical judgments, the sublimity to his Commemoration Ode, when, as poet and patriot, he rose to his utmost height, and made the man what he was at every stage of his progress through life to immortality.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Mr. Bradford Torrey has recently drawn fresh attention to the delights which lie in wait for the reader of Thoreau, and has hinted at the new edition of the Cape Cod (Houghton) just put forth with delicate artistic marginal notes in color. The grace of these designs and the beauty of execution in the very difficult art of color-printing meet the eye at once ; a closer inspection reveals a rare felicity in the manner in which Miss Watson, the artist, has complemented Thoreau. He sometimes gives hints which she expands ; she, on the other hand, sometimes contracts his narrative or description into a suggestive reminder. It is seldom, indeed, that illustration is made so to enhance the value of the text. — The device which Mr. Clifton Johnson employs in illustrating books is a little novel, but its virtue lies, not in its novelty, but in the good judgment, taste, and choice of subjects with which he applies it. His practice is to photograph scenes with figures in them which have directly to do with the subject illustrated, and then, by a dexterous use of the brush or pencil, to give the needed touch which makes in effect a picture, and not a photograph. Thus he has taken a number of papers by John Burroughs and grouped them in a volume entitled A Year in the Fields (Houghton), supplying them with twenty illustrations. The result is a very agreeable reproduction of the vicinage of Mr. Burroughs's home, with Mr. Burroughs himself presented to the eye in unstudied positions. The scenes range through the year and have great variety ; the mechanical process by which the pictures are reproduced is clean and sharp. — Mr. Johnson has applied the same plan to Mr. Barrie's A Window in Thrums (Dodd, Mead & Co.); only in this instance he has had to deal with fiction. But Thrums so readily finds a prototype in a locality in Scotland, and Mr. Barrie's portraitures and scenes are so true to life, that one does not greatly complain, and the product is an attractively illustrated volume. There is thus but a thin veil between photography and art ; still there is a veil. — The Surrey edition of Washington Irving's Bracebridge Hall (Putnams) is a two-volume decorated and illustrated work. The borders, printed in green, have a variety of devices and mottoes ; there are initial letters and tailpieces, and twenty-eight full-page photogravures from designs by Reinhart, Schmolze, Hyde, Sandham, and others. Attention has been paid to the costume of the time of the sketches ; the sketches themselves show Irving at his mellow best, and though we think the decorations and some of the illustrations are hardly in harmony with the spirit of Irving, they will be thanked if they cause the book to find new readers.— Though the value of the work is not made to depend on its illustrations, the generous treatment which Miss Mary E. Perkins has given to her Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich, 1600–1800 (The Author), makes it proper to include the book in this section, yet it might quite as properly be placed with books of history. The town of Norwich in Connecticut is preeminent among New England towns for the persistence of a type. Here are spacious houses, but no air of decayed gentility hangs about them. Life has gone on vigorously, and new energies are constantly disclosed. This volume, therefore, has much more than an antiquarian interest ; it is not a museum of New England antiquities, but a vivid picture of a strong life which still flows on. The views of houses, the plans, the portraits combined with the human narrative, make this, the first of a series, incomparably the best monument to New England town life which has ever been produced. — One commonplace but satisfactory pleasure to be derived from the pretty mediævalism of the holiday edition of Mr. Aldrich's Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book (Houghton) is the ease with which it is read. We have a missal-like setting of the poem, but the fancy is restricted to the form, the cover, the borders, and the rubricating ; the poem itself is not in German text, but in good clear Roman type, so that when one has handled the book he is tempted to begin to read, and he does not resist the temptation. The final impression made on him is of the poem, not of the setting. — Rome of To-Day and Yesterday, the

Pagan City, by John Dennie. (Putnams.) Mr. Dennie essays to read the palimpsest of Rome by disclosing the records to be found there of her eleven Pagan centuries. The especial occasion of the reissue of the work is to be found in the five maps and plans and the fifty-eight illustrations from Roman photographs. The half-tone reproductions show how much gain there has been in recent years in this style of picture. — The publisher, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, has been adding to his collection of books as toys. The little box with a lid does not contain caramels, but The Pageant of Summer, by Richard Jefferies; The Child in the House, by Walter Pater; and The Story of Amis and Amile, by William Morris, — each carefully enveloped in postage-stamp paper and tucked away in a little case. This confectionery style seems to intimate that the literature inclosed is too good for human nature's daily food, but after one has got rid of the boxes and the wrappers he finds books which are the outward signs of inward grace. — The same house sends in its Bibelot Series Morris's The Defence of Guenevere and McCarthy's English prose version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, — a translation which enhances the value of Fitzgerald's verse by showing how indebted the Persian is to the Englishman. Once more we have four books in a box, belonging to the Old World Series, Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, by Andrew Lang, Rossetti's translation of the Vita Nuova being among them. These long and narrow books defy bookshelves. They spend their lives lying down. — It is an archaic manner which Mr. George Wharton Edwards uses in A Book of Old English Ballads (Macmillan), which he has furnished with pen-and-ink drawings, but the excellent introduction by H. W. Mabie, pointing out the objectivity and directness of the ballad, might have given Mr. Edwards his cue. His few lines might have been even fewer, and his designs would still have been vigorous. — Captive Memories, Commemorative Verses interwoven with California Flowers for Anniversary Days and Presentation Occasions, by James Terry White. (James T. White & Co., New York.) It is somewhat difficult to make a souvenir which shall suit all moods and many occasions, but Mr. White seems to have attempted such a result. The verses are apparently his own, the illustrative flower borders are by various hands, and some ingenious craftsman has succeeded in transferring an aromatic odor to the leaves of the book. In the presence of this last mystery every other device to make the volume something to help remembrance becomes less distinct. One wonders how the scent got in, and then still more if it ever will get out. — William Winter's Gray Days and Gold (Macmillan) has been issued in a profusely illustrated edition, a style of publication to which the work, of course, readily lends itself. We are glad to learn from the preface of the success of the book in its original form, and also to note the revisions and additions made here, which add to its value as a traveling companion or a reminder of travels past. — The stories of Thomas Nelson Page's In Ole Virginia, which have in turn appeared in holiday editions, are now reunited in an exceedingly handsome volume, retaining, we think, all the original illustrations, the work of Smedley, Clinedinst, Reinhart, Frost, Pyle, and Castaigne. (Scribners.) — A Literary Courtship and A Venetian June, by Anna Fuller, have been received with sufficient popular favor to justify their promotion to the rank of gift books. They now appear in two attractive little volumes, with white-and-gold covers and a number of additional illustrations. (Putnams.)

LITERARY HISTORY.

The blending of personal reminiscence with characterization, appreciation, and criticism, which belongs to Mrs. Fields's Authors and Friends (Houghton), produces an effect so harmonious, so full of mellow charm, that the reader leaves the book with the feeling that he has been present at Landor's prophetic feast without having to wait Landor's deferred pleasure. The company is choice, — Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Celia Thaxter, Whittier, Tennyson and Lady Tennyson, and, we may justly add, Mrs. Fields herself, — and what is more, the company is at its best without any effort. Mrs. Fields avails herself of letters and private journals, but her own definite recollections, and her happy faculty for seizing upon the really characteristic points of the persons she celebrates, give special value to this admi-

rable piece of literary history. The title of Mrs. Fields's book suggests very happily the aspect in which men of letters are apt to be regarded by the reading public, even when they are not known in the flesh, and reminds us that better knowledge will often correct impressions made by literary traditions. — Mr. Andrew Lang has taken up rather late the task of giving the world the real John Gibson Lockhart in a handsome two-volume Life and Letters of that enigmatic personage. (Imported by Scribners.) We say "enigmatic," for Lockhart remains somewhat of a puzzle still, though Mr. Lang has thrown much light on the contradictions of his character. It ought to be enough for the reader, as against the bitter assaults upon Lockhart, that Scott early admired him and steadily confided in him ; but this first comprehensive memoir will make the reader admire him and confide in him on direct evidence, though one might still stand in a little fear of the rapier which Lockhart carried so carelessly. The incidental pictures of the Scott circle, and the graphic touches by which the literary society of the day is set off, add to the value of the memoir, and through much of the narrative runs that undercurrent of domestic sorrow which lifts Hugh Littlejohn into pathetic prominence. — A much more cheerful but less important retrospect is furnished by Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke in her autobiographic sketch entitled My Long Life (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which without break, except for paragraphs, flows on in a smooth, rippling stream for two hundred and seventy pages. There are some great and many interesting names in literature and music which meet the eye as it follows the course of the narrative ; yet the value of the retrospect is not in any light it throws on these men and women, other than the glancing light of allusion, but in the picture it draws of a simple English middle-class society, finding its pleasure in music and modest service in letters. One is permitted to look in on domestic scenes which are tranquil and sunny, and the idyl of Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke is one which unobtrusively makes a place for itself in the minor history of English literature. — Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors. (Putnams.) Homes of American Authors was a familiar new book forty years ago. It is now republished under a title which joins it with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great, which appeared no longer ago than 1895. This older book has a biographical value of no mean order, and a literary value which is entirely distinctive. If there were older writers now, like Bryant, Irving, Hawthorne, and Bancroft, and if the cleverest younger men should go to visit them, and give us their impressions not only of the visit, but of the author's work, we should have a modern counterpart of this volume. But where is the young Curtis for us to send to the older Emerson ? Here is a suggestion for literary clubs : what older men to-day should form the subjects for such a series of papers, and what younger men should write them ? — A pair of old-fashioned books, with modern photogravures, attempt a task somewhat of this sort. Literary Shrines, the Haunts of some Famous American Authors, and A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors, by Theodore F. Wolfe (Lippincott), afford an opportunity for the reader to acquaint himself, in an easy, rambling fashion, with the externals of literary life. The books are like a series of snap-shots, serviceable as reminiscences to one who has seen the places, but not very vivifying to those who have not.

EDUCATION.

It is easy to pass from literary studies of literature to those books which have a more distinct didactic purpose ; for nothing is more significant of the new ideals of education which have arisen during the last two decades than the enormous growth of interest in our mother tongue, both for itself, as language, and as it embodies itself in literature. Ours is almost if not quite the first generation consciously to feel this interest as a widespread educational force, and to bend its energies to the task of ministering to the popular demand for initiation into the inner mysteries of the writer's craft. How various are the activities now at work to popularize the study of language and of letters is shown rather curiously by the range of works which accumulate upon the reviewer's desk in a single fortnight. Dr. Rolfe's Shakespeare the Boy (Harpers) and a new edition of Charles Cowden-Clarke's Riches of Chau-

cer (Macmillan) are the most avowedly popular in intention. Dr. Rolfe has skillfully woven the two or three biographical facts at his disposal into an account of the village life of Warwickshire as it may have appeared to a schoolboy in Shakespeare's day. The Riches of Chaucer, first published nearly thirty years ago, has naturally an old-fashioned savor. A reader of to-day, no matter how little strenuous may be his scholarly ideals, will be smitten with some distrust by the statement on the title-page that "Chaucer's impurities have been expunged and his spelling modernized." Chaucer's language, as it exists in the best edited modern texts, is so easy of mastery that the wisdom of docking words of their historical endings (to instance only a single change) in order to make them conform more nearly to present usage may well be questioned, even where the audience addressed is an unacademic one. — Quite at the other pole of popularizing endeavor come such substantial contributions to the library of the serious student as Professor O. F. Emerson's Brief History of the English Language (Macmillan), a working over and condensation of the same author's larger history; and Professor Saintsbury's History of Nineteenth Century Literature (Macmillan), the fourth and concluding volume in a series which has combined with unusual success the attractiveness of a discursive narrative with the logical development of an historical treatise. Of a like seriousness, but more ambitiously novel in design, is Mr. Greenough White's Outline of the Philosophy of English Literature (Ginn), the First Part of which, comprised in the present volume, deals with the literature of the Middle Ages. The work is broadly conceived, and is free from the vagarious theorizing which has vitiated many similar attempts, from Taine's down: on the other hand, there is an over-insistence upon detail and a multiplication of instances which occasionally make it impossible to see the forest for the trees. — Equally philosophical in purpose, but of a more intimate and genial manner of regard, is Professor W. H. Hudson's Studies in Interpretation (Putnams), three essays on Keats, Clough, and Arnold respectively, which lift themselves out of the flood of current criticism by reason of their dignity of tone, their firmness of structure, and their quiet grasp of essentials. — A pleasant side-product, again, of this literary propagandism appears in the shape of Mr. Laurence Hutton's Literary Landmarks of Venice (Harpers), which gives a local habitation to the vague ghosts of great visitors which form so continual an obsession as one wanders through the Canal Grande and the Giudecca. — The study of composition and the higher rhetoric, which in the last five or ten years has taken so novel a place in the curricula of American colleges, and which represents our distinctive contribution to the new enthusiasm for English study, finds an example in Mr. Arlo Bates's Talks on Writing English (Houghton), and Mr. William T. Brewster's Studies in Structure and Style (Macmillan). The first of these books, originally written as a series of lectures for the Lowell Institute, is a valuable aid to the study of composition in its higher phases, and forms a needed continuation of the subject as presented in Professor Wendell's book. It has the felicitous distinction of teaching without laying emphasis on the didactic. It is a question whether the sort of structural analysis attempted in the Studies of Mr. Brewster can be made profitable without the illuminating touch of personal teaching; certainly, the critical apparatus has in the main a somewhat dry and forbidding look. The book is interesting, however, as exhibiting very saliently the effort to approach the study of writing from the side of practical technique, which lies at the very source of the new movement. — Nine more of the Old South Leaflets have been published (Directors of the Old South Work, Boston), and they give original documents of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, all of course in the English tongue. In the hands of bright young people under good guidance they ought to stimulate historic interest; yet without underestimating the value of these tracts in grammar-school teaching, we should be sorry to see them misleading teachers or taught into impatience over the persistently plodding work demanded by a good school history. We do not want self-sufficient young students of history.

FICTION.

The prevailing taste for historical fiction appears to be waxing rather than waning.

Noticeable among recent promising ventures in this field are two tales by S. R. Keightley: The Crimson Sign, a Narrative of the Adventures of Mr. Gervase Orme, Sometime Lieutenant in Mountjoy's Regiment of Foot; and The Cavaliers. (Harpers.) Mr. Keightley is not as yet a rival to cause serious concern to Mr. Weyman or Dr. Conan Doyle, but he can construct an interesting story and tell it with spirit, while he is not without knowledge of the times whereof he writes, wherein he differs from at least one recent aspirant who has had a measure of popular success. The Crimson Sign is a tale of the ever memorable defense of Londonderry, and of course the brave Gervase is one of the prime agents in bringing help to the suffering city. The subject of The Cavaliers, as well as the writer's point of view, is denoted by its title. The hero *almost* saves King Charles, and early in the narrative unknowingly saves Cromwell from imminent peril, and in the end is saved by him. — Another, and lesser, story of the Civil War is Amyas Egerton, Cavalier, by Maurice H. Hervey. (Harpers.) Amyas also saves the king, as nearly as historic truth will permit, and incidentally beards Cromwell in his own camp. One knows beforehand the presentment of Oliver that will be found in tales that tell of the struggles of gracious and gallant young gentlemen against crop-headed, canting knaves. Mr. Keightley makes praiseworthy if somewhat futile attempts to rise above this convention, but Mr. Hervey's sketch is of the usual kind, and his narrative will in no way wound the susceptibilities of the devoutest of latter-day Jacobites. — A First Fleet Family, a Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures, compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines, by Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (Macmillan.) Much of this is practically genuine history, and the fiction mingled with it is so well done, and with so excellent a reproduction of the eighteenth-century manner and modes of thought, that the narrative as a whole admirably depicts the beginnings of New South Wales, the felons who were its first colonists and the men who governed them. It is a pity that the realism of the tale should have been weakened at its close by the story-book marriages of the heroine and the Sergeant. — A quite different study of certain episodes of eighteenth-century history is Two Queens, Caroline Matilda of Denmark and Marie Antoinette of France, a Historical Novel, from the Memoirs of Baron Simolin, with a Preface by F. Max Müller. (Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) Baron Simolin rendered important services to two hapless queens, and his son, altering his first intention of publishing the diaries and letters left by his father, had this material used in constructing a sort of biographical novel. As the interest of the book depends upon the facts it contains, and not at all upon the thread of conventional fiction which holds them together, it is a pity that M. Simolin's experiences could not have been published in a monograph rather than in a novel. — Mr. Percy Andreae's The Vanished Emperor (Rand, McNally & Co.) is a contemporary tale, the characters being slightly disguised as the Emperor Willibald, Prince Ottomarck, the Duke of Cumbermere, and so on, but quite as much liberty is taken with facts as though it were a romance of some remote period. The story is rather of the detective order, and the complexities of its plot are not always so skillfully treated as might be desired by a careless reader. It cannot be said that the writer shows any greater knowledge of the personages with whom he deals than that likely to be possessed by any one who intelligently observes the events of the time and the actors therein. — A more imposing volume than any of the foregoing, and of more serious purpose, is Gathering Clouds, a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom, by Frederic W. Farrar, D. D. (Longmans.) The work is in effect a popular history of St. Chrysostom, with certain illustrative fictitious accompaniments, — the fiction, which is of a somewhat artless sort, being always subordinate to the history. The book may be said to be a companion volume to Darkness and Dawn, in which was shown the triumph of the Church over the world, while Gathering Clouds records the partial triumph of the world over the Church. Like its predecessor, the later tale will suit the taste of a rather numerous class of readers, who can hardly fail to gain from it some vivid impressions of the rule in State and Church in the Constantinople of

the fourth century. The author's rhetorical fervor and the personal feeling that colors his narrative give a certain graphic force to his descriptions of the gorgeousness and corruption of the Eastern empire, and of the almost hopeless warfare waged by the Patriarch John against the powers of evil. — The latest — if she is the latest — Scottish story-teller, Jane Helen Findlater, in The Green Graves of Balgowrie (Dodd, Mead & Co.), shows not only originality and insight, but an excellence of workmanship rather unusual in a first novel. As her people are eighteenth-century gentlefolk, the readers, if the Scottish revival has left any such, who are daunted by the North British Doric will have nothing to fear here. It is the history of two young girls brought up in utter seclusion by a cold-hearted, theorizing mother, whose eccentricity gradually becomes downright insanity, and of the kindly but most unclerical minister of the parish, who educates and befriends the hapless pair. It is a very sad tale, but a profoundly interesting one, and the sisters are sketched with rare delicacy and truthfulness, the recital of their pitiful tragedy being never weakened by sentimentality. — Barncraig is not so well known as Thrums or Drumtochty, but those who have agreeable memories of Gabriel Setoun's earlier chronicles of that Fifeshire seaport will welcome the further glimpses of its life given in Sunshine and Haar. (Harpers.) That that life has been carefully and sympathetically studied they will not doubt, and the writer's naturalness and simplicity of treatment, and genuine but unexaggerated sentiment, will be found to give a peculiar charm to some of his sketches. — Redburn, by Henry Ochiltree (Dodd, Mead & Co.), depicts the homely life of the bonnet-lairds of two generations ago with some force and many happy descriptive touches, but with little of that humorous perception characteristic of the best, and of some not the best, of his coworkers. Fortunately, as he avers, the term has no terrors for him, for we fear that the — doubtless jealous — English critics will class this book with kailyard fiction, the more so as the author uses dialect a little unmercifully. — That it is a far cry from the Lowlands to Iona is felt in turning to the recent volumes from that most Celtic of writers, Fiona Macleod : The Sin-Eater, and Other Tales ; and The Washer of the Ford, and Other Legendary Moralities. (Patrick Geddes & Colleagues, Edinburgh ; Stone & Kimball, Chicago.) The former book depicts with much imaginative power the gloom, the fatalism, of the Scottish Celt ; the brighter aspects of his nature which the author has dwelt upon elsewhere are untouched here. But we think Miss Macleod's best work as yet will be found in The Washer of the Ford, of which the spirit is purely poetic. These legends are sometimes pagan, sometimes Christian, and often a mixture of both. The one which will probably be singled out by most readers is Muime Chriosd (the Foster-Mother of Christ), the story of St. Bride (Brighid or Bridget), the Mary of the Gael. This legend, in which the Isles and their inhabitants become Judea and its people, after the fashion of primitive folk-lore, is told with wellnigh perfect art, scarcely marred by any intrusion of latter-day sophistication of thought or feeling. — Susannah, by Mary E. Mann. (Harpers.) The young lady who for one cause or another masquerades as a servant is not unknown to novel-readers ; but she generally has light labor in a family of more or less exalted condition, and we do not remember to have met her before as a slavey in a third-rate lodging-house, though this is what the brave Susannah undertakes, so that she may succor a very weak brother. From the time the girl, just reduced from affluence to poverty, is introduced to us till we leave her on the eve of a happy marriage she holds our interest, and we try to read her history at a single sitting, in spite of its length. The book has plenty of faults, mainly those, it would seem, of inexperience; but it also shows some originality and humor, and a certain skill in character-drawing, even if the latter is marred by exaggeration. — Those who remember The Adventures of Captain Horn, and all who read the book will remember it, have reason to thank Mr. Frank Stockton that he has not left them in suspense regarding the disposition of so much of the great treasure as fell to the share of Mrs. Cliff and of the Peruvian government. Any one, we might say, could find boundless treasure ; very few would know how to spend it ; and Mr. Stockton has shown greater skill in his treatment of the

handling of her property by a plain New England countrywoman in the face of her neighbors than he did in his narrative of the first finding of the wealth. Mrs. Cliff's Yacht (Scribners) is the title of this sequel, and the wit and insight into human nature which the first part of the book shows make a happy complement to the stirring adventure which occupies the last part, when the fate of the Peruvian treasure is narrated. — Mr. Henry James is commonly reported to have met with poor success in writing for the stage. It would be easy to point out the defects of his virtues which stand in the way of actors, but no one can read attentively his story of The Other House (Macmillan) and not recognize the power which he possesses of developing a great tragic character. She would be a very great actress indeed who should develop the nature of Rose Armiger in this tale ; for Mr. James has impressed upon the reader, with subtle yet unmistakable power, the personality of this repressing yet volcanic soul. It would be hard to name a book in which the story is so under the breath as this ; the air is charged with electricity up to the very last, and then the storm bursts with a terrific momentary energy. There is a masterly word in one critical sentence which the penetrating reader goes back to with admiration at its story-telling power : "'God forgive me !' *howled* Tony." — With this novel we have a group of those briefer tales which have come, to many readers, to represent Mr. James, and to lead them to class him among the "decadents." It is the fashion nowadays to call this, that, and the other person decadent, and Mr. James has given plenty of provocation in recent years for the application of the term to him. Certainly, if a super-subtlety of theme, for which no form of expression can be too carefully wrought, constitutes decadence, the four stories well named as a whole Embarrassments (Macmillan) place Mr. James inextricably in the decadent ranks. One finds, for example, the tale of persons who would have given their quivering lives to know "the general intention" of a novelist who was caviare to the general. Again, there is the writer who strives with his might and main to write less well in order to be more popular, and succeeds only in giving an acuter pleasure to the few. Glasses, which will not have been forgotten by readers of The Atlantic, is something less intricate in its conception, though one cannot think of its having come from any mind and hand but those of Mr. James. The impression it makes is the most definitely powerful in the present volume ; yet recognizing in the "literary" heroes of two of the stories it contains a spirit very like that of Mr. James himself, one could not refrain if one would from a genuine enthusiasm for the means by which the living writer works out the very problems with which the men of his creation are concerned. Not one of them could have brought more skill to bear upon the difficult narrative of The Way it Came than Mr. James has displayed in telling it. — Fables, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) It appears that Stevenson meant one day to publish a book of fables, but Mr. Colvin, who took upon himself the responsibility of printing these, will not vouch for it that the little book which contains them is precisely what Stevenson would have made it before publication. His fame needed no aid from such a source, and, truth to tell, does not gain greatly from it ; for the collection as it stands displays an inequality of merit which one cannot believe Stevenson's mature hand would have permitted. Nevertheless, one need not be a Stevensonian to rejoice in the beauty that marks the best of these tales, of which we conceive The Touchstone to be one. The Stevensonian himself will find something of the writer on nearly every page, and any lover of Treasure Island may be thankful for The Persons of the Tale, in which John Silver and Captain Smollett smoke a pipe together after the thirty-second chapter of the book, and discuss the story-teller and his purpose. — A Puritan in Bohemia, by Margaret Sherwood. (Macmillan.) Miss Sherwood displayed her clever faculty for giving a taste of life in An Experiment in Altruism. She has attempted a similar form of fragmentary, lightly connected scenes and dialogues to set forth a very simple story, and she has succeeded better, for she has reduced the number of her figures, and has kept more distinctly before her mind the problem of her chief character. So far as the book is criticism of life and art it is clever rather than superficial, but suggests depths of feeling and belief for the reader

to sound rather than opens them to view. That is, her characters when on show do not wholly deliver themselves to the reader, but Miss Sherwood beckons him into a corner and tells him a little more. Both books have the graces and defects of amateurish work, but they give one a lively hope of favors to come.

FUN.

A Second Century of Charades, by William Bellamy. (Houghton.) Mr. Bellamy might have said, but he did not: —

> If to my First you gave your days,
> Then shall my Second have your praise;
> For if you guessed the Whole of my First,
> Quickly my Second will quench your thirst.

At any rate, the present guesser seems to have stumbled on a few comparatively easy riddles upon opening the book. One has this distinct pleasure, that Mr. Bellamy always plays fair, even when he sets his trap most delicately. — Daphne, or The Pipes of Arcadia. Three Acts of Singing Nonsense. By Marguerite Merington. (The Century Co.) A witty libretto for an opera. Gilbert's work is plainly Miss Merington's model, and she has been very clever in her scenes and dialogue; but as with Gilbert, the dramatic faculty is lacking and the plot comes to nothing. One reads it with a hearty wish that he might see the thing on the stage and hear it, when he would not have to apply literary canons too strictly. — The Golliwoggs' Bicycle Club. Pictures by Florence K. Upton; Words by Bertha Upton. (Longmans.) An extravaganza in pictures, where the figures are jointed dolls making a tour to various countries. The verse is also purposely wooden. — The evolution of Woman, by Harry Whitney McVickar. (Harpers.) A series of satirically humorous pictures in color, designed to set forth woman in all ages, with an implied contrast between the early subjection of woman and the late topsy-turviness. The parody of historical situations is often clever; but are not our funny papers funny enough? Do we need to perpetuate this fun in books?

STANDARD LITERATURE.

Since we last made mention of the Temple Shakespeare, five of the miniature volumes have appeared, the one closing the series being the Sonnets (Macmillan), which has a frontispiece from a design by Watts. This volume is the prettiest of all, for it has not the ugly head-lines used in the others; though why the editor should think it necessary to number the lines of fourteen-line poems is past finding out. The series, as we have repeatedly said, is judiciously and frugally edited, gracefully illustrated, neatly bound, and very handy for use. — The expiration of the copyright of a considerable number of Robert Browning's poems in England has led the English publishers to bring out a compact edition in two volumes, and the work is issued from the same sheets in America by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Birrell's name is given as editor, but the editorial work is unimportant, for Mr. Birrell contents himself with the briefest possible and sometimes superfluous statements regarding the writings; a synopsis even of such a poem as Pippa Passes concluding, "It is a play of much simplicity as well as rare charm." In short, the satisfaction of getting Browning's Poems in a new edition in two easily read volumes is not enhanced by any of the special qualities of Mr. Birrell's work. A good journeyman littérateur could have done as much. — Mr. Birrell is himself, delightful, incisive, saucy, and generous in the introduction which he supplies to the graceful edition in six small volumes of Boswell's Johnson. (Macmillan.) He refrains wisely from much annotation. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has done the thing once for all, but Mr. Birrell's introduction may profitably be read two or three times in place of as many pages of notes to be read once. The edition is a reissue in the main of Malone's. It is handy, has good etched frontispieces, and we hope its beauty and cheapness will bring it into the possession of that enormous number of persons who, in Mr. Birrell's words, "are capable of enjoying it to the tips of their fingers." — The Macmillans have added to their admirable edition of Standard Novels The King's Own, by Captain Marryat, illustrated by F. H. Townsend, and excellently introduced by David Hannay, who frankly concedes that this 'prentice work is rather remarkably faulty in construction, and in certain important cases conventional, not to say vague, in characterization. Yet, allowing all this, the story at times shows its author almost at his best, and gives promise of the greater things which are to

come. — The series of Thomas Hardy's novels is enriched by Under the Greenwood Tree. (Harpers.) How gladly one names over these earlier stories!

ESSAYS AND POEMS.

Mrs. Whitney has through her many books so long given generous counsel that when at last she makes deliberately Friendly Letters to Girl Friends (Houghton) one is struck with the fact that all her books of fiction are genuine expressions of a most friendly nature. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and we do not wonder that Mrs. Whitney, having so long used imaginary tones, is willing now to speak in her natural voice; and these wise, sympathetic words, reminiscential in a degree, about books, society, marriage, work, religion, are at once direct and suggestive, charged with a noble philosophy of life and mellow with a ripe experience. — The Listener is the title of a group of miniature essays by J. E. Chamberlin (Copeland & Day), devoted to airy somethings. The essays are grouped in two tidy volumes, one gathering those In the Country, the other In the Town. The touch is graceful and humorous: it is more than this, — it is distinctly humane; for whether in town or in country, Mr. Chamberlin hears in an acute fashion the voice of men, women, and children; sometimes the sound is but a distant murmur, sometimes it is a very distinct note, but always it means an insistent life; and though apparently these small tomes only skim the surface of things, they are really marked by genuine insight and sympathy. They afford agreeable reading for chinks of time. — Songs of Exile, by Herbert Bates. (Copeland & Day.) As the poet in Celia Thaxter was recognized through her Landlocked, so it must have been a poet who wrote the verses Home, in this small volume. In them Mr. Bates expresses with marked vividness and beauty a spirit which animates many of his pages, — a spirit of intense longing for the sea in one whose days of exile are passed on the prairies. In his Charter-Day Poem for the University of Nebraska, he recognizes, to be sure, the fact that the scent and sound of the Atlantic are not indispensable elements of life, and produces a poem of higher value than occasional verses often possess. Small as the book — one of the Oaten Stop Series — is, it is long enough to reveal inequalities in the writer's work; but there are enough verses of positive and distinctive merit to mark him as a singer of promising voice.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Out of the Frozen North.

Our solitary tent was pitched on the high, steep banks of Slave River. Below, the Rapids of the Drowned boomed like distant surf, and from our camp we could hear the loons laughing and see the white pelicans hovering above the whirlpools. Across the river a dark spruce forest stretched to the north and east, growing more stunted and scattered until the last gnarled stem was reached in the Great Barren Lands. A sad, lonely place it was to us young hunters, — "tenderfeet," — feeling for the first time the spell of the "Far North." Perhaps we were influenced unconsciously by the name of the rapids, commemorating, as it did, a tragic story of death there a hundred years ago.

However, we thoroughly enjoyed our camp life, and the time passed swiftly in shooting, cooking, and studying new birds. It seemed strange to hear robins and white-throated sparrows singing after ten o'clock at night; and as for the hermit thrushes, they never went to bed at all. John Burroughs has described well their serene, liquid notes: "*Oh holy! holy! Oh spheral! spheral! Oh clear away! clear away!*" Every night a fine singer chanted these words leisurely from the trees below our tent. What with the charm of his performance and the strange sunsets, we did not often keep early hours.

The latitude of Slave River is not high enough for the midnight sun, but the disk remained out of sight only a short time.

As it dipped below the northern horizon an arch of rose or gold formed above the place where it disappeared ; and soon, a little to the right, another arch appeared. This brightened as the other faded, and then it was "to-morrow," and we turned in to our beds of spruce boughs just as the first rays shot upwards.

One evening we had a visitor, a priest or "Father," returning from the south to his mission near the Arctic Sea. We plied him eagerly with questions about a land we hoped later to explore. And, sitting wrapped up in our blankets (for the night air was keen), we heard tales of bear and reindeer, of Eskimos, of famine years, and of the winter when wolves were seized with rabies, and boldly attacked men and dogs. There was one story which I will leave the Father to tell, omitting only the names of persons and places.

"In a remote post of the Fur Company a man lay dying. In former years he had lived at another post, five hundred miles farther south, and now his thoughts turned to a little mission graveyard where his wife was buried. Calling two friends — the only other white men at the post — to his bedside, he begged that his body might be taken to the distant mission and buried there. They promised ; and the man turned his face to the wall and died.

"Some time passed before it was possible for the men to leave the post, and meantime the body rested in the ever frozen soil of the muskeg. At last, in the dead of winter, with Indian servants and dogs, they started on their long journey to the south. One toboggan drawn by four dogs carried their provisions and blankets, and on another was the body of their friend, sewed up in skins and securely lashed with thongs.

"On such winter journeys it is customary to start by three or four o'clock in the morning, and to 'make camp' about two o'clock in the afternoon, while there is still light enough to gather firewood. During the day men and dogs travel on the river ice ; but the bivouac is made on the high banks, where a scanty growth of evergreens affords fuel and some shelter.

"You know that country is one of utter solitude in winter. The reindeer have gone southward, the Indians have followed them, and the fur posts have no communication with one another. They lie about three hundred miles apart, and in that distance there is not a cabin, an Indian tepee, or a trail to be seen ; only the stunted spruces and a waste of frozen snow.

"The winter was unusually severe ; fierce storms delayed the men on their journey, and their provisions were running low, the dogs having been put already on half allowance. A halt was made one evening at the foot of a steep slope. Leaving the toboggans with their burdens and the dogs below, the men climbed to the summit to select a camping-place. They were soon at work cutting wood and scraping away the snow. Suddenly from below rang out in a sharp, stern voice the word of command usually given to the Indian dogs, — '*Marche! Marche! Marche!*' Astounded, the men stared blankly into one another's eyes. What could be coming, at that time, in that wilderness? Then all sprang to their feet and ran to the edge of the bank. There was nothing to be seen but the great frozen river, the black line of forest, and the wind-driven snow ; but the dogs were cowering in a frightened group, and the wrappings of the body were torn where the starving creatures had been attacking it."

The Father paused, and, in a hush that followed, the thrush's song, "*Oh holy! holy!*" rose high and clear.

"What do you think, Father?" we both asked in a breath.

The priest smiled a non-committal smile, and, rising, pointed to the north. The sunset glow had died away. The sky above the coming sun was brightening fast. Another day had dawned above the Rapids of the Drowned.

Imagination and Courage. — How often have I heard the remark, "I should not be such a coward, were it not for my imagination"! The conclusion would seem to be that the less imagination one has, the more courage he will display. Is this conclusion a valid one?

But first let me premise : there is a kind of courage at which men always marvel, — courage wherein, the usual motive of incurring risk being absent, an individual will still face grave danger with stolidity and with the calmness akin to indifference, which is the recognized property of the veteran. This I have myself seen in a

first action, and on the part of those very far from possessing the temperamental recklessness so generally a concurrent quality in persons who face cheerfully the chances of war.

During a calamitous and, I regret to say, a rather precipitate retreat, a body of men who were making a reconnaissance had passed into a field which was skirted by a heavy rail fence. Our pursuers were not only close upon us in outnumbering security, but were also extremely well mounted. They were the dreaded Virginia cavalry of the rough-rider Stuart. Suddenly, a youth — a non-commissioned officer who had been selected for the position of sergeant-major more for his gracious mien and shapely form than on account of any record — deliberately turned back, and as deliberately put up the bars through which our men had retreated; by this action delaying our pursuers until we were in safety.

"That young fellow," remarked our colonel, "should be made an officer. He looks intelligent, and we know he 's brave. Send him to me."

In the course of the interview that followed at headquarters, I asked the young man something about his sensations while in unusual peril.

"I have n't any," he said quietly.

"How so? Surely you have had but little experience?"

"Very true, sir. But before I enlisted, the horrors of war had so familiarized themselves to my imagination that the actual scenes were a relief, they fell so far short of what I had fancied and of what I had feared."

To me, at that time, this was a new view of one of the sources of courage; yet I saw the reason for what the men, in speaking of their young comrade, called his "apathy," — an apathy which our Crimean veterans frankly envied him. The truth was, the boy's imagination — he was scarcely eighteen — had done for him that which usually requires years of frightful experience. Already he had the invincible calm of the old soldier, and all through a mental process over which, it might be, he had no control, but which, nevertheless, was an essential part of his nature.

I do not claim that my hero presented an ordinary case, or that he could readily have been duplicated in our ranks. The converse was only too frequently illustrated, for most of our soldiers found war infinitely worse than their poor imaginations had pictured it: hence were they unprepared for the confusing suddenness of the ghastly scenes through which they were to be hurried, — the delirium of fear, the awful sense of chaos and colliding forces as though worlds clashed in the meeting! To encounter all this with anything like the "equal mind" prescribed by antique valor, it is necessary to have seen it often, or to have secured the needed familiarity in some other way. This our young sergeant-major had done. He was not unlike the rower who should first practice in a heavy boat before racing in a light one. He was brave because of his imagination; veteran because of its excess. Von Moltke's blackboard taught the Prussian neophyte how France was to be conquered, how invincible zouaves and grizzled African veterans should be led to hopeless defeat. In some such fashion the teeming mind of our young soldier showed what dangers were to come and how they must be met.

I am aware that the case in point is open to this objection: that, had the youthful hero been made of weaker fibre, his imagination, instead of seasoning his sensibilities by a sort of moral vaccination, might have deterred him altogether. I would be far from maintaining that the gift of imagination alone would make a coward brave. I am not even inclined to deny that usually it will add somewhat to the burden of him who conscientiously carries a musket into battle; but I would deny that the imagination invariably is put to such ignoble use as the rank and file of carpers would have us believe. On the contrary, I am more inclined to think that so gracious a gift has in this assumption served too often as an excuse for cowardice. Surely it is fair to suppose that with the faculty which makes pictures and poems there would naturally go a pardonable pride in its possession, — a proportionate shame at the thought of proving deficient in any manly quality. Indeed, I have not hesitated, when men pleaded imagination in excuse for defective courage, to rejoin, "A fancy that can conjure up a battle might well go a step farther, and conjure up a court-martial whereby the offender should be sentenced to be shot for cowardice!"

The Idealist and her Victim.

—It has long been admitted that the Idealist is not always an agreeable addition to the domestic circle, — meaning by Idealist the woman of noble purpose, true impulses, and intense earnestness, who presses towards a mark of some high calling and would carry all her friends with her. We all have met this woman, and, if she is not a member of our own household, we have admired her. Not that her goodness is questioned by her relations, who indeed are often proud of it; but still, in the bosom of the family, one sometimes catches a sigh: "She *is* n't easy to live with!" Perhaps because her flagrant virtue suggests comparisons; perhaps because she is apt to be too truthful (who of us has not winced and withered when our family Idealist has called things by their right names?); perhaps because, generally speaking, she is indifferent to what is important to commonplace folk like the rest of us (how often her fine scorn for our cheap desires has made a materialized wish turn to ashes on our lips!).

But it is not for these things that some of us who love and revere her begin to think that she should be suppressed. No; she may not be agreeable, but we know she is "for our good," — a noble phrase, though marred by associations of youth; she "is good for us," but we protest that, in her own immediate circle, as friend or lover, she often does harm. The fact is, this particular kind of good woman finds it necessary to personify her ideal of virtue or talent in some character other than her own. There is the whole trouble. She has, in relation to the abstract, what might be called an individualizing imagination.

When her ideals, which command her passionate admiration, are embodied merely in her own character, the idealizing woman is too genuinely humble-minded to rejoice in them: hence she is forced to discover and admire them in some one else. Consequently, though she never thinks of herself more highly than she ought to think, she is likely to think of her lover or her friend without regard to facts.

In her imperative impulse to personify, love and propinquity direct her. A husband, or a lover, or a friend, always stands ready to be draped with the deep and glowing colors of her thoughts.

The Idealist begins the personifying process by desiring noble qualities for her beloved; she ends by asserting that they exist. To this belief in character she almost always adds a belief in achievement. Happily, a cold world may be trusted to tell the manikin of her morals that his pictures are bad or his books twaddle, but even a temporary belief in his own genius is apt to disturb and distort mediocrity's mental vision.

In spite, however, of an unappreciative world, the first step in the downward course along which the idealizing woman leads her Victim is full of exultation and inspiration. He is profoundly stirred to find himself and his talents believed in. Generally speaking, he takes a spurt, if one may say so, in goodness or in achievement. He throbs with nobler impulses, because he has been told he is noble; he paints better pictures, because it has been whispered that he is a great artist; he performs some fine and picturesque bit of self-sacrifice, because he has learned that he is unselfish; he assimilates other men's thoughts, and perhaps writes a book, and his inspirer tells him that he has the ear of the listening earth!

At first, it would seem that the effect of being believed in was only good for the Victim; but in reality it is a grave menace to his individuality. For, thus believed in, who of us has the courage to be true to his own baseness? Who dares to be mean, when all the world is being told that he is generous? Who dares to be outspoken in seeking the loaves and the fishes, when it has been proclaimed that he is far above such considerations? Little by little the Victim is pushed into a pose; he puts on the fine ideas, the exalted theories, the honorable impulses, with which the Idealist has furnished him, and for a sincere and glowing period he believes that they are his own. The ass is perfectly comfortable in the lion's skin, especially when his Una keeps close beside him to tell him how ferocious he appears.

But very soon — perhaps because of an unappreciative world, perhaps because of latent common sense — the Victim realizes the falsity of his position; then, as it dawns upon him that his identity is being filched from him, it is pathetic to see his struggles. He replies to the insistent and ringing as-

sertions that he is great and good by some feeble protest: "Madam and lover, I am nothing of the sort!" But mark the effect: the more he protests, the more he is believed in; she listens to the bit of dull truth, and cries out to society to admire his modesty and humility; and it comes to pass that at last the poor sinner, simpering and sighing, accepts the situation.

Now, it is bad enough to be born with merely a plain, decent nature, which acknowledges the expediency of morality and does not pick pockets; but what must be the moral effect of hearing such commonplace goodness called by some high name which is not in your spiritual lexicon, so to speak, lacking all the while the courage to cry out, "Not at all! My motive was beer and skittles; not the public good, not art for art's sake, not honor, nor holiness, nor love." First, cowardice; then, hypocrisy. For the Victim knows that he thinks the Idealist's thoughts, accepts her aspirations, acts upon her suggestions, sometimes speaks her words; and knowing this, he knows he is a sneak.

The cruelty of forcing any human creature into such a position cannot be exaggerated; and besides, it is a distinct injury to the community, in that the virtues which the Idealist would exploit are too often made foolish in the person of the fool who is exploited.

There is one thing to be said, however: this state of things has generally an end. The Victim begins to weary of the altitude upon which he has been placed. "I thought," Guinevere cries out,

> "I thought I could not breathe in that fine air,
> That pure security of perfect light;"

and many an idealized man has in his dull way made the same pathetic protest.

It is inevitable that by and by there shall come a crash; the cloven foot breaks through the veneer of virtue, and the poor Victim exults brutally in his freedom to be mean, or shallow, or cheap, or simply *himself*. Of course, this is an overwhelming calamity and pain to the Idealist, but that is of small importance; she has brought it upon herself, and deserves it. The serious thing is the lasting injury to the Victim, — a harmless, negative sort of creature in his natural state: he is lessened in his own eyes, he is humiliated and shamed; furthermore, he forever distrusts goodness greater than his own.

If only this high-minded destroyer of individuality could be brought face to face with the sober fact that every man of us has a right to work out his own salvation in his own way, — a poor way, perhaps, but his own! If only some victim would turn and say, "Thief! where is my personality? Where is my little nature, my narrow view, my commonplace motive? You have stolen them! Give me back my dullness, give me back my baseness, give me back my life, — *give me back myself!*"

The Arcadian Mixture. — We were talking, the other night, four women of us, about the feminine attitude toward man's chief darling, his pipe. We agreed that no one was ever better fitted to discuss the general bearing of the case, because we have not a grain of ethical animosity, nor even a pathological qualm. If a man choose to smoke, let him, said we. The universe is a good airy space for the rioting of individualism; and if he transgress too far, he 'll run his head against a post and learn his own lesson. But, next to his pipe, we are his chiefest friends. How does our rival affect us? We agreed that a very subtle development of chivalry lies in the question whether a man should or should not smoke in a woman's presence; that is, the sort of woman who has not yet learned to toss off her own cigarette. If she have the complaisance or the sympathy to ask him to light his cigar, that is one thing: she enjoys the satisfaction of granting a privilege; he, the delightful sense of settling down to it with a clear conscience; he has entered into an inheritance to which he is absolutely entitled. But what if he petition for it? Ay, there 's the rub. Then he rouses in her the world-old resentment against a liberty. He puts a question which can have but one answer, unless she chooses to forfeit her feminine desire to please. "Is it disagreeable?" "Not at all," she replies, no doubt with a rigid adherence to truth. But read in the form it probably assumes in her own soul, the answer would run: "Yes, smoke; take me at my word, and do it. Smoke, if you are willing. And I shall sit by, in the consciousness that you have pushed me an inch further from my possibly absurd pedestal built up through the chivalry of ages. You have

cheapened the ideal relation between us. 'What you can do, you may do in fairy-land.' Therefore smoke, and — since I am off my pedestal — be hanged to you!"

A Farce in Little.

— In this present year of grace, four people who love literature were hearing the chimes at midnight in a little apartment off the Strand, and talking about old books. Old wine and old friends had no shadow of a chance. Volume after precious volume had been brought forth, handled reverently, and set up for the worship of the eyes. The three guests had no reason to hate the master of the house save for his extreme riches; but hate him they did, what time they were not praying to find themselves his residuary legatees. For only bibliomania induces in brother bibliomaniacs the thirst for blood. There was the little book of Christina Rossetti's verse printed in her girlhood; there were Stevenson's manuscripts richly bound; there were autograph copies from Browning, Meredith, and the other giants. It was a literary Olympus here on earth. And then suddenly, without preamble, the curtain went up on a little farce. The host came forward bearing a dingy volume; from his mien, it might have been the crown of three kingdoms. "Here," said he, "is the apex of my achievement, — The Compleat Angler, of 1653."

The brow of one guest, who had at home a collection inferior only to this, clouded over. "That recalls," he said, "the great tragedy of my book-collecting career. I had a Compleat Angler, this adorable first edition, and somebody borrowed it. Curious as it may seem, I can never remember who. I was just coming down with influenza, and my head was of no more use than a cork tossing at sea. I know that five or six people called, one day, and that they looked over my books at their own sweet will. When I got well, I remembered having loaned my Angler. But to whom? I never found out. And he never returned it."

"Serves you right for lending it," growled the Ursa Major of collectors, he who keeps his own treasures under lock and key.

"Yes; but I was n't myself! And when we are not ourselves, we 're some other man; and then we get changed back, and have to bear the consequence of his misdeeds."

Meanwhile, the host, who had been rummaging on laden shelves, returned with more grapes from Eshcol. "By the way," one guest greeted him, "how did you come upon your Angler?"

His eyes lighted with that joy which is not of earth, but only of the market of first editions. "I got it through a hellish plot," said he. "It belonged to an acquaintance who knew no more about books than I of Hecuba. But he owned the Angler; and though he was entirely ignorant of its significance, he had a terrible bump of acquisitiveness, and I knew that if he should once be made to recognize his treasure he would cling to it for dear life. I found it, one evening, in his library. You never saw me swoon? I came near it then. 'Queer old book,' I said. 'Interesting?' 'I fancy not,' he answered. 'Never read it.' 'What did you buy it for?' 'I did n't. I borrowed it, so long ago that I don't remember where.' Well, gentlemen, *I* borrowed that book. I borrowed it with a volume of Hugh Miller, and one of Marie Corelli, and Tupper's Poems, and five or six more. I had to call a cab to take them home. And when I returned the others, *I kept the Angler*. More than that, I swore an oath, by oak, ash, and thorn, never to return it unless he asked for it. And he never did. In a month he died. He" — The narrator's cheek paled. His voice faltered. A thought had struck him, as it had all the others. Like an incoming wave, it knocked them off their feet. But no one spoke.

The supper was at that moment brought in, and suspicion temporarily lulled in 'alf-and-'alf. But when the three guests were outside the door, the one who had been bereft of his Angler turned fiercely to the other two. "All that remains for me," he said, "is to go over the list of my friends or acquaintances who died after I had influenza. I will never ask a syllable of that harpy in there. *For he 's got my Angler!*"

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DEMOCRATIC TENDENCIES.

I.

FORMER DEMOCRACIES.

I HAVE thought it necessary, at the risk of being tedious, to preface what I am about to say concerning democracy by a brief account of the earlier efforts to establish it. I do this to avoid the notion, which is only too prevalent, that we are in this age attempting something new in the art of government, when the fact is that we are continuing a very old experiment under widely changed conditions. Human nature remains the constant element in our problem, but it is now surrounded with a great variety of novel agencies, to which we are slowly and painfully trying to adapt ourselves.

There is probably no political question which has been more debated than the origin of society, — what it was that in the beginning brought large bodies of men together under one government. There is probably no subject more obscure. When it began to be looked into after the Renaissance, the view of Aristotle, that society had grown naturally, was the one generally adopted. Government was the product of the nature of man as a gregarious or political animal, as he calls him. Men loved to live in a herd, and in order to live comfortably in a herd, regulations were necessary; and as soon as speech came, these regulations became governments, but they were not at the outset really what we call government. They were, more properly, customs. There is nothing more wonderful or incredible in these than in the customs of the bees or of the ants. These animals have certain ways of acting under certain circumstances, which must be considered, as long as we deny them intellect, a true government. That is, a certain course of conduct is imposed on them by some power or influence superior to the individual will. Whether this power be instinct or custom makes little difference. It constitutes an orderly way of living in society. The essential thing in any government is that it should make living in society easy and secure, while living alone is insecure and disagreeable. The prevalence of the belief among individuals that things must be done in a certain way, and not in others, and that unless things are done in a certain way, and not in others, unpleasant results will follow, means organized society; and it makes no difference from what source the unpleasantness of these results may emanate. As soon as this power or influence takes hold of men, and a number of them agree in submitting to it, government of some kind is instituted.

Of the origin of custom we know little, although there has been a great deal of speculation about it, too. But it is almost certain that every custom originated either in a common sense of the convenience of some practice, or in a gradually formed common belief in its efficacy as a protection against known ills. So it may be alleged with toler-

able positiveness that the practice of being bound by certain customs was in the beginning a natural product of men's gregariousness.

A great deal, also, has been written about the origin of law. In the beginning of this century Austin made some impression by the definition of law as a command promulgated by an official superior; that is, that there must be a government, in our sense of the word, before there is law, and that even custom does not become law until it has received the sanction or affirmation of this political superior, or of its courts or judges. But, as has been pointed out by Maine and Holland and Pollock, the courts decide what customs are binding and what are not, showing that a custom may be a law before the political superior takes any notice of it. In fact, it is now generally recognized, as Maine suggests, that law begins in custom or religion; that law is the product either of custom or of belief. As far as we can go back into the mists of time we find men living under the domain of custom. We find them doing some things and avoiding others, simply because their fathers before them have done them or have avoided them. We find this long before we can catch sight of any political authority whatever. Even to-day, according to Mr. Lumholst, there are Australian savages who have no political or social superiors, and whom nobody commands. But they have rules of living. Superiority of physical strength seems to lead, in process of time, to the predominance of one man, which finally brings with it moral influence. But political authority, apparently, does not come for a good while. Among American Indians, the chief is not always a political superior. He leads in a war party those who choose to follow him from confidence in his ability, but when the expedition is over he becomes simply a distinguished man, whose advice is valuable and whose prowess is great. What holds the tribe together is a collection of customs which fix the date and character of its doings, and which none dares to disobey. Not unnaturally, when a chief of more than ordinary force and character is able, in a more advanced state of society, to convert this influence into positive rule, — that is, to make himself a Homeric or Roman "king," and perhaps a hereditary king, — to become a real political chief, and to give his family a semi-sacred character in the popular eyes, we have the foundation of a state.

But we meet with no sign in antiquity of the conscious foundation of a state by agreement. In all that we see or know of the foundations of society, we find no trace of conscious organization. Certain arrangements grow out of existing conditions. They are not made, and they differ infinitely as the previous circumstances differ. So that the Aristotelian view appears to have been founded on all that was known or could be learnt of the early history of mankind. The contract theory represented society as we see it, as having been founded by discussion between rulers and people, and the formation by mutual agreement of rules by which the government was to be carried on. This was, in the seventeenth century, the chief weapon of the friends of constitutional liberty against the absolutists. Sir Robert Filmer, on behalf of the absolutists, founded the monarch's claim to rule on the paternal character of Adam. As Adam ruled all that then existed of the human race in virtue of his fathership, so the kings ruled his descendants as his successors in virtue of their fathership. Grotius went halfway towards this theory by founding the monarch's title, not on a contract with the governed, but on the consent of the governed. They gave themselves to the monarch without conditions. Hobbes held that men formed society through fear of each other: each, being afraid the others would kill or rob him, thought it best for safety to enter into an alli-

ance with somebody, and thus tribes, and finally societies, grew up. But all agreed that in the original state of nature men lived as individuals, without relations with other men. Grotius made his theory support the existing condition of things on the continent of Europe. Sir Robert Filmer used his to defend the cause of King James, and Hobbes his to exalt the power of "the state," or "Leviathan," in behalf of King Charles. Hooker, as a moralist, used his theory to inculcate the duty and advantages of mutual love and assistance, whatever the form of government might be. Locke held to the contract theory on behalf of King William; but the only government he could have known to result, as Hooker says, from "the deliberate advice, consultation, and composition between men," was that of the New England colonies, and more particularly that of Plymouth. What happened in "the state of nature," though described by nearly all these writers with minuteness, is pure guesswork.

Although Locke and Hooker described a free commonwealth or a "perfect democracy" with tolerable accuracy as the "majority making laws for the community from time to time, and executing those laws by officers of their own appointment," we really get no glimpses of a "people" as we understand the word in the modern world. A people, in the political sense, has to be not simply a collection of individuals or families living in a certain region in a certain way, and making common cause against enemies, but a body conscious of its own existence as a political organism, and of the existence of certain duties of individuals to one another without blood relationship, and of rights of its own, and of control over its own affairs as a whole, and of the power to dispose of itself as a whole. When this self-consciousness first arose we do not know. We find all writers on government down to the French Revolution treating the states of antiquity, and especially the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, as illustrations or proofs of their theories. What was right politically was generally found in the Bible; what was wise or admirable was generally found in Plutarch's Lives or in Livy. Indeed, it may be said that before Montesquieu there was no political speculation worth serious attention. He was the first since Aristotle to base his theories on the nature of man, and to some extent on the experience of existing states. As he says in his preface, "I have not drawn my principles from my prejudices, but from the nature of things." He was, in fact, the first to consider the effects of character on government, and to look on government as modifying character. But he continued, like his predecessors, to find most of his illustrations in antiquity. This gave much of the writing on politics of the pre-Revolutionary period an academic air. Even Rousseau and Voltaire and the Encyclopædists seemed to be making literature rather than exerting an influence on government. It was not until the Revolution had sought to embody these speculations in practice that democracy, or the rule of the people, came out of the closets of the philosophers, either as a beneficent force or as a new kind of danger, and that discussions about government took on an air of real business. The Revolution sought to embody the speculations of the philosophers in practice, not so much because it fancied their theories as because the nation was miserable. Had the French people been happy and prosperous or well governed, the probabilities are that we should have heard little or nothing of the influence of the writers.

There is no doubt that the pre-Revolutionary writers were in the right way in relying on Greece and Rome for their illustrations. Up to that time the modern world, if we except England, had contributed little or nothing to the science of government. Certain customary

bodies had grown up, such as the States-General in France and the House of Commons in England, which kept alive the theory that the people had something to do with the management of their own affairs. But as a rule government was in all countries a congeries of customs, maxims, or proverbs, literally without form and inexplicable, for which little could be said except that they had grown up, and that people were used to them and liked them. Symmetry was the last thing they sought. The ignorance and barbarism of the Middle Ages lingered in the laws and governmental arrangements of every European country. To get an idea of the orderly growth of states, as the result of manners, circumstances, and religion, readers have to go back to Greece and Rome.

Greece and Rome are, in truth, our political ancestors. From them have come to us, through some process of descent, the idea of nearly all our political arrangements. The habit of taking counsel together is a natural result of man's gregariousness. But the practice of persuasion by discussion, and decision by a majority after a hearing, is Greek. The use of checks in the exercise of authority by law, and indeed the habit of trying experiments in politics, are Greek and Roman. The Greeks and Romans were the first we know of to make special machinery of government, to see how it would work, and to change it deliberately if it was unsuitable. The Greeks may be said to have been the founders of what is called "diplomacy;" that is, of the art of conducting negotiations and transacting business through argument between equal states. The Romans set us the example of basing political arrangements on manners and religion. They took the family as their political model, and created the political father called the "king," or leader; but they kept in mind that as there were many fathers, there must be discussion and agreement. They were the first, too, to embody in their polity a full recognition of the value of experience and deliberation by creating a body of seniors, or older men, called the "Senate." The early Roman Senate was composed simply of older men. To compose it mainly of distinguished public servants was the idea of a much later period.

In fact, what strikes one most, in reading the history of either ancient Greece or Rome, is its political activity, the incessantness with which the people sought after better ways of living in society. Greece was, for this purpose, somewhat in our position; that is, it was made up of a number of small states, in which constant experimentation in politics was going on, within limits set by a certain number of Hellenic customs which roughly corresponded to our Federal Constitution. Every one of the small states tried something new, — monarchy, democracy, or aristocracy, military or peaceful habits, — and accepted or rejected it after trial. What is in our eyes most singular in these trials is the part distinguished men played in them. In nothing political do we differ more from the ancient world than in the disappearance from among us of the "lawgiver," Moses, Solon, Lycurgus, Minos, — the single statesman to whom the people commit the construction of a social and political régime by which they agree to live, or at least to try to live. We can hardly conceive of a state of mind in which we should be willing to leave to one man, however revered, the construction of a plan of life both civil and political, — sometimes, as in the case of Sparta, of great severity, — and then accept it, without question, for an indefinite period. According to Plutarch, the Spartans lived for five hundred years under laws of extraordinary rigidity contrived by Lycurgus. Solon at Athens, too, appears to have had no difficulty in enforcing the *seisachtheia*, or general release of debtors, in order to make way for his code of laws, and Moses, or some

one of somewhat similar authority, supplied the Hebrews with a moral code of the most enduring character. It is to be observed, however, that the lawgiver always acted with the aid of religion. He was always supposed to have God or his oracles behind him; that is, he had to be in some sense divinely appointed. There is more or less uncertainty about the exact nature of the kind of legislation which each provided, but no matter how mythical his character or doings might be, the mere conception of the lawgiver indicates a readiness to defer to individual wisdom, which has long departed from the world, — the most remarkable feature of ancient politics.

But what was really almost as striking was the capacity for general political progress of the communities which sprang up in the numerous islands and valleys of Greece, and of the various villages of shepherds and husbandmen who founded Rome. We can hardly imagine similar communities in our day doing more than live by a small set of customs, tending their flocks, cultivating their small farms, and only too happy to walk quietly and unostentatiously in their ancient ways. The Greeks and Romans, on the contrary, were remarkable for continuous search after better ways. The village on the Palatine grew into an empire through a series of experiments in war and peace. There were constant changes in the structure of the government from Romulus down to Augustus, to meet some existing ill. In like manner, every little community in Greece was occupied in steady pursuit of a better régime than that which it had. As a rule, each was a little democracy, engaged more or less frequently in resisting the attempts of rich men to set up either a monarchy or an aristocracy. These attempts were often successful for a time, but never permanently successful. Down to the end, in spite of their early respect for family, the Greeks appear to have remained thoroughly democratic in their ideas and manners. But the rich class were rarely content with the existing state of things, always felt they could do better if they had their way, and were as purely selfish as aristocracies are apt to be. They were convinced that the most important interest of the state was that they, not the many, should be happy and content. Aristotle furnishes several illustrations of this, the most remarkable being the oath which he says was taken by some of the oligarchies: "I will be evil-minded towards the people, and bring on them by my counsel whatever mischief I can."

In Aristotle's Politics, in fact, may be found the best thought of the ancient world about politics, and, in general, about life in an organized state. It is somewhat startling to see how small is the advance we have made on his ideas. That the great end of men in society should be, not simply to live, but to live well; that a free state should be composed of freemen; that a state in which the good of the rulers is sought rather than that of the many is not a free state; that private property is essential; that no man is a citizen who does not share in the government; that a good citizen and a good man are synonymous terms; that no man should be judge in his own cause; that government should be adapted to the mental and moral condition of the governed; that every class in a state, if it gets possession of the government, is apt to seek its own advantage exclusively, — these are principles which have not been improved upon, and lie at the basis of all modern political constitutions.

The only matters on which we should be disposed, in modern life, to dissent from Aristotle are the judiciary and slavery. Judges, he thinks, in a democracy, should be numerous and elective, and he recognizes slavery as ordained by nature. But his description of the internal dangers of a state, of the different kinds of government which have

been tried, of the objections to each, and of the things necessary to the successful practice of either monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, has hardly been surpassed in our day, even with our vastly longer experience. In fact, it is rather humiliating to see how few are the advances we have made in the art of government as he describes it, in spite of our twenty-five hundred years of longer familiarity with its difficulties. From him we get the Greek idea of citizenship without qualification; that is, government by universal suffrage, without regard to rank or property. But this has to be received with some allowance, owing to the existence of slavery. In every Greek republic the laboring class were slaves and were excluded from all share in the government, so that we cannot say that any one state made the experiment of democracy in the sense in which we understand it. Even in the successful democracies, the voters or citizens were, in a certain degree, an oligarchy, were possessed of property and independence, and had ample time to occupy themselves with politics and to go to the assemblies, or, as we say, "to attend to their political duties."

This points to other important differences between our idea of democracy and that of the ancients. With Aristotle, smallness was an essential condition of democracy. It was considered desirable that no democracy should be so large that all the citizens could not attend the general assembly and take a personal part in legislating and judging; also, that all citizens should be in some measure known to one another and to the magistrates. As the representative system had not been invented, our plan of committing the work of government to a class, while the rest of the population give the bulk of their time to some sort of bread-earning, was not known to the ancients as democracy. Such a state of things was not in their eyes a democracy, but an oligarchy or a monarchy. The personal participation of the citizen in all deliberations was essential. To secure this, as democracies grew larger, and the poor found presence at the meetings of the assembly a hardship, they were paid a small sum for their attendance, like our jurymen. Moreover, for the same reasons, every democracy was supposed to consist of a city simply, with all citizens living within easy reach of the agora or forum. Strangers and sojourners and slaves, however numerous, were excluded from citizenship, so that at Athens and Rome, in the later days, the real citizens were in a small minority, constituting what the French call the *pays légal;* that is, the city or country recognized by or known to the law. This presence of a body of persons sharing the life and interests of the place, but not allowed to share in its government, was transmitted to the modern world, and became a feature in all the municipalities of the Middle Ages, and even of the democratic cantons of Switzerland. The citizens or burgesses owned the state or city as property, and transmitted it to their children. They gave nothing to the non-citizens but permission to reside and protection. The idea that mere birth and residence ought to give citizenship gained ground only after the French Revolution, and was really not received in England until the reform of the municipalities in 1832. The old confinement of the citizenship to a small body of property-holders, or descendants of property-holders, undoubtedly gave the property qualification to such of the modern European states as set up an elected legislature or council. Down to the passage of the Reform Bill in England, the exclusion of all but freeholders from the franchise seemed a perfectly natural arrangement. It was very difficult for most Englishmen, and the same thing is true of the earlier Americans, to suppose that any one could take a genuine interest in the welfare of the country, or be willing to make sacrifices for its

sake, who did not own land in it. The central idea of the ancient city was in this way made to cover the larger area of a modern kingdom.

This idea of citizenship, too, accounts in some measure for the important place assigned in the Greek system to the "demagogue." Not only the name, but the picture of the demagogue comes to us from antiquity. He is literally a man who exerts great influence over the people, it may be for good as well as for bad purposes. We use the word in a bad sense, but originally the sense was not always bad. The demagogue was distinctly the product of oratory. It was oratory at Athens, for instance, which is said to have created him; and of course, to give weight to oratory, the body to be influenced must be small. To employ the common expression of our orators, those whom he addresses must be "within the sound of his voice." In the absence of a periodical press this was essential. The people must have been a body which a man could address even in the open air. His distinguishing trait, however, as Aristotle describes him, was his correspondence to the flatterer or courtier of the monarch or tyrant. He always extolled the wisdom and other good qualities of the people, and claimed in virtue of this wisdom very great powers for it. He was the great enemy of checks and balances. Aristotle describes one sort of democratic government as "allowing the people, not the law, to be supreme." "And this takes place," he says, "when everything is determined by a majority of voters, and not by a law, — a thing which happens by reason of the demagogues." They might, in fact, be described as the great champions, on every occasion, of government by simple majority, a characteristic which they possess in our day. Most demagogues maintain the wisdom of the people, not generally, but with regard to the particular matter under consideration; this wisdom is superior to all experience, to all checks imposed by antecedent laws or constitutions, and even to the moral ideas of any preceding generation. Their audience is always treated as either omnipotent or allwise within the sphere of legislation, and as much wronged by the restriction of its powers by any outward influence.

It is the remembrance of this fact which has led, in modern times, to the adoption of constitutions changeable only at fixed times or in a prescribed way. The main object of them all is to put restrictions on the power of the majority vote, which vote is an object of great dread to nearly all political philosophers in our day. On the other hand, the object of nearly all demagogues, as they are called, is to establish this power. This has perhaps never been more remarkably illustrated than by the recent presidential canvass in this country. All, or nearly all, Mr. Bryan's adherents wished, with regard to the currency and various other matters, to disregard the experience of the race and of the rest of the world, and to treat the wishes of the majority as sufficient to determine finally the action which the nation ought to take. The caution due to the fear of external resistance, which in previous democracies has generally been operative, was notably absent, owing to the unprecedented size of the democracy. The demagogues said that we were so large and powerful that we could do what we pleased. No ancient democracy was able to say this or think it. It always had neighbors of nearly equal strength, whose enmity was to be feared or whose good will had to be courted. What other neighboring states thought, or would be likely to think, of most measures under discussion was generally a consideration of more or less weight. Then, the possibility of emigration on the part of any class or set of men whom legislation might oppress or discriminate against had to be taken into account. The ancient

world along the shores of the Mediterranean was constantly agitated by movements of discontented people in search of new homes. Seneca's explanation of the causes of the foundation of colonies would apply almost exactly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It would apply even to the emigration of this century, — with this difference, however: that the ancient colonists never went very far away, but settled in what might be called Greek or Roman regions, while ours, as a rule, have planted themselves in the wilderness, where the work of civilization had to be begun from the very foundations. The Swiss, from the earliest times, enjoyed this advantage of having powerful neighbors, whose presence exerted a more or less moderating influence on all democratic schemes or enterprises. Even their extraordinary military success in the sixteenth century did not rid them of the fear of foreign critics.

In all ancient democracies, including early Rome under this term, the internal history is generally an account of contests between the poor and the rich; meaning by "poor" persons who are not rich, — not the extremely poor. An oligarchy always consists of rich men; a democracy, of what may be called people of moderate means. For the most part, the rich seem never to be thoroughly content with the rule of the many, and long to rid themselves of it. Nor do they share the democratic or Aristotelian idea of the state as a community of freemen. They think themselves entitled to rule, and think their contentment the chief object of the state. There consequently prevailed between them and the masses a somewhat fierce animosity. When a revolution took place in a Greek state, it was generally either a rising against an oligarchy of rich men, or else an attempt on the part of rich men to overthrow democratic government: hence the attempts of the lawgiver to enforce equality in living, so as to prevent the rich man from making, in his mode of life, any outward display of his wealth. In Sparta Lycurgus went so far as to make all eat at the same table. But the idea of the sacredness of property, as we hold it, can hardly be said to have existed in the ancient communities. Dispossessions, confiscations, redistributions, were not uncommon. The power of the lender over the borrower's person was from the earliest times, both in Greece and in Rome, very great, and kept alive the discontent of the poor, making it extremely important for the rich man everywhere to get and keep possession of the government. It was only by getting hold of the administration of the law that he could feel absolutely secure.

To understand this more completely, we have to bear in mind that there is no record of a poor aristocracy having long retained possession of any state. In spite of the definition of the word which makes aristocrats the best men in the community, all attempts to maintain an aristocracy very long in power without wealth have proved failures. A poor nobility, even when it has a court and a standing army to support it, is never well able to justify itself in the popular eye. The people expect a powerful man to live with a certain ostentation. He has to have very commanding talents or to render great services, in order to live simply, without loss of political prestige. Consequently, notwithstanding what long and illustrious descent might do for a man, the Greek definition of oligarchy or aristocracy as rich men was not far wrong. There is something a little ridiculous about the poor nobleman, and he has been in all ages extensively caricatured, and his pretensions to eminence have been mocked at.

When, in the beginning of this century, the result of the French Revolution had discredited democracy as a cure for modern ills, there naturally and speedily arose among the champions of aristo-

cracy a desire to discredit ancient democracy also as an example for the modern world, and modern writers speedily took sides between the Greek rich and the Greek poor. More particularly, a history of Greece written by Mr. Mitford, and published in 1810, seemed to have for its special object to show the failure of Athenian democracy, and to warn the modern advocates of popular government of the danger of their theories. He was apparently producing a good deal of effect, and was having his own way, when George Grote, then a young man, appeared on the scene with an article criticising him (in the Westminster Review of April, 1826) that excited a sensation which we in later days find it difficult to understand. He overwhelmed the historian with Greek learning, — with his minute knowledge of all that could be known concerning Greek manners, ideas, history, geography, and literature. The article was not very long, but it was conclusive, and after its appearance Mitford ceased to have authority. But in spite of Thirlwall's more impartial view and of Grote's own vindication of Greek popular government in his history, Athens continued to be, in the eyes of many conservatives, an example of the dangers of a government of the majority, until a comparatively recent period. Democracy had certainly to contend with powerful illustrations of the superiority of the government of the few in the matter of continuity of policy, to be found in the history of states like Venice, Berne, and Geneva, where public affairs were administered with apparent success for centuries by a minority of patricians. All these fell, not directly through their own weakness so much as through the French Revolution, which may be said to have swept them away by force. But in any case they could not have survived the gradual growth of cheap literature. The success of aristocratic policy everywhere is due, in large part, to the possibility of secrecy, and to the possibility of administering through few counselors and without much discussion. The existence and expression of such a thing as "public opinion" — that is, the opinion of a great number of people, most of them ill informed as to the matter in hand — are fatal to it. The boldness which has always been one of the marks of aristocratic government is, in fact, due largely to the belief that it knows exactly how the few feel whose feeling about any matter is of importance. If the multitude had to be consulted, this boldness would be impossible, owing to uncertainty as to what the final tribunal would think. Consequently, the rise of the newspaper press — furnishing to every man the materials for an opinion of some sort about public affairs, and the opportunity to say something about them, whether well or ill judged — had naturally a paralyzing effect on aristocratic policy, and would have led to the downfall of aristocratic states even if the French Revolution had never occurred. The contentment with material conditions, such as the careful administration of the finances and of justice, and the general security that were characteristics of a government like that of Berne, would have disappeared rapidly before the popular desire to share in the government. This would have been the inevitable result of popular knowledge of what authority was doing which the cheap press brought with it. When every man in the state knew, or thought he knew, what ought to be done, the period of government by small trained minorities had passed away.

But as I have said, independently of this influence of the printing-press, the eighteenth century closed with the revelation of great aristocratic failures all over Europe. The states which Napoleon overthrew were all administered by a few men of aristocratic birth with but indifferent success. The break-down of their régime in France was made notorious by the terrible way in which popular

discontent found expression. But in nearly every country on the Continent, outside Switzerland, privilege reigned supreme, with harsh, even contemptuous treatment of the poor, and with little or no economy in the administration of the finances, except for military purposes. Indeed, in every state on the Continent the government may be said to have failed, even as an instrument for carrying on war with its neighbors. All its political arrangements seem to have been made simply for the purpose of enabling a small class to enjoy themselves, and to indulge in their favorite amusement of commanding armies.

In the discussion which arose out of the great uprising at the end of the century, therefore, there was little or nothing to be said for the old régime. The most was made of the excesses of the Revolution, but no defense was possible of what the Revolution overturned. It was not surprising, then, that the supporters of the old régime should turn to Athens for examples of what the popular movement was likely to lead to if the world chose to abandon its ancient ways. What this abandonment would mean it is difficult for us to conceive now, in an age when birth has lost its prestige, and the distinction between the *manant* and the nobleman has become almost diverting. The only places in which it survives with any power are Austria and Germany, particularly Austria, in which the noble class, or class with a "sixteen quarterings," still lives apart, and monopolizes many of the offices of state and much of the command of the army, as it did in France before the Revolution. There was a time when this state of things seemed natural and proper, and the noble class has not in any country changed its mind about its own importance to the state. The change has come among the people at large.

Nearly everywhere, however, even in as democratic states as ours, aristocracy leaves traditions which are strong enough to make the rich desire to inherit them. All over the modern world the desire to belong to a class apart, with other needs than those of the masses, and with claims to consideration not possessed by the not-rich, the tendency to consider themselves in some way superior to the rest of the community, is one of the marks of the wealthy. And this claim on the part of the rich to be the heirs of the old aristocracy, and to possess the same social though perhaps not the same political value, constitutes one of the dangers of the time. Everywhere the rich man seeks in some way, generally by marriage, to ally himself with the old aristocracy and be absorbed into it, and he demands whatever social deference used to be accorded to birth. Tocqueville makes some gentle fun of the American's disposition to trace his descent from a noble family of the same name in England; and the tendency of well-to-do Americans to ally themselves, immediately on landing in Europe, with the old order of nobility is described by Laboulaye in the pleasantry, "Un Yankee à Paris se croit né gentilhomme."

II.

EQUALITY.

The event, however, which first gave the idea of democracy a recognized place in the modern world was the embodiment of the American Declaration of Independence in political revolution. There has been a great deal of discussion as to the origin of the doctrine of the equality of men which it proclaims, and it is a point of some interest for the political philosopher, as Sir Henry Maine has shown. But its history as a political dogma is not really important, because it must have been in the air all over modern Europe after the spread of Christianity. It was impossible to teach Christianity to any man without leading him to think himself as good as anybody.

The great importance which the Christian religion attaches to the future of the soul, and its bold affirmation of the equality of souls after death, must have led even slaves, in the earlier ages, to put themselves secretly on the same plane, before the Creator, with kings and senators and noblemen. Macaulay's florid description of the Puritan's attitude towards "kings and priests" fairly represented, doubtless, the state of mind of thousands, if not of millions, for centuries. What was wanting was the physical power to procure recognition of the doctrine from the state, so dominating was the influence of prescription, tradition, and custom. So that there is every likelihood that its production by a community in arms, no matter for what reason, was simply the expression of a thought which was already popular in the sense of being widely held.

That it had at that time the signification which we are now so apt to attach to it — not only that all men are born equal, but that for public purposes one man's opinion is as good as that of any other man, and that there is as much reason for consulting him regarding common affairs as any other man — is not probable. The state of the world in the eighteenth century warrants the belief that what men meant by equality at that time was equality of burdens, the abolition of all exemptions from the common liabilities and of all privileges in running the race of life. This was really the kind of equality of which both the American and the French Revolution were the expression in the beginning. I conclude this from the readiness in both, at the outset, to follow and obey the lead of men of mark; the recognition of the wider range of experience which education and property give a man, or may give him, and his generally greater fitness to lead in politics, which prevailed at that time. This was a characteristic, in particular, of the American Revolution. It was conducted largely with loyal support from the masses, under the direction of men of some social distinction. The class of "notables" seems to have held its place in the community, undisturbed by political events. The English tradition that a prominent social station entitles a man to some sort of political leadership, or at all events to high office, does not seem to have been really broken down, or even to have been strongly assailed, until Andrew Jackson's time, when the doctrine of equality took on a new form, and found for the first time full expression in our politics.

Equality, as every one acknowledges, is the foundation of democracy. It means democracy when it gets itself embodied in law. When all are equal, there is no reason why all should not rule. But the equality of the French in 1792, when the revolutionary government was established, was something different from the equality of 1789. In 1789 the equality which was asked for was, in the main, simply an equality of rights and burdens between the nobility and the *tiers état*. Equality, as Montesquieu uses the term, means simply love, not of one's order, but of one's country, and as such he made it the equivalent of democracy. Democracy, he says, *is* equality. But the word "equality" for him evidently had no social signification. It meant rather equality of service to the country: that every one was held to the same amount of public duty, according to his means, and that every one was entitled to the same opportunities of taking part in the government. That being born of particular parents made any one essentially of better quality than anybody else, that if one hundred babies of different conditions were brought up in the same manner the sons of noblemen or gentlemen among them would show their superiority to the others in their character, was a doctrine which, after the Middle Ages, was probably never fully accepted even by the most ardent believers in heredity. Every

generation was witness of the breakdown, if I may use the expression, of the principle of heredity. That is to say, a large number of noble or gentle families in every generation lost their position or property, because the founder did not transmit his qualities of mind or character to his descendants. The folly or extravagance or imprudence which led to this social *déchéance* was generally due to marked departures in intellect or morals from the original type. The believers in heredity were misled by the analogy of the breeding of animals. Horses transmitted speed and bottom, birds peculiar appearance, with extraordinary certainty. Therefore, it was concluded, a man was likely to have his father's wisdom or foresight or mental strength. But his descendants rarely inherit from a father more than one or two mental peculiarities, valuable when united with other things, but, standing alone, of little use in the battle of life, — a fact which may be verified anywhere by observing the families of distinguished men. A man eminent in politics, or law, or medicine, or commerce, or finance, or war, is seldom succeeded by a son who recalls the *ensemble* of qualities which have secured the father's success, although he may have one or two of his characteristics. Heredity obtained its stronghold in the popular imagination in the Middle Ages, owing to the fact that the son was in possession of the father's power when he died, and that in a rude age, when things were mainly decided by fighting, it offered the readiest means of settling peaceably questions of succession. But as soon as the question of the right of a class to rule in virtue of heredity became a subject of discussion, heredity broke down. It was a custom which was valuable in the time of its origin, but, like most customs, found it impossible to justify itself by any better argument than that, under some circumstances, it had produced good results.

But in America, from the settlement of the colonies, the English doctrine that distinction should serve in place of heredity seems to have held its place in the popular imagination. The founding of colonies, the making of conquests, the growth of trade and commerce, and the early practice of admitting able lawyers to the House of Lords had familiarized Englishmen with the idea of a man's making his fortune by some sort of adventure, no matter what his origin. The peers, too, sapped their own power unconsciously by making legislators of young men of promise, no matter of what extraction, and giving them seats in the House of Commons. The result was that the association, in the English mind, of men of mark of some kind with office-holding and the work of government took deep root after the revolution of 1640, and was transferred to America. It was generally leading men of prominence and character who were made governors and judges, and were sent to the legislature and to Washington. The Revolution was carried through, and the Constitution formed and its adoption brought about, by men of this kind. The idea of an obscure man, of a man who was not lifted above the crowd in some way, being fit for the transaction of public affairs was still unfamiliar. All the members of the Constitutional Convention were men of some local note, and so were the earlier administrators of the new government.

This, too, down to that period, had been the strongest tradition of all previous democracies. All democracies, both ancient and modern, had made a practice of electing to office, not always their best men, but their most prominent men. In none of them had a man who was not in some way raised above the mass of his fellow citizens — who had not succeeded in life, in short — much chance of filling a high or an important place. This was eminently true of Greece and Rome and Switzerland. In a small state, where everybody knows everybody well,

and where elections and other public affairs are transacted in the market-place, within sound of an orator's voice, this is not difficult. Office-seekers are in a measure compelled to be eloquent or distinguished for something. An obscure man, or a man whose character bears serious blemishes of some kind, will hardly dare to ask the confidence of the citizens in his fitness for great duties. The composition of the Roman Senate, which from the beginning consisted of notables who had in some manner rendered the state marked service, and the selection for which the people for centuries committed to a magistrate, showed better than almost anything else the desire of the ancient democracies to avail themselves of their best talent. What they seem to have insisted on above all things, in the management of the state, was, not the right of filling offices with anybody they pleased, but the right of filling them with their most competent men. It may be said that this was not so great a mark of wisdom as appears, because every ancient democracy was in a position of some danger. It was continually exposed to war and subjugation by some stronger neighbor, and the penalty of defeat in those days was tremendous. The vanquished were killed or sold into slavery, and their women were appropriated by the conquerors. So that the cultivation and recognition of ability were conditions of existence. In the case of Rome this necessity was even stronger than elsewhere, for she entered on a career of conquest from the very beginning, and this called for the filling of the Senate, which decided what was to be conquered and selected generals for the work, with the ablest men in the state.

In nothing does modern democracy differ so much from the ancient democracy as in this indifference to distinction, owing in a large degree to the size of the two communities which fully practice it, and to the great preponderance of the less instructed class in the elections. The Greek democracy, and in a less degree that of Rome, were composed of a selected body the principal occupation of which was politics, and it was brought in almost daily contact with the leading men of the community, and was consulted by them in the forum concerning both war and peace. We can hardly imagine a better education than this, touching the management of affairs and the qualities which it requires. The consequence was that the people were daily engaged in forming judgments as to the capacity of men with whom they were familiar, and the men were daily engaged in giving *viva voce* reasons for their advice, or explaining and defending their conduct, or setting forth their own claims to an office. Our democracies, on the other hand, are composed of vast bodies of men who have but small acquaintance with the machinery of public affairs, or with the capacity of individuals for managing it.

This brings me to what is probably the greatest danger of modern democracy, if, like all previous régimes, it should lose its hold on popular affections and fall into decay. The spread of democracy — that is, the participation of the whole community in the work of government — has been accompanied by a great increase in the complexity of human affairs. The interdependence of nations through the growth of trade, the increase of literature, the incessant conversation with one another kept up by the press, the greatly improved facilities of travel, have grown to a degree undreamt of even a century ago. A debate in a legislative body, the careless speech of a chief magistrate, a slight change in the system of taxation of even one nation, a small discovery by a man of science in any country, in our time produces an almost instantaneous effect over the whole civilized world; and one might say, the whole world, whether civilized or not, for civilization now asserts the dominion

of its ideas everywhere. In truth, the extent to which all news, no matter whence it comes, affects or may affect the lives of most of us, is present to every man every time he opens his newspaper in the morning. And all private business partakes of this public complexity. The size of all undertakings, either of production or exchange or transportation, is tasking the human faculty of administration to the uttermost, and leads a great many people to suppose that individuals are no longer equal to the task, and that it must be hereafter assumed by the state. For success in any business now, an amount of knowledge is necessary which in the last century hardly one man in a million possessed; decisions must now be made on the moment, for which, a hundred years ago, a merchant might take half a year.

The result is that the government of such a world needs an increase in intellectual equipment corresponding to the increase in business. The amount of property, too, which is placed at the disposal of the modern legislator is something beyond calculation. Since the exclusion of the old landed class from the work of government, a process which began soon after the French Revolution, the growth of personal property, which to be enjoyed or increased has in some way to be displayed, and thus comes within the reach of the government, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the modern world. When the old ruler had taxed land, his resources were well-nigh exhausted. To-day the number of movables out of each of which the public treasury can extract tens of millions, in every civilized country, has made taxation one of the nicest of arts. The little armies of fifty thousand or one hundred thousand, of the beginning of the present century, have been succeeded in most countries by armies of millions. Even Napoleonic campaigns would now make but a comparatively small draft on the resources of any of the Great Powers. The transformation of the navies is still more remarkable. Floating engines of extraordinary complication have taken the place of the huge wooden wind-boats which Nelson commanded. In fact, one has but to read such a book as Mr. Wells's Recent Economic Changes to see that within a century we have entered a new material world, a description of which would have been deemed fantastic even in 1800. In every field of human activity we have drawn heavily on the supply of administrative talent. Whether it wishes to command a great army or a great fleet, or to conduct a great business, every state has to search its entire population to get a man fit for the work. In some things in which capacity is not easy to test, such as war, most countries remain, pending the outbreak of hostilities, in great uncertainty as to the capacity of their military men, by sea or by land.

The first visible effect or concomitant of the influence of democracy on modern governments was the multiplication of public offices. Much of this multiplication is made necessary by the growth of population and business. The world, through the increase in its offices and its activity, needs far more regulation than it used to need. Taxation, police, war, transportation, call for a great addition to the number of the agents of authority. This regulation, too, which we will call legislation, needs to have a much greater force of men engaged in producing it. A century ago the American Congress or the British Parliament would have been entirely equal to the management of all the affairs of the communities within its jurisdiction. We now think both Congress and the state legislatures hardly equal to the task imposed on them, and there are growing complaints in England of the inability of Parliament to cope with its business, and many demands for some sort of federal system. Then the steady growth of attempts to widen the province of govern-

ment by insisting on its occupying itself more with the material condition of the masses, and making direct efforts to ameliorate it, has made necessary a large army of inspectors of one sort or another, whose duty it is either to see that laws are faithfully executed, or to find out what additional laws are needed. So that the civil service of all countries has been greatly increased. Government has grown more powerful and more active; and the more powerful and active it is, the more functionaries it must have.

We must remember, too, that this great increase of affairs, this vast growth of trade and commerce, is made possible by the creation of what is called "credit." Without credit, in spite of the improvements in transportation and in the transmission of intelligence, we could not have had this expansion of business. All the gold and silver in the world would not have been sufficient. We have had to call into use men's faith in the fulfillment of one another's pledges, so that modern prosperity has come to rest, in the main, on written promises or letters of private individuals, saying they will pay a certain amount of money, or deliver a certain quantity of goods, on a day named. The result is a great structure of what may be called mutual faith, of extraordinary delicacy, which the slightest suspicion that the world will not continue to go on in the way in which it is going on, that there will be a war or an earthquake or a startling piece of legislation, may overthrow at any moment. In fact, it would perhaps be more accurate to compare it to a network covering the whole earth than to a building. The slightest derangement or break in it anywhere is felt everywhere else, and may involve great depreciation of property, and the postponement or abandonment of enterprises of great importance. The care of it, the avoidance of all measures or movements likely to disturb it, has, therefore, in our day, to be one of the first cares of a statesman. To be fully aware, however, of the importance of credit, either actual experience of the work of exchange or theoretical knowledge of it from study is necessary. An ignorant man or a small farmer, who knows nothing of any dealings but cash dealings, finds it difficult to understand its importance, and may be frequently tempted to take steps in administration and legislation seriously detrimental to it, without meaning or foreseeing any harm.

As I have already said, the really alarming feature connected with the growth of democracy is that it does not seem to make adequate provision for the government of this new world. Its chief function, like the chief function of the monarch whom it has succeeded, is to fill offices. This is the chief function of the sovereign power everywhere, no matter by what name it is called. To find the right men for the public places is almost the only work which falls, or has ever fallen, to the ruler. It is by the manner in which this is done, more than by the laws which are passed, that the goodness or badness of a government is tested. If the functionaries are honest and faithful, almost any kind of political constitution is endurable. If they are ignorant or tyrannical or corrupt, the best constitution is worthless. If we listen to the conversation of any group of men who are condemning a political system, we shall find that their talk consists mainly of reports of malfeasance in office, of officials having done things which they ought not to have done, and of their having failed to do things which they ought to have done. Government is an impalpable abstraction except as it makes itself felt through functionaries, which is about the same thing as saying that administration is even more important than legislation, that even bad laws well executed hardly work as much unhappiness as good laws badly executed.

The first effect of this great change on democracy was delight at finding

that government places and commissions in the army were no longer the monopoly of the aristocracy, that family or wealth was no longer a necessary qualification for them, and that the influences through which they might be procured were within the reach of the poor or lowly born. The tide of democratic opinion has ever since been in favor of the increase of offices. In France, in Italy, and in the United States, every government has found that this increase was a popular measure, and has given way to the temptation of strengthening itself by the bestowal of them. The passion for them, even where the tenure is brief or insecure, has apparently grown with their number. The tradition of the old régime, that a man who represented the government was in some way superior to the people with whom he came in contact, has apparently, in the popular eye, clung to the places. Then, the certainty of the salary to the great multitude who in every country either fail in life, or shrink from the conflicts which the competitive system makes necessary, is very attractive ; it soon converted the civil service into what has been called " spoils ; " that is, booty won by victories at the polls.

It is easy to see that the only way to meet this necessary growth of demand for offices was to adhere to the old system of applying to the management of state affairs the principle which reigns in business, that of securing the best talent available ; and of giving the chief places, at least, to men who had already made a mark in the world by success in some field of activity. This, as I have said, was the rule of the democracies of the ancient world. To preserve for the democratic government the old respect and authority which used to surround the monarchical government, it was absolutely necessary to compete vigorously, through both money and honors, in the labor market, with private business, the demands of which on the community's store of talent became very great as soon as steam and electricity were brought into the service of commerce and manufactures. But the tendency has not run in this direction. As regards the lower offices, the duties of which are easily comprehensible by everybody, and are merely matters of routine, in which discretion or judgment plays little part, there has been in this country a decided return to the tests of ordinary business, such as character and competency, and a decided revival of confidence in such motives as security of tenure and the prospect of promotion. But as regards the higher or elective offices, such as those of legislators and governors, the tendency to discredit such qualifications as education and special experience has been marked. In the popular mind there is what may be called a disposition to believe not only that one man is as good as another, but that he knows as much on any matter of general interest. In any particular business the superiority of the man who has long followed it is freely acknowledged, but in public affairs this is not perhaps so much denied as disregarded. One of the most curious characteristics of the silver movement was the general refusal to accept the experience of any country or age as instructive, and this in a matter in which all light comes from experience. Bryan's proclamation that the opinion of all the professors in the United States would not affect his opinions in the least, was an illustration of this great self-confidence of a large democracy. In a small democracy this could hardly have occurred.

All the great modern democracies have to contend almost for existence against the popular disposition to treat elective offices as representative, and to consider it of more importance that they should be filled by persons holding certain opinions or shades of opinion than by persons most competent to perform their duties. The distinction between representing and administering

seems plain enough, and yet, since the French Revolution, the democratic tendency has been everywhere to obscure it. This has not unnaturally led to the idea that the offices are rewards for the persons who have done most to propagate or defend certain views, and ought to be given to them independently of their fitness. To this confusion of two different functions I must ascribe the deterioration which has been remarked so frequently in the legislatures of all democratic countries in modern times. The number of men of experience or special knowledge, as well as of conspicuous men, which they contain, seems to decline steadily, and the number of interests committed to their charge as steadily to increase.

This disregard of special fitness, combined with unwillingness to acknowledge that there can be anything special about any man, which is born of equality, constitutes the great defect of modern democracy. That large communities can be successfully administered by inferior men is a doctrine which runs directly counter not only to the experience of the race, but to the order appointed for the advance of civilization, which has been carried forward almost exclusively by the labor of the fittest, despite the resistance or reluctance of the unfit. This order of nature, too, has been recognized fully in private affairs of every description. In all of them competency on the part of administrators is the first thing sought for, and the only thing trusted. But in private affairs the penalty of any disregard of this rule comes quickly; in public affairs the operation of all causes is much slower, and their action is obscure. Nations take centuries to fall, and the catastrophe is preceded by a long period of the process called "bad government," in which there is much suffering and alarm, but not enough to make the remedy plain. France furnishes the best modern illustration of this rule. The causes of the Revolution undoubtedly began to operate at the majority of Louis XIV., but for over one hundred years their nature and certain results were not perceived, in spite of the great popular suffering which prevailed during the whole period.

The worst of the slowness of this decadence is that it affects national character to a degree which makes recovery more difficult, even after the origin and nature of the disease have become plain. Men soon get accustomed to the evils of their condition, particularly if there is nobody in particular to blame. The inaction or negligence or shortcomings of great numbers assume the appearance of a law of nature or of repeated failures, of attempts at the impossible. The apparent difficulty of reform, except by catastrophe or revolution, begets either despondency or over-cheerfulness.

E. L. Godkin.

THIRTY YEARS OF THE PEABODY EDUCATION FUND.

On the 7th of February, 1867, George Peabody, then on a visit to Washington, addressed a letter to sixteen of his compatriots, proposing to make a generous gift, to supply, in some degree, "the educational needs of those portions of our beloved country which have suffered from the destructive ravages and the not less disastrous consequences of civil war." With these simple words he initiated a work which has proved to be of inestimable value to the Southern States, not so much because of the large sums that have annually been expended from the income as because of the stimulus given to local efforts for the pro-

motion of public instruction. Most of the details of the proposed establishment were left to the board of trustees, but there was one provision which was eminently characteristic of Mr. Peabody's foresight and consideration. Was this fund to be perpetual or limited in duration; and if limited, by what conditions should its limitations be determined? His directions were very simple. After the lapse of thirty years, the trustees, by a two-thirds vote, might decide whether the trust should be closed or not. This period has now come, and, after careful deliberation, the trustees, at their last annual meeting (October 7, 1896), resolved that the distribution of the principal of the fund "be deferred for the present." This action insures the continuance of the work of the fund, on its present basis, until a different conclusion shall be reached; and it relieves many individuals, institutions, and communities from anxiety lest the Peabody aid should be withdrawn. The thirtieth anniversary and this noteworthy decision suggest an examination of the results that have attended this unique endowment. It may not be amiss, at the same time, to acquaint the generation that has come into active life since the close of the war with some of the circumstances, already historical, of Mr. Peabody's generosity.

In order to understand the operations of this fund, which is without a parallel in any country, it will be useful to consider for a moment the personality of its administrators; for to them large discretion was given by the founder, and they have acted without any interference from civil or ecclesiastical control.

There is only one survivor of the board that was designated by Mr. Peabody, Hon. W. M. Evarts, and he is now the presiding officer. His predecessor in the chair, through the three decades, was Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who devoted to the office his varied culture, his broad patriotism, and his personal influence, with such fidelity and industry that his name will always be associated with George Peabody's. He was almost always present at the meetings of the board; he maintained a frequent correspondence with the general agents; he kept up a personal acquaintance with the leaders of opinion in the North and in the South; and he inspired all whom he met with a sense of the dignity and value of the work with which this trust was concerned.

By his selection of trustees, Mr. Peabody made it clear that he wished to place the control of the fund in the hands of men who could, as statesmen, consider the condition of affairs in every part of the country. In the board, as he constituted it, there was not a single college president or professor, not a superintendent of instruction, nor a professional teacher, nor any exponent of science or scholarship. Nor was there any noteworthy religious character given to the board, one clergyman only having been selected. There were no *ex officio* members. Several men of financial ability were included among his nominees, but as a group the trustees were men who had been tried in public life, and who had been accustomed to look at the interests of the country in their broad aspects, not with provincial or sectional jealousy. It must be remembered, too, that the fires of the Civil War were then but just extinguished; the embers were still glowing. "Reconstruction" was beginning, with all the dread that heated tempers on both sides could produce. General Grant and Admiral Farragut were trustees, but "the other side" was not "left out," Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Louisiana having representatives, as well as Maryland and the District of Columbia. Three trustees came from Massachusetts, and that has continued to be the recognition given to Mr. Peabody's native State, in accordance with the wish that he expressed informally to Mr. Winthrop.

Vacancies in the board have been filled

by coöptation. Quite early, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite was elected a member, and after his death his successor in that high judicial station was chosen to fill the vacancy. Three Presidents of the United States have been members of the board. Not long ago Bishop Whipple told the writer the following incident to illustrate two points: first, the respect paid to President Hayes by the South (notwithstanding the animadversions cast upon him at the beginning of his administration); and second, the spirit that animated the trustees in filling a vacancy. The Peabody trustees have an unwritten rule that when a Southern member dies the Southern trustees nominate a Southern man to fill the vacancy; and if a Northern trustee dies, the Northern men nominate. There was a vacancy among the Southern trustees. When the time came to fill it, Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, in behalf of his colleagues from the South, said that they desired to nominate Rutherford B. Hayes, — "for his high Christian character and his even-handed justice to the South." So President Hayes was chosen, and thus began that period of devotion to the educational and philanthropic affairs of the country which was characteristic of the closing years of his life.

Mr. Peabody's wishes were expressed in many ways. A perusal of his various letters shows that his dominant idea was to benefit the entire country by promoting education in those regions which had been impoverished by the war. These are among his phrases: —

"I hope that all the States included in that part of our country which is suffering from the results of the recent war may, sooner or later, according to their needs, receive more or less of the benefit of the fund."

"The income thereof is to be used and applied, in your discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, or industrial education among the young of the more destitute portions of the Southern and Southwestern States of our Union; my purpose being that the benefits intended shall be distributed among the entire population, without other distinction than their needs and the opportunities of usefulness to them."

"At the same time, I must not omit to congratulate you, and all who have at heart the best interests of this educational enterprise, upon your obtaining the highly valuable services of Dr. Sears as your general agent, — services valuable not merely in the organization of schools and of a system of public education, but in the good effect which his conciliatory and sympathizing course has had wherever he has met or become associated with the communities of the South in social or business relations."

"It was most necessary that, at the outset, those States and portions of States which had suffered most from the ravages of war, and were most destitute of educational means and privileges, should be first and specially aided."

Now, most men, in such a political crisis, would have proceeded in an aggressive spirit, if they were Northerners; in an exclusive spirit, if they were Southerners. But George Peabody avoided the net of philanthropic enthusiasm which would have made his board another missionary association. He treated the subject of education as a concern of the state; as a matter of profound importance to every commonwealth; as an obligation which could not be imposed on any community by outsiders, but which might be encouraged and developed by extraneous financial subsidies. Consequently, for thirty years the work of the Peabody board has been that of statesmen.

One of the most characteristic touches in Mr. Peabody's bounty was his hospitality. He believed that good will was promoted by the breaking of bread, and accordingly he initiated his good work by a good dinner. Conforming to his ex-

pressed wishes, the trustees, at every annual meeting, take dinner together, and they are requested to bring with them the ladies of their households.

The incidental good that has come from this unrestrained and friendly intercourse of influential men, brought together by a common purpose from widely separated parts of the country, cannot be too highly estimated. There are no speeches on these social occasions. Toward the end of the evening the chairman proposes as a sentiment, "The Memory of the Founder," which the company honor, standing in silence. Since Mr. Winthrop's death his name has been associated with that of Mr. Peabody. To which of the two patriots belongs the credit of having suggested the methods employed by the organization is not known to the writer of this paper. It is his belief that the conception of the plan was Mr. Peabody's, and that many of the minor regulations are entirely due to him; and on the other hand, that Mr. Winthrop's most skillful pen gave form to the organization, and that his knowledge of men selected the agents. In all this there was such rare skill that the machinery of a new and complex organization moved smoothly at once, and has continued so to do during thirty years. As time goes on, and the reminiscences and memoirs of the men of the last generation are made public, I have no doubt that the opinion expressed by Dr. Mayo respecting Mr. Winthrop's service will be confirmed and acknowledged. "No man in America," he said, "was better qualified in every way than Robert C. Winthrop for the presidency of this trust. So there was no mistake made when George Peabody took Robert C. Winthrop into his confidence, on the autumn day when he sat in his hall at Brookline, under the portrait of Benjamin Franklin, and unfolded the inspiring record of his own contemplated beneficence, in the way of 'aid and comfort' to education, — a benefaction for thoughtful charity, variety, and practical utility still unrivaled even by the magnificent bequests of which it was the precursor and often the suggestion."

At the outset, Dr. Barnas Sears was chosen the active manager of the fund. He was then sixty-five years of age, and had acquired high distinction as a scholar and teacher. He entered upon the work with complete devotion, resigned his post in Providence at the head of Brown University (which he had held for twelve years), removed his residence to the South, and by private interviews and public conferences, by letters, reports, and addresses, acquired the confidence and coöperation of the leading men in every Southern State.

When his death occurred, Dr. J. L. M. Curry was at once selected to fill the place. Like Dr. Sears, he had been a college professor and president, but he had two additional qualifications. He was a Southerner, identified by birth, education, and military service with the Southern States. More than that, he had been in public life, as a member of both the Confederate and Federal Congresses. He believed as heartily as Dr. Sears in the importance of public education, and carried on without a break the work entrusted to him. Fortunately, after a while, he became also the agent of the Slater fund, so that the operations of these two endowments have been absolutely harmonious.

The published papers of the fund contain innumerable tributes to its value. The United States Commissioner of Education says that the wisdom displayed in the administration of the fund "could not be surpassed in the history of endowments." The State Superintendent in Virginia writes these words: "Your work is the inspiration of public education in the South. It has no parallel in history." From Louisiana we have this comprehensive tribute: "We can think of no part of our public school system which has not been warmed into life, nursed,

and developed by Peabody counsel and financial aid."

Noteworthy also is the proposal made to erect in Washington a statue commemorative of Peabody, to be paid for by contributions from the States that have received the benefit of this endowment. Correspondence upon this subject is now in progress among the governors, looking toward united legislative appropriations.

More remarkable indications of the good that has been accomplished may be found in the statistics brought together by Dr. Curry, which are easily accessible to those who wish for them. Without introducing upon these pages the extensive columns of figures that he has marshaled, by a few examples we may show what changes have come about in twenty years. In 1870 the white illiterates of twelve Southern States were twenty-five per cent; now they are sixteen. The colored illiterates diminished in the same period from eighty-seven to sixty-two per cent. Virginia in 1870 did not have fifty-one thousand pupils in public schools; now there are three hundred and fifty-six thousand. In 1870 the revenues of public instruction in Georgia were $432,-283; in 1894 they were more than quadrupled. Texas reported in 1871 $136,097 as the total fund available for public schools; in 1894–95 almost $2,000,000.

The quality of the schools has improved, and this is due in no small degree to the policy, introduced by Dr. Sears and perpetuated by Dr. Curry, of fostering normal schools and teachers' institutes. The Peabody Normal College, identified with the University of Nashville, stands foremost among these agencies. For several years past more than five hundred scholars have been here enrolled. Last year the maximum figure was reached (575), and the pupils came from eighteen States. Its influence for good has been steady, powerful, and widespread.

In all these operations it has been the policy of the administrators of the fund to refrain from instituting schools, but to contribute to their maintenance. They have thus quickened the activities of every Southern community. Dr. Curry, in his latest survey (1896), speaks exultingly of the results: —

"Perhaps the most significant fact in connection with the aims and purposes of the trust was that at its origin not a single Southern State within the field of its operations had a system of free public schools. The illiteracy of the inhabitants was appalling, and by no means confined to 'the freedmen,' but embraced a large per cent of the white population. The trustees decided — and most wisely — to make a vigorous and persistent effort to induce these States to include free and universal education among their permanent obligations, and the effort was rewarded by early success. During the thirty years about $2,400,000 have been spent, as the income of the $2,000,000 left by Mr. Peabody, in connection with school authorities of cities and States, and the fund has been a constant educator in public policy, and, by the simple rule of helping those who help themselves, has led States and cities and towns to take hold of their own problems of illiteracy and recognize the truth of the highest axiom in educational statesmanship, that the stability of our free institutions rests upon public schools, organized and controlled by civil authority and supported by a levy on property."

There is not the slightest doubt that the success of Mr. Peabody's education fund was a potent influence upon the mind of Mr. John F. Slater, of Connecticut, who gave a fund of one million dollars for the uplifting and education of the freedmen. In his declaration of principles he distinctly refers to Mr. Peabody's gift, and two members of the Peabody board[1] were selected to administer the new trust. Not long after Mr. Slater's

[1] President Hayes and Chief Justice Waite.

gift, another citizen of Connecticut, Daniel Hand, gave the sum of one million dollars to the American Missionary Association for kindred educational purposes.

Nor are these the only instances of Mr. Peabody's influence upon other benefactors. The university and the hospital founded by Johns Hopkins in Baltimore followed quickly after the foundation of the Peabody Institute in that city, and a few years later the treasurer of the Institute established the Enoch Pratt Free Lending Library. It may not be possible to trace with precision the motives which induced these gifts, but there are reasons to believe that the example of George Peabody was in the eye of both these generous donors.

The review that has been made illustrates several points pertaining to public benefactions: —

The value of broad, comprehensive, far-reaching views, as distinguished from temporary, provincial, or personal preferences.

The services that may be secured for the administration of a great fund, without compensation, from men of the highest character and of great experience in the conduct of affairs.

The wisdom of concentrating authority in the hands of a single strong, sensible executive officer, who is to be held responsible for the application of general principles to particular cases.

The advantage of bestowing gifts in such a way as to encourage, and not supersede, outlays and efforts on the part of the recipients.

The possibility of securing good will among those who have been estranged from one another, by enlisting both sides in the promotion of special measures for the public welfare.

D. C. Gilman.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

VIII.

February 27. I sat for hours in my room, that night, trying to find some solution of the mystery and groping for a future course of action. I thought of a visit to my mother, on the chance that she would give me the key to the puzzle, but could not bring myself to it. Rejecting that idea, I decided to seek out Mr. Blodgett, who, being your friend, might know the reason for what you had done.

Finding on inquiry, the next morning, that Mr. Blodgett was a member of one of the great banking firms of New York, I went to his office. The ante-room was well filled with people anxious to see the great banker, and the door-boy refused to let me see him without giving my name and business. Knowing that "Donald Maitland" would mean nothing to Mr. Blodgett, and might even fail to secure me an audience, I wrote on a slip of paper, "A seeker of knowledge from the Altai Mountains." Nor was I wrong, for the boy, on his return, gave me immediate entrance, and another moment brought me face to face with my once-disliked countryman.

His hand was extended to greet me, but as he looked at my face his arm dropped in surprise. "Your name, please?" he said, with a businesslike clip to his voice, at the same time picking up and glancing quickly at three or four cards and slips of paper that were on the corner of his desk.

"I am the attorney for ancient peoples," I said, smiling, "come to thank the New World for its kindness to a broken-legged man."

Instantly Mr. Blodgett smiled, too,

and again extended his hand. "Glad to see you," he said. "Sit down." Then looking at me keenly, he added, "You 've done a lot of bleaching or scrubbing since we met."

"In the interval my face has been hidden from the sun-god of my fathers."

"Ah!" Then his Americanism cropped out by a question: "Are you European or Asiatic? — for you are too dark to be the one, and too white to be the other."

"My parents were American, and I was born in New York."

"The deuce you were! Then why were you masquerading in Arab dress and with a black face in Tangier, and why did you say you came from some mountains in Asia?"

"I was for the time an Arab, and I was last from the Altai Mountains," I explained, and smilingly added, "Is my explanation satisfactory?"

"Well, I suppose you spoke by the book," he replied. "Wherever you were born, I 'm glad to see — Hold on!" he cried, interrupting his own speech. "Why did you call yourself Dr. Rudolph Hartzmann, of Leipzig, if you were an American?"

"I did not," I said, startled by his question, for my identity with the pseudonym was known only to my professors and publishers.

"You were n't living in Tangier under the name of Hartzmann?" he inquired.

"No."

"Then how came it that when my servant was sent to leave some fruit and flowers for you and inquire your name, he was told that you were Dr. Rudolph Hartzmann, of Leipzig?"

"Are you serious?" I asked, as much puzzled as he for the moment.

"Never more so. I remember our astonishment to think that any European should have so black a skin and live in the native quarter."

"Mr. Blodgett," I said, "I did not know till this moment that a pen name I have used to sign my writings had been given you, but it was a joke of my father's to register me under it, and my only theory is that he had given some one in the hotel that name, and, by mischance, your servant was misinformed."

He was too good a business man to look as skeptical as he probably felt, and merely asked, "What is your real name, then?"

"Donald Maitland, son of William Maitland."

His eyes gave a startled wink and he screwed his lips into position for a whistle, but checking the inclination, he merely turned his revolving-chair so that he looked out of a window. He sat thus for a moment, and then, facing me, he inquired, with a sudden curtness of voice and manner, "What is your business with me?"

"I have taken the liberty of calling on the supposition that you are a friend of Miss Walton."

"I am."

"Miss Walton was once my father's ward, yet last night she refused to see me. Can you tell me why?"

"The reason is rather obvious," he said crisply.

"Will you tell me what it is?"

He looked at me from under his gray eyebrows. "Is that all you want of me?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Well, then, Miss Walton refused to see you because she despises you."

I felt my cheeks burn, but I gripped the arm of my chair and waited till I could speak coolly; then I asked, "For what?"

"You are ignorant of the fact that your father embezzled a part of Miss Walton's fortune, and that you and he have since lived upon it?" he exclaimed, with no veiling of his contempt.

I sat calmly, for the idea was too new, and I had too many connecting links to recall, to have the full horror of the

disgrace come home to me at once. He did not give me time for thought, saying, "Well?"

Having to speak, I asked, "You are sure of what you say?"

"Sure!" he cried. "Why, it's been known to every one for years, and I was one of the trustees appointed by the court to look out for Miss Walton's interest in what property your father could n't take with him!"

"If you are a trustee of Miss Walton," I said, growing cool in my agony of shame, "can you spare me five minutes and answer some questions?"

That I did not deny knowledge of the wrong seemed to raise me in his opinion, for he nodded his head and looked less stern.

"How much did my father — How much did Miss Walton lose?" I inquired.

"One hundred and thirty thousand was all the property he could negotiate, and we succeeded, by bidding in his house over the mortgage and by taking the library at a valuation, in recovering twenty-six thousand."

"Was that amount net?"

"Yes."

"Then in 1879 the amount due Miss Walton was one hundred and four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mr. Blodgett," I added, rising. "I am only sorry, after your former kindness, to have given you this further trouble. I am grateful for both." In my shame I did not dare to offer him my hand, but he held out his.

"Mr. Maitland," he rejoined, "I'm a pretty good judge of men, and I don't believe you have done wrong knowingly."

"I never dreamed it," I almost sobbed, shaking his hand.

"It's pretty rough," he said. "I hope you won't show the white feather by doing anything desperate?"

I shook my head, and walked to the door. As I reached it a new thought occurred to me, and, turning, I asked, "What has the legal rate of interest been since 1879?"

For reply he touched an electric button on his desk, and I heard the lock click in the door by which I stood. He pulled a chair near his own, and said, "Come here and sit down," in such a peremptory tone that I obeyed. "Why did you ask that question?" he inquired.

"That I may find out how much I owe Miss Walton."

"What for?"

"To attempt restitution."

"I hope you know what you're talking about?"

"I'm still rather confused, but so much I can see clearly enough."

"How much property have you?"

"My father left me something over thirty-one thousand dollars."

"Thirty-one from one hundred and four leaves seventy-three."

"And interest," I corrected.

"I thought that was what you were driving at," he said calmly. He pulled out a volume from its repository in his desk, and turned backwards and forwards in the book for a few moments, taking off figures on a sheet of paper. "Eight years at five per cent makes the whole over one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars less thirty-one."

"Thank you."

"Where can you get the balance?"

"I must earn it."

He looked at me with a slightly quizzical expression and asked, "How?"

"That I have yet to think out."

"Any business?"

"I have the offer of a professorship at Leipzig, but that's out of the question now."

"Why?"

"It would give me only two thousand a year at first, and the interest on the debt will be over six thousand annually."

"What do you know?" he questioned.

"Most of the languages and dialects of Europe and Asia, and a good deal of

history and ethnology. I am fairly read in arts, sciences, and religions, and I know something of writing," I answered, smiling at the absurdity of mentioning such knowledge in the face of such a condition.

"Humph! And you 'd have sold all that for two thousand a year?"

"I think so."

"Well, that only proves that a man had better cultivate his gumption, and not his brains!"

"If he wishes to make money," I could not help retorting gently.

"You 're just like Maizie!" he sniffed, and his going back to your familiar name in my presence was the best compliment he could have paid me. "You two ought to have died young and gone to heaven, where there 's nothing to do but cultivate the soul."

"I wish we had."

"Why don't you go to your mother?"

"For what?"

"For the money."

"Has she money?"

"Yes. She had a little money when she married your father, which she kept tight hold of, and her mother's death, two years ago, gave her a good deal more."

"I don't know yet what I shall do," I replied, rising.

"Well," he said kindly, "before you blow your brains out or do anything else that 's a waste of good material, come and see me again."

"Thank you," I responded. "And, Mr. Blodgett, as a favor, I ask that all I have told you, and even my presence in New York, shall be confidential between us."

"Nonsense!" he growled. "I shall tell Maizie all about it."

"Miss Walton least of any," I begged.

"Why don't you insist, too, that Mrs. Blodgett, who intends that I shall inform her nightly of everything I know, shan't be told?" he queried.

"It grieves me to be a marplot of connubial confidences," I rejoined, responding to his smile, "but this must be between us."

"Have your own way," he said, and then laughed. "I 'll have a good time over it, for I 'll let Mrs. Blodgett see there is a secret, and she 'll go crazy trying to worm it out of me."

He shook my hand again, and I felt ashamed to think that his voice and manner had once made me hold him in contempt.

I went back to the hotel, and thought over the past, seeing how blind I had been. Now for the first time everything became clear. I understood the trip to Europe and our remaining there, why my mother had left us, why Mr. Walton had been permitted to take you from us without protest, why we had not mingled with Americans, and my father's motives in making me write under a pen name, in registering me at hotels by it, and in giving that name to your servant. Now I understood his never signing his articles, and his appeal to me to let him aid me to make a reputation: it was his endeavor to atone to me for the wrong he had done.

Good-night, my darling.

IX.

February 28. Many times in the last three years I have begun a letter to you, for the thought that you, like the rest of the world, may rank my father with other embezzlers stings me almost to desperation. Each time it has been to tear the attempted justification — or I should say, extenuation — into fragments, long before it was completed. In all my trials I have come to realize that nothing I can say can stand him in stead; for whatever I urge is open to suspicion, not merely because it is my interest to condone his act, but still more because it inevitably becomes an indirect justification of myself, and therefore, in a sense, a plea for pardon.

At moments, too, when with you, I have had to exercise the greatest self-control not to tell you what I feel. If I were only some one else than Donald Maitland, so that I might say to you: —

"You should know that your guardian was incapable of the lowness the world imputes to him! I am not trying to belittle the sin, but to distinguish the motive. His wrong was no mean attempt to enrich himself at the expense of one he loved, for his nature was wholly unmercenary, and his transgression originated, not through greed, but through lack of it. Like all men of true intellect, he was heedless in money matters, and I am conscious that there was in him, as there is in me, the certain weakness which is almost inevitable with brain cultivation, — an engulfing, as it were, of the big principles of right and wrong in the complexities and the refinements of cultivated thought. His birthright was scholarship, but in place of the life he was fitted for he was forced into Wall Street, and toiled there without sympathy or aptitude for his work. Do you not remember how, aside from our companionship, his books were his one great pleasure? The wealth of mind he gave to us tells the story of how he must have neglected his office in favor of his library. Yet though this preference might have made him a poor man, I cannot think his studies would ever have led him into dishonesty. I have never had the heart to trace the history of his act, but Mr. Blodgett tells me that shortly after his marriage he first began to speculate, and knowing as I do my mother's extravagance and my father's love for her, I can understand the motive. The inevitable result came presently, and, as a temporary expedient, a small part of your property was used. Then a desperate attempt was made to recover this by the risking of a larger portion, and after that there was nothing left but confession or flight. I wish he had spoken, but the weakness that produced the first wrong accounts for the second, and I believe his chief thought was of me, and how I might be saved from the consequences of his guilt. Unless you have put him wholly out of your heart, you must appreciate that it was no sordid scheme to cheat you, but a surrender to the love strong enough to overcome his honesty. You must know that he loved you too well to wrong you willingly, and I think with pain of what I know he must have suffered in his shame at having robbed you. Do you not remember the sadness in his face in those later years, and his tenderness to both of us? Can you not see that his kindness, his patience, and his care of us were his endeavored atonement?"

Oh, Maizie, I ask nothing for myself, but if you could be brought to think of him, to love him, as you once did, my greatest grief would be ended.

Bitter as my misery was after Mr. Blodgett's revelation, there was still some sweetness to make it bearable. For years I had thought of you as heartless and forgetful, and even in my love had hated and despised you at moments, as only love can hate and despise. The world thinks that animosity is always strongest against enemies, though daily it sees the most intense feuds between those nations and individuals who are most closely related, and never learns that the deepest hatred comes from love. Now I knew that you had cause for slighting my letters and gift, and the knowledge of my injustice and the thought that you were more lovable than ever were the silver lining to my cloud of shame.

My first meeting with you was a pure chance, yet it shaped my life. For three weeks after my call on Mr. Blodgett I pondered and vacillated over what I should do, without reaching any decision. At the end of that time I went to his office again.

"Mr. Blodgett has asked two or three times if you had n't called," the boy informed me; adding, as he opened the

door to the private office, "He told me, if you ever came again, sir, to show you right in."

I passed through the doorway, and then faltered, for you were sitting beside the banker, overlooking a paper that he was commenting upon. If I could have escaped, I should have done so, but you both glanced up as I entered.

The moment you saw me you rose, with an exclamation of recognition and surprise, which meant to me that you knew your old friend in spite of the changes. Do you wonder that, not knowing what was to come, I stood there as if turned to stone? My manner evidently made you question your own eyes, for you asked, "Is not this Dr. Hartzmann?"

"Of course it is!" cried Mr. Blodgett, with a quickness and heartiness which proved that your question was almost as great a relief to him as it was to me.

"I did not think, Miss Walton," I replied, steadying my voice as best I could, "that you saw my face clearly enough that evening to recollect it?"

"The moonlight was so strong," you explained, "that I should have known you anywhere."

"Then your eyes are better than mine," said Mr. Blodgett. "I accused the doctor of using blondine, to atone for my not recognizing him, though I must confess he will have to use a good deal more if he wants to be thought anything but Italian."

"Then you have met before?" you asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Blodgett. "I was going to tell you when we got through with that mortgage. I knew you would be interested to hear that the doctor was in New York. Seems like Tangier, does n't it?"

"In reminiscence," I said, merely to gain time.

"No ruins," chuckled Mr. Blodgett.

"But more ruin," you said.

"And more danger," I added, pointing out of the window at the passers-by in Wall Street. "Nowhere in my travels, even among races that have to go armed, have I ever seen so many anxious and careworn faces."

"Most of them look worried," suggested Mr. Blodgett, "only because they are afraid they 'll take more than three minutes to eat their lunch."

For a moment you spoke with Mr. Blodgett on business, and then offered me your hand in farewell, saying, "I am very glad, Dr. Hartzmann, for this chance reunion. Mr. Blodgett and I have often spoken of the mysterious Oriental who fell in — and out — of our knowledge so strangely."

"I have wished to meet you," I responded warmly, "to thank you for your kindness and help to me when" —

"That was nothing, Dr. Hartzmann," you interrupted, in evident deprecation of my thanks. "Indeed, I have always felt that we were in a measure responsible for your accident, and that we made but a poor return by the little we did. Good-morning."

Mr. Blodgett took you to your carriage, and when he returned he gave a whistle. "Well!" he exclaimed. "I have n't gone through such a ten-second scare since I proposed to my superior moiety."

"I ought" — I began.

But he went on: "There 's nothing frightens me so much as a wrought-up woman. Dynamite or volcanoes are n't a circumstance to her, because they have limits; but woman!"

I laughed, and said, "The Hindoos have a paradox to the effect that women fear mice, mice fear men, and men fear women."

"She got so much better and longer look at you in Tangier than I did that I don't wonder she recognized Dr. Hartzmann when I did n't. But why did she stop there in her recollections?"

"It seemed incomprehensible to me for a moment, yet, as a fact, her know-

ing me as Donald Maitland would have been the greater marvel of the two. When she knew me, I was an undersized, pallid, stooping lad of seventeen. In the ten years since, my hair and skin have both darkened greatly, I have grown a mustache, and my voice has undergone the change that comes with manhood, as well as that which comes by speaking foreign tongues. Your very question as to whether I was of Eastern birth tells the whole story, for such a doubt would seem absurd to one who remembered the boy of ten years ago. Then, too, Miss Walton, having recognized me as Dr. Hartzmann, was, as it were, disarmed of all suspicion by having no question-mark in her mind as to my exact identity."

Mr. Blodgett nodded his head in assent. "And you don't know it all," he said. "I 'm going to be frank, doctor, and acknowledge that I 've expressed a pretty low opinion of you to her more than once. If Maizie were asked what man in this world she 'd be least likely to meet in my office on a friendly footing, she would probably think of you. Your presence here was equivalent to saying that you were n't Donald Maitland, let alone the fact that I greeted you as Dr. Hartzmann, and that she could never dream of my having a reason to deceive her in your identity."

"Such a chain of circumstances almost makes one believe in kismet," I sighed. Then I laughed, and added, "How easy it is to show that one need not be scared — after the danger is all over!"

"That is n't the only scare I owe to you," muttered Mr. Blodgett. "I did n't take your address because I told you to come again. Why did n't you?"

"I am here."

"Yes. But for three weeks I 've been worrying over what you were doing with yourself, and not knowing that you had n't cut your throat."

"I am sorry if I have troubled you. I stayed away to save troubling you."

"You 're as considerate as the Fiji islander was of the missionary, when he asked him if he had rather be cooked *à la maître d'hôtel* or *en papillote*. What have you been doing?"

"Very little to any purpose. I have written to my publisher, offering to sell my rights in my textbooks; to a friend, asking him to learn for what price he can sell my library; and to my bankers, directing them to send me the bonds and a draft for my balance. I received the securities and a bill of exchange yesterday, and am so ignorant of business methods that I came to you this morning to learn how to turn them into cash."

"I 'll do better than that," said Mr. Blodgett, touching a button. "Give them to me, and I 'll have it done." Then, after he had turned the matter over to a clerk, he asked, "What does your publisher offer?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"And what are your royalties?"

"Last year they were over six hundred dollars."

"Humph! That 's equivalent to investing money at eighteen per cent. You ought to get more than that."

"A little more or less is nothing compared with paying so much on my debt."

"What will your library bring?"

"Perhaps four thousand, if I can find some one who wants so technical a collection."

"And you can get along without it?"

"I must," I declared, though wincing.

"Rather goes against the grain, eh?" he rejoined kindly.

I tried to laugh, and said, "My books have been such good comrades that I have n't quite accustomed myself yet to thinking of them as merchandise. I feel a little as the bankrupt planter must have felt when he saw his slave children offered for sale."

"And what do you plan to do with yourself?"

"I have n't been able to make up my mind."

We were interrupted at this point by some business matter, and I took my leave. The next morning Mr. Blodgett called at my boarding-place on his way down town.

"I have n't come to talk business," he said. "I told my wife and daughter, last night, about the fellow from the backwoods of Asia, and made them so curious that Mrs. Blodgett has given me permission to furnish him board and lodgings for a week. I 'll promise you a better room than this," he added, glancing at the box I had moved into as soon as I realized how much worse than a pauper I was.

I could hardly speak in my gratitude as I tried to thank him, but he pretended not to perceive my emotion, and said briskly, "That 's settled, then. Send your stuff round any time to-day, and be on deck for a seven-o'clock dinner."

You, who know Mrs. Blodgett so much better than I, can understand my bewilderment during the first day or two of my visit. Her husband had jokingly pictured me as of an Eastern race, which made the meeting rather embarrassing; but the moment she comprehended that I did not habitually sit on the floor, did not carry a scimiter or kris, and was not swart and ferine, but only a silent German scholar, she took possession of me as I have seen her do of others. She preceded me to my room, ringing for a servant on the way, made me open my trunk, and directed the maid where to put each article it contained. She told me what time to be ready for dinner, what to wear for it, and at that meal she had me helped twice to such dishes as she chose, while refusing to let me have more than one cup of coffee. To a man who had never had any one to look after him in small things it was a novel and rather pleasant if surprising experience, and when I grew accustomed to it I easily understood Mr. Blodgett's chuckles of enjoyment when she told him he should n't have a third cigar, when she decided how close he was to sit to the fire, and finally when she made all of us — Agnes, Mr. Blodgett, and myself — go to bed at her own hour for retiring. Best of all I understood Mr. Blodgett's familiar name for her, "the boss." That visit was a perfect revelation to me of affectionate, thoughtful, and persistently minute domineering. I do not believe that the man lives, though he be the veriest woman-hater, who could help loving her after a fortnight of her tyranny. Certainly I could not.

By Mr. Blodgett's aid I secured a "paper" cable transfer of the money realized from the bonds and draft, in order that it might seem to come from Europe, and sent it to you, writing at his suggestion, "The inclosed draft on Foster G. Blodgett & Co. for the sum of thirty-three thousand dollars is part payment of principal and interest due you from estate of William G. Maitland." I wonder what your thoughts were as you read the unsigned and typewritten note?

It was your greeting of me by my alias that led me to accept the incognito. Perhaps it was cowardly to shirk my shame by such a means, but it was not done from cowardice; the thought did not even occur to me until it opened a way to knowing you. And in that hope my very misery became almost happiness, for its possibilities seemed those of the Oriental poet who wrote: —

"My love once offered me a bitter draught
From which in cowardice I flinched.
But still she tendered it to me;
And bowing to her wish, I then no longer shrank,
But took the cup and put it to my lips.
Oh, marvel! looking still at her,
The potion turned to sweetness as I drank."

If your old friend, Donald Maitland, were dead to you, your new lover, Rudolph Hartzmann, might fill his place. I never stopped to think if such trickery were right, or rather my love was stronger than my conscience.

Good-night, my dearest.

X.

March 1. During my visit I heard much about you from Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes, for your name was constantly on their lips. From them I learned that your birth, wealth, and the influence of your uncle had involved you in a fashionable society for which you cared nothing, and that, aside from the gayety which that circle forced upon you, your time was spent in travel, and in reading, music, and charitable work. Except for themselves, they said, you had no intimate friends, and their explanation of this fact proved to me that you had taken our separation as seriously as had I.

"After Mr. Walton brought her to America she spent the first few months with us," Mrs. Blodgett told me, "and was the loneliest child I ever saw. Her big eyes used to look so wistfully at times that I could hardly bear it, yet not a word did she ever speak of her sorrow. And all on account of that wretch and his son! I think the worse men are, the more a good woman loves them! When Maizie was old enough to understand, and Mr. Walton told her how she had been robbed, she would n't believe him till Mr. Blodgett confirmed the story. She used to be always talking of the two, but she has never spoken of them since that night."

Even more cruel to me was something Agnes said. She worshiped you with the love and admiration a girl of eighteen sometimes feels for a girl of twenty-three, and in singing your praises, — to a most willing listener, — one day, she exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I were a man, so that I could be her lover! I 'd make her believe in love." Then seeing my questioning look, Agnes continued: "What with her selfish old uncle, and the men who want to marry her for her money, and those hateful Maitlands, she has been made to distrust all love and friendship. She has the idea that she is n't lovable, — that people don't like her for herself; and I really think she will never marry, just because of it."

Better far than this knowledge of you at second-hand was Mr. Blodgett's telling me that you were to dine with them during my visit. It may seem absurd, but not the least part of my eagerness that night was to see you in evening dress. If I had not loved you already, I should have done so from that meeting; and although you are dear to me for many things besides your beauty, I understand why men love you so deeply who know nothing of your nature. That all men should not love you is my only marvel whenever I recall that first glimpse of you as you entered the Blodgetts' drawing-room.

Before we had finished our greetings Mr. Whitely entered, and though I little realized how vital a part he was to be of my life, I yet regarded him with instant interest, for something in his manner towards you suggested to me that he coveted the hand you offered him.

A lover does not view a rival kindly, but I am compelled to own that he is handsome. If I had the right to cavil, I could criticise only his mouth, which it seems to me has slyness with a certain cruel firmness; but I did not notice this until I knew him better, and perhaps it is only my imagination, born of later knowledge. I am not so blinded by my jealousy as to deny his perfect manner, for one feels the polished surface, touch the outside where one will.

Your demeanor towards him was friendly, yet with all its graciousness it seemed to me to have a quality not so much of aloofness as of limit; conveying in an indefinable way the fact that such relations as then existed between you were the only possible ones. It was a shading so imperceptible that I do not think the Blodgetts realized it, and I should have questioned if Mr. Whitely himself were conscious of it, but for one

or two things he said in the course of the evening, which had to me, under the veil of a general topic, individual suggestion.

We were discussing that well-worn question of woman's education, Mrs. Blodgett having introduced the apple of discord by a sweeping disapproval of college education for women, on the ground that it prevented their marrying.

"They get to know too much, eh?" laughed Mr. Blodgett.

"No," cried Mrs. Blodgett, "they get to know too little! While they ought to be studying life and men, so as to choose wisely, they 're filling their brains with Greek and mathematics."

"You would limit a woman's arithmetic to the solution of how to make one and one, one?" I asked, smiling.

"Surely, Mrs. Blodgett, you do not mean that an uncultivated woman makes the best wife?" inquired Mr. Whitely.

"I mean," rejoined Mrs. Blodgett, "that women who know much of books know little of men. That 's why really clever women always marry fools."

"How many clever wives there must be!" you said.

"I should n't mind if they only married fools," continued Mrs. Blodgett, "but half the time they don't marry at all."

"Does that prove or disprove their cleverness?" you asked.

"It means," replied Mrs. Blodgett, "that they are so puffed up with their imaginary knowledge that they think no man good enough for them."

"I 've known one or two college boys graduate with the same large ideas," remarked Mr. Blodgett.

"But a man gets over it after a few years," urged Mrs. Blodgett, "and is none the worse off; but by the time a girl overcomes the idea, she 's so old that no man worth having will look at her."

"I rather think, Mrs. Blodgett," said Mr. Whitely, in that charmingly deferential manner he has with women, "that some men do not try to win highly educated women because they are abashed by a sense of their own inferiority."

"Where do those men hide themselves, Whitely?" interrogated Mr. Blodgett.

"I 'll not question the reason," retorted Mrs. Blodgett. "The fact that over-educated girls think themselves above men is all I claim."

"I don't think, Mrs. Blodgett," you said, "it is so much a feeling of superiority as it is a change in the aims of marriage. Formerly, woman married to gain a protector, and man to gain a housewife. Now, matrimony is sought far less for service, and far more for companionship."

"But, Miss Walton," said Mr. Whitely, "does not the woman ask too much nowadays? She has the leisure to read and study, but a business man cannot spare the time. Is it fair, then, to expect that he shall be as cultivated as she can make herself?"

"That is, I think, the real cause for complaint," you answered. "The business man is so absorbed in money-making that he sacrifices his whole time to it. I can understand a woman falling in love with a lance or a sword, dull companions though they must have been, but it seems to me impossible for any woman to love a minting-machine, even though she might be driven to marry it for its product."

"That 's rough on us, Whitely," laughed Mr. Blodgett good-naturedly; but Mr. Whitely reddened, and you, as if to divert the subject from this personal tendency, turned and said to me:

"I suppose that as a German, Dr. Hartzmann, you think a woman should be nothing more than a housekeeper?"

"Why not suggest, Miss Walton," I replied, "that as an Orientalist I must think the seraglio woman's proper sphere?"

"But, Miss Walton," persisted Mr. Whitely, not accepting your diversion,

"a man, to be successful nowadays, must give all his attention to his business."

"I presume that is so," you answered; "but could he not be content with a little less success in money-making, and strive to acquire a few more amenities?"

"Maizie wants us all to be painters and poets and musicians," asserted Mr. Blodgett.

"Not at all," you denied.

"Oh, Maizie!" cried Agnes. "You know you said the other day that you hoped I would n't marry a business man."

"I said 'only a business man,' Agnes," you replied, without a trace of the embarrassment so many women would have shown. "Because men cannot all be clergymen is no reason for their knowing nothing of religion. There would be no painters, poets, or musicians, if there were no dilettanti."

"Yet I think," said Mr. Whitely, still as if he were trying to convince you of something, "that the successful business man has as much brain as most writers or artists."

"I have no doubt that is true," you assented. "So, too, a day laborer may have a good mind. But of what avail is a brain if it has never been trained, or has been trained to know only one thing?"

"But authors and painters are only specialists," argued Mr. Whitely.

"They are specialists of a very different type," you responded, "from the man whose daily thoughts are engrossed with the prices of pig-iron or cotton sheetings. I think one reason why American girls frequently marry Europeans is that the foreign man is so apt to be more broadly cultivated."

"That 's what I mean by saying that books unfit women to marry wisely," interjected Mrs. Blodgett. "They marry foreigners because they are more cultivated, without a thought of character."

"Indeed, Mrs. Blodgett," you said, "has not the day gone by for thinking dullness a sign of honesty? And certainly a business career is far more likely to corrupt and harden men's natures than the higher professions, for its temptations and strifes are so much greater."

Your opinion was so in accord with what my father had often said that I could not but wonder if his teachings still colored your thoughts. To test this idea as well as to learn your present view, I recurred to another idea of his by saying, "Does not the broader and more sensitive nature of the scholar or artist involve defects fully as serious as the hardness and narrowness of the business man? Some one has said that 'to marry a literary man is to domesticate a bundle of nerves.'"

"A nervous irritability," you replied, "which came from fine mental exertion, would be as nothing compared to my own fretting over enforced companionship with an unsympathetic or sordid nature." Then you laughed, and added, "I must have a very bad temper, for it is the only one which ever really annoys me."

That last speech told me how thoroughly the woman of twenty-three was a development of the child of fourteen, for I remembered how little my mother's anger used to disturb you, but how deeply and strongly your emotions affected you. I suppose it was absurd, but I felt happy to think that you had changed so little in character from the time when I knew you so well. And from that evening I never for an instant believed that you would marry Mr. Whitely, for I thought that you could never love him. How could I dream that you, with beauty, social position, and wealth, would make a loveless marriage?

Good-night, my love.

Paul Leicester Ford.

A STUDY OF AMERICAN LIQUOR LAWS.

In 1889, a group of about eighteen gentlemen began to contribute to the Century Magazine a series of articles on social questions of immediate interest. These articles were written by single members of the group, but were criticised before their publication by the other members. Among the subjects dealt with were Labor Reform and the Government of Cities.

Meetings of the group were held from time to time in New York city, at which there was a useful interchange of opinion on various social topics. In 1893, these gentlemen decided to enlarge the number of the group to fifty, and concentrate their attention on the drink problem in the United States. The selection of the new members was made chiefly from Eastern cities, in order that it might be possible to procure large meetings of the committee in New York city twice a year; but there were, nevertheless, a few members from distant places, like Milwaukee and St. Louis. The members of the committee bore their own traveling expenses, but a few thousand dollars were raised by private subscription, mostly in New York and Boston, to defray the expenses of their investigations.

This committee, meeting in New York city on May 1, 1893, appointed four sub-committees on different aspects of the drink problem: one on the physiological aspects, one on the legislative aspects, one on the economic aspects, and one on the ethical aspects. The sub-committee on the physiological aspects of the problem began work almost at once by setting on foot several series of investigations concerning the effects of alcohol on the animal economy. Some preliminary reports on these investigations have been published already in scientific journals. The sub-committee on the ethical aspects of the problem thought it expedient to delay their work till the other sub-committees had made some progress in their respective fields. The sub-committee on the economic aspects waited until it should be determined what parts of numerous desirable investigations should be undertaken by the National Bureau of Labor at Washington. The fields to be occupied by the National Bureau having been determined toward the close of the year 1895, the sub-committee on the ecomomic aspects of the drink problem then began the prosecution of several interesting inquiries.

The sub-committee on the legislative aspects of the drink problem, which consisted of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, received from the Committee of Fifty appropriations of sixty-five hundred dollars. In April, 1894, the sub-committee engaged Dr. Frederic H. Wines, of Springfield, Illinois, and Mr. John Koren, of Boston, Massachusetts, to investigate the working of the liquor legislation in several States of the Union, in which that legislation, or its history, has been characteristic or especially instructive.

Mr. Koren began work on the first day of May following, in the State of Maine, where prohibitory legislation has existed since 1851. He spent three months in Maine, and then studied for three months the working of the local option law in Massachusetts, — chiefly in Boston and North Adams, the latter place being a large town with a considerable proportion of operatives in its population. From Massachusetts he proceeded to Pennsylvania, and gave three months to a study of the working of the Pennsylvania license law, — chiefly in Philadelphia. Next, he studied the working of the dispensary law in South Caro-

lina, during February, March, and April, 1895. He then gave three months to a careful revision of his four reports. Mr. Koren, therefore, worked continuously for the sub-committee from May 1, 1894, to August 1, 1895. Lastly, he devoted six weeks in September and October, 1895, to an extension of his field work in Pennsylvania, particularly in Pittsburg, Wilkes-Barre, and Reading.

Dr. Wines began his studies for the sub-committee about the first of August, 1894; and his first task was an elaborate investigation of the working of the Missouri law in the city of St. Louis. He then studied the history and operation of the Iowa legislation, and in April, 1895, presented to the sub-committee a careful report on that remarkable legislation. He next went to Ohio, and investigated the working of the so-called mulct law, under which no licenses are issued, but a tax is levied on every liquor-seller. Finally, in the summer of 1895, he prepared a report on the working of the liquor legislation in Indiana. He gave to the investigations above mentioned nine months of his time between August 1, 1894, and September 1, 1895.

These investigations cover eight different kinds of liquor legislation. They are not complete statistical inquiries, for the reason that it is impossible, with any resources at command of the Committee of Fifty, to obtain satisfactory statistics on this subject for any State of the Union. It would require the authority of the general government and an immense expenditure to make an exhaustive statistical inquiry on the subject of the consumption of alcoholic drinks; and it is very doubtful if even the national government could obtain all the important facts on this most difficult topic. The considerable consumption of alcohol for medicinal and industrial purposes masks the consumption for drinking purposes. The amount of alcohol produced in the country gives, of course, no clue to the amount consumed as drink in any single State. The internal revenue laws of the United States and the freedom of interstate commerce complicate the whole situation. Neither have the researches of Dr. Wines and Mr. Koren resulted in complete statistical statements of the number of arrests for drunkenness, or for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, or of the number of crimes attributable to alcohol. Indeed, one of the results of their investigations is that no secure conclusions can be based on any such statistics now in existence, so much are the accessible statistics affected by temporary, local, and shifting conditions. Nevertheless, these reports give a trustworthy account of the legislation in each State dealt with, and of the efforts made in the several States to enforce the laws enacted; and they give some indications of the success or non-success in promoting temperance of the various kinds of legislation described. They inevitably deal also with the social and political effects of the various sorts of liquor legislation. Within these limits, they are believed by the sub-committee to be accurate and impartial. It should be noticed that no legislation since 1895 is included in their survey.

The reports relate to communities which differ widely in character. Some relate to compact, and some to scattered populations; some to people mostly native-born, and some to communities in which there is a large admixture of foreign-born persons. The principal occupations in the States examined differ widely. Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis contain chiefly a manufacturing and trading population, while the population of South Carolina and Iowa is principally agricultural.

The difficulties in the way of researches of this kind are enormous. In matters which affect private character, truthful reports are proverbially hard to obtain. The accessible statistics are incomplete or inaccurate, or both. The effects of intemperance in promoting vice

and crime are often mixed with the effects of many other causes, such as unhealthy occupations, bad lodgings, poor food, and inherited disabilities; and it is very difficult to disentangle intemperance as a cause from other causes of vice, crime, and pauperism. At every point connected with these investigations the studious observer encounters an intense partisanship, which blinds the eyes of witnesses and obscures the judgment of writers and speakers on the subject.

The reports deal with some communities in which the local sentiment has been in favor of the enforcement of restrictive laws, and with others in which the sentiment has been adverse to such enforcement. On the whole, the reports embrace a sufficient variety of legislative enactments, and a sufficient variety of experience with these enactments, in communities of various quality, to make the conclusions to be drawn from them widely interesting and instructive. Taken together, they certainly present a vivid picture of the perplexities of such inquiries, and give effective warning against the easy acceptance of partial or partisan statements on the subject.

From the eight reports thus obtained the sub-committee derived a statement of results and inferences, which omitted all reference to similar legislation and experience in other States, and made no pretension to any exhaustive or universal character. It is evident that methods which succeed in one place do not necessarily succeed in another. Moreover, none of the eight reports deal with the question under European or cosmopolitan conditions.

The results of the investigation and the inferences from it which the subcommittee laid before the Committee of Fifty include a consideration of prohibition, its successes, failures, concomitant evils, and disputed effects; local option; the systems of licenses; licensing authorities; restrictions on the sale of liquors; druggists' licenses; and the effect of liquor legislation on politics.

Prohibitory legislation has succeeded in abolishing and preventing the manufacture on a large scale of distilled and malt liquors within the areas covered by it. In districts where public sentiment has been strongly in its favor it has made it hard to obtain intoxicants, thereby removing temptation from the young and from persons disposed to alcoholic excesses. In pursuing its main object, — which is to make the manufacture and sale of intoxicants impossible, or disreputable if possible, — it has incidentally promoted the invention and adoption of many useful restrictions on the liquor traffic.

But prohibitory legislation has failed to exclude intoxicants completely even from districts where public sentiment has been favorable. In districts where public sentiment has been adverse or strongly divided, the traffic in alcoholic beverages has been sometimes repressed or harassed, but never exterminated or rendered unprofitable. In Maine and Iowa, there have always been counties and municipalities in complete and successful rebellion against the law. The incidental difficulties created by the United States revenue laws, the industrial and medicinal demand for alcohol, and the freedom of interstate commerce have never been overcome. Prohibition has, of course, failed to subdue the drinking passion, which will forever prompt resistance to all restrictive legislation.

There have been concomitant evils of prohibitory legislation. The efforts to enforce it during forty years past have had some unlooked-for effects on public respect for courts, judicial procedure, oaths, and law in general, and for officers of the law, legislators, and public servants. The public have seen law defied, a whole generation of habitual law-breakers schooled in evasion and shamelessness, courts ineffective through

fluctuations of policy, delays, perjuries, negligences, and other miscarriages of justice, officers of the law double-faced and mercenary, legislators timid and insincere, candidates for office hypocritical and truckling, and office-holders unfaithful to pledges and to reasonable public expectation. Through an agitation which has always had a moral end, these immoralities have been developed and made conspicuous. The liquor traffic, being very profitable, has been able, when attacked by prohibitory legislation, to pay fines, bribes, hush-money, and assessments for political purposes to large amounts. This money has tended to corrupt the lower courts, the police administration, political organizations, and even the electorate itself. Wherever the voting force of the liquor traffic and its allies is considerable, candidates for office and office-holders are tempted to serve a dangerous trade interest, which is often in antagonism to the public interest. Frequent yielding to this temptation causes general degeneration in public life, breeds contempt for the public service, and therefore makes the service less desirable for upright men. Again, the sight of justices, constables, and informers enforcing a prohibitory law enough to get from it the fines and fees which profit them, but not enough to extinguish the traffic and so cut off the source of their profits, is demoralizing to society at large. All legislation intended to put restrictions on the liquor traffic, except perhaps the simple tax, is more or less liable to these objections; but the prohibitory legislation is the worst of all in these respects, because it stimulates to the utmost the resistance of the liquor-dealers and their supporters.

Of course there are disputed effects of efforts at prohibition. Whether it has or has not reduced the consumption of intoxicants and diminished drunkenness is a matter of opinion, and opinions differ widely. No demonstration on either of these points has been reached or is now attainable after more than forty years of observation and experience.

Experience with prohibitory legislation has brought into clear relief the fact that sumptuary legislation which is not supported by local public sentiment is apt to prove locally impotent, or worse. On this fact are based the numerous kinds of liquor legislation which may be grouped under the name of "local option."

In the legislation of the eight States studied, five forms of local option occur: In Massachusetts, a vote is taken every year at the regular election in every city and town on the question, Shall licenses be granted? and the determination by the majority of voters lasts one year. In Missouri, a vote may be taken at any time (but not within sixty days of any state or municipal election) on demand of one tenth of the qualified electors, town or city voters having no county vote, and *vice versa*, and the vote being taken not oftener than once in four years; but in counties or municipalities which have voted for license, no saloon can be licensed unless the majority of the property-holders in the block or square in which the saloon is to be situated sign a petition that the license be issued. In South Carolina, every application for the position of county dispenser must be accompanied by a petition in favor of the applicant, signed by a majority of the freeholders of the incorporated place in which the dispensary is to be situated; and more than one dispensary may be established for each county, but not against a majority vote (operative for two years) in the township in which the dispensary is to be placed. In Ohio, local prohibition is permitted, the vote being taken at a special election on the demand of one fourth of the qualified electors in any township. In Indiana (law of 1895), a majority of the legal voters in any township or ward of a city may remonstrate

against licensing a specified applicant, and the remonstrance voids any license which may be issued to him within ten years.

The main advantage of local option is that the same public opinion which determines the question of license or no license is at the back of all the local officials who administer the system decided on. The Missouri provisions seem to be the completest and justest of all. One year being too short a period for a fair trial of either license or no license, Massachusetts towns and cities have to guard themselves against a fickleness from which the law might protect them. Under local option, many persons who are not prohibitionists habitually vote for no license in the place where they live, or where their business is carried on. Persons who object to public bars, although they use alcoholic drinks themselves, may also support a local no license system. By forethought, such persons can get their own supplies from neighboring places where license prevails. If their supplies should be cut off, they might vote differently. There has been no spread of the no license policy in Massachusetts cities and towns since 1881, except by the votes of towns and cities in the immediate vicinity of license towns and cities.

The facts about licenses and the methods of granting them are among the most important parts of the results of this study. There is general agreement that licenses should not be granted for more than one year. The Massachusetts limitation of the number of licenses by the population (1 license to 1000 inhabitants, except in Boston, where 1 license may be issued for every 500 inhabitants) has worked well, by reducing the number of saloons and making the keepers more law-abiding; but the evidence does not justify the statement that it would work well everywhere. The Missouri restriction (no license within 500 feet of a public park) and the Massachusetts restriction (no license within 400 feet of a schoolhouse) are both commendable. Another Massachusetts provision, to the effect that the holder of a license to sell liquors to be drunk on the premises must also hold a license as an innholder or a victualer, is well conceived; but the means of executing it have not been thoroughly worked out. In New York, a similar provision led to great scandals, and had to be repealed. Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia, licenses only taverns and restaurants to sell intoxicants for consumption on the premises.

County courts have been, and still are, common licensing authorities in the States reported on. Officials elected for short terms, like the mayor and aldermen of cities, make bad licensing authorities, for the reason that the liquor question thereby becomes a frequently recurring issue in municipal politics. A Massachusetts law of recent date provides for the appointment by the mayor of any city of three license commissioners, each to serve six years, one commissioner retiring every second year. This arrangement provides a tolerably stable and independent board, without violating the principle of local self-government.

Every licensing authority should have power to revoke a license promptly, and should always have discretion to withhold a license, no matter how complete may be the compliance of the applicant with all preliminary conditions.

The objections to using courts as licensing authorities are grave. In cities licenses are large money prizes, and whoever awards many of them year after year is more liable to the suspicion of yielding to improper influences than judges ordinarily are in the discharge of strictly judicial duties. Wherever the judgeships are elective offices, it is difficult for candidates to avoid the suspicion that they have given pledges to the liquor interest. Since judicial purity and reputation for purity are much more

important than discreet and fair licensing, it would be wiser not to use courts as licensing authorities.

There are also grave inherent objections to the whole license system, when resting on the discretion of commissioners, which the experience of these eight States cannot be said to remove. No other element connected with a license does so much to throw the liquor traffic into politics. It compels the traffic to be in politics for self-protection. It makes of every licensing board a powerful political engine. A tax law avoids this result, and is so far an improvement. The Ohio law is a case in point.

Bonds are generally required of licensees. Experience has proved that wholesale dealers get control of the retailers by signing numerous bonds for them. This practice can be, and has been, prevented by legislation of various sorts, — as, for example, by enacting (Iowa, 1894) that no person shall sign more than one bond, or (Pennsylvania) that bondsmen shall not be engaged in the manufacture of spirituous or malt liquors. The appearance of office-holders and politicians on numerous bonds, as in Philadelphia, might be prevented by a law declaring that holders of elective offices shall not be accepted as bondsmen for licensees.

Before a license for a saloon can be issued, Massachusetts requires the consent of the owner of the building in which the saloon is to be, and the consent of the owners of property within twenty-five feet of the premises to be occupied by the saloon. Iowa requires the consent of all property-holders within fifty feet of saloon premises. The Missouri provision is a thorough one, and can be evaded only at considerable cost and risk. Known methods of evasion are building and selling tenements so as to increase the number of voters in the block, and dividing ordinary lots into many small lots held by different persons.

It has been a common practice to require every applicant for a license to file a certificate, signed by twelve or more respectable citizens, testifying to the applicant's citizenship and good character. This certificate is of some value to a careful licensing authority; but it may conceal the carelessness of an unconscientious authority. In connection with a tax law it might work well. In 1872–73, at a time when the Supreme Court of Iowa had declared local option unconstitutional, Iowa demanded that this certificate should be signed by the majority of the voters in the township, city, or ward for which the license was asked, — thus securing a kind of local option.

As a rule, the upper limit of license fees in cities and large towns has by no means been reached. The examples of Missouri and St. Louis (combined fee), North Adams in Massachusetts, and Boston prove that the traffic can be made to yield much more revenue than has been supposed. In 1883 the principal fees were doubled in Boston without diminishing the number of applications. They were raised again in 1888. In St. Louis, the traffic pays a state tax, a county tax, an ad valorem tax on all liquors received, and a municipal tax which sometimes reaches $300 a month. When a license attaches to a place, and not to a person, the owner of the shop fixes the rent, not by the value of the building for any business, but by the special value of the license. That is a profit which the municipality might absorb in the license fee.

The most important question with regard to any form of liquor legislation is this: Is it adapted to secure the enforcement of the restrictions on the sale of intoxicants which experience has shown to be desirable? — assuming that only those restrictions can be enforced which commend themselves to an enlightened and effective public sentiment.

The restrictions which the experience of many years and many places has proved to be desirable are chiefly these: —

There should be no selling to minors, intoxicated persons, or habitual drunkards.

There should be no selling on Sundays, election days, or legal holidays in general, such as Christmas Day, Memorial Day, and the Fourth of July. Where, however, such a restriction is openly disregarded, as in St. Louis, it is injurious to have it in the law.

Saloons should not be allowed to become places of entertainment, and to this end they should not be allowed to provide musical instruments, billiard or pool tables, bowling-alleys, cards, or dice.

Saloons should not be licensed in theatres or concert-halls; and no boxing, wrestling, cock-fighting, or other exhibition should be allowed in saloons.

Every saloon should be wide open to public inspection from the highway, no screens or partitions being permitted.

There should be a limit to the hours of selling, and the shorter the hours, the better. In the different States saloons close at various hours. Thus, in Maine cities in which saloons are openly maintained, the hour for closing is ten P. M., and in Massachusetts it is eleven P. M.; but the county dispensaries of South Carolina close at six P. M.

It has been found necessary to prevent by police regulation the display of obscene pictures in saloons, and the employment of women as bar-tenders, waitresses, singers, or actresses.

Most of the above restrictions can be executed in any place where there is a reasonably good police force, provided that public opinion accepts such restrictions as desirable. If public sentiment does not support them, they will be disregarded or evaded, as they are in St. Louis, although the Missouri law is a good one in respect to restrictions on licensees. The prohibition of Sunday selling is an old restriction in the United States (Indiana, 1816), and the more Sunday is converted into a public holiday, the more important this restriction becomes, if public sentiment will sustain it.

All restrictions on the licensed saloons have a tendency to develop illicit selling; but much experience has proved that illicit selling cannot get a large development by the side of licensed selling, if the police administration be at all effective. It is only in regions where prohibition prevails that illicit selling assumes large proportions. In license cities, where the regulations forbid sales after ten or eleven o'clock on Saturday evening and sales on Sundays, the illicit traffic is most developed after hours on Saturday and on Sunday.

The selling of intoxicants by druggists has been a serious obstacle in the way of enforcing prohibitory laws. In Iowa, when the law of 1886 closed large numbers of saloons, the druggists were almost compelled to sell liquors, — at least to their own acquaintances and regular customers. In Maine, the sale by druggists has always been a favorite mode of evading the law. States which have insisted on the proper education of pharmacists, and maintained a state registry for pharmacists, have had an advantage when the closing of saloons has brought a pressure on drug-shops to supply intoxicants; for the supervision of the State secures a higher class of men in the pharmacy business.

The checks on the selling of liquor by druggists are chiefly these: first, none but a registered pharmacist shall be entrusted with a license; secondly, no druggist shall sell in small quantities without a written prescription by a physician, and this physician must not be the druggist himself or one interested in the drug-store. The sale of liquor by druggists cannot be perfectly controlled, however, by either or both of these regulations.

Under all sorts of liquor laws, great difficulty has been found in getting the courts to deal effectively and promptly with liquor cases. Alike under the license law in Massachusetts and under the prohibition law in Maine, this trouble has presented itself. In Maine, after more than forty years' experience, and after frequent amendment of the law of 1851 with the object of preventing delay in dealing with liquor cases, it is still easy to obtain a year's delay between the commission of a liquor offense and sentence therefor. In Massachusetts, so many cases were placed on file and nol-prossed that, in 1885, a law was passed against the improper canceling of cases. This law checked the evil. In 1884 seventy-eight per cent of all the liquor cases were placed on file or nol-prossed, in 1885 thirty-four per cent, and in 1893 only three and forty-one hundredths per cent. Wherever district attorneys and judges are elected by the people, this difficulty is likely to be all the more serious. One consequence of the delays and miscarriages in liquor cases is that the legal proceedings in enforcing a liquor law become very costly in proportion to the number of sentences imposed.

Experience in various States has shown that the penalty of imprisonment prevents obtaining convictions in liquor cases. This penalty has been tried over and over again by ardent legislators, but in practice has never succeeded, — at least for first offenses. Fines have seemed to ordinary judges and juries sufficient penalties for liquor offenses. Laws with severe penalties have often been passed, and courts have often been deprived of all choice between fine and imprisonment; but after trial such enactments have proved less effective than milder ones.

A wise discrimination is made in some States between the fines for selling liquor in counties or municipalities which have voted for no license, and the fines for selling without a license in counties or municipalities which have voted for license. The first offense requires the heavier fine. In Missouri, for an offense of the first sort the fine is from $300 to $1000; for an offense of the second sort, from $40 to $200. In States where a license system prevails throughout, the fine for selling without a license needs to be high. Thus, in Pennsylvania, the fine for this offense is from $500 to $5000. It is, of course, important that the fine for selling without a license should be decidedly higher than the annual cost of a license.

It has been thought necessary to stimulate the enforcement of liquor laws by offering large rewards to informers. Thus, in Ohio, half the fine imposed goes to the informer, whenever a house of ill fame is convicted of selling liquor. In South Carolina, twenty cents on every gallon of confiscated liquor is paid to the informer, and any sheriff or trial justice who seizes contraband liquor is paid half its value. Laws like these excite intense animosities, and necessitate other laws for the protection of informers. They have been effective, however, in some instances.

The subject of the transportation of liquor into or within a State has been a very embarrassing one for legislators in every State which has tried the policy of prohibition, or of local no license, or of state monopoly. Maine has struggled for more than forty years with the problem of preventing the transportation of liquor intended for sale, but with very limited success. That State, however, presents peculiar difficulties; for it has a much-indented coast and numerous navigable rivers, so that many of its principal towns and cities are accessible by water as well as by rail. The most minute and painstaking legislation has failed to attain the object of the prohibitionists. In South Carolina, the legislature has been more successful in defending the state monopoly. The lines of transportation are comparatively few. Severe

penalties have been enacted against the transportation of contraband liquor; arbitrary and vexatious powers have been given to sheriffs, constables, and policemen; and the activity of the local police has been stimulated by a provision that negligent municipalities may be deprived of their share of the profits of the state dispensary. Legislation of this sort intensifies political dissensions, incites to social strife, and abridges the public sense of self-respecting liberty. In States where local option prevails, transportation by express between license communities and no license communities is practically unimpeded.

Dr. Wines and Mr. Koren both dwell at various points on the great difficulty of drawing useful inferences from tables of arrests for drunkenness during a series of years. The statistics are often imperfect; or the tables have been constructed on different principles in different years; or the police administration in the same city has changed its methods during the period of tabulation; or the drunk law has been altered; or the policy of liquor-sellers in regard to protecting intoxicated persons from arrest has been different at different periods. In spite of these impediments, the tables of arrests for drunkenness may sometimes afford satisfactory evidence concerning the working of the prevailing liquor legislation, although the precise cause of the increase or decrease of arrests may remain in doubt. Thus, in South Carolina, diminution of the number of arrests was an indubitable effect of the dispensary law; but it is not sure whether the diminution of public drunkenness was due to the early hour of closing (six P. M.), or to the fact that no drinking on the premises was allowed in the state dispensaries, or to the great reduction in the total number of liquor-shops in the State. In Massachusetts, an important change in the drunk law, made in 1891, caused an increase of arrests, but a decrease of the number held for trial. In Philadelphia, the proportion of arrests for intoxication and vagrancy to all arrests declined after the enactment of the so-called high-license law; but the probable explanation was that the keepers both of licensed saloons and of illicit shops protected drunken people. Another possible explanation was the inadequacy of the police force of Philadelphia. In St. Louis, where the saloons are numerous and unrestrained, public order is excellent, and arrests for drunkenness are relatively few; but this good condition is perhaps due as much to the quality of the population as to the wisdom of the liquor legislation. The fact suggests the doubt whether the amount of drunkenness is anywhere proportionate to the number of saloons.

Iowa endeavored to carry out the philanthropic idea of removing from the liquor traffic the motive of private profit, so long ago as 1854, by legislation which appointed salaried county agents for the sale of liquor; the specific reason given for this legislation being that no private person might be pecuniarily interested in the sale of liquor. No State has thus far succeeded in carrying out this idea. The dispensary law of South Carolina proposed to create a complete state monopoly, with no private licensed traffic and no illicit traffic, and with all the profits of the business going to the public treasury. This law, if successfully carried into execution, would, it should seem, remove from the traffic the motive of private gain. The law has not been entirely successful in this respect, because the salaries of dispensers are made to depend upon the amount of business done in their respective dispensaries; and it therefore becomes the private interest of the dispenser to enlarge his business as much as possible. There is at present no American legislation effective to this desirable end.

The South Carolina dispensary law well illustrates the theoretical difficulties which beset liquor legislation. It proposes to maintain a highly profitable state monopoly of the sale of intoxicants. The revenue purpose is extremely offensive to prohibitionists; yet this motive appears plainly in the practical administration of the law, as well as in its theoretical purpose. Thus, for example, the state dispensers sell the cheapest kinds of distilled liquor, because it is more profitable to sell that liquor than any other, the tastes and capacities of their customers being considered. Again, the law does not prohibit the manufacture of distilled, malt, or vinous liquors, but, on the contrary, in some respects encourages those manufactures within the State. The fundamental conception of the law is distinctly antagonistic to the theory that liquor-selling is sinful or unholy; for the State itself assumes the whole of that business and takes its profits. Although supported by prohibitionists at the time of its enactment, it flies in the face of all logical prohibitory theory. It has been enforced with a remarkable degree of success, but at great cost of political and social antagonisms.

The theory of the Ohio legislation is interesting in itself, and also because it suggested the present Iowa legislation. In Ohio, licensing is prohibited by the constitution; but when a person is found selling liquor, he is required to pay a tax of $250, and to give a bond to observe certain restrictions on selling. The tax is far too low, particularly for city saloons; and the restrictions are not sufficiently numerous, and in many places are not enforced. Under the law as practically administered, saloons are much too numerous. On the other hand, this law prevents in some measure the evil effects of liquor legislation on politics. There are no licensing authorities, no political offices for conducting or supervising the liquor business, and only a moderate amount of liquor litigation. These are weighty recommendations of the law.

Although the Iowa legislation was originally suggested by the Ohio law, it has a very different theoretical basis. In Iowa, prohibition is the rule; but by paying a fee or tax, and submitting to numerous well-devised restrictions, a liquor-seller may procure exemption from the operation of the prohibitory law. Neither the Ohio theory nor the Iowa theory is satisfactory from the point of view of the prohibitionists, any more than the theory of the South Carolina dispensary law. In the present state of legislation, different laws must be judged by their practical effects, and not by the ethical theory on which they rest.

It cannot be positively affirmed that any one kind of liquor legislation has been more successful than another in promoting real temperance. Legislation as a cause of improvement can rarely be separated from other possible causes. The influences of race or nationality are apparently more important than legislation. That law is best which is best administered. Even when external improvements have unquestionably been effected by new legislation, it often remains doubtful, or at least not demonstrable, whether or not the visible improvements have been accompanied by a diminution in the amount of drinking. Thus, a reduction in the number of saloons in proportion to the population undoubtedly promotes order, quiet, and outward decency; but it is not certain that the surviving saloons sell less liquor in total than the previous more numerous saloons. Again, it is often said that restrictions on drinking at public bars tend to increase drinking at home or in private, and there is probably truth in this allegation; but comparative statistics of public and private consumption are not attainable, so that it is impossible to hold a well-grounded opinion on this point. The wise course for the community at

large is to strive after all external, visible improvements, even if it be impossible to prove that internal, fundamental improvement accompanies them.

Almost every sort of liquor legislation creates some specific evil in politics. The evils which result from prohibitory legislation have been already mentioned. Under a license system, there is great liability that the process of issuing licenses will breed some sort of political corruption. Whenever high-paid offices are created by liquor legislation, those offices become the objects of political contention. When a multitude of offices are created in the execution of liquor laws, they furnish the means of putting together a strong political machine. Just this has happened under the dispensary system in South Carolina, where a machine of great capacity for political purposes has been created in a short time, with the governor of the State as its engineer. The creation of this machine has intensified the bitter political divisions which caused the adoption of the dispensary law and made possible its enforcement. The activity of liquor-dealers' associations in municipal politics all over the United States is in one sense an effect of the numerous experiments in liquor legislation which have been in progress during the last thirty years. The traffic, being attacked by legislation, tries to protect itself by controlling municipal and state legislators.

The commonest issue over which contentions about local self-government have arisen has been the liquor issue. The prohibitionists early discovered that local police will not enforce a prohibitory law in places where public sentiment is opposed to the law. They therefore demanded that a state constabulary should be charged with the execution of that law. This issue has arisen in States whose legislation stops far short of prohibition. Thus, in Missouri, the governor appoints the excise commissioner who is the licensing authority in St. Louis; and in Massachusetts, where local option and high license prevail, the police commissioners of Boston are appointed by the governor. So far as enforcement of the laws goes, state-appointed officers or commissions have often brought about great improvements. In South Carolina, the dispensary act could not have been enforced had it not been that the governor was empowered to appoint an unlimited number of constables to execute that one law. He was also empowered to organize at any moment a metropolitan police for any city in which the local officers neglected their duties in regard to the enforcement of the dispensary act. Nevertheless, violations of the principle of local self-government are always to be deplored, unless a municipality has exhibited an absolute incapacity to govern itself, or unless the violations are plainly based on another valuable principle, namely, that of voluntary coöperation for common ends whose scope transcends the limits of single municipalities.

There are, of course, other promising directions for efforts to promote temperance, such as the removal of the motive of private gain in stimulating the liquor traffic, the substitution of non-alcoholic drinks for intoxicants as refreshments or means of ready hospitality, and the giving of a preference in certain employments to total abstainers or to persons who never drink while on duty, particularly in those employments which have to do with the care or supervision of human beings, animals, and machines, or with transportation by land or sea; but since these interesting topics do not strictly belong to the present legislative aspects of the drink problem, the sub-committee did not dwell on them.

A volume will shortly be published which will contain the evidence on which the conclusions of the sub-committee are based.

Charles W. Eliot.

THE JUGGLER.

V.

The juggler was hardly disposed to felicitate himself upon this feat of simulation which had served to deceive the whole of his native city, and to bury a stranger, as it were, in his own grave. He began to pity the plight of the dead if they could so yearningly remember the life they had left. Return for him was impossible. Glimpses of the moon might shadow forth spirits revenant, but for him memory only must serve. He began to wonder that he could not accept conclusions so evidently final, for over and again, in the deep watches of the night, he would argue anew within himself the chances *pro* and *con* of transforming these immutable fictions into fact, of overcoming the appearance of crime by his previous high character, of relying on the good feeling of the firm, and the futility of the proceeding, to save him from prosecution. Then always, when he would reach this point, and his heart would hopefully beat fast with the idea of restoration to life, it would stand still with a sudden paralysis and sink like lead; for there were interests other than those of revenge or justice, or preserving the public morals by enforcing penalties for infringement, to be served by his incarceration in a good strong safe prison. There existed a certain corporation, the Gerault Bonley Marble Company, who he knew would give much money to be able to lay hands upon him now, and who had doubtless grieved for his demise like unto Rachel mourning for her children. The Gerault Bonley Marble Company had, in the past few years, been greatly enriched by the discovery of quarries of a fine marble upon a large body of Tennessee land, in which, however, they merely owned a life interest, limited to the duration of his natural existence. In this unique position of a *cestui que vie* he had at first felt a certain glow of pride. It was characteristic of his knack of achieving importance and prominence with so slight effort that he seemed, as it were, born to a certain preëminence. He recollected the prestige it added to his personality at the time when it was discovered that there were great beds of marble in the almost worthless tract, and the sensation of pleased notoriety he had experienced when Mr. Gerault Bonley, the president of the company, a well-known broker, had dropped in at the office to look at him — he had never taken the trouble before — and have a word with him. "Remember your business is to *live*, young man," he had said in leaving, flushed and elated with success. "That 's all you have to do. And if you ever find any hitch about doing it pleasantly, come to us, and we will help you eke it out. You are the one who lives, you understand." And he walked out, portly and rubicund, his eye kindling as he went.

Lucien Royce had ridden up town on the cable car one evening, a day or two afterward, and he had noticed with new interest a man, forlorn, shabby, chewing the end of a five-cent cigar so hard between his teeth as he talked that he was unaware that its light had died out, who railed at life and his luck in unmeasured terms that astonished the passengers precariously hanging on the platform of the rear car. This was the unsuccessful speculator who, some years earlier, had sought to mortgage the land in question to Mr. Gerault Bonley, the broker, who had bought up his paper and was disposed toward thumbscrews. It was not a good day for mortgages, somehow, but, with the desperation of a man already pressed to the wall, about as badly bro-

ken as he was likely to be, the debtor would not consent to an absolute transfer of the title.

"The land will be sold under execution, then," he of the thumbscrews had said.

"The law allows two years for redemption, in Tennessee," the speculator had retorted, with the expectation of better times in his face.

Perhaps because of the resistance, — the broker always said he did not know why he had wanted the land, for although he was aware that a little marble quarry had been worked there, it had been abandoned as not worth the labor, — still protesting that he could not avail himself of the property, he could do nothing with it unless for a term of years, at least, he finally offered the bait of enough ready money to extricate the speculator, and give him another show amongst the bulls and bears, and the conveyance was made for the uncertain term of the life of another. Lucien Royce had chanced to drop in on some business for Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, the cotton commission firm, a lithe, muscular young fellow, the ideal of an athlete, and the thought suggested itself to the broker that the estate should be limited to the duration of his life. The proposition was carelessly acceded to by the young man, attracted for the moment by the novelty of the proceeding, apprehending in the matter the merest formality. This was the conclusion.

"And now you 'll live forever!" cried the disappointed speculator, suddenly recognizing, in the uncertain light on the platform of the car, the features of the stalwart cestui que vie. Once more he was chewing hard on his cigar, once more inveighing against his accursed luck, as he stretched the newspaper toward the dull lamp of the car, indicating with a trembling hand the big head-lines chronicling the discovery, while the cumbrous vehicle went gliding along through the blue haze of the dusk and the smoke and the dust, — the medium through which the looming blocks of buildings and the long double file of electric lights were visible down the avenue. "You 'll live forever, while those men make millions on the tract they euchred me out of at ten dollars an acre! It would be a charity for you to fall off the car and break your backbone. They tell me concussion of the brain is painless. I 'll swear I 'd feel justified if I should hide in a dark alley, some night, and garrote you as you go by to the club."

"There 's another case of garroting in the paper," observed a mutual acquaintance by way of diversion.

"I noticed it. That 's what reminded me of it. It 's like lassoing. I lived a long time in Texas," he said, as he swung himself off at a side-street, and disappeared in the closing haze that baffled the incandescent lights showing upon its density in yellow blurs without illuminating it.

"You 'd better look out for that man, sure enough," the literal-minded mutual acquaintance warned Lucien Royce. "He feels mighty sore. This company is going to make 'big money' off his land."

But Royce laughed it off. "I am the one who lives," he boasted.

He found it not altogether so careless an existence since it was worth so much financially. His acute sensibilities realized a sort of espionage before he was definitely aware of it. He came to know that he was reckoned up. What he did, where he went, how he felt, were matters in which other people were concerning themselves. He resented the irksome experience as an attack on his liberty. He felt no longer a free man. And this impression grew as the yield from the property promised more and more. The Bonley Company had gone to heavy expenses. They had put in costly machinery. They had hired gangs and gangs of men. They had built miles of narrow-gauge railroad, to convey the stone by land as well as by water. It had

become a gigantic venture. The jocose "Take care!" "Live for *my* sake!" "Be good to yourself!" which had at first formed the staple of the injunctions to him when he chanced to encounter any member of the company, had changed to serious solicitous inquiry which affronted him. More than once Mr. Bonley called upon him to remonstrate about late hours, heavy suppers, and the disastrous effects upon the constitution of drinking wine and strong waters. Thus the rubicund Mr. Gerault Bonley, whose countenance was brilliant with the glow of old Rye. In one instance, when Royce's somewhat cavalier and scornful reception of these kind attentions served to rouse Mr. Bonley to the realization that the cestui que vie claimed the right to have other objects in existence than merely to live for the corporation's sake, the president of the company apologized, but urged him to consider, for the justification of this anxiety, what large financial interests and liabilities hung upon the thread of his life. There was a panic among the company whenever he went to the seashore for a short vacation, and he allowed himself to be persuaded out of a trip to Europe, of which acquiescence he was afterward ashamed, — so much so that when a place in the office of the Bonley Company was offered him, with a large increase of salary, but with the unavowed purpose of keeping him under surveillance, that he might always be at hand and easily reckoned up, he declined it with such peremptoriness as to cause the company to relax its unwise exhibition of solicitude for the time, and greatly to please his own firm, Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, who had not relished the effort to decoy a confidential clerk from their employ. On one occasion when, in training for a boat-race, he had been suddenly prostrated by the heat, the anxiety of the Gerault Bonley Marble Company had known no bounds, and its manifestation more than verged upon the ridiculous; it was the joke of the whole town. The claims of his own personal friends — he had no near relatives — were set at naught. The company took possession of him. He came to himself in one of the well-appointed guest-chambers of Mr. Bonley's own house; and when he rallied, which he did almost immediately, with the recuperative powers of youth and his great strength, he was detained there several days longer than was necessary by his host's insistence, until indeed the physician in charge laughed in the face of Mr. Gerault Bonley, the broker.

"Take care you don't do anything eccentric," the doctor said in parting at last from his patient. "That company might shut you up in a lunatic asylum or a sanitarium, where you would be ready for inspection at all hours, — just to make sure you are alive, you see."

It was meant for a joke, but it grated on the nerves of the cestui que vie. And now it came back as he lay under the dark roof of Tubal Cain Sims's house, staring into the unresponsive night, with the thought that a good strong state prison would serve the purpose of the Marble Company, looking toward his safekeeping, more effectually still. He could well understand their despair upon the supposed determination of the life estate, for since they had secured the land at slight cost, the vast profits of the industry were to the ordinary business mind all the dearer, being the favor, as it were, of chance, or the uncovenanted mercy of Providence, — "clean make." How could they survive the reversion of the property, with all its present wealth and its future prospects, to the original grantor? His imagination, alert as it was, failed to respond to so heavy a demand upon its resources. Should they find that the death of the cestui que vie was spurious, their tenancy not yet expired, should they be restored to their former status, what a warning this untoward alarm would seem, what restraints upon his liberty might not be attempted!

The idea bereft him of his last hope. Could he reasonably expect to escape prosecution when his custody in the clutches of the law was so obviously to the interests of a powerful corporation like this? Even if his own firm of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife should be averse to it to avenge their losses, what powerful influence would be brought to bear upon them by the Gerault Bonley Marble Company; what substantial values were to be dangled before the eyes of a broken firm in the friendship and backing of a strong financial association like this! And — cheaper course still — there was the public prosecutor, for the public morals should be conserved. The Marble Company would move heaven and earth to place him behind the bars. There could Mr. Bonley come and look at him any fine day he liked, as he sat making shoes and saddles, — he had heard that at the penitentiary they put their swell guests to such occupations, and his deft fingers might commend their utility in this service to the commonwealth, — or perhaps busied in some clerical capacity to which his long experience in counting-rooms rendered him apt. Mr. Bonley's scarlet countenance and bristly white mustache were of a calmer aspect as they appeared in this vision than they had worn in reality for many a long day! The menu would contain naught to destroy the digestion of the cestui que vie or affright the Marble Company in the way of midnight suppers and unlimited champagne. There would be no wild uproarious companions, no gambling escapades, no perilous activities on the horizontal bar, — what war had Mr. Bonley waged against his attachment to the gymnasium! — no swimming-matches, no boat-races, no encounters with gloves or foils. Truly Mr. Bonley's estate would be gracious indeed!

No; Lucien Royce felt that his escape was a crowning mercy vouchsafed. His most imperative care should be to make it good, or he might well spend a decade of the best years of his life behind the bars for a crime he had not committed. His incarceration would easily be compassed, were his defense far more complete than perverse circumstance rendered possible, by the craft and persistence of men who had such large interests at stake on the life and well-being of a wild, adventurous, harebrained boy. His supposititious death had saved his name, his commercial honor, which he held dear. More, it had saved the name of his quondam friend, toward whom, now and again, despite his bitter plight, he felt that certain softening sentiment, a sort of pity, which the living must needs feel for the faulty dead. John Grayson, with his theft of the belt and its treasure, had, it is true, taken his life — for he had no life left! But since John Grayson, too, was dead, of what avail was it in reprisal to destroy his name? Here, in this new world, such poor existence as it might afford was to be breathed through, — and thank Heaven it was no worse. He was dead! He was very dead! And let the Gerault Bonley Marble Company mourn him. With a laughing sneer on his face, he cursed again, as he had cursed a thousand times, the plastic folly, or the vagary of chance, or whatever fate it was that induced him to lend himself to the broker's scheme; for although he had thought it a mere formality, it had in effect sold him into a species of slavery for the rest of his natural life. "But is not my advice good advice?" Mr. Bonley had more than once urged upon his recalcitrant mood. "Is it not in your *own* interests as well as in ours? Is it not exactly the advice I would give to my own son?"

"He needs it. Give it to *him*," the cestui que vie would reply in flippant despair. But Mr. Bonley's son was not worth so much money to the company, and he went his own ways with some celerity, all unchecked.

The continual administered cautions, the sense of sustaining anxiety, espionage, criticism, of thus sharing his life,

had made it in some sort a burden to the merry cestui que vie; and therefore, in the first days of his escape, the realization of the petty persecutions, the irksome advice of the ill-advised Mr. Bonley, shaken off and forever thwarted, seemed to the young man only matters for self-gratulation. In the accumulation of these trifles in his thoughts, he had lost sight of the far-reaching significance of the event until he had reached the haven of Etowah Cove, and his bodily fatigue and distress of mind were somewhat allayed. Then he began to perceive that in this fictitious death a great property had changed hands, a definite right was subverted; a terrible fraud had been practiced on the tenants *per autre vie*, in that the life estate was not yet terminated. Mr. Gerault Bonley was mulcted of his prominence as a ludicrous, pertinacious, troublous bore, and the personality of the company was asserted as possessors of certain rights and large interests of which they were to be bereft through his agency. He was offered his choice, — to stay dead, or to go back and serve a term in the penitentiary for a crime he had never committed, to benefit the financial interests of Mr. Gerault Bonley and his associates. He sought now and again some solace in reflecting upon the hard bargain that Mr. Bonley had driven with the original owner, the poetic justice that his lands should revert to him in his lifetime, their value enhanced a thousandfold by their own inherent natural wealth, which had been merely developed, not bestowed, by the Marble Company. "I have made one poor soul happy, anyhow! It 's just as well that he should get the land before they have sold and shipped all the rock in it. He would have nothing left except a hole in the ground but for this," he muttered to his pillow. For the Marble Company had been exempted by the terms of the grant from "any impeachment of waste," and had successfully defended a suit brought by the reversioner, who sought to restrain their operations by showing that not even the surface of his tract would be left to him upon the determination of the estate. "He never seemed to have any grudge against me, and I can't say I blame him for being glad I am dead," said Royce, seeking to gauge the sentiments of the joyful reversioner.

Nevertheless, all his commercial instincts revolted. They would not support this arbitrary dispensing of justice. The Gerault Bonley Marble Company's right was created by law, and unlawfully he had divested them of it. The idea was abhorrent to his commercial conscience. All the depth of character which he possessed lay in this endowment. He had no religious convictions, no spiritual estimate of the abstractions of right and wrong. To him the thought of religion was like a capitulation. It had never occurred to him as a thing to live by. It was of the nature of mortuaries, akin to last wills and testaments, of the very essence of finality. His moral structure was the creation of correct commercial principles, — sound enough, but limited. It was an impenetrable external shell, at once an asset, a protection, and a virtue, but it had no intimate inner tissues. His soul languished inert within it. As far as his financial integrity was concerned, there had been no leanings to the wrong, no struggles against temptation, not even temptation; he was proof against it. His integrity diminished even his capacity for repentance. He had never felt himself a sinner. On the contrary, he thought he had done mighty well. He had been for years in touch with the markets at home and abroad, but he could quote no spiritual values. For the first time in his life, he groped for a knowledge of the right, he strove with the definite sense of wrong-doing. His supposed death had all the taint of dishonor; it affected him as a false entry might have done. The indirect good that it wrought, the natural justice that it meted out, appealed to him no more than the success of specu-

lating with the funds of the firm that employed him might serve to commend this peculation to his incorruptible commercial honor. He had no sympathy with the rights of man as man, the theories of the socialist, the doctrine of equality, fraternity, and liberty, the subversive communistic spirit. He interpreted them only as the tools for the time of some gross schemer who sought a fat "take-out" from the funds of his dupes; some Judas bearing the money-bag, who was still and always a thief.

He fared better when he sought to protest an irresponsibility. It was the Marble Company's affair to disprove his death if they could, to maintain themselves in continual assurance of his life. "I 've seen old Bonley perform so long like a hen with one chicken that I imitate him instinctively. I assume a sort of guardianship of the Gerault Bonley Marble Company as they assumed it of me, and one is as absurd as the other. The company's counsel ought to be equal to the situation. I have nothing to do with them. Their property is held for a term of years, which happens to be the duration of my life. I take on as if a cestui que vie was a salaried officer of the Bonley Company, — as if I were paid for drawing the breath of life. It is no part of my duty to report continually for observation. I forfeit no pledge. I violate no trust. And self-preservation is the first law of nature."

With these vacillations he had struggled in throes of mental agony as he lay on the ledges of the rocks above the river and affected to angle; or as he wandered alone through the woods; or when he sat, unheeding the drawling talk of his host, in the open passage where they lighted their pipes together, his evident preoccupation shrewdly noted by the suspicious mountaineer; or, more than all, now in the silent watches of the night, before physical fatigue could coerce sleep to his aid, — always arguing the wrong that his silence and absence wrought to others, yet the false suspicion on the part of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife, and the consequent terrible fate that his return would bring upon himself; the intrinsic justice in the restoration to the reversioner of his plundered estates, and yet the positive legal rights which the Gerault Bonley Marble Company held in their unexpired tenancy per autre vie; the lies that thus conspired in their masquerade as truth, yet the fact that the truth unmasked would prove the falsest of them all. He had never in all the exercitations of his various problems seemed so near a definite and final decision as now. Never had he reverted so often to one basis of action. He would not return to the certainty of an ignominious imprisonment on a false suspicion for the sole benefit of a strong corporation of financial sharks, who, on the pretext of a tenancy per autre vie, were tearing the estate of their grantor from off the face of the earth; the reversioner would have nothing left but literally a hole in the ground! This awful sacrificial surrender would serve no moral right, but one of those legalized robberies which arise from a fault of the law through its constitutional deficiencies, being at last only of human device. And if, he argued, it was not his function to remodel the laws, and administer them according to the moral basis of evident right, it was in this instance his privilege to dispense even-handed justice.

But when he fell asleep, and his will lay dormant, and his reasoning faculties were blunted, and only his conscience vaguely throbbed with an unassuaged wound, the sense of the commercial wrong that he did, the realization of the definite creation of law that he defeated, the weight of responsibility with which his mere breathing the breath of life had burdened him, all were reasserted without the connivance of volition, and over and over again that poignant cry, "But the one who lives — the one for whose

life — his life — his life — his life!" rang through the house with all the pent-up agony of his days of doubt and strivings and distress in its tone.

It was a silent house. No wind stirred. Not a leaf rustled. One might hear the ash crumble covering the embers on the hearth. A vague monotone came from the river. Outside, the still radiance of a late-risen moon lay pallid and lonely on the newly ploughed fields. Here and there crevices in the chinking between the logs of the walls made shift to admit a ray, sending its slight shaft through the brown gloom of the interior, visible itself and luminous in its slender tenuity, yet dispensing no light. One of these rays glimmered through the clapboards of the roof on the face of the sleeper, which showed in the dusk, with all its wan trouble on it, with the distinctness of some sharply cut cameo, to Tubal Cain Sims, who, half dressed and with shock head and bare feet, had climbed the stair, and lurked there listening, if perchance he might hear more to convey to the sharp-set curiosity of the magisterial lime-burner.

This involuntary lapse of his resolution left no trace on the juggler's consciousness when he awoke the next morning. He was not aware that he had dreamed, that in sleeping he had swerved from his intention, far less that he had cried out in his unrealized mental anguish. He took comfort from his stanch mental poise. The fact that he held fast to his conclusion seemed to confirm the validity of his judgment. Here he was to begin life anew, and it behooved him to make the most and the best of it. For one moment the recollection of the world he had left almost overcame him, — the contrast it bore to his sorry future! Even its workaday aspect, — the office, his high desk by the window, the thunder of the cotton-laden wagons in the streets and the clamor of voices impinging so slightly on his absorption in his work as to be ignored, — even this wrung a pang from him now. How much more the thought of the club, with its brilliant lights, and its luxury of furnishing, and its delectable *cuisine*, and the pretensions of its elder members, and the countenance they were pleased to show him; of the fraternity halls where he was so prime a favorite; of the gymnasium he affected, and the boating and swimming clubs; of his choice social circle, with its germans and musicales, its little dinners and tally-ho drives, its private theatricals and much harmless flirtation, its decorous parlors of refined and elegant appearance, of which he valued the *entrée* in proportion as he had once felt it jeopardized by the bruiting abroad of that wild gambling escapade, which he feared, in the estimation of the severe and straight-laced matrons and delicate-minded young girls, ill became the *habitué* of so elevated a coterie. They all seemed, in his recollection, of an embellished beauty and aloof majesty infinitely removed from his sordid plight and maimed estate. He faltered as he thought of his hopeless alienation from it all, his dreary exile.

And then, with a sudden bracing of the nerves, he reflected on the view which this *recherché* society would entertain of the alternative that fate presented; the disgrace which he would sustain in his return was hardly to be mentioned to ears so polite! Was he farther from them here than he would be there? Was he more definitely banished from his wonted sphere? He was dead to them, — forever dead, — and the sooner forgotten the better!

In pursuance of his determination, he went downstairs arrayed in the blue-checked homespun shirt and gray jeans trousers which Mrs. Sims with so great and dilatory labor had contrived. He thought he looked the typical mountaineer in this attire, with a pair of long cowhide boots, purchased at the cross-roads store, drawn up to his knees over the legs of the trousers, and a white wool

hat of broad brim set far back on his dark red-brown hair. He could hardly have deceived even an unpracticed eye. The texture of his skin, shielded by his vocation from wind and weather; the careful grooming which was the habit of years; the trained step and pose and manner, unconscious though they were; the hand, delicate, however muscular, and white, and with well-tended nails; the silken quality of his smooth hair and mustache; the expression of the eye, — he looked like a young "society swell" dressed for a rural rôle in private theatricals.

Mrs. Sims, who was languidly setting the table in the passage, while Euphemia, clashing the pots and pans and kettles in the room to the left, was "dishin' up" breakfast, paused in her wheezing hymn, catching sight of him, to survey her handiwork.

"Waal!" she exclaimed in delighted pride, appropriating to her own skill the credit of the effect of his symmetry. "Now don't them clothes jes' set! I 'll be boun' nobody kin say ez I ain't a plumb special hand fur the needle an' shears! I jes' want Tubal Cain Sims ter view them 'vain trappin's,' ez the hyme calls 'em, — though ez we ain't endowed by Providence with feathers, thar ain't no use in makin' a sin out'n hevin' the bes' clothes what we kin git."

The juggler was as vain as a young man can well be. But he had seldom encountered such outspoken admiration, and was a trifle out of countenance; for what Mrs. Sims conceived to be the excellence of her own proficiency as a tailor he apprehended was due to the graces of his personal endowment. He made her a flourishing bow of mock courtesy, and then restoring his hat to his head stood leaning against the door-jamb, one hand in the pocket of the gray trousers, the other readjusting the wide low shirt-collar about his throat.

"I 'd like ter know what Tubal Cain Sims *will* say now!" exclaimed Mrs. Sims, pursuing corollaries of the main proposition of triumph. "He 'lows, whenst I make him ennythin' ter wear, ez he kin sca'cely find his way inter sech shapen gear. An' whenst in 'em, he 'lows he 'll never git out no mo', an' air clad in his grave-clothes — goin' 'bout workin' an' sech — in his grave-clothes! It 's a plumb sin, the way he talks!"

Her face clouded for an instant, remembering the ungrateful flouts; then her gaze, resting on her guest, dimpled anew.

"But laws-a-massy!" she cried, "how peart ye do 'pear in them clothes, to be sure! A heap more like sure enough folks than in them comical little pantees ye hev been a-wearin'."

He could not forbear a laugh at her criticism of the spruce knickerbockers; but with the thought of the varying standards of a different status of life the realization of his exile came to him anew, and imbittered the decoction called coffee which Mrs. Sims handed to him, and although his eyes were dry, as he gulped it down, he tasted tears.

It was difficult for him to resent any admiration of himself as too redundant, but she could not quit the subject, and pointed out to Tubal Cain Sims, when he entered, the excellence of the fit of the shirt about the shoulders and its flatness in the back; apparently arguing that if this shirt fitted the juggler, it was only Tubal Cain Sims's rugged temper and finical fancy that *his* shirt did not fit. His prominent shoulder-blades were not long destined to be concealed by the worn cloth drawn taut across their recurved arches as he leaned slouchingly forward, and the loose amplitudes over his narrow bent chest might well have been economized for a supplement across the shoulders. It never seemed to occur to either of them that the cloth should be cut to suit the figure, or at all events the bearing, of the wearer. She only tortured her helpless partner with her adherence to a pattern at least fifty years

old, and which had fitted him well enough twenty-five years ago; but as seam, gusset, and band burst under the stress of his crookedness and increasing slouch, he considered that Jane Ann Sims had utterly forgotten her cunning, and talked as if his clothes were a trap requiring a certain diligence of investigation to get into, and from which there was no escape.

The juggler grew restive lest Euphemia should enter while he was a bone of contention between the two, for Mrs. Sims was still disposed to call on all who might behold to note the beauty of the "set" of his shirt, and Tubal Cain Sims as resolutely refused to admire. Royce was ready to laugh at himself that he should thus desire to shirk these personalities in Euphemia's presence, and that he should assume for her a delicacy in the discussion which he was very sure Mrs. Sims would not appreciate. Yet he was not so coxcombical as to preëmpt for her Mrs. Sims's standpoint; he realized that she might be as stolidly unadmiring as Tubal Cain himself. He finished his breakfast with a hasty swallow or two, and was about to take himself off up the road, hearing Mrs. Sims remarking after him, "Ye oughter thank the Lord on your bended knees, young man, fur the fit o' them clothes," and Tubal Cain Sims's growl of objurgation that "folks oughter have better manners an' sense 'n ter be thankin' the Lord for the set o' thar clothes on the blessed Sabbath day."

"Is this Sunday?" asked the juggler, and stood stock-still.

"It air the blessed Sabbath," said Tubal Cain, his eyes still full of the misfit rancor and his mouth full of corn dodger.

Ah, how Lucien Royce heard across the silent Cove the bells ringing from the church towers of St. Louis, a thousand miles away! He distinguished even the very melody that the chimes were rippling out, — he would have sworn to it amongst a thousand, — and the booming of heavier metal sounding from neighboring steeples. He knew just how a certain dissonance impinged upon the melodious tumult, — the bell of an old church below Seventeenth Street that had a crack in it and rang false. The raucous voices of newsboys were calling the Sunday papers, much further up town than on week-days. The clanging of the cable cars sounded here, there, everywhere; the sunlit streets were full of people. And then, as his heart was throbbing near to breaking for this his world, his home, of which he was bereft, he realized how his imagination had cheated him. Across the Cove the slanting sun-rays had not yet reached the levels of the basin; the red hue of the dawning still tinged them. The mists of the night clung yet in purple shadowy ravines. The dew was in the air. Away — away — the far city of the mirage lay sluggard and asleep. No bell rang there save the Angelus. Now and again a figure slipped along to early mass. The rumbling wheels of a baker's wagon or the tinkle of a milkman's bell might sound, — a phase of the town, an hour of the day he did not know and for which he did not care. And so he was admonished to beware of fancies. This — *this* was his home, and here he was to spend his life.

He hardly knew how he might make shift to spend the day, he said, as he flung himself down on a ledge of the rock overlooking the river. He appreciated how he would value the rest, had a week of hard work preceded it. He was no Sabbatarian on religious principles, but adhered to the theory as physically economical. As he lay smoking, he argued that much of his tendency to revert to the troubles that had whelmed him, to repine for even the minutiæ of his old life, — aught that suggested it was dear! — to forget that it had gone forever and could never be conjured back, and that a far different fate awaited

him in his familiar world, was only an indication of the morbid influence of idleness and mental solitude. The persistence of the activities of the human mind is but scantily realized. Given adequate subjects to work upon, to engross it, — a stent, so to speak, — and its powers seem rarely greater than its task; but remove the objective point of occupation, and the complications of the engine, its normal strength yet its perilous fragility, its inherent tendencies to dislocation, its perpetual uncontrollable subjection to any idea, evolved at haphazard, clutched with a tenacity as of the muscles of a galvanized grasp, furnish a reflection wonderfully conducive to energy and the embellishment of toil. "Blessed are the hard workers, for their minds and their hearts shall be sound," is not among the list of beatitudes, but perhaps it was the truth most deeply felt by the young exile from the business world as well as the world of pleasure.

"I must get at something," he said to himself. "I must realize that I am here to stay. This juggling money" — he rattled in his pocket the silver that he had earned the night of his ill-starred entertainment — "won't last forever, even at the rates of board and lodging in Etowah Cove. It would be the part of wisdom to ingratiate myself with the miller, — cross-grained old donkey, — help him with the mill, marry the miller's daughter, and succeed to the throne."

He laughed, with a mocking relish of the incongruity of the idea. Then, as he thought of the miller's daughter, a vague perception came to him that he had never before encountered a woman apparently so indifferent to him; for indifference was not the sentiment which he was wont to excite. He remembered, too, his hasty retreat from the table, lest her delicacy be offended if his garments were descanted upon in her presence. "Am I going to persuade myself that I am in love with this rural Napoleon in petticoats?" he asked himself scornfully. Then he argued that it was merely because he was not used to such critical scrutiny of his vestments except by his tailor. "All the same, I got out of there before the lady Euphemia appeared." He thus took as dispassionate note of the fact as if he were discussing the state of mind of another person. "I might do far worse. She could be trusted to keep me extremely straight from now till the Judgment Day. She is so pretty — that — if she were a trifle softer — a trifle different, it would n't be such hard lines to make love to her."

Perhaps it did not seem such "hard lines" when she suddenly came out of the house, later in the day; for as he glanced up the slope and beheld her, he rose promptly and went to meet her.

It was a tortuous way up the slope; the outcropping ledges here and there jutted out so heavily that it was easier to skirt around than to climb over them. Brambles grew in shaggy patches; trees intervened; more than once, gnarled roots, struck but half in the ground, the bole rising at a sharp angle with the incline, threw him out of the line of a direct approach. He saw, as he drew near, that he was as yet unperceived, as she made her way slowly along the road. Her wonderful eyes were fixed meditatively, softly, upon the blue mountains beyond the Cove, showing through the gap of the nearer purple ranges. Her lips had a drooping curve. The golden glimmers of her brown hair, rising in dense fairness above her white brow, had never seemed to him so distinct. She carried her pink sunbonnet in her hand; the large loose curls floated on the shoulders of her calico dress. It was of a sleazy texture, and the skirt fell in starchless folds from a short waist to the tops of her low-cut shoes. The color was a rose pink, and on it was scattered a pattern of great roses of the deepest red hue, and she looked as fan-

tastic as if she were dressed for a calico ball. Somehow, this accorded better with his humor than the sombre homespun attire which the mountain women as a rule affected. Her costume, regarded as a fad, did not so diminish her beauty. He could judge better of it, as he paused, still unperceived because of the intervening brambles, hardly ten feet from her. She looked like some old picture, as, swinging the bonnet by the string, she stood still for a moment, with an intent look in her lovely eyes.

"Ef he speaks so agin," she said slowly, "ef he speaks so agin afore them all, I dunno *how* I kin abide it."

There was a look of pain on her face which did not promise tears. He realized that tears were scarce with her and came hard. It was the look of one whose heart is pierced, and whose pride is bent, and whose endurance flags. Then, with an access of resolution visible in her soft face, she suddenly moved onward, and the swaying sprays of the brambles painted the picture out.

He had hardly time to take stock of his impressions, or note his own surprise, or marvel of what or whom she spoke, when Mrs. Sims issued, waddling, from the house. She perceived him readily enough, having him in mind, perhaps, and called to him to hurry up, "for weuns air all goin' ter meetin' over yander at the church-house, whar ye gin that show o' yourn," with a fat dimply smile too jolly for the occasion, all unmeet to companion the Sabbath-day expression on the sour visage of old Tubal Cain Sims, shuffling out with high shoulders and hollow chest and bent knees to join the family procession.

Lucien Royce welcomed the summons with the half-bewildered delight of one unexpectedly rescued from the extremest griefs of ennui. His first instinct was to run and dress. Then remembering that he wore the best clothes he had, he composed himself with the reflection that he was in the fashion as it prevailed here. He was consoled, too, as he strolled along beside Mrs. Sims, for the loss of a younger companion by reflecting that he wanted to make no mischief among any possible lovers of Euphemia, which his public appearance walking with her to church was well calculated to do.

"I think I am safe with Mrs. Sims," he said to himself. "I suppose nobody is in love with her, — not even old Tubal Cain, whatever he may once have been."

He cast a glance at the lean and active partner of Mrs. Sims's joys and sorrows, forging along at a brisk pace which was certain to land him in church before the rest of the household had achieved half the distance.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

I. THE OLYMPIC GAMES, OLD AND NEW.

I.

When it was reported that, after many years of hope deferred, I was at last to visit Greece, the local newspapers had it that the prime object of my trip was to witness the Olympic games at Athens. Now that the Olympic games at Athens have proved a brilliant success, nothing could seem more natural than that a professor of Greek and an editor of Pindar should speed across the water to behold the wonderful revival. But at the time those who believed most in the old Olympic games were not the most enthusiastic about the new. Private letters seemed to indicate that the celebration would be a failure, perhaps deserved to be a failure. The stadium was there, and that was a great point. It had been called into being again for the purpose, but no one who had not seen it could have imagined how it would stand out in its unique beauty among the great theatres of the modern world. There was to be running, — nothing more antique than running. There was to be leaping, throwing the discus, the long-distance race, and wrestling. But the latter part of the programme was very modern. Boxing was to be banished as too brutal, and the bicycle was to take the place of the four-horse chariot. The swimming-match was not Olympic. The fencing-match was too Roman. Your genuine Greek abhorred the sports of the amphitheatre. Lawn-tennis was really too airy a pastime for the Olympic games, and there was mention in one newspaper of croquet. Croquet is an estimable game, but hardly a sport to lure one across the Atlantic, though one would vault over the "salt, unplumb'd, estranging sea" to witness a match game of kottabos, say, between Theramenes and Kritias; nay, your true pedant would almost have himself ferried over the Styx for that. However, "croquet" was a misprint for "cricket."

Then the press began to teem with extemporized erudition about the old Olympic games. Krause's learned work was dusted and disemboweled, and the very emphasis repelled the classical scholar. Besides, the writers nearly all overlooked what seemed to be the religious significance of the games, and as a devout Hellenist, who belonged to the church of which Pindar was pastor, I was shocked at the flippancy with which the whole matter was handled; and being called on for a deliverance on the subject, I freed my mind by a discourse addressed to a small congregation of the faithful. I will not give my sermon in full. An outline will be a sufficient trial to the reader's patience.

II.

We call this age an age of intelligent sympathy. We try to understand the past and to reproduce it in order to put our understanding of it to the test. No modern age has comprehended classical antiquity so well as has ours, and the close of the century has witnessed many reproductions of the antique. Every few months a Greek tragedy, every year or two a Greek comedy, is brought on the stage. The music of the Greeks has become vocal once more, and we can hear pæans sung as of old. Why should we not have a revival of the Olympic games? The site will not be the same, but there were elaborate Olympic games at Antioch as well as in Elis. Why not at Athens? No environment could be more noble, and Olympic games of some sort were performed there in antiquity. Nor must we insist pedantically on the

season of the year. Think of Christmas in Australia. It is still Christmas. And as for the difference in the games, were there not changes enough in the old days? The mule-race came in and the mule-race went out. Why might not boxing share the same fate, in accordance with the spirit of the age? But there 's the rub. Is there anything left of the old spirit, or can anything of the old spirit be evoked? Will the new Olympic games be anything more than athletic sports? What is there to make them differ from baseball contests and football contests, from polo and lacrosse? The antique spirit? But what was the antique spirit, and where shall we look for its truest expression? The answer comes unhesitatingly: In antique poetry.

A nation is to be judged by its poetry as well as by its prose, by its aspirations as well as by its performances, by the bread of angels which it craves as well as by the husks which swine do eat, and if we are to catch the spirit of the Olympic games we must go to the great interpreter of that spirit when it was at its height: we must go to Pindar. Not for the description of the games themselves. That was needless for his time. It is not needless for ours. And our time, equipped for sympathy as no other age has been in the long procession since the close of antique life, rejoices in a truer vision and has earned a truer vision, in the Greek fashion, by "toil and cost." Earlier efforts to picture the scene of the Olympic games leave us cold, no matter how skillfully the writers weave in the details from antiquarian and from scholiast, whereas now everything has become more vivid for all that has been revealed to us by the excavations at Olympia. Gardner's chapter on Olympia and Shorey's article on the Olympic games breathe the breath of life.

"Everything that has been brought to light at Olympia has brought with it new light for the scene, for the games. The Hermes of Praxiteles is henceforth for us the impersonation of the youthful athlete, whose physical prowess has not made him forget tenderness and reverence. The Nike of Paionios revives for us the resistless rush of victory. We mingle in the eager crowds, we feel the tremulous excitement; we too become passionate partisans and swell the volume of cheers." But in the presence of the brilliant scene and in the midst of the flush of the contest we must not forget what it all means. We must not forget the great altar that dominates Olympia. We must not forget that there were priests and prophets among the victors. The festival was sacred to the supreme god. The year was a sacred year; the poems that celebrated the victories were sacred poems. Pindar, the last prophet of the Doric creed, with its great exemplar Herakles, was a consecrated man. The athlete served God with his body; the victor in the chariot-race served God with his substance.

The life of the Olympian victor was a term of comparison, not for happiness merely, but for blessedness, which is more; and this blessedness had not lost its significance even in the time of Plato. There still abode that supernal element, which cannot be restored, which has departed with the mystic meaning of the olive leaf; for the two surfaces of the olive leaf symbolized to the reverent Greek the two worlds, the upper and the lower.

Athleticism has been made so prominent in the games that we need to be reminded that the victories celebrated by Pindar do not all involve physical prowess. A certain risk was run by those who drove the chariots; but these were not always the owners, and a good third of Pindar's odes tell of those who gained the victory by purse rather than by prowess. No wonder; for these high and mighty people who indulged in chariot-races were the very people who could afford to pay for so expensive an adorn-

ment of the triumph as one of Pindar's golden odes. "Expense and toil" are emphasized as well as "toil and expense." To be sure, it might not be well to compare a victory in the chariot-race with building a church or founding a divinity school; yet the consecration is there. When Demaratus, one of the most romantic of Greek characters, leaves Sparta forever to join the Persians, Herodotus watches his receding figure in sympathetic mood. Demaratus had done the state good service, and more especially, of all the Spartan kings he alone had won for the Lacedæmonians an Olympic victory with the four-horse chariot. In this whole class of Pindaric odes there is a marked recognition of the favor of God, and in one of them we have a vision of the world to come. How foreign is all this to us! What a contrast between the Dantesque vision of the ode in honor of Theron's victory and the record of the latest trotting-match! But after all, when we think of the Greek games, we think first of athleticism, and it is well. The first recorded victory was a victory in a foot-race, the most simple of all, the most Greek of all. And athletic victories were something to date by. So Thucydides dates by them, — Thucydides, who does not deal much in side-lights, who keeps to the inexorable march of events, the merciless chain of causation, the remorseless machinery of politics and war: "'T was the Olympiad in which Dorieus was victor for the second time." He dates by Dorieus as he dates by the priestess of Hera at Argos, who had been fifty years in office when the war broke out, and who in the ninth year of the war was so unlucky as to set the temple on fire. Somehow, these dates do not produce exactly the same effect as the fire at Chicago, — also due to an old woman, — and the fight between Corbett and Sullivan.

The temple at Argos and the Olympic games are on the same plane. They are consecrated by the same spirit, and it is this spirit we should do well to study when we consider the revival of the Olympic games. In the passage of Thucydides, dating by Dorieus is the most natural thing in the world. Olympia had just been mentioned, and everybody had heard of Dorieus. Next to his father he was the most famous athlete of the period. It was that father, Diagoras, who won the famous victory that called forth Pindar's immortal ode on Rhodes. It was Diagoras who won unparalleled distinction as a boxer and was victorious in all the great games, and of whom a familiar story is told by Cicero, enhanced by later writers, as is the wont of later writers. Not only was he victorious himself, but sons and grandsons were successful as well; and when two of his victorious sons bore the old man aloft, the assembled multitude showered garlands upon them, and a Spartan drew nigh and said, "Die, Diagoras, for you are not going to mount up to heaven." Heaven was at that time reserved for the gods, and the Greek deemed it best to die at the summit of happiness. This was a good deal for a Spartan to say, for the Spartans were a reserved race, and one would have expected rather some such Scottish utterance as "Your luck is no that bad." But his feelings were too much for him; and then he was only quoting Pindar, and quoting is not highly emotional.

We read further that the daughter of Diagoras was present at the games, for as a rule women were not allowed to attend the games, and a scene from George Meredith's recent novel, The Amazing Marriage, comes up to the mind, — the scene in which the heroine is forced by her bridegroom to look at a prize-fight. It is somehow not the same world.

We began with Dorieus. Let us go back to him. He was a successful athlete, but something besides a successful athlete. In modern times we might say "something higher," just as men

to-day count the present Speaker of the House of Commons something higher than his father, who was a noted pugilist. But with the example of Diagoras before us we dare not say that, and simply add that Dorieus, son of Diagoras, as Thucydides is careful to tell us in the proper place, commanded the Thurian fleet in the Peloponnesian war, and manned his vessels and equipped them at his own expense. He bore himself in lordly fashion, and there was a high and free air about his conduct of the campaign. Captured by the Athenians, he was released because of his great renown as an athlete, or, as Ernest Myers has it, by favor of Athena, who had chosen Rhodes for one of her homes.

> "She too her own Athenians stirred
> To that fair deed of chivalry,
> That high imperishable word
> That set the Rhodian Dorieus free,
> And linked in unison divine
> Her Lindian to her Attic shrine."

Surely a greater than Tom Cribb is here. But Dorieus does not stand alone. Whenever a man who has won Olympian or Pythian victory figures in the war, his victory is mentioned as a title of honor. And it is not strange that such men should have figured in the war, for the victors in the games were at that time the flower of Hellas. But the point to be insisted on is that it was not the social position merely, it was the religious consecration that gave them this privilege. Thucydides, whose deity is said to have been the "strong god, the chance central of circumstance," found the victors as inevitable as did devout Herodotus, as inevitable as he found the oracles, whether he believed in the oracles or not. When the conspiracy of Cylon is mentioned, both historians tell us that he had won an Olympic victory, whereupon a later Greek rhetorician, who had lost the point of view, takes Herodotus and Thucydides to task for referring to a circumstance which was out of place except in eulogy. He did not understand that this statement was essential to the story; that it served to explain the influence that Cylon exerted, and served to emphasize the depth of his fall. But, for that matter, the great orator who has helped to make the story of Diagoras popular takes pains to tell us that Olympic victories had lost something of their value in the eyes of the Greeks of his time. As a Roman he had little sympathy with what he evidently considered an overestimate. And it is an overestimate except from the earlier point of view of worship. Take away the religious spirit, and the Olympic games lose their right to be. The ethical element is potent, but it does not suffice; and if it be said that our warrant for the religious principle is to be found largely in poetry, be it so.

Even in Pindar there is not much detail of the contest. There are many moral lessons incarnate in the myths that form the bulk of his poems, there are many moral lessons expressed in weighty words; for the Greeks were given to moralizing, and one might construct a Mirror of Athletes out of the odes of this last prophet of Dorism. But of the "events" themselves little is said. True, the *gaudia certaminis* are not altogether overlooked. How could they be? And yet there is little picturing of the hateful wrong side of victory, defeat. The Greeks were not generous victors, thinks Professor Gardner. "Respect for a vanquished competitor could never be counted among Greek virtues." Let us not be too sure of that. At all events, Pindar has only two conspicuous passages in which there is a note of savage exultation; in which we see the defeated skulking home to their mothers by lanes and back ways in "suspense of their foes," while "sweet laughter" is ringing in their ears. Both these poems have to do with wrestling, have to do with boys, and both remind us of the issue of certain college football games. The Eternal Boy is too much even for the calm Greek.

But even these odes are steeped in morality, in religion.

It has been said that true athleticism had but a brief bloom in Greece, but it might be maintained that it had a longer bloom than anything else. Professionalism, we are told, was the death of it, — the same professionalism that has been the death of so many good things. But when shall we put the acme of the Olympic games? We have made Pindar the interpreter of the true spirit of these great contests, and yet before Pindar framed his greatest songs a voice was heard in opposition to the honors paid to the victors of the Olympic games, — the same voice that protested against the abominations which Homer and Hesiod had consecrated to the gods. "Better," said Xenophanes, "than the strength of men and horses is our wisdom." Euripides, himself an athlete, and a successful athlete too, has indulged in a formal tirade against the whole tribe. It is said that he was forced into this line of work by his father, and hence the bitterness of his objurgation; but fathers are not always to blame. We have had instances of like rebellion in our own day, and such Grecians as Lord Lyttelton and Miss Swanwick have joined in the cry, "Too much Greek." At all events, Euripides' counterblast against athleticism has come down through the ages as a manner of baccalaureate sermon against sports. The athletes, according to him, are slaves to appetite; they have no thrift; they cannot bear changes of fortune. In youth they are brilliant creatures, idols of the city. When old age comes they are threadbare cassocks. And what is the use of it all, their swiftness of foot, their hurling the discus, their countering on the jaw? What avails all this in battle? One does not hurl a discus in a fight, nor knock one's enemy out of the country with the fist. The wreaths are ill bestowed; wise men and good are those who should be crowned. Isocrates whines at the same lack of judgment, and even Plato, who was himself an athlete and won prizes, whose own appellation is supposed to be a gymnastic nickname, dreads the tendency of athleticism, and throws out here a grave word of warning, and there a light jest.

Those who cite the evidence of later writers for the decline of athleticism are apt to consider too little those earlier evidences of an opposition which is very much such an opposition as makes itself heard and felt in intellectual circles now. The dispute was a traditional dispute, and the voices that we hear in the time of the Antonines are the voices of Galen and Lucian. Lucian is for, Galen against, and Galen's testimony is much insisted on. Indeed, this learned and philosophical physician goes into the subject with minute detail, and one listens to very nearly the same language as physicians of the present day employ in their deliverances on boat-racing and football, or any form of overdoing.

But one must not be too quick to draw inferences as to the later degeneracy. In the student of the Greek Renascence there is bred a perfect distrust of every allusion to daily life. The trail of the bookworm is over the whole period, and it is extremely hard to tell what is vision, what reminiscence. There is not one among all these writers who is not open to the suspicion of cribbing. There is not one among them all who writes purely out of his own life. There is no Pierre Loti among them all; no, not one. Lucian, who has defended Greek athletics, is so joyous and so jaunty that one does not suspect him at first, but he too is a reminiscentialist, though he is much more than that. The literary atmosphere is so thick that the writers of the period cannot see their own times.

Religion hallowed athleticism; it hallowed the Olympic games. The games were part of the worship of the gods, victory was a token of their favor. Religion hallowed athleticism; philosophy secularized it. To renew the Olympic games

we must have a religious basis. The body must be more than a tabernacle; it must be a temple, and as a temple it must be dedicated to a higher service. Self-development is naught unless it have a noble aim. "Toil and expense," the homely words in which the Greeks, most practical and most ideal of people, laid down the avenues of success, mean self-sacrifice, mean devotion. In the new Olympic games we shall see the "poet's dream," for the spectacle will be marvelous; but shall we have "the consecration" as well as the poet's dream? Perhaps a modern instance may illustrate my meaning. The Passion Play of Oberammergau was discovered by Eduard Devrient in 1850. It was my privilege to see it in 1860, and again in 1890. In 1860 it was feared that the performance might degenerate into a spectacle, that the religious feeling in which it was originally steeped might evaporate in the dust and sun of publicity; and the same fear returned in stronger measure in 1890, when the performance was much more elaborate, much more artistic. But no process of disillusionment to which I subjected myself the first time, no sharpening of the critical faculty such as comes with riper years, availed against the overpowering effect. Lift the Passion Play out of the religious life of the people which gave it birth, make it a mere show, a mere perambulatory function, with "one-night stands" and "two-night stands," and it would be not only a sham, but a horror. True, we are not Greeks as we are Christians, and our religious sensibilities will suffer no shock in the new Olympic games; but while there will doubtless be much to help the world to an appreciation of the scenic effect of the great games of Greece, the antique basis will be lacking. When we witness the performance of a Greek tragedy like the Agamemnon, like the Œdipus, like the Antigone, a religious awe descends on us, because the "sacred poet" has interpreted the meaning of the drama to the modern soul. So here, too, if we are to invoke the spirit of the past out of the shows of the present, we must seek "the holder of the keys;" and my own words come back to me after many years: "Reconstruct Greek life and we shall better understand Pindar. With all my heart; but after the reconstruction we shall need the poet's light as much as ever, if not more."

III.

Such were my meditations and my utterances. I was, as has been said, a trifle resentful of the imputation that I had timed my visit to Greece with distinct reference to performances which could, after all, be nothing more than spectacles. The foremost editor in the Confederate States, John M. Daniel, told me once, in his grim way, that no one had more reason to believe in the power of the press than he. "No sooner," said he, "do I insert a ringing editorial on the subject of the war than some wretched compositor lays down his 'stick,' shoulders his musket, and goes to the front." And if alien eloquence is so effective, what is to be said of one's own? Assuredly, the late political campaign has shown how men become dupes of their own phraseology. So I had sophisticated myself into the conviction that it was not worth while to make any special sacrifice in order to see the new Olympic games. "You are right," wrote a classic friend to me on the eve of my departure. "Athens will be vulgarized by the crowds. Seek Sicily first."

I had failed to secure a passage by the steamer which would have enabled me to combine with ease a visit to Sicily and the vision of the games. Only a few days were at my disposal. "Naples," I said to myself, "is a Greek town, and though it has little of the Greek flavor, still the background is there, and I cannot hurry away from Naples without seeing Pompeii again. And Sicily, — no-

thing can be more Greek than Sicily. To a man whose last chance it is, in all human probability, how much better to behold Ætna than to follow the revolutions of the bicyclist or the carte and tierce of the fencer, — Ætna! the Ætna that Pindar saw, the Ætna of the immortal First Pythian, that 'pillar of heaven,' 'the year-long nurse of biting snow,' the symbol of aristocratic power, high and lifted up, with a chill smile on its face as it crushes beneath its foot the hundred-headed Typhoeus of revolt! To see Ætna will be to understand Pindar better. Now, if a bicycle were a monocycle, it might be brought into line with the magic wheel to which the wryneck was bound in the incantation of antique lovers, or with Ixion's wheel, of which, as I understand, there is a noteworthy painting in the newly uncovered *domus Vettiorum* at Pompeii. Pindar tells of both these wheels. But I cannot see any gain for classical studies in the bicycle."

However, the earlier games of the programme were inviting, and my thoughts dwelt much on the Marathon race, the long-distance race. Apart from the familiar association with the great battle, there is an especially attractive ode of Pindar's for the victor of a long race. But then the victor was from Himera, and that takes one to Sicily again. And so musing, I embarked.

IV.

On the steamer that took me from New York to Naples were the two American "teams" that were destined to win so much glory in the next few weeks. One of them was from Boston, the other from Princeton. The Princeton boys were from my own college, and their captain was from Baltimore, my own home. Any one would have been proud of such representatives, so modestly, so becomingly did they bear themselves, and I watched their lithe forms and their springy steps, as they exercised on deck, with a delight that was somewhat tempered with bitterness as I thought of the universal neglect of athletics in the collegiate America of my time. There is doubtless much overdoing in modern athleticism, but the cult of the body is Greek, and the forms that the Hellenist worships are not merely the forms of the Greek verb. To be Greek is to be agile in body as in mind, and I did not trouble myself to ask anything about the "class standing" of the young athletes, towards whom my heart went forth as I saw them landing at Naples, and speeding, without the loss of a train, to the scene of the contest. It was a Thursday, and there was not much time to spare, if they were to arrive in condition at Athens, for Monday was the first day of the games. So I bade them good-by, not to meet them again until I saw them in Athens fresh from the success which they wore as simply and modestly as if each one had been an *ephebos* of the best Greek period.

Meanwhile I renewed my acquaintance with Naples and revisited Pompeii. No matter what was pending, no lover of antiquity could neglect the house of the Vettii, but recently restored to the light of day. To those who recognize the hand of Providence in everything, this little Oscan town of Pompeii seems to have been hidden from our eyes for so many centuries just to shame our pride. What must the external glory of antique civilization have been when an insignificant corner of it could yield such wealth of art? The same thought pursued me through my travels in Greece. It is not what one finds at Athens; it is what one finds at Rhamnus, at Oropos, that staggers the imagination. This is the lesson of Pompeii, and the impression produced by Pompeii is indefinitely deepened by this new disclosure.

A day at Palermo, that wonderful cross-section of history; a hasty run through the heart of Sicily, — a heart equally attuned to love and to hate; a day at Syracuse; a day at Taormina, most

beautiful of visions ever granted to my eye. Taormina had haunted me long in photographs, and I was to see it at last; I was to see the chill smile of Ætna, and to look out on the surface of the deep, and to understand — nay, almost to hear in Pindar's resonant verse, the plashing of the masses of stone upflung by Typhoeus. Nor these things alone. The works of men's hands were about me, — the theatre for the past, and the wonderful tilth of the soil for the present. Just as I was leaving the theatre the officials of the town took possession of the sacred building, — for the antique theatre is a manner of temple, — and began to desecrate it by all manner of fussy ornamentation in honor of the expected arrival of His Majesty the German Emperor, William the Sudden, and I was glad to escape the turmoil and take my way to Catania. Catania holds the site once occupied by the town which Hieron built for his son, Deinomenes. Æschylus celebrated the founding of it, and Hieron himself, in the superscription of the First Pythian, is called an Ætnæan. But Catania lives all unhaunted by classic memories; a coquettish city, much given to the cult of her greatest son, Bellini. This was the port from which the Birmania, of the Florio-Rubattino line, was advertised to sail at two in the afternoon; but the vessels of this line are freight-boats first, and passenger-boats afterwards, and hour after hour was spent in listening to the puffing of the donkey-engine and the groaning of the derricks, and in watching the lighters as, one after another, they poked their snub-noses out from the shelter of the shipping. Was there to be no end of boxes of lemons and bags of sulphur? Brimstone to brimstone! It was nearly nightfall before we got off, and envious darkness shut out the view.

Next morning we were out of sight of land, and had time to meditate and study. A merry party of young Americans from the school at Rome had boarded the steamer in the harbor of Catania. They had been exploring the architectural treasures of Sicily, and, like myself, had not quickened their pace for the Olympic games. Much had they to tell of their adventures, or would have had much to tell; but Hadria is as froward and choleric as he was in the days of Horace, — or at least he seemed so to them as he rocked our vessel with his foot. I was alone except at meal-times, when I bore the captain company, and thus worked my passage. For while I have a Greek reverence for the master of a ship, I find, as a rule, that conversation between an unclassical sea-dog and a grammatical land-lubber is apt to languish. And it languished here. Still, as the medium of communication was the French tongue, I gathered some pretty specimens of "speech mixture," and I shall never forget the dramatic air with which the captain, on comparing his chronometer with the cabin clock, cried out, "La montre est fermée!"

Early the morning after, the coast-line of the Peloponnesus was visible. Cape Gallo was the first land I saw, the southernmost cape of Messenia, and from Cape Gallo to the Piræus the voyage was a delight to the eye. I had not forgotten those islands of the blessed, the Azores, by which I had passed a few days before, nor the gracious harbor of Palermo, nor the wonderful coast above which Taormina rises. But Tænarum means more than Taormina, and Taygetus afar off is more than Monte Pellegrino near at hand. Tænarum recalls many things, but whenever one sees a famous locality one special thing is apt to force itself to the front, and often it is a schoolboy memory, such as the chapter in Herodotus that tells of Arion's landing at Tænarum, and Arion's votive offering, the statue of a man seated on a dolphin. It was a small affair, that votive offering. One remembers that, and wonders why Arion was not more liberal, for he must have made up for his losses. But we are crossing the wide

mouth of the Laconic Gulf. These gulfs that run up into the land have a strange drawing power, and as the Birmania keeps on her course one envies the little Greek coasting steamer that skims towards Marathónisi, the ancient and official Gytheion, where I was to spend a day not altogether willingly. We are in Odyssean waters now. There on our right is Kythera, and we can imagine how Odysseus felt when he was swept away from the island. But his next stage was the land of the lotus, which is the modern jujube, and some of his crew may have forgiven Fortune. The world was younger then, and the poetical lotus of those days had the same charm for men that the prosaic jujube paste had for the children of my time. So this is that Kythera of which Cheilon, the Lacedæmonian sage, one of the seven wise men of Greece, said: Would that it had never come into being; or, having come into being, would that it had been sunk in the depths of the sea! Doubtless the Lacedæmonians felt the point of the saying when Nicias, the victorious, seized the island in the first part of the Peloponnesian war. But pointed or not, the saying has passed into the repertory of *l'esprit des autres;* and I remember a testy old Union man who, at the outbreak of the Civil War, uttered the wish that the wretched little State of South Carolina, the breeder of so much trouble, had been scuttled and dropped into the Atlantic Ocean. I question much whether he had ever heard of Cheilon.

We rounded Malea, dreaded of old by sailors, but no wave or current or north wind drove us off our course, as befell Odysseus. The Birmania was a steady boat, built as she was on the lines of Rubattino himself, whose stout effigy adorns the harbor of Genoa. If the bleak coast of the Peloponnesus, of which the guidebooks tell, had been ten times bleaker, it would not have lost its charm. It was desolate, I grant. Few houses were visible, — here and there a high-perched church or monastery or light-house. But it was not bleak on that beautiful spring day. It was dipped in an amethystine light, and above and beyond were the mountains crowned with snow. The receding gulf in which Nauplia nestles drew the eye in longing towards Argolis and her palaces; and well it might, as I was soon to learn. In the December number of The Atlantic there is a quotation from William Morris's story of Gertha's Lovers, which woke in me, as I read it, the longing for Argolis: "One extremity of it was bounded by the washing of the purple waves, and the other by the solemn watchfulness of the purple mountains." That, in brief, is Argolis. The color is the Greek color, and, as Mérimée says, one must go to Greece in order to understand it.

The magic does not lie in the name alone. True, the modern Argos itself is not "sweet Argos" except perhaps to a dying Argive. Like all cities and men that have had a long continuous life, Argos itself is prosy; but not the land as viewed in the springtime from the Larisa of Argos or from the platform of the temple of Hera. No, the magic does not lie in the name alone. In those who know the history of the Greek war of independence Spetsa and Hydra wake heroic memories. Pityussa and Hydrea, their ancient names, mean little to those who live chiefly in the far past, and the bulk of Hydra is almost a surprise, so small a figure does she make in ancient history; but Spetsa and Hydra are a delight to the eye, as is the lonely island of St. George, a solitary jewel on the forehead of the deep. Have you ever read of Belbina except in a gazetteer?

Next came Poros, on which I was to spend a memorable afternoon, — Poros, the ancient Kalaureia. Never shall I forget the town, beautiful for situation, nor the royal yacht that dashed past us, a strange modern contrast to the ancient history of the place, nor the ride

through the fragrant woods, nor the site of the temple of Poseidon, nor the threshing-floor from which one looks out on Athens without the film that gathered over the vision of Demosthenes, as he staggered out of the temple and looked for the last time towards the city for which he was dying. Next, grim Methana, and Ægina with its Mount St. Elias, one, and not the least, of the many heights that bear the name in Greece, — Ægina, a name to conjure with even when it is pronounced in the unfamiliar modern Greek fashion. We are now near the heart of Greece, to which our hearts beat responsive. We strain our eyes towards Salamis, for night is rushing down, and as we enter the harbor of the Piræus night is there.

V.

This, then, was the sad conclusion. It was for this that I had renounced so much. It is of the utmost moment, I had said to myself, how one approaches the city of one's love. Long before I saw Rome itself the dome of St. Peter's floated into the air, as it were, to greet me, and I received my first impression before I verified the statement of an observant American traveler that "Rome, sir, has the longest railroad *deepo* I ever beheld." Naples I saw first from the land side, but night had fallen, and as I looked out of the railway carriage it was to see Vesuvius aflame. But I shall never forgive myself for entering the palace of the Queen of the Adriatic by the kitchen back stairs; and as one comes from Milan to Genoa the Superb, the view is one, not of palaces, but of "frescoed jails," as they have been called, festooned with underwear. Hence I was passionately bent on approaching Athens the right way, on coming to the front door of Athena's mansion as a lover should, and my reward was darkness.

No, not darkness, for the Piræus was illuminated. It was the Piræus night of the great festival. All the shipping was starry with lights, and not the least brilliant constellation was an American war-ship, the San Francisco. The shore was all strung with festoons of lanterns and all resonant with music, and we could see the swaying of the black crowds, and hear their jubilation, and watch the shining trail of the rockets, as we sat on the dark deck of the Birmania. One of our number, who had lain a motionless wreck during the brief voyage, gathered up what remained of him and went ashore. The rest of us, all Americans, waited for the day, and the air was vocal with college songs such as I was to hear again on the Ægean. My calendar told me that it was the day of the Marathon race, and my heart told me that the Greek had won. Small comfort did I find in the college songs, for my college days fell before the musical period as well as before the athletic period; indeed, before all those things that have brightened the life of the undergraduate and darkened the brow of *paterfamilias*. The music of the ancient Greeks may not have been so catchy, but the words were nobler, and my thoughts were more than two thousand years away, with the Ægina of the past and with the Eighth Pythian of Pindar. "What is man? What not? A dream of a shadow is man." And then, by one of those vaulting processes of which the mind is capable, I recalled a letter of Dickens, a letter of consolation, in which he wrote, "I think of her as of a beautiful part of my own youth, and the dream that we are all dreaming seems to darken." That is a natural thought for a letter of condolence, but "Life is a dream" is commonplace by the side of "A dream of a shadow is man." A strange reflection to come after the jubilant outburst with which the poet celebrates the victory of Aristomenes. But the Greeks were not the jocund race they are supposed by many to have been. The shadows are as black as the light is bright, and in this poem

a broad belt of darkness comes between two illuminations.

I too was sitting in the dark, a darkness deeper for the lights on shore. But the joy was for others, and I thought of the poem again the next day when I learned that a peasant of Marousi had won the Marathon race. The peasant of Marousi who won the Marathon race was at a long remove in time and rank from the proud member of the clan of the Midylidai, but "hope winged the steps" of the Marathon runner, and he was "borne aloft on the pinions of manly achievements" as was the Æginetan wrestler. I have read somewhere that Sir Henry Holland traveled through Greece Pausanias in hand. It sounds well, and in a large company of classical pilgrims a few copies of Pausanias may be found; but Pindar is a better book to take with one than Pausanias. He is tougher, but not so heavy.

VI.

The next day the harbor looked very quiet and very plain. The glory was but the glory of a night, and one took one's dusty drive to Athens and did all the things laid down in the book of Baedeker. The coachman stopped at his pet shanty — "shanty" is the only possible word — and took his *masticha*, a drink which every traveler is advised to try. Masticha has a very innocent taste which carries one back to the days of childhood and the comforting draught of paregoric; but for all that it belongs to the American genus "tanglefoot," the *temptatura pedes* of Master Virgil, and our missionaries in Constantinople make merry over tourists when they praise the sobriety of the Turk who eschews wine, but is no stranger to the "innocent cordials" of the country.

I did not find a classical nepenthe in masticha, but I did find the dust of which the ancients make so much. The Piræus road is a dusty road, but it is after all a better first approach to Athens than the Peloponnesus station. The ride from Corinth has its attractions; what ride in Greece has not? But to arrive in a new quarter that has not grown out to the station, and after the bustle of the station to drive through streets that are desperately modern, and to ensconce yourself in a modern hotel, — that is not the way to look into the eye of Greece, or rather, to be strictly classic, this eye of Greece. For Greece is not a Cyclops. She has two eyes, and the other eye is Sparta. And as there is but one first approach to Athens, so there is but one first approach to Sparta. You must come from the north, not from the south. Not that I would be understood as saying anything against the approach to Athens from Daphni on the Eleusis road. That is the road that Chateaubriand took, and it may have been well enough for him then. For us it would be affectation, and there is affectation enough in travelers as it is.

The Piræus road is, as I have remarked, a dusty road, but you can see the traces of the long walls, you pass by olive groves that are descendants of those that Athena planted, and there is a sudden turn which reveals the House of the Virgin, whose shrine you came to visit. It is a doll's house at that distance, and somehow suggests the pettinesses of Ibsen's stage settings. But you divine what it will mean to you erelong.

From what I had seen of the Piræus the night before, I expected something festal on the way; but there was no crowd, no excitement, along the forty stades that we traversed. Forty stades? Forgive the classicism, but the invaluable and infallible Baedeker which accompanied me on all my journeyings, even in the land of dreams, had forgotten to mention the distance between Athens and the Piræus, and so I had to fall back on my recollections of Thucydides. But when the forty stades had been passed and the town entered, everything was wild with excitement. Athens

was no longer the violet-wreathed. Violet was but one color of her prism. The streets were thronged; there was joy on every face. A Greek had won the Marathon race, and the whole population was mad with delight. Up to Thursday the Greeks had borne their defeats cheerfully. They had, it is true, counted absolutely on success with the discus; but if they were to be surpassed by any one, the American victor was the most tolerable. The Americans have always been true Philhellenes. But the Marathon race they had set their hearts on, and the most patriotic of foreign contestants would not have begrudged them that; and when the victory was won, and the Marousian peasant Louis came in first, dazed by his own achievement, welcomed by the acclaim of the vast multitude within and without the stadium, received by the princes of his people with open arms, a national hero for life, the scene was one, I shall have to add, must have been one, to stir the most sluggish soul. Even now that months have elapsed, and I can find consolation in what I have seen before and since, I cannot forget the sudden wave of blank disappointment, the sudden revelation that I had been the victim of my own pedantic ratiocination. At that moment the coast-line of Greece did not speak to the soul as did the simultaneous joy of a hundred thousand men and women with blood in their veins and the light of gladness on their faces. I have seen the light of battle on the soldier's face, but I have never seen faces more brilliantly illuminated than the countenances of the throngs that pervaded the streets of Athens. Yet this was but the afterglow of what had been the day before. To be frank, Ætna was cold comfort then, and the resolute crushing of Typhoeus with his hundred heads. There is no use in arguing about such matters, and saying to one's self that better things have been done in America. There is no use in making light of the achievements of the victors in these Olympic games, and months afterwards I felt a Greek's indignation at the travesty of the Marathon race set on foot by a Parisian sheet, the Petit Journal. It was an undignified scramble from Paris to Conflans; and as the nature of the ground was not duly taken into account, the claim that several of the contestants outdid the Attic winner was clearly false.

VII.

Sitting in one's study, it was easy enough to wax eloquent, or at any rate to wax emphatic, on the spirit of the old contests, the spirit that had flown never to return, and it was not surprising that a student should see naught in the projected games but the every-day desire for the mastery that stirs every man child born into the world, — a desire which is by no means a religious feeling. Yet the consecration was there. Even in the old times when Zeus was the patron deity, the contestant strove for his people, his canton, his city; and while the poet of the games gives due honor to the god of the games, he does not forget the claims of the land of the victor. This is the consecration that has remained after the other has passed away, and the cry "Zíto i Ellás!" (Long live Greece!) hallowed the new Olympic games, and gave them the sacredness that they would otherwise have lacked.

As I heard that cry on every hand caught up and thundered forth in the great torchlight procession even by those who knew no other Greek, I could not keep from reflecting on the disadvantage under which we Americans labor in the matter of a cry. "Hurrah for America" is too wide a call. "Hurrah for the United States" is too formal. Do people hurrah for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland? In fact, apart from campaign cries, in which the candidates figure, the real enthusiasm of American devotion is perhaps to be heard only in the college yell. The college yell is really a remarkable return

to an early form of worship, and deserves closer study than it has received at the hands of anthropologists; but I must confess that the articulate Greek cry appealed to me more forcibly, though the Greeks themselves, recognizing the Olympic spirit of the American yell, did their best to imitate it as a return for the "Zíto i Ellás," which the foreigners were so quick to catch.

This intense love of country is a characteristic of the Greek nation that covers a multitude of deviations from European standards. The expression of it may be a trifle too theatrical for our taste, but the reality is there, and Greeks have been known to relinquish a good bargain in response to an appeal made to their patriotism. Modern Athens is a series of monuments to this noble devotion, and the patriotism of the Greeks is strangely contagious. In the vast throng assembled at the games there was scarcely a foreigner who did not hope for Greek success in the things that belonged especially to the Greeks. There would have been general mourning if a Greek had not won the Marathon race, and proud as we Americans were that our man had beaten the Greeks at their own discus, still there was a touch of sorrow blended with our pride.

The swimming-match, which came the day of our landing, the day after the great Marathon race, was well worth seeing, not for the match itself, but for the setting, for the landlocked harbor of Zea and the crowds of spectators. There were twenty-five thousand, I heard, in the black ring that surrounded the white circle of the port. There were gay banners which seemed to be gayer for all that had been accomplished the day before, and high and mighty dignitaries in resplendent uniforms, — kings and princes gathered in the pavilion to behold the contest. But the port itself was the great thing. Here were the ship houses, and here doubtless the Athenian fleet mustered for the expedition against Sicily; and I thought of the long inscription about the arsenal of Philon, published in the philological journals years before, and I thought of the famous etching that Thucydides gives of the departure of the fleet, and somehow I thought of myself as one who had escaped from the quarries of Syracuse and reached Athens just too late to see the Marathon race.

The day the prizes were announced I was in the Peloponnesus, for such was the good pleasure of our leader, and *post festum* was *post festum*. But the new Olympic games have never ceased to haunt me, and will never cease to haunt me. Every new acquaintance, every old acquaintance, has had the same questions to ask. The Olympic games stared at me from every shop window, every wall. The newspapers had no other news. The great statesman Trikoupis, who by the way did not favor the games, died during the performance, but the mention of the "Gladstone of Greece" was perfunctory until the games were over. Then, to be sure, he had the newspapers to himself, until he also was crowded out by the Cretan troubles. The resources of the Greek newspapers in the way of illustration are not very great, but they were given freely, such as they were, and the effigies of my fellow passengers greeted me at every turn. The popularity of the American contestants was unbounded. Treating is a Greek vice, and the American visitors were treated and toasted everywhere. As a fellow citizen of the victor with the discus, I was received with distinguished consideration wherever I made the fact known, and that one discus seemed to be halo enough for a multitude. Nor did the excitement die out with the week. Olympic contests were instituted all over Greece. Every square, every street in Athens, was alive with young people, running races, jumping, putting the shot. Gymnastic societies flourished amain. Grave articles were written as to the expediency, nay, the necessity, of remodel-

ing the educational system of Greece on the basis of physical culture. A new era had dawned for Hellas.

In the same compartment of the train that took me to Corinth sat one of the German judges, who discoursed most learnedly on the performance of the American contestants, and went back to antique monuments for parallels to the admirable pose of the American "agonists" in the vaulting contest. Not long afterwards I was a guest in the monastery of Megaspélæon, and the monk to whom I was assigned welcomed me afresh with both hands when he heard that I was a countryman of the men who had done so well at the Olympic games. I opened a newspaper on my return to Athens. The first article on which my eye fell was an account of the Olympic games at Patras, with a jubilant paragraph about the Greek who had beaten by a few millimetres the "rekor" of "Garrett, the terrible Olympic victor." Like Jonah I took ship, but the Olympic games gave me no peace. My sin of omission found me out, and I bought of an importunate peddler who boarded the Euterpe the popular photograph of the group of victors, among them my young townsman, whom I had seen daily exercising his men on the deck of the Fulda, — ὁ Γκάρρετ ὁ φοβερὸς Ἀμερικανὸς Ὀλυμπιονίκης.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

"WHAT do you think is my employment out of doors, and what it has been for this week past? My garden? No such elegant thing, but making a gutter, a sewer, and a pathway in the streets of Edgeworthtown, and I do declare I am as much interested about it as I ever was in writing anything in my life." Thus wrote Maria Edgeworth to her aunt Ruxton in 1831; and in this, as in many educational reforms, she was the forerunner of that admirable body of executive women who have been doing valuable work in their own communities ever since.

Everywhere that village improvement takes active form we find women connected with it, for there is something about it congenial to the feminine temperament, even as the intimate connection between a woman and a broom-handle is an obvious and natural fact. My lady's quick eye, her relentless spirit, her uncompromising activity, hitherto largely manifested in house-cleaning, here find a broader field to preëmpt, and the full utilization of that energy which now goes to waste in many futile pursuits may in the end create force enough to sweep this globe from pole to pole, and neatly dust every continent. However that may be, she begins, in village improvement, as Miss Edgeworth did, literally at the bottom, with drains and paths and hidden health precautions, on which foundations alone a beautiful superstructure can safely be raised, and proceeds from them upward to the higher graces of the art.

Of the various branches of public improvement, that which concerns the villages may be called the most vital, in that it closely appeals to all the inhabitants, no matter what their age or sex or station, and gives something to do with purse or hand to every man, woman, and child who takes an interest in producing organized beauty. Even those who disdain everything but what is practical may gratify their taste by dealing with sewers and electric wires; the orderly may be utilized in seeing

after cleanliness of streets and in organizing bands for the collection of rubbish; those who have a passion for trees may plant and water along the well-mended highways, and they who love flowers may tend their gardens, and make the street borders gay with color; lastly, those who rise to the heights of landscape gardening may design greens and squares, well shaded and beshrubbed, and the largely benevolent man may spend time and money in acquiring woods and open spaces for the recreation of his neighbors. Thus the care and ornamentation of the village may become a joyous occupation for all.

This latent civic enthusiasm we look to see active in our coming millennium, and meantime we can chronicle its beginnings. The early settlers of America, like those of other countries, made a town by merely agglomerating dwellings. They huddled together for safety, cut down every tree behind which might lurk a savage foe, and planted houses haphazard. Their wealth consisted chiefly in cattle, and the goings and the comings of these between the village and the pasture made the footpaths along which the people traveled. Since all through the Middle Ages even great foreign cities like Paris possessed only one or two military roads passable for carriages, with merely narrow footways for other purposes, it is not strange that many American towns should have grown up shapeless and full of crooked alleys, under the pressure of hurried settlement. The colonists brought with them from Europe the habit of treating a town as if it were a garrison, and left to their descendants the problem of properly draining the houses and straightening the highways. To the credit of certain New England towns it must be said that they grouped their more important buildings in an effective way about an open space, and in some cases showed a fitting sense of the value of fine trees by enacting laws for their protection.

In our own day, in new and peaceful communities, the idea begins to gain ground that a village ought to be tastefully planned from the beginning with a view to its own beauty and the comfort of its inhabitants. Notable instances of this are to be found in the towns of Faribault, Minnesota, Garden City, Long Island, Tuxedo Park, New York, and in the original design for Berkeley neighborhood, California. The modern village, when built with a proper regard for dignity and beauty, provides also a common recreation-ground and broad tree-besprinkled spaces upon which many dwellings may face. Parks or terraces of this kind are a feature of some new towns which adds greatly to their attractiveness.

One of the special problems that meet us, however, is that of dealing with such villages as were built with no system, and are now inhabited by a conservative folk, limited in experience, homely in their ways, wedded to old customs, reluctant to change anything, indifferent to progress, niggardly with their money for sanitary and æsthetic purposes; and many such villages are extravagant with franchises to all sorts of companies, to which they give permission to hack trees, to tear up roads, and to disfigure streets with unsightly poles and wires, regardless of the added expense they bring upon the town in the yearly care of the highways, which are injured seriously by these irresponsible corporations. That some effort is necessary to stir the townsfolk from their time-worn content is evident, and we have cause for rejoicing that in many of our rural New England communities the awakening has come through the presence of summer visitors and residents, who bring with them from the city habits of comfort and convenience which are shocked by old-time country makeshifts, along with a spirit of intolerance of them which results in improvements everywhere.

The city, whatever may be said against it, represents the higher civilization; it

absorbs into itself the wealth, the energy, the progressive elements of the population. All advance in comfort and luxury begins in it. For its benefit inventions are made and new appliances for sanitation or convenience are introduced. To its inhabitants these luxuries soon become necessities. Wherever they go they demand the same, and as they go continually in all directions, ever seeking some new world to conquer, they carry with them their necessities and demands, to the real benefit of the country towns. The wish of the summer boarder for a piazza, to accommodate his lounging-chair and hammock, has caused a general sprouting of verandas and balconies from many an ancient roof-tree throughout the country; while his desire for more light and sunshine in the carefully shut up old parlors has occasioned such a sudden budding of bay windows as the world had never seen before. Everywhere one witnesses the same influences at work in the improved character of popular summer resorts, in the enlargement and growing convenience of old farmhouses, in the more modern ideas of the country children, who in their turn bring educational influences to bear on the community. Village improvement is thus the offspring of the cities, and in most cases it is paid for and engineered by those who have enjoyed city advantages.

At first these enlightened promoters of the general weal are met by the obstinate indifference of the residents, and by the refusal of village authorities to make any appropriations to help along the cause; but in the end, when the guidance is vigorous enough, the community responds, and thus very creditable and even beautiful results have been achieved here and there. What is needed is that the movement should become general, and if the village as well as the city would understand the fact that it ought to sell, and not to give away its franchises, possibly much might be accomplished. By this means it could acquire funds enough to enable it to keep its streets in perfect order without extra tax upon the inhabitants, so that they would need only to hire a suitable agent to carry out necessary reforms. European towns profit by the sale of franchises to lighting and transportation companies. Some of our own cities tax street railways for the benefit of parks.

In the work of village improvement, the drainage, literally as well as figuratively, underlies everything. Early reports by Mr. Olmsted show that much of the unhealthiness of New York's suburbs arose from the neglect of proper precautions about drainage. Staten Island, when it first became an overflow for the growing population of New York, was a beautiful and healthy region, with broad roads leading from one old farmhouse to another, and it possessed fine trees and groves and sparkling streams. In short, it was such a neighborhood as many a remote part of New England sees to-day, beginning to grow from the influx of summer residents. The towns on Staten Island advanced with the same marvelous rapidity that marked the growth of New York. Dram-shops and factories defiled them; the watercourses, interfered with by roads carelessly opened, overflowed and made disgusting and dangerous swamps; malaria broke out everywhere, and brought the whole region into disrepute. A similar state of things was found north of the city, where the Harlem flats still further complicated the problem. Here, however, the danger was more promptly met. An extensive and costly drainage of the Harlem flats resulted in improved sanitary conditions, so that the region was duly prepared for the rapid inroad made by the city upon its country wastes; but Staten Island has had to spend enormous sums to repair its reputation, damaged by the lack of thrift of its early settlers.

An interesting instance of the true value to a suburb of systematic preparation is reported by Mr. Olmsted. About

the year 1870 two suburban speculations were undertaken in the neighborhood of Chicago. One district was situated nine miles from the town; the other, six; but both were on the same railway, and land in each was worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre. The managers of one district laid out their plan in what was then the usual way: they made streets of prairie soil bordered by neat open ditches, and they left proper spaces for sidewalks, along which trees were planted. They hit upon a good name, issued lithographs, and advertised, with no great results. The managers of the other district borrowed a large sum of money at a high rate of interest, mortgaging the land and other property. Employing this, they underlaid the land with several miles of drainage pipe, then built macadamized roads with paved gutters, iron gratings, concrete sidewalks, and broad borders frequently spreading into little greens and commons planted picturesquely. All the natural wood, and the banks of the stream which passed the place, were made public property, and shelters, seats, bath and boat houses were provided. An artesian well was sunk, and with a steam-pump water was sent to all parts of the property. Before these improvements were complete the owners began selling land upon the roads at twenty dollars a front foot, and soon afterwards advanced the price to thirty dollars. Then gas was introduced. The price of land rose, in the outskirts, in two years, from eighty to one thousand dollars an acre. In the twenty years of its existence, the first community has had to expend many times the amount wisely spent in the beginning by the other. These instances suffice to show, in a way that ought to appeal to the most conservative selectman, the pecuniary importance of thorough preparation.

The sanitary value of the trees which the Village Improvement Societies are eager to plant ought to be appreciated. Authorities on the causes of malaria insist upon the danger arising from the too sudden drying of surfaces which have been previously soaked with water; for the quicker the drying, the more virulent the poison that is evolved. Now the presence of shade-trees prevents too rapid evaporation from the soil, and thus hinders the growth and propagation of malaria germs. The close planting of eucalyptus-trees upon the Roman Campagna, in the neighborhood of the once very unhealthy convent of St. Paul without the Walls, had, I was told by the monks in 1875, greatly modified the frequency of malarial fever. As the eucalyptus grows in the climate of Rome with great rapidity, reaching a height of thirty feet in five years, it is probable that the sanitary influence results from the absorption of a large amount of water from the soil, since it is known that a common spreading oak discharges from its leaves eight and a half times as much water during the summer as commonly falls in rain upon the surface of the ground covered by its branches, while more succulent trees, like the elm, maple, hickory, and eucalyptus, give forth more. The thirsty roots act as underdrains when the tree is covered with foliage, the process of evaporation being most rapid during the first three months of summer.

If forests are cut away and brushwood is allowed to remain along country roads, there will be an increase of stagnant ground water, which can be prevented by the presence of large and flourishing trees to absorb the superfluous moisture. There have been many instances in England and Ireland of the arrest of fever and ague by a system of thorough drainage for the benefit of crops, and similar instances are noted in the State of New York. It is known that many of the illnesses of horses result from malarial causes, which can be obviated by proper tree-planting and underdraining: hence the importance of starting in the right way must be realized. On this account, proper sewerage accompanying the in-

creased water supplies should be demanded by public opinion, no matter how scattered the houses; and when they are closely set along a village street, it is criminal to neglect so obvious a precaution. Sanitation is further aided by trees; for in addition to the other advantages they afford, they are of great importance, in thickly settled towns, in absorbing the pernicious gas which results from the respiration of living beings of all kinds.

In many cases rural beauty is destroyed and health threatened by the presence beside the streets of unsightly heaps of refuse by which people have to pass. Some energetic Village Improvement Societies take this matter in hand, and thoughtfully provide special places for garbage, where it can be deposited without giving offense to the inhabitants. This has been done in Beverly, Massachusetts, where the efficient society has secured a suitable spot in a retired place to which all offscouring can be transported, to be either buried or burned at the society's expense, the objectionable heap being screened by trees planted about the dumping-ground. This is a point to be urged everywhere, since each community ought to have a place to put such nuisances as cannot be disposed of about the premises of the householder, so that they will not be a constant annoyance to the public.

For the further advantage of appearance, it is desirable to keep sidewalks of a uniform width along the much traveled streets of a village, with the turf between footpath and highway neatly cut by the lawn-mower; for neatness adds to the finished and attractive aspect of a settlement, and at once strikes the eye of a stranger favorably. Yet while closely settled and frequented streets should bear the marks of formal precision, the pleasant country roadsides should not be robbed of their graceful borders of natural shrubs and vines, but be allowed to retain their picturesque wildness, with merely judicious pruning where the vegetation grows too luxuriantly. Narrow instead of broad roads are preferable where the exigencies of travel do not demand much space. These save a town expense, and at the same time preserve much natural charm which is often recklessly destroyed, — a false idea leading road commissioners to make havoc and to produce ugliness where they ignorantly think they are "improving" a locality. Instead of cutting down the inoffensive shrubbery, the authorities should rather apply their destructive instinct to a systematic removal of the nests of web-worms, and to felling wild cherry trees which harbor the black-knot, wherein takes shelter the curculio, which is an active menace to the farmer's fruit.

Many inquiries are made as to the best way of forming Village Improvement Societies, so that some information on the subject may not be out of place here. It is, above all, important that everybody in a town should be persuaded to take an interest in the subject; and probably the easiest way to get at the whole public is to take advantage of the meeting of an agricultural society, or other such organization, and make Village Improvement the topic of a free lecture by an interesting speaker. A society can then be organized by those who have zeal and energy to carry it on, assisted possibly by the sympathy of the whole community. A small annual fee, perhaps of one dollar, is usually charged for membership, and the fees, together with voluntary contributions, yield a fund to begin work with. When the society shows itself efficient and earnest, it can occasionally persuade the town authorities to make appropriations for some definite improvement which its committees will undertake to manage and supervise.

The different kinds of work attempted by the society may be divided among committees; and it is wise to have a board of managers, one half of whom may be women. The board of managers should have authority to transact busi-

ness and to appoint the members of standing committees. With such an organization as this to raise funds and carry on work, a great deal can be done in any community. The value of such work as an educator of artistic taste is very great, and its appeal to civic pride rouses a sentiment which cannot be too widely encouraged.

It is a grateful task to record what is being done, and to show in how many directions the art of public improvement is being applied to surroundings. Personal visits to various New England towns, and the kind help of founders and secretaries of societies there and in distant parts of the Union, have enabled me to judge of the wide interest taken in the work; and I am further indebted to one of the apostles of the movement, Mr. B. G. Northrop, whose suggestions and writings have been very valuable. From these sources I learn that village improvement really raises the value of land in neighborhoods where it is practiced, and that consequently it is for the true interest of householders to do all that they can to forward it, whatever obstacles they may encounter in the beginning. The history of the rise and progress of the movement is of meaning to all who take an interest in the betterment of home surroundings, and this I will now try to chronicle briefly.

Village improvement first began in this country in 1853, some twenty years after Miss Edgeworth's efforts in her native village. In that year, Miss Mary Hopkins, afterwards Mrs. Goodrich, founded the Laurel Hill Association in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and, aided by generous citizens, raised more than a thousand dollars the first year, and planted more than four hundred trees. This society transformed Stockbridge from a rough, shabby village, with a muddy main road full of ruts, a bare common, and a dreary cemetery all brambles and weeds, into the handsome orderly town now admired by visitors for its well-shaded streets, its smooth well-kept walks, and the important public buildings which adorn it. The society has paid half the expense to add an acre and a half to the grounds about the railway offices, rendered them attractive and beautiful by skillful planting, and helped to erect a tasteful station. Much of the work done by the citizens was stimulated by prizes offered by the society for planting trees, making sidewalks, and improving grounds about the dwellings. Rewards were offered for evidence leading to the conviction of any one injuring the trees and foot-bridge under the care of the association. Mr. Cyrus W. Field gave ten thousand dollars for a park; Mr. David Dudley Field gave the same sum to build a memorial tower with a chime of bells, and in the last year of his life he presented to Stockbridge fifty-eight acres of land, including a romantic glen, for public use. The fine stone library, which contains a reading-room and lecture-hall, was given by the late Mr. J. Z. Goodrich, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. The charm of this lovely town has been so enhanced by the care taken of it that the treasurer of the Laurel Hill Association, at its twenty-fifth anniversary, declared that "every acre of land and every homestead in Stockbridge has appreciated" in consequence of its existence.

Many other towns in Massachusetts have followed the example here set, and, by the aid of generous citizens who have made munificent gifts for public purposes, have done much to improve their respective surroundings. More than sixty towns in the State have established Village Improvement Societies, though some of them have not been maintained; for much individual energy and generosity are demanded to carry them along, and the difficulty everywhere is to rouse the townspeople to a proper interest in the subject without outside stimulus. Massachusetts communities are

very conservative, and in many cases the most that can be said of selectmen is that they refrain from interfering with the societies, but do not materially help them in the work. Since it is hard to create any general interest in the subject, the burden of effort falls always upon a few energetic persons, who sometimes weary of well-doing in the face of much indifference and even of active opposition. Others, however, are nobly persistent.

At North Andover, Massachusetts, an active society exists, which has obtained appropriations from the town for planting trees by the roadside and in public commons. Shrubbery has been set out in a small vacant space near the railway station, an ancient training field is being cultivated as a park, and a common has been improved and planted, so that a large open space in the centre of the town is now available for recreation. Vigorous effort is made to enforce the laws of the commonwealth with regard to advertisements upon rocks and fences, by which the highway is disfigured. Prizes are awarded to children for collecting belts of the eggs of the tent caterpillar, and on Arbor Day the young people are impressed with the importance of protecting and caring for street trees. Prizes are offered by the Improvement Society, also, for the best specimens of plants and flowers. The selectmen have been authorized by the town to establish building lines, roadside trees of value are marked, and the society is ready to undertake to prosecute violators of the law of the road with regard to trees. A similar society exists in Andover.

In Newburyport a society was founded about 1892, which cares for the grounds adjacent to churches and schoolhouses, and has raised money for improving the Atkinson Common of ten acres, which was a bequest to the town. It has also put up a boulder with an inscription commemorating Arnold's expedition to Louisburg, which set forth from this city. There existed previously a Mall Association, which took its name from Bartlett Mall, a gift to the city in 1800, now forming a part of Washington Park, which has an extent of six acres. This association took charge of the whole park and did other valuable work.

Beverly has a very efficient society, which is divided into sections, the different parts of the town being under the supervision of special committees, which supervise the planting of trees, attempt to protect the roadsides from disfigurement, and endeavor to excite interest among the residents in preserving the beauty of that pleasant town. The provision of the dumping-ground, before alluded to, is a part of the good service rendered by the workers. The meetings are animated and well attended, and lectures are given at intervals on subjects which may tend to inspire people to new efforts.

The Village Improvement Society of Lenox was founded in 1881 for the purpose of planting trees and shrubs where they would improve the town, of keeping the streets in good order and the grass mown on either side. This society, most of whose officers were women, continued until the autumn of 1892, when it dissolved, and its work was taken up by the more comprehensive Lenox Association. The Village Improvement Society had previously raised forty thousand dollars for aqueducts and sewers. Sedgwick Hall, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, was given to the town by Mrs. Schermerhorn, and there is a public library which received many private subscriptions. The grounds of the numerous country-seats in and about Lenox are kept in beautiful order by their owners, and help to make it an excellent example of a well-kept country town.

Williamstown, unrivaled for situation, and with ornamental grounds surrounding the college buildings, was persuaded to remove its front fences by an offer from Mr. Cyrus W. Field of ten thou-

sand dollars to the Village Improvement Association when the last one should be taken down.

Nearer Boston, Brookline leads the way in all manner of public improvements of great value. North Easton owes much of its beauty to the generosity of the Ames family. Mr. Oakes Ames made eleven large gifts and bequests for a library, schools, roads, and other improvements, and his sons have erected a memorial hall in his honor since his death. The town was induced to raise adequate sums for roads, bridges, and tree-planting by ex-Governor Oliver Ames, who contributed two thousand dollars a year to the tree-planting, and a fund for roads and bridges on condition that the town should raise certain amounts annually for the same purposes. A similar proviso was attached to the fund of fifty thousand dollars for schools, which requires that an amount equal to the average sum paid for a scholar throughout the State shall be annually added to it by the town. Fairhaven has been greatly benefited by Mr. Henry H. Rogers, who has provided it with a very handsome memorial town hall and a beautiful public library, and has furnished it also with a water supply. This town has an Improvement Society, which plants trees along the streets and wide roads.

Still another improving agent is the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, which celebrated its one hundredth anniversary fifteen years ago, having been founded in Boston in March, 1782, by some of the foremost and most prosperous citizens of the commonwealth. This organization has been very beneficial in arousing an interest in better methods of cultivation, and its functions have been extended by means of a board of agriculture, at present made up largely from agricultural societies throughout Massachusetts; these societies receive from the State a bounty aggregating about twenty thousand dollars a year. It is intended that what they do shall cover horticultural and village improvement work, and it has been suggested that if the people interested in those subjects would join the agricultural societies, and exert their influence through them, and gain a representation on the State Board of Agriculture, more would be accomplished than can be done by disjointed effort, as certain legislative action could then be brought about in the way of public improvement of real value to the State.

One of the most perfectly organized societies is the Bar Harbor, Maine, Village Improvement Association, an incorporated body which was founded in 1889, and now consists of fifty-six life members and one hundred and forty annual members. With the coöperation of landowners, who have borne the greater part of the expense, this society has opened through the woods a road for light driving by pleasure carriages which connects various points of interest, and it has also completed a bicycle path leading from this, and skirting the base of Newport Mountain, while a man is employed by the association to keep these roads in repair and guard them from fire. Footpaths have been made, giving access to picturesque localities, and much has been contributed to help the town to improve the roadways. Brush and dead wood have been cleaned up and burned, to prevent the danger of forest fires, and this is of advantage to the natural roadside trees, which the society takes under its protection. Its tree committee plants nursery trees where they are most needed along the streets. Rubbish has been removed, the village burial-ground has been cared for, and unsightly places have been improved, all with the active aid of the inhabitants, who willingly bear the expense for reforms upon their own land. By the aid of the committee on roadsides, almost the whole ocean drive has been cleared of dead wood and brush in the last five years; and the committee in charge of the tidiness of the village

sees that papers and street refuse are picked up; it has also put in three drinking-fountains for men, cattle, and dogs, and it sees that the edges of the streets are often mown or weeded. At first it was very difficult to interest the townspeople, but they care more about the improvements since the trees have begun to grow, and last year gladly accepted the offer of one of the committees to give them plants and shrubs to set out in their dooryards. Prizes are to be given for the best kept place, and for the best collections of window and hardy plants and hardy shrubs. There is also a sanitary branch of the association, which assists the Board of Health by paying the salary of an inspector and doing other important service. I have detailed the methods of this society at some length, as it may be considered typical of the best kind of work of which such an organization is capable, and may serve to give suggestions to other associations.

In all the New England States a lively interest has been shown in beautifying towns and villages, and I would gladly describe more fully many of the lovely places, from Maine to Rhode Island, which are indebted to the civic pride of their inhabitants, were the interest shown less widely extended over a great country. In Connecticut, Redding and Bethel have distinguished themselves by obtaining the Putnam Memorial Camp, and Pomfret is to be put in possession of the famous Wolf Den, connected with the memory of her old hero; showing how warm is the enthusiasm for the preservation of interesting and beautiful historic sites.

The State of New York very early showed interest in landscape gardening, and the Hudson River is lined on both sides for forty miles with noble private estates of great extent and beauty. The Rural Improvement Society of Clinton, which was founded in 1855, was the first organized in the State, and it greatly increased the attractiveness of the village by improving its park and places of residence. Geneseo, founded by James Wadsworth, one of the wealthiest landholders in the State, was influenced from the beginning by his philanthropic spirit. In his sales of land, he stipulated that in every township one hundred and twenty-five acres should be granted for a church, and an equal amount for a school. He founded and endowed a library in Geneseo, which has subsequently received large benefactions from different members of his family. An interest has been kept up among the children by the giving of prizes for the best kept district school grounds. By the influence of a Village Improvement Society the streets were parked, front fences were removed, the park and sidewalks were improved, and the homes were more tastefully adorned. Rochester, famed for its nurseries, has also been forward in developing its resources, in planting trees and ornamenting grounds, while many of the interior towns show equal interest in the subject.

The other Middle States, notably New Jersey and Pennsylvania, are taking active part in the movement, and the results in many places are very interesting and beautiful. The Civic Club of Philadelphia, of which many women are members, is an important agent of public improvement.

The West, which is always ready for development of all kinds, takes hold of Village Improvement with its usual vigor. Faribault, Minnesota, before mentioned, under the stimulus of Bishop Whipple, is an ideal town, with its fine college buildings built in a park two miles in length; and the suburbs of Chicago rival one another in progressiveness and prosperity. It was from Nebraska City that the admirable idea of Arbor Day came, and the present Secretary of Agriculture, the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, who conceived it, may be said to have found this State a desert, and to have left it a forest. In scores of towns in

the heart of the country we find the same spirit of progress; for the West is very open-minded, as well as ready for experiments in all civilizing directions, and pushes on with celerity and energy any improvement it undertakes.

It is interesting to note that the South is beginning to share in the good work. A letter from Aiken, South Carolina, reports the existence of a Village Improvement Society of a hundred members, which has done much good in developing a proper civic pride, while adding directly to the beauty of streets and parks. It was founded in 1895, and first concerned itself with the care of a long-neglected park, obtaining authority and financial assistance from the city government to do what seemed best. Under one of its committees the parks have been kept in perfect order, while another committee has induced the planting of a thousand pine-trees in the streets of Aiken, and means to continue the work from year to year, until every street has four rows of trees throughout its entire length. Still another committee is working with the local bicycle club to secure better roads, and tries to develop public opinion in that direction by means of petitions to county officers and articles in the local papers, with promise of excellent results.

Pursuing the subject in more remote sections of the Union, we find Colorado Springs taking care of its roads and sidewalks, struggling with self-assertive weeds, while its Improvement Society, besides doing active work in the town itself, is establishing a fine park system, planting trees and shrubs by the hundreds in its parks and squares, and providing shade for its great avenues, a hundred and forty feet wide.

California, which showed itself forward in the park movement, evinced a desire for village improvement as early as 1879. At that time a plan was drawn up for laying out Berkeley neighborhood around the University of California, and for a time a society flourished there. A floral society has now taken its place, and includes tree-planting and care of roads in its duties. Menlo Park and the grounds about Stanford University had much expended upon them by the late Senator Stanford. In Santa Barbara, San José, Los Angeles, and Redlands there are organized societies, and many improvements have been carried out. The same is true of Pasadena, Pomona, and Riverside, where land and water companies laid out the towns carefully, and planted avenues of fine trees in the beginning.

These few instances, selected from the numbers which might be described, show the lines upon which the work is carried on in different parts of the United States, and what are the services rendered by the Village Improvement Societies to the communities in which they exist. This meagre catalogue of what is taking place in different sections of the country, though necessarily dry and incomplete, is of importance, for it shows that the interest taken in beautifying towns is so widely extended as to form an essential part of the great movement towards better things which we seek to analyze. As manifestations of an impulse of our people to attain better æsthetic surroundings, and to fight against the crudeness and ugliness and slovenliness which disgrace a community, the particulars are of value, but they also mean something more.

The study of any great national growth includes much detail which may seem of small account, yet every little improvement stands for something in our civilization, since the sum of them has great significance. Most important of all is the fact that great cities are beginning to concern themselves seriously with the well-being of their poorest population, and are pulling down wretched tenements, widening alleys, and providing open spaces for those suffering multitudes who inevitably grow into a star-

tling menace to the health and morals of a community, when unprovided with the necessary breathing-places for themselves, and above all with playgrounds for the children.

It is well to remember that this instinct for improvement, which has its roots in a sense of personal annoyance at disagreeable things, grows and branches logically into those great philanthropic undertakings which tend to elevate the whole population, to whom these reforms seek to extend the enjoyment of the greatest of our unheeded blessings, air, sunshine, and access to open fields. Both village and municipal improvement work for the betterment of our moral as well as our sanitary and æsthetic conditions. It is the essence of great principles to be all-embracing, and, as we study the art of public improvement, we find that the impulse towards the beautiful is closely interwoven with purposes of large benevolence.

As an evidence of the growth of æsthetic feeling, village improvement is significant; in the end its good moral effect must be seen upon many of those people who are most in need of sweetness and light to brighten their hard daily existence. Proceeding as it does from the most highly civilized members of a community, it is a reform which can be shared in by all, and which must tend towards cheerfulness and content wherever it is accepted with enthusiasm. Honor is due to the steady workers who, in the teeth of much discouragement, go on arousing and ministering to higher needs in our rural neighborhoods, and still more to those who labor in the gloom of crowded sections of cities for the same good end. Their share in the art of public improvement is perhaps the most important of all, since, while it tends to the uplifting of intelligence and taste, it also ministers to the elemental needs of man.

Mary Caroline Robbins.

EMERSON, SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

II.

The attitude of Emerson's mind toward reformers results so logically from his philosophy that it is easily understood. He saw in them people who sought something as a panacea or as an end in itself. To speak strictly and not irreverently, he had his own panacea, — the development of each individual; and he was impatient of any other. He did not believe in association. The very idea of it involved a surrender by the individual of some portion of his identity, and of course all the reformers worked through their associations. With their general aims he sympathized. "These reforms," he wrote, "are our contemporaries; they are ourselves, our own light and sight and conscience; they only name the relation which subsists between us and the vicious institutions which they go to rectify." But with the methods of the reformers he had no sympathy: "He who aims at progress should aim at an infinite, not at a special benefit. The reforms whose fame now fills the land with temperance, anti-slavery, non-resistance, no-government, equal labor, fair and generous as each appears, are poor bitter things when prosecuted for themselves as an end." Again: "The young men who have been vexing society for these last years with regenerative methods seem to have made this mistake: they all exaggerated some special means, and all failed

to see that the reform of reforms must be accomplished without means."

Emerson did not at first discriminate between the movement of the Abolitionists and the hundred and one other reform movements of the period; and in this lack of discrimination lies a point of extraordinary interest. The Abolitionists, as it afterwards turned out, had in fact got hold of the issue which was to control the fortunes of the republic for thirty years. The difference between them and the other reformers was this: that the Abolitionists were men set in motion by the primary and unreasoning passion of pity. Theory played small part in the movement. It grew by the excitement which exhibitions of cruelty will arouse in the minds of sensitive people.

It is not to be denied that the social conditions in Boston in 1831 foreboded an outbreak in some form. If the abolition excitement had not drafted off the rising forces, there might have been a Merry Mount, an epidemic of crime or insanity, or a mob of some sort. The abolition movement afforded the purest form of an indulgence in human feeling that was ever offered to men. It was intoxicating. It made the agitators perfectly happy. They sang at their work and bubbled over with exhilaration. They were the only people in the United States, at this time, who were enjoying an exalted, glorifying, practical activity.

But Emerson at first lacked the touchstone, whether of intellect or of heart, to see the difference between this particular movement and the other movements then in progress. Indeed, in so far as he sees any difference between the Abolitionists and the rest, it is that the Abolitionists were more objectionable and distasteful to him. "Those," he said, "who are urging with most ardor what are called the greatest benefits to mankind are narrow, conceited, self-pleasing men, and affect us as the insane do." He was drawn into the abolition cause by having the truth brought home to him that these people were fighting for the Moral Law. He was slow in seeing this, because in their methods they represented everything he most condemned. As soon, however, as he was convinced, he was ready to lecture for them and to give them the weight of his approval. In 1844 he was already practically an Abolitionist, and his feelings upon the matter deepened steadily in intensity ever after.

The most interesting page of Emerson's published journal is the following, written at some time previous to 1844; the exact date is not given. A like page, whether written or unwritten, may be read into the private annals of every man who lived before the war. Emerson has, with unconscious mastery, photographed the half-spectre that stalked in the minds of all. He wrote: "I had occasion to say the other day to Elizabeth Hoar that I like best the strong and worthy persons, like her father, who support the social order without hesitation or misgiving. I like these; they never incommode us by exciting grief, pity, or perturbation of any sort. But the professed philanthropists, it is strange and horrible to say, are an altogether odious set of people, whom one would shun as the worst of bores and canters. But my conscience, my unhappy conscience respects that hapless class who see the faults and stains of our social order, and who pray and strive incessantly to right the wrong; this annoying class of men and women, though they commonly find the work altogether beyond their faculty, and their results are, for the present, distressing. They are partial and apt to magnify their own. Yes, and the prostrate penitent, also, — he is not comprehensive, he is not philosophical in those tears and groans. Yet I feel that under him and his partiality and exclusiveness is the earth and the sea and all that in them is, and the

axis around which the universe revolves passes through his body where he stands."

It was the defection of Daniel Webster that completed the conversion of Emerson and turned him from an adherent into a propagandist of abolition. Not pity for the slave, but indignation at the violation of the Moral Law by Daniel Webster, was at the bottom of Emerson's anger. His abolitionism was secondary to his main mission, his main enthusiasm. It is for this reason that he stands on a plane of intellect where he might, under other circumstances, have met and defeated Webster. After the 7th of March, 1850, he recognized in Webster the embodiment of all that he hated. In his attacks on Webster, Emerson trembles to his inmost fibre with antagonism. He is savage, destructive, personal, bent on death.

This exhibition of Emerson as a fighting animal is magnificent and explains his life. There is no other instance of his ferocity. No other nature but Webster's ever so moved him; but it was time to be moved, and Webster was a man of his size. Had these two great men of New England been matched in training as they were matched in endowment, and had they then faced each other in debate, they would not have been found to differ so greatly in power. Their natures were electrically repellent, but from which did the greater force radiate? Their education differed so radically that it is impossible to compare them, but if you translate the Phi Beta Kappa address into politics, you have something stronger than Webster, — something that recalls Chatham; and Emerson would have had this advantage, — that he was not afraid. As it was, he left his library and took the stump. Mr. Cabot has given us extracts from his speeches: —

"The tameness is indeed complete; all are involved in one hot haste of terror, — presidents of colleges and professors, saints and brokers, lawyers and manufacturers; not a liberal recollection, not so much as a snatch of an old song for freedom, dares intrude on their passive obedience. . . . Mr. Webster, perhaps, is only following the laws of his blood and constitution. I suppose his pledges were not quite natural to him. He is a man who lives by his memory; a man of the past, not a man of faith and of hope. All the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward, and his finely developed understanding only works truly and with all its force when it stands for animal good; that is, for property. He looks at the Union as an estate, a large farm, and is excellent in the completeness of his defense of it so far. What he finds already written he will defend. Lucky that so much had got well written when he came, for he has no faith in the power of self-government. Not the smallest municipal provision, if it were new, would receive his sanction. In Massachusetts, in 1776, he would, beyond all question, have been a refugee. He praises Adams and Jefferson, but it is a past Adams and Jefferson. A present Adams or Jefferson he would denounce. . . . But one thing appears certain to me: that the Union is at an end as soon as an immoral law is enacted. He who writes a crime into the statute book digs under the foundations of the Capitol. . . . The words of John Randolph, wiser than he knew, have been ringing ominously in all echoes for thirty years: 'We do not govern the people of the North by our black slaves, but by their own white slaves.' . . . They come down now like the cry of fate, in the moment when they are fulfilled."

The exasperation of Emerson did not subside, but went on increasing during the next four years, and on March 7, 1854, he read his lecture on the Fugitive Slave Law at the New York Tabernacle: "I have lived all my life without suffering any inconvenience from Ameri-

can Slavery. I never saw it; I never heard the whip; I never felt the check on my free speech and action, until the other day, when Mr. Webster, by his personal influence, brought the Fugitive Slave Law on the country. I say Mr. Webster, for though the bill was not his, it is yet notorious that he was the life and soul of it, that he gave it all he had. It cost him his life, and under the shadow of his great name inferior men sheltered themselves, threw their ballots for it, and made the law."

It was too late for Emerson to shine as a political debater. On May 14, 1857, Longfellow wrote in his diary, "It is rather painful to see Emerson in the arena of politics, hissed and hooted at by young law students." Emerson records a similar experience at a later date: "If I were dumb, yet would I have gone and mowed and muttered or made signs. The mob roared whenever I attempted to speak, and after several beginnings I withdrew." There is nothing "painful" here: it is the sublime exhibition of a great soul in bonds to circumstance.

The thing to be noted is that this is the same man, in the same state of excitement about the same idea, who years before spoke out in The American Scholar, in the Essays, and in the Lectures.

What was it that had aroused in Emerson such Promethean antagonism in 1837 but those same forces which in 1850 came to their culmination and assumed visible shape in the person of Daniel Webster? The formal victory of Webster drew Emerson into the arena, and made a dramatic episode in his life. But his battle with those forces had begun thirteen years earlier, when he threw down the gauntlet to them in his Phi Beta Kappa oration. Emerson by his writings did more than any other man to rescue the youth of the next generation and fit them for the fierce times to follow. It will not be denied that he sent ten thousand sons to the war.

In speaking of Emerson's attitude toward the anti-slavery cause, it has been possible to dispense with any survey of that movement, because the movement was simple and specific and is well remembered. But when we come to analyze the relations he bore to some of the local agitations of his day, it becomes necessary to weave in with the matter a discussion of certain tendencies deeply imbedded in the life of his times, and of which he himself was in a sense an outcome. In speaking of the Transcendentalists, who were essentially the children of the Puritans, we must begin with some study of the chief traits of Puritanism.

What parts the factors of climate, circumstance, and religion have respectively played in the development of the New England character no analysis can determine. We may trace the imaginary influence of a harsh creed in the lines of the face. We may sometimes follow from generation to generation the course of a truth which at first sustained the spirit of man, till we see it petrify into a dogma which now kills the spirits of men. Conscience may destroy the character. The tragedy of the New England judge enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law was no new spectacle in New England. A dogmatic crucifixion of the natural instincts had been in progress there for two hundred years. Emerson, who is more free from dogma than any other teacher that can be named, yet comes very near being dogmatic in his reiteration of the Moral Law.

Whatever volume of Emerson we take up, the Moral Law holds the same place in his thoughts. It is the one statable revelation of truth which he is ready to stake his all upon. "We affirm that in all men is this majestic perception and command; that it is the presence of the eternal in each perishing man; that it distances and degrades all statements of whatever saints, heroes, poets, as obscure and confused stammerings before its silent revelation. *They* report the truth. *It* is the truth." In this extract we have Emer-

son actually affirming that his dogma of the Moral Law is Absolute Truth. He thinks it not merely a form of truth, like the old theologies, but very distinguishable from all other forms in the past.

Curiously enough, his statement of the law grows dogmatic and incisive in proportion as he approaches the borderland between his law and the natural instincts: "The last revelation of intellect and of sentiment is that in a manner it severs the man from all other men; makes known *to him that the spiritual powers are sufficient to him if no other being existed;* that he is to deal absolutely in the world, as if he alone were a system and a state, and though all should perish could make all anew." Here we have the dogma applied, and we see in it only a new form of old Calvinism as cruel as Calvinism, and not much different from its original. The italics are not Emerson's, but are inserted to bring out an idea which is everywhere prevalent in his teaching.

In this final form, the Moral Law, by insisting that sheer conscience can slake the thirst that rises in the soul, is convicted of falsehood; and this heartless falsehood is the same falsehood that has been put into the porridge of every Puritan child for six generations. A grown man can digest doctrine and sleep at night. But a young person of high purpose and strong will, who takes such a lie as this half-truth and feeds on it as on the bread of life, will suffer. It will injure the action of his heart. Truly the fathers have eaten sour grapes, therefore the children's teeth are set on edge.

To understand the civilization of cities, we must look at the rural population from which they draw their life. We have recently had our attention called to the last remnants of that village life so reverently gathered up by Miss Wilkins, and of which Miss Emily Dickinson was the last authentic voice. The spirit of this age has examined with an almost pathological interest this rescued society. We must go to it if we would understand Emerson, who is the blossoming of its culture. We must study it if we would arrive at any intelligent and general view of that miscellaneous crop of individuals who have been called the Transcendentalists.

Between 1830 and 1840 there were already signs in New England that the nutritive and reproductive forces of society were not quite wholesome, not exactly well adjusted. Self-repression was the religion which had been inherited. "Distrust Nature" was the motto written upon the front of the temple. What would have happened to that society if left to itself for another hundred years no man can guess. It was rescued by the two great regenerators of mankind, new land and war. The dispersion came, as Emerson said of the barbarian conquests of Rome, not a day too soon. It happened that the country at large stood in need of New England as much as New England stood in need of the country. This congested virtue, in order to be saved, must be scattered. This ferment, in order to be kept wholesome, must be used as leaven to leaven the whole lump. "As you know," says Emerson in his Eulogy on Boston, "New England supplies annually a large detachment of preachers and schoolmasters and private tutors to the interior of the South and West. . . . We are willing to see our sons emigrate, as to see our hives swarm. That is what they were made to do, and what the land wants and invites."

For purposes of yeast, there was never such leaven as the Puritan stock. How little the natural force of the race had really abated became apparent when it was placed under healthy conditions, given land to till, foes to fight, the chance to renew its youth like the eagle. But during this period the relief had not yet come. The terrible pressure of Puritanism and conservatism in New England was causing a revolt not only of the

Abolitionists, but of another class of people of a type not so virile as they. The times have been smartly described by Lowell in his essay on Thoreau : —

" Every possible form of intellectual and physical dyspepsia brought forth its gospel. Bran had its prophets. . . . Everybody had a Mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitiably short commons sometimes. Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had an assurance of instant millennium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common sense. . . . Conventions were held for every hitherto inconceivable purpose."

Whatever may be said of the Transcendentalists, it must not be forgotten that they represented an elevation of feeling, which through them qualified the next generation, and can be traced in the life of New England to-day. The strong intrinsic character lodged in these recusants was later made manifest; for many of them became the best citizens of the commonwealth, — statesmen, merchants, soldiers, men and women of affairs. They retained their idealism while becoming practical men. There is hardly an example of what we should have thought would be common in their later lives, namely, a reaction from so much ideal effort, and a plunge into cynicism and malice, scoundrelism and the flesh-pots. In their early life they resembled the Abolitionists in their devotion to an idea; but with the Transcendentalists self-culture and the æsthetic and sentimental education took the place of more public aims. They seem also to have been persons of greater social refinement than the Abolitionists.

The Transcendentalists were sure of only one thing, — that society as constituted was all wrong. In this their main belief they were right. They were men and women whose fundamental need was activity, contact with real life, and the opportunity for social expansion; and they keenly felt the chill and fictitious character of the reigning conventionalities. The rigidity of behavior which at this time characterized the Bostonians seemed sometimes ludicrous and sometimes disagreeable to the foreign visitor. There was great gravity, together with a certain pomp and dumbness, and these things were supposed to be natural to the inhabitants and to give them joy. People are apt to forget that such masks are never worn with ease. They result from the application of an inflexible will, and always inflict discomfort. The Transcendentalists found themselves all but stifled in a society as artificial in its decorum as the court of France during the last years of Louis XIV.

Emerson was in no way responsible for the movement, although he got the credit of having evoked it by his teaching. He was elder brother to it, and was generated by its parental forces; but even if Emerson had never lived, the Transcendentalists would have appeared. He was their victim rather than their cause. He was always tolerant of them and sometimes amused at them, and disposed to treat them lightly. It is impossible to analyze their case with more astuteness than he did in an editorial letter in The Dial. The letter is cold, but is a masterpiece of good sense. He had, he says, received fifteen letters on the Prospects of Culture. "Excellent reasons have been shown us why the writers, obviously persons of sincerity and elegance, should be dissatisfied with the life they lead, and with their company. . . . They want a friend to whom they can speak and from whom they may hear now and then a reasonable word." After discussing one or two of their proposals, — one of which was that the tiresome "uncles and aunts" of the

enthusiasts should be placed by themselves in one delightful village, the dough, as Emerson says, be placed in one pan and the leaven in another, — he continues: "But it would be unjust not to remind our younger friends that whilst this aspiration has always made its mark in the lives of men of thought, in vigorous individuals it does not remain a detached object, but is satisfied along with the satisfaction of other aims." Young Americans "are educated above the work of their times and country, and disdain it. Many of the more acute minds pass into a lofty criticism . . . which only embitters their sensibility to the evil, and widens the feeling of hostility between them and the citizens at large." "We should not know where to find in literature any record of so much unbalanced intellectuality, such undeniable apprehension without talent, so much power without equal applicability, as our young men pretend to." He then turns to find the cure for these distempers in the farm lands of Illinois, at that time already being fenced in "almost like New England itself," and closes with a suggestion that so long as there is a woodpile in the yard, and the "wrongs of the Indian, of the Negro, of the emigrant, remain unmitigated," relief might be found even nearer home.

In his lecture on the Transcendentalists he says: "But their solitary and fastidious manners not only withdraw them from the conversation, but from the labors of the world: they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens; they do not willingly share in the public charities, in the public religious rites, in the enterprises of education, of missions foreign and domestic, in the abolition of the slave-trade, or in the temperance society. They do not even like to vote." A less sympathetic observer, Harriet Martineau, wrote of them: "While Margaret Fuller and her adult pupils sat 'gorgeously dressed,' talking about Mars and Venus, Plato and Goethe, and fancying themselves the elect of the earth in intellect and refinement, the liberties of the republic were running out as fast as they could go at a breach which another sort of elect persons were devoting themselves to repair; and my complaint against the 'gorgeous' pedants was that they regarded their preservers as hewers of wood and drawers of water, and their work as a less vital one than the pedantic orations which were spoiling a set of well-meaning women in a pitiable way." Harriet Martineau, whose whole work was practical, and who wrote her journal in 1855 and in the light of history, was hardly able to do justice to these unpractical but sincere spirits.

Emerson was divided from the Transcendentalists by his common sense. His shrewd business intellect made short work of their schemes. Each one of their social projects contained some covert economic weakness, which always turned out to lie in an attack upon the integrity of the individual, and which Emerson of all men could be counted on to detect. He was divided from them also by the fact that he was a man of genius, who had sought out and fought out his means of expression. He was a great artist, and as such he was a complete being. No one could give to him nor take from him. His yearnings found fruition in expression. He was sure of his place and of his use in this world. But the Transcendentalists were neither geniuses nor artists nor complete beings. Nor had they found their places or uses as yet. They were men and women seeking light. They walked in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. The Transcendentalists are not collectively important because their *Sturm und Drang* was intellectual and bloodless. Though Emerson admonish and Harriet Martineau condemn, yet from the memorials that survive one is more im-

pressed with the sufferings than with the ludicrousness of these persons. There is something distressing about their letters, their talk, their memoirs, their interminable diaries. They worry and contort and introspect. They rave and dream. They peep and theorize. They cut open the bellows of life to see where the wind comes from. Margaret Fuller analyzes Emerson, and Emerson Margaret Fuller. It is not a wholesome ebullition of vitality. It is a nightmare, in which the emotions, the terror, the agony, the rapture, are all unreal, and have no vital content, no consequence in the world outside. It is positively wonderful that so much excitement and so much suffering should have left behind nothing in the field of art which is valuable. All that intelligence could do toward solving problems for his friends Emerson did. But there are situations in life in which the intelligence is helpless, and in which something else, something perhaps possessed by a ploughboy, is more divine than Plato.

If it were not pathetic, there would be something cruel — indeed there is something cruel — in Emerson's incapacity to deal with Margaret Fuller. He wrote to her on October 24, 1840: "My dear Margaret, I have your frank and noble and affecting letter, and yet I think I could wish it unwritten. I ought never to have suffered you to lead me into any conversation or writing on our relation to a topic from which with all persons my Genius warns me away."

The letter proceeds with unimpeachable emptiness and integrity in the same strain. In 1841 he writes in his diary: "Strange, cold-warm, attractive-repelling conversation with Margaret, whom I always admire, most revere when I nearest see, and sometimes love; yet whom I freeze and who freezes me to silence when we promise to come nearest."

Human sentiment was known to Emerson mainly in the form of pain. His nature shunned it; he cast it off as quickly as possible. There is a word or two in the essay on Love which seems to show that the inner and diaphanous core of this seraph had once, but not for long, been shot with blood: he recalls only the pain of it. His relations with Margaret Fuller seem never normal, though they lasted for years. This brilliant woman was in distress. She was asking for bread, and he was giving her a stone, and neither of them was conscious of what was passing. This is pitiful. It makes us clutch about us to catch hold, if we somehow may, of the hand of a man.

There was manliness in Horace Greeley, under whom Miss Fuller worked on the New York Tribune not many years afterward. She wrote: "Mr. Greeley I like, — nay, more, love. He is in his habit a plebeian, in his heart a nobleman. His abilities in his own way are great. He believes in mine to a surprising degree. We are true friends."

This anæmic incompleteness of Emerson's character can be traced to the philosophy of his race; at least it can be followed in that philosophy. There is an implication of a fundamental falsehood in every bit of Transcendentalism, including Emerson. That falsehood consists in the theory of the self-sufficiency of each individual, men and women alike. Margaret Fuller is a good example of the effect of this philosophy, because her history afterward showed that she was constituted like other human beings, was dependent upon human relationship, and was not only a very noble, but also a very womanly creature. Her marriage, her Italian life, and her tragic death light up with the splendor of reality the earlier and unhappy period of her life. This woman had been driven into her vagaries by the lack of something which she did not know existed, and which she sought blindly in metaphysics. Harriet Martineau writes of her: "It is the most grievous loss I have almost ever

known in private history, the deferring of Margaret Fuller's married life so long. That noble last period of her life is happily on record as well as the earlier." The hardy Englishwoman has here laid a kind human hand on the weakness of New England, and seems to be unconscious that she is making a revelation as to the whole Transcendental movement. But the point is this: there was no one within reach of Margaret Fuller, in her early days, who knew what was her need. One offered her Kant, one Comte, one Fourier, one Swedenborg, one the Moral Law. You cannot feed the heart on these things.

Yet there is a bright side to this New England spirit, which seems, if we look only to the graver emotions, so dry, dismal, and deficient. A bright and cheery courage appears in certain natures of which the sun has made conquest, that almost reconciles us to all loss, so splendid is the outcome. The practical, dominant, insuppressible active temperaments who have a word for every emergency, and who carry the controlled force of ten men at their disposal, are the fruits of this same spirit. Emerson knew not tears, but he and the hundred other beaming and competent characters which New England has produced make us almost envy their state. They give us again the old Stoics at their best.

Very closely connected with this subject — the crisp and cheery New England temperament — lies another which any discussion of Emerson must bring up, namely, Asceticism. It is probable that in dealing with Emerson's feelings about the plastic arts we have to do with what is really the inside, or metaphysical side, of the same phenomena which present themselves on the outside, or physical side, in the shape of asceticism.

Emerson's natural asceticism is revealed to us in almost every form in which history can record a man. It is in his philosophy, in his style, in his conduct, and in his appearance. It was, however, not in his voice. Mr. Cabot, with that reverence for which every one must feel personally grateful to him, has preserved a description of Emerson by the New York journalist, N. P. Willis: "It is a voice with shoulders in it, which he has not; with lungs in it far larger than his; with a walk which the public never see; with a fist in it which his own hand never gave him the model for; and with a gentleman in it which his parochial and 'bare-necessaries-of-life' sort of exterior gives no other betrayal of. We can imagine nothing in nature (which seems too to have a type for everything) like the want of correspondence between the Emerson that goes in at the eye and the Emerson that goes in at the ear. A heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of aspen, would not seem more as if it could never have grown there than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body." Emerson's ever exquisite and wonderful good taste seems closely connected with this asceticism, and it is probable that his taste influenced his views and conduct to some small extent.

The anti-slavery people were not always refined. They were constantly doing things which were tactically very effective, but were not calculated to attract the over-sensitive. Garrison's rampant and impersonal egotism was good politics, but bad taste. Wendell Phillips did not hesitate upon occasion to deal in personalities of an exasperating kind. One sees a certain shrinking in Emerson from the taste of the Abolitionists. It was not merely their doctrines or their methods which offended him. He at one time refused to give Wendell Phillips his hand because of Phillips's treatment of his friend, Judge Hoar. One hardly knows whether to be pleased at

Emerson for showing a human weakness, or annoyed at him for not being more of a man. The anecdote is valuable in both lights. It is like a tiny speck on the crystal of his character which shows us the exact location of the orb, and it is the best illustration of the feeling of the times which has come down to us.

If by "asceticism" we mean an experiment in starving the senses, there is little harm in it. Nature will soon reassert her dominion, and very likely our perceptions will be sharpened by the trial. But "natural asceticism" is a thing hardly to be distinguished from functional weakness. What is natural asceticism but a lack of vigor? Does it not tend to close the avenues between the soul and the universe? "Is it not so much death?" The accounts of Emerson show him to have been a man in whom there was almost a hiatus between the senses and the most inward spirit of life. The lower register of sensations and emotions which domesticate a man into fellowship with common life was weak. Genial familiarity was to him impossible; laughter was almost a pain. "It is not the sea and poverty and pursuit that separate us. Here is Alcott by my door, — yet is the union more profound? No! the sea, vocation, poverty, are seeming fences, but man is insular and cannot be touched. Every man is an infinitely repellent orb, and holds his individual being on that condition. . . . Most of the persons whom I see in my own house I see across a gulf; I cannot go to them nor they come to me."

This aloofness of Emerson must be remembered only as blended with his benignity. "His friends were all that knew him," and, as Dr. Holmes said, "his smile was the well-remembered line of Terence written out in living features." Emerson's journals show the difficulty of his intercourse even with himself. He could not reach himself at will, nor could another reach him. The sensuous and ready contact with nature which more carnal people enjoy was unknown to him. He had eyes for the New England landscape, but for no other scenery. If there is one supreme sensation reserved for man, it is the vision of Venice seen from the water. This sight greeted Emerson at the age of thirty. The famous city, as he approached it by boat, "looked for some time like nothing but New York. It is a great oddity, a city for beavers, but to my thought a most disagreeable residence. You feel always in prison and solitary. It is as if you were always at sea. I soon had enough of it."

Emerson's contempt for travel and for the "rococo toy," Italy, is too well known to need citation. It proceeds from the same deficiency of sensation. His eyes saw nothing; his ears heard nothing. He believed that men traveled for distraction and to kill time. The most vulgar plutocrat could not be blinder to beauty nor bring home less from Athens than this cultivated saint. Everything in the world which must be felt with a glow in the breast, in order to be understood, was to him dead-letter. Art was a name to him; music was a name to him; love was a name to him. His essay on Love is a nice compilation of compliments and elegant phrases ending up with some icy morality. It seems very well fitted for a gift-book or an old-fashioned lady's annual.

"The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. . . . The soul which is in the soul of each, craving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as

life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each and acquaint each with the weakness of the other. . . . At last they discover that all which at first drew them together — those once sacred features, that magical play of charms — was deciduous, had a prospective end like the scaffolding by which the house was built, and the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. . . . Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex nor person nor partiality, but which seeks wisdom and virtue everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. . . . There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again," etc.

All this is not love, but the merest literary coquetry. Love is different from this. Lady Burton, when a very young girl, and six years before her engagement, met Burton at Boulogne. They met in the street, but did not speak. A few days later they were formally introduced at a dance. Of this she writes: "That was a night of nights. He waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times. I kept the sash where he put his arm around me and my gloves, and never wore them again."

A glance at what Emerson says about marriage shows that he suspected that institution. He can hardly speak of it without some sort of caveat or precaution. "Though the stuff of tragedy and of romances is in a moral union of two superior persons whose confidence in each other for long years, out of sight and in sight, and against all appearances, is at last justified by victorious proof of probity to gods and men, causing joyful emotions, tears, and glory, — though there be for heroes this *moral union*, yet they too are as far as ever from an intellectual union, and the moral is for low and external purposes, like the corporation of a ship's company or of a fire club." In speaking of modern novels, he says: "There is no new element, no power, no furtherance. 'T is only confectionery, not the raising of new corn. Great is the poverty of their inventions. *She was beautiful, and he fell in love.*" "Too pathetic, too pitiable, is the region of affection, and its atmosphere always liable to mirage."

We are all so concerned that a man who writes about love shall tell the truth that if he chance to start from premises which are false or mistaken his conclusions will appear not merely false, but offensive. It makes no matter how exalted the personal character of the writer may be. Neither sanctity nor intellect nor moral enthusiasm, though they be intensified to the point of incandescence, can make up for a want of nature.

This perpetual splitting up of love into two species, one of which is condemned, but admitted to be useful, is it not degrading? There is in Emerson's theory of the relation between the sexes neither good sense, nor manly feeling, nor sound psychology. It is founded on none of these things. It is a pure piece of dogmatism, and reminds us that he was bred to the priesthood. We are not to imagine that there was in this doctrine anything peculiar to Emerson. But we are surprised to find the pessimism inherent in the doctrine overcome Emerson, to whom pessimism is foreign. Both doctrine and pessimism are a part of the Puritanism of the times. They show a society in which the intellect had long been used to analyze the affections, in which the head had become dislocated from the body. To this disintegration of the simple passion of love may be traced the lack of maternal tenderness characteristic of the New England nature. The relation between the blood and the brain was not quite normal in

this civilization, nor in Emerson who is its most remarkable representative.

If we take two steps backward from the canvas of this mortal life and glance at it impartially, we shall see that these matters of love and marriage pass like a pivot through the lives of almost every individual, and are, sociologically speaking, the *primum mobile* of the world. The books of any philosopher who slurs them or distorts them will hold up a false mirror to life. If an inhabitant of another planet should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes: and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin.

In a review of Emerson's personal character and opinions, we are thus led to see that his philosophy, which finds no room for the emotions, is a faithful exponent of his own and of the New England temperament, which distrusts and dreads the emotions. Regarded as a sole guide to life for a young person of strong conscience and undeveloped affections, his works might conceivably be even harmful because of their unexampled power of purely intellectual stimulation.

Emerson's poetry has given rise to much heart-burning and disagreement. Some people do not like it. They fail to find the fire in the ice. On the other hand, his poems appeal not only to a large number of professed lovers of poetry, but also to a class of readers who find in Emerson an element for which they search the rest of poesy in vain.

It is the irony of fate that his admirers should be more than usually sensitive about his fame. This prophet who desired not to have followers, lest he too should become a cult and a convention, and whose main thesis throughout life was that piety is a crime, has been calmly canonized and embalmed in amber by the very forces he braved. He is become a tradition and a sacred relic. You must speak of him under your breath, and you may not laugh near his shrine.

Emerson's passion for nature was not like the passion of Keats or of Burns, of Coleridge or of Robert Browning; compared with these men he is cold. His temperature is below blood-heat, and his volume of poems stands on the shelf of English poets like the icy fish which in Caliban upon Setebos is described as finding himself thrust into the warm ooze of an ocean not his own.

But Emerson is a poet, nevertheless, a very extraordinary and rare man of genius, whose verses carry a world of their own within them. They are overshadowed by the greatness of his prose, but they are authentic. He is the chief poet of that school of which Emily Dickinson is a minor poet. His poetry is a successful spiritual deliverance of great interest. His worship of the New England landscape amounts to a religion. His poems do that most wonderful thing, make us feel that we are alone in the fields and with the trees, — not English fields nor French lanes, but New England meadows and uplands. There is no human creature in sight, not even Emerson is there, but the wind and the flowers, the wild birds, the fences, the transparent atmosphere, the breath of nature. There is a deep and true relation between the intellectual and almost dry brilliancy of Emerson's feelings and the landscape itself. Here is no defective English poet, no Shelley without the charm, but an American poet, a New England poet with two hundred years of New England culture and New England landscape in him.

People are forever speculating upon what will last, what posterity will approve, and some people believe that Emerson's poetry will outlive his prose. The question is idle. The poems are

alive now, and they may or may not survive the race whose spirit they embody; but one thing is plain: they have qualities which have preserved poetry in the past. They are utterly indigenous and sincere. They are short. They represent a civilization and a climate.

His verse divides itself into several classes. We have the single lyrics, written somewhat in the style of the later seventeenth century. Of these The Humble Bee is the most exquisite, and although its tone and imagery can be traced to various well-known and dainty bits of poetry, it is by no means an imitation, but a masterpiece of fine taste. The Rhodora and Terminus and perhaps a few others belong to that class of poetry which, like Abou Ben Adhem, is poetry because it is the perfection of statement. The Boston Hymn, the Concord Ode, and the other occasional pieces fall in another class, and do not seem to be important. The first two lines of the Ode,

> "O tenderly the haughty day
> Fills his blue urn with fire,"

are for their extraordinary beauty worthy of some mythical Greek, some Simonides, some Sappho, but the rest of the lines are commonplace. Throughout his poems there are good bits, happy and golden lines, snatches of grace. He himself knew the quality of his poetry, and wrote of it,

> "All were sifted through and through,
> Five lines lasted sound and true."

He is never merely conventional, and his poetry, like his prose, is homespun and sound. But his ear was defective: his rhymes are crude, and his verse is often lame and unmusical, a fault which can be countervailed by nothing but force, and force he lacks. To say that his ear was defective is hardly strong enough. Passages are not uncommon which hurt the reader and unfit him to proceed; as, for example: —

> "Thorough a thousand voices
> Spoke the universal dame:
> 'Who telleth one of my meanings
> Is master of all I am.'"

He himself has very well described the impression his verse is apt to make on a new reader when he says, —

> "Poetry must not freeze, but flow."

The lovers of Emerson's poems freely acknowledge all these defects, but find in them another element, very subtle and rare, very refined and elusive, and altogether unique. This is the mystical element or strain which qualifies many of his poems, and to which some of them are wholly devoted.

There has been so much discussion as to Emerson's relation to the mystics that it is well here to turn aside for a moment and consider the matter by itself. The elusiveness of "mysticism" arises out of the fact that it is not a creed, but a state of mind. It is formulated into no dogmas, but, in so far as it is communicable, it is conveyed, or sought to be conveyed, by symbols. These symbols to a skeptical or an unsympathetic person will say nothing, but the presumption among those who are inclined towards the cult is that if these symbols convey anything at all, that thing is mysticism. The mystics are right. The familiar phrases, terms, and symbols of mysticism are not meaningless, and a glance at them shows that they do tend to express and evoke a somewhat definite psychic condition.

There is a certain mood of mind experienced by most of us in which we feel the mystery of existence; in which our consciousness seems to become suddenly separated from our thoughts, and we find ourselves asking, "Who am I? What are these thoughts?" The mood is very apt to overtake us while engaged in the commonest acts. In health it is always momentary, and seems to coincide with the instant of the transition and shift of our attention from one thing to another. It is probably connected with the transfer of energy from one set of faculties to another set, which occurs, for instance, on our waking from sleep, on our hearing a bell at night, on our

observing any common object, a chair or a pitcher, at a time when our mind is or has just been thoroughly preoccupied with something else. This displacement of the attention occurs in its most notable form when we walk from the study into the open fields. Nature then attacks us on all sides at once, overwhelms, drowns, and destroys our old thoughts, stimulates vaguely and all at once a thousand new ideas, dissipates all focus of thought and dissolves our attention. If we happen to be mentally fatigued, and we take a walk in the country, a sense of immense relief, of rest and joy, which nothing else on earth can give, accompanies this distraction of the mind from its problems. The reaction fills us with a sense of mystery and expansion. It brings us to the threshold of those spiritual experiences which are the obscure core and reality of our existence, ever alive within us, but generally veiled and sub-conscious. It brings us, as it were, into the ante-chamber of art, poetry, and music. The condition is one of excitation and receptiveness, where art may speak and we shall understand. On the other hand, the condition shows a certain dethronement of the will and attention which may ally it to the hypnotic state.

Certain kinds of poetry imitate this method of nature by calling on us with a thousand voices at once. Poetry deals often with vague or contradictory statements, with a jumble of images, a throng of impressions. But in true poetry the psychology of real life is closely followed. The mysticism is momentary. We are not kept suspended in a limbo, "trembling like a guilty thing surprised," but are ushered into another world of thought and feeling. On the other hand, a mere statement of inconceivable things is the *reductio ad absurdum* of poetry, because such a statement puzzles the mind, scatters the attention, and does to a certain extent superinduce the "blank misgivings" of mysticism. It does this, however, *without* going further and filling the mind with new life. If I bid a man follow my reasoning closely, and then say, "I am the slayer and the slain, I am the doubter and the doubt," I puzzle his mind, and may succeed in reawakening in him the sense he has often had come over him that we are ignorant of our own destinies and cannot grasp the meaning of life. If I do this, nothing can be a more legitimate opening for a poem, for it is an opening of the reader's mind. Emerson, like many other highly organized persons, was acquainted with the mystic mood. It was not momentary with him. It haunted him, and he seems to have believed that the whole of poetry and religion was contained in the mood. And no one can gainsay that this mental condition is intimately connected with our highest feelings and leads directly into them.

The fault with Emerson is that he stops in the ante-chamber of poetry. He is content if he has brought us to the hypnotic point. His prologue and overture are excellent, but where is the argument? Where is the substantial artistic content that shall feed our souls?

The Sphinx is a fair example of an Emerson poem. The opening verses are musical, though they are handicapped by a reminiscence of the German way of writing. In the succeeding verses we are lapped into a charming reverie, and then at the end suddenly jolted by the question, "What is it all about?" In this poem we see expanded into four or five pages of verse an experience which in real life endures an eighth of a second, and when we come to the end of the mood we are at the end of the poem.

There is no question that the power to throw your sitter into a receptive mood by a pass or two which shall give you his virgin attention is necessary to any artist. Nobody has the knack of this more strongly than Emerson in his prose writings. By a phrase or a common remark he creates an ideal atmosphere in which his thought has the directness of great

poetry. But he cannot do it in verse. He seeks in his verse to do the very thing which he avoids doing in his prose: follow a logical method. He seems to know too much what he is about, and to be content with doing too little. His mystical poems, from the point of view of such criticism as this, are all alike in that they all seek to do the same thing. Nor does he always succeed. How does he sometimes fail in verse to say what he conveys with such everlasting happiness in prose!

"I am owner of the sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

In these lines we have the same thought which appears a few pages later in prose: "All that Shakespeare says of the king, yonder slip of a boy that reads in the corner feels to be true of himself." He has failed in the verse because he has thrown a mystical gloss over a thought which was stronger in its simplicity; because in the verse he states an abstraction instead of giving an instance. The same failure follows him sometimes in prose when he is too conscious of his machinery.

Emerson knew that the sense of mystery accompanies the shift of an absorbed attention to some object which brings the mind back to the present. "There are times when the cawing of a crow, a weed, a snowflake, a boy's willow whistle, or a farmer planting in his field is more suggestive to the mind than the Yosemite gorge or the Vatican would be in another hour. In like mood, an old verse, or certain words, gleam with rare significance." At the close of his essay on History he is trying to make us feel that all history, in so far as we can know it, is within ourselves, and is in a certain sense autobiography. He is speaking of the Romans, and he suddenly pretends to see a lizard on the wall, and proceeds to wonder what the lizard has to do with the Romans. For this he has been quite properly laughed at by Dr. Holmes, because he has resorted to an artifice and has failed to create an illusion. Indeed, Dr. Holmes is somewhere so irreverent as to remark that a gill of alcohol will bring on a psychical state very similar to that suggested by Emerson; and Dr. Holmes is accurately happy in his jest, because alcohol does dislocate the attention in a thoroughly mystical manner.

There is throughout Emerson's poetry, as throughout all of the New England poetry, too much thought, too much argument. Some of his verse gives the reader a very curious and subtle impression that the lines are a translation. This is because he is closely following a thesis. Indeed, the lines are a translation. They were thought first, and poetry afterwards. Read off his poetry, and you see through the scheme of it at once. Read his prose, and you will be put to it to make out the connection of ideas. The reason is that in the poetry the sequence is intellectual, in the prose the sequence is emotional. It is no mere epigram to say that his poetry is governed by the ordinary laws of prose writing, and his prose by the laws of poetry.

The lines entitled Days have a dramatic vigor, a mystery, and a music all their own: —

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

The prose version of these lines, which in this case is inferior, is to be found in Works and Days: "He only is rich who owns the day. . . . They come and go like muffled and veiled figures, sent from

a distant friendly party; but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away."

That Emerson had within him the soul of a poet no one will question, but his poems are expressed in prose forms. There are passages in his early addresses which can be matched in English only by bits from Sir Thomas Browne or Milton, or from the great poets. Heine might have written the following parable into verse, but it could not have been finer. It comes from the very bottom of Emerson's nature. It is his uttermost. Infancy and manhood and old age, the first and the last of him, speak in it.

"Every god is there sitting in his sphere. The young mortal enters the hall of the firmament; there is he alone with them alone, they pouring on him benedictions and gifts, and beckoning him up to their thrones. On the instant, and incessantly, fall snowstorms of illusions. He fancies himself in a vast crowd which sways this way and that, and whose movements and doings he must obey; he fancies himself poor, orphaned, insignificant. The mad crowd drives hither and thither, now furiously commanding this thing to be done, now that. What is he that he should resist their will, and think or act for himself? Every moment new changes and new showers of deceptions to baffle and distract him. And when, by and by, for an instant, the air clears and the cloud lifts a little, there are the gods still sitting around him on their thrones, — they alone with him alone."

With the war closes the colonial period of our history, and with the end of the war begins our national life. Before that time it was not possible for any man to speak for the nation, however much he might long to, for there was no nation; there were only discordant provinces held together by the exercise on the part of each of a strong and conscientious will. It is too much to expect that national character shall be expressed before it is developed, or that the arts shall flourish during a period when everybody is preoccupied with the fear of revolution. The provincial note which runs through all our literature down to the war resulted in one sense from our dependence upon Europe. "All American manners, language, and writings," says Emerson, "are derivative. We do not write from facts, but we wish to state the facts after the English manner. It is the tax we pay for the splendid inheritance of English Literature." But in a deeper sense this very dependence upon Europe was due to our disunion among ourselves. The equivocal and unhappy self-assertive patriotism to which we were consigned by fate, and which made us perceive and resent the condescension of foreigners, was the logical outcome of our political situation.

The literature of the Northern States before the war, although full of talent, lacks body, lacks courage. It has not a full national tone. The South is not in it. New England's share in this literature is so large that small injustice will be done if we give her credit for all of it. She was the Academy of the land, and her scholars were our authors. The country at large has sometimes been annoyed at the self-consciousness of New England, at the atmosphere of clique, of mutual admiration, of isolation, in which all her scholars, except Emerson, have lived, and which notably enveloped the last little distinguished group of them. The circumstances which led to the isolation of Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, and the Saturday Club fraternity are instructive. The ravages of the war carried off the poets, scholars, and philosophers of the generation which immediately followed these men, and by destroying their natural successors left them standing magnified beyond their natural size, like a grove of trees left by a fire. The war did more than kill

off a generation of scholars who would have succeeded these older scholars. It emptied the universities by calling all the survivors into the field of practical life; and after the war ensued a period during which all the learning of the land was lodged in the heads of these older worthies who had made their mark long before. A certain complacency which piqued the country at large was seen in these men. An ante-bellum colonial posing, inevitable in their own day, survived with them. When Jared Sparks put Washington in the proper attitude for greatness by correcting his spelling, Sparks was in cue with the times. It was thought that a great man must have his hat handed to him by his biographer, and be ushered on with decency toward posterity. In the lives and letters of some of our recent public men there has been a reminiscence of this posing, which we condemn as absurd because we forget it is merely archaic. Provincial manners are always a little formal, and the pomposity of the colonial governor was never quite worked out of our literary men.

Let us not disparage the past. We are all grateful for the New England culture, and especially for the little group of men in Cambridge and Boston who did their best according to the light of their day. Their purpose and taste did all that high ideals and good taste can do, and no more eminent literati have lived during this century. They gave the country songs, narrative poems, odes, epigrams, essays, novels. They chose their models well, and drew their materials from decent and likely sources. They lived stainless lives, and died in their professors' chairs honored by all men. For achievements of this sort we need hardly use as strong language as Emerson does in describing contemporary literature: "It exhibits a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation."

The mass and volume of literature must always be traditional, and the secondary writers of the world do nevertheless perform a function of infinite consequence in the spread of thought. A very large amount of first-hand thinking is not comprehensible to the average man until it has been distilled and is fifty years old. The men who welcome new learning as it arrives are the picked men, the minor poets of the next age. To their own times these secondary men often seem great because they are recognized and understood at once. We know the disadvantage under which these Humanists of ours worked. The shadow of the time in which they wrote hangs over us still. The conservatism and timidity of our politics and of our literature to-day are due in part to that fearful pressure which for sixty years was never lifted from the souls of Americans. That conservatism and timidity may be seen in all our past. They are in the rhetoric of Webster and in the style of Hawthorne. They killed Poe. They created Bryant.

Since the close of our most blessed war, we have been left to face the problems of democracy, unhampered by the terrible complications of sectional strife. It has happened, however, that some of the legitimate and authentic tendencies of pure democracy go toward strengthening and riveting upon us the very traits developed by provincial disunion. Wendell Phillips, with a cool grasp of understanding for which he is not generally given credit, states the case as follows: —

"The general judgment is that the freest possible government produces the freest possible men and women, the most individual, the least servile to the judgment of others. But a moment's reflection will show any man that this is an unreasonable expectation, and that, on the contrary, entire equality and freedom in political forms almost invariably tend to make the individual subside into the mass and lose his identity in the general whole. Suppose we stood in England

to-night. There is the nobility, and here is the church. There is the trading class, and here is the literary. A broad gulf separates the four; and provided a member of either can conciliate his own section, he can afford in a very large measure to despise the opinions of the other three. He has to some extent a refuge and a breakwater against the tyranny of what we call public opinion. But in a country like ours, of absolute democratic equality, public opinion is not only omnipotent, it is omnipresent. There is no refuge from its tyranny, there is no hiding from its reach; and the result is that if you take the old Greek lantern and go about to seek among a hundred, you will find not one single American who has not, or who does not fancy at least that he has, something to gain or lose in his ambition, his social life, or his business, from the good opinion and the votes of those around him. And the consequence is that instead of being a mass of individuals, each one fearlessly blurting out his own convictions, as a nation, compared to other nations, we are a mass of cowards. More than all other people, we are afraid of each other."

If we take a bird's-eye view of our history, we shall find that this constant element of democratic pressure has always been so strong a factor in moulding the character of our citizens, that there is less difference than we could wish to see between the types of citizenship produced before the war and after the war.

Much of what Emerson wrote about the United States in 1850 is true of the United States to-day. It would be hard to find a civilized people who are more timid, more cowed in spirit, more illiberal, than we. It is easy to-day for the educated man who has read Bryce and De Tocqueville to account for the mediocrity of American literature. The merit of Emerson was that he felt the atmospheric pressure without knowing its reason. He felt he was a cabined, cribbed, confined creature, although every man about him was celebrating Liberty and Democracy, and every day was Fourth of July. He taxes language to its limits in order to express his revolt. He says that no man should write except what he has discovered in the process of satisfying his own curiosity, and that every man will write well in proportion as he has contempt for the public.

Emerson seems really to have believed that if any man would only resolutely be himself, he would turn out to be as great as Shakespeare. He will not have it that anything of value can be monopolized. His review of the world, whether under the title of Manners, Self-Reliance, Fate, Experience, or what-not, leads him to the same thought. His conclusion is always the finding of eloquence, courage, art, intellect, in the breast of the humblest reader. He knows that we are full of genius and surrounded by genius, and that we have only to throw something off, not to acquire any new thing, in order to be bards, prophets, Napoleons, and Goethes. This belief is the secret of his stimulating power. It is this which gives his writings a radiance like that which shone from his personality.

The deep truth shadowed forth by Emerson when he said that "all the American geniuses lacked nerve and dagger" was illustrated by our best scholar. Lowell had the soul of the Yankee, but in his habits of writing he continued English tradition. His literary essays are full of charm. The Commemoration Ode is the high-water mark of the attempt to do the impossible. It is a fine thing, but it is imitative and secondary. It has paid the inheritance tax. Twice, however, at a crisis of pressure, Lowell assumed his real self under the guise of a *nom de plume;* and with his own hand he rescued a language, a type, a whole era of civilization from oblivion. Here gleams the dagger and here is Lowell revealed. His limitations as a

poet, his too much wit, his too much morality, his mixture of shrewdness and religion, are seen to be the very elements of power. The novelty of the Biglow Papers is as wonderful as their world-old naturalness. They take rank with greatness, and they were the strongest political tracts of their time. They imitate nothing; they are real.

Emerson himself was the only man of his times who consistently and utterly expressed himself, never measuring himself for a moment with the ideals of others, never troubling himself for a moment with what literature was or how literature should be created. The other men of his epoch, and among whom he lived, believed that literature was a very desirable article, a thing you could create if you were only smart enough. But Emerson had no literary ambition. He cared nothing for belles-lettres. The consequence is that he stands above his age like a colossus. While he lived his figure could be seen from Europe towering like Atlas over the culture of the United States.

Great men are not always like wax which their age imprints. They are often the mere negation and opposite of their age. They give it the lie. They become by revolt the very essence of all the age is not, and that part of the spirit which is suppressed in ten thousand breasts gets lodged, isolated, and breaks into utterance in one. Through Emerson spoke the fractional spirits of a multitude. He had not time, he had not energy left over to understand himself; he was a mouthpiece.

If a soul be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson. The region of thought he lived in, the figures of speech he uses, are of an intellectual plane so high that the circumstances which produced them may be forgotten; they are indifferent. The Constitution, Slavery, the War itself, are seen as mere circumstances. They did not confuse him while he lived; they are not necessary to support his work now that it is finished. Hence comes it that Emerson is one of the world's voices. He was heard afar off. His foreign influence might deserve a chapter by itself. Conservatism is not confined to this country. It is the very basis of all government. The bolts Emerson forged, his thought, his wit, his perception, are not provincial. They were found to carry inspiration to England and Germany. Many of the important men of the last half-century owe him a debt. It is not yet possible to give any account of his influence abroad, because the memoirs which will show it are only beginning to be published. We shall have them in due time; for Emerson was an outcome of the world's progress. His appearance marks the turning-point in the history of that enthusiasm for pure democracy which has tinged the political thought of the world for the past one hundred and fifty years. The youths of England and Germany may have been surprised at hearing from America a piercing voice of protest against the very influences which were crushing them at home. They could not realize that the chief difference between Europe and America is a difference in the rate of speed with which revolutions in thought are worked out.

While the radicals of Europe were revolting in 1848 against the abuses of a tyranny whose roots were in feudalism, Emerson, the great radical of America, the arch-radical of the world, was revolting against the evils whose roots were in universal suffrage. By showing the identity in essence of all tyranny, and by bringing back the attention of political thinkers to its starting-point, the value of human character, he has advanced the political thought of the world by one step. He has pointed out for us in this country to what end our efforts must be bent.

John Jay Chapman.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

IV.

THE REARING OF A REFORMER.

SOME years before the time when I entered the Harvard Divinity School, it had been described by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Palfrey, then its dean, as being made up of mystics, skeptics, and dyspeptics. This, being interpreted, really meant that the young men there assembled were launched on that wave of liberal thought which, under Emerson and Parker, was rapidly submerging the old landmarks. For myself, I was wholly given over to the newer phase of thought, and after a year of unchartered freedom was ready to concentrate my reading a little and follow the few appointed lines of study which the school then required. The teachers were men quite worth knowing; and Dr. Convers Francis, especially, had a noted library and as dangerous a love of miscellaneous reading as my own. Accordingly, during the first year I kept up that perilous habit, and at the end of this time stayed out of school for another year of freedom, returning only for the necessary final terms. There had just been a large access of books to the college library, and from that and the Francis collection I had a full supply. I read Comte and Fourier, Strauss's Life of Jesus (a French translation), and bought by economy a fine folio copy of Cudworth's Intellectual System, on which I used to browse at all odd hours, keeping it open on a standing desk. I read Mill's Logic, Whewell's Inductive Sciences, Landor's Gebir and Imaginary Conversations. Maria Lowell lent me also Landor's Pentameron, a book with exquisite passages; Alford's poems, then new, and, as she said, "valuable for their simplicity;" and the fiery German verses of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, some of which I translated, as was also the case with poems from Rückert and Freiligrath, besides making a beginning with the Swedish poem Frithiof's Saga, which Longfellow admired, and one of Fredrika Bremer's novels. I returned to Homer and Dante in the originals, and read something of Plato in Cousin's French translation, there being then no good English version.

Some verses were contributed by me to The Harbinger, published at Brook Farm. My first poem, suggested by the fine copy of the Sistine Madonna which had been my housemate at Brookline, had, however, been printed in The Present, a short-lived magazine edited by my cousin, William Henry Channing; being afterward, to my great delight, reprinted by Professor Longfellow in his Estray. My first prose, also, had appeared in The Present,— an enthusiastic review of Mrs. Child's Letters from New York, then eagerly read by us young Transcendentalists. I dipped ardently, about that time, into the easier aspects of German philosophy, reading Fichte's Bestimmung des Menschen (Destiny of Man) with delight, and Schelling's Vorlesungen über die Methode des Akademische Studiums (Lectures on Academical Study). The influence of these authors was also felt through Coleridge's Literary Remains, of which I was very fond, and in Vital Dynamics, by Dr. Green, Coleridge's friend and physician. A more perilous book was De Quincey's Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, which doubtless created more of such slaves than it liberated: I myself was led to try some guarded experiments in that direction, which had happily no effect, and I was glad to abandon them. It seems, in looking back, a curious escapade for one who had a natural dislike for all stimulants and narcotics and had felt no temptation of that

kind; I probably indulged the hope of securing a livelier imagination.

I rarely went to any house in Cambridge, except sometimes to Lowell's, where his sweet wife now presided over the upper story of his father's large house. She kept things as orderly as she could; always cruising like Admiral Van Tromp, Lowell declared, with a broom at her mast-head. She had fitted the rooms with pretty devices of her own, and rocked her baby in a cradle of her planning, made of a barrel cut lengthways, placed on rockers, and upholstered by herself. At its foot she painted three spears as the Lowell crest and three lilies as her own, with the motto "Puritas Potestas." This cradle was for their first child, whose early death both Lowell and Longfellow mourned in song. The Lowells sometimes saw company in a modest way, and I remember spending an evening there with Ole Bull and John Weiss. Dr. Lowell, the father, was yet living, always beneficent and attractive; he still sometimes preached in the college chapel, and won all undergraduate hearts by providing only fifteen-minute sermons. It was after this that he fell into a melancholy condition, described with thrilling power by his son in a poem, The Darkened Mind, — an experience which, with the subsequent deaths of the poet's wife and children, saddened and repressed for years his naturally buoyant and exuberant nature.

If I belonged in the first two categories of Dr. Palfrey's classification of the Divinity School, I happily kept clear of the third, never having been a dyspeptic, though I lived literally on bread and milk during the greater part of a year, for purposes of necessary economy and the buying of books. I kept up habits of active exercise, played football and baseball, and swam in the river in summer. There was then an attention paid to the art of swimming such as is not now observable; the college maintained large bath-houses where now are coal-yards, and we used to jump or dive from the roofs, perhaps twenty feet high; we had a Danish student, named Stallknecht, who could swim a third of the way across the river under water, and we vainly tried to emulate him. In winter there was skating on Fresh Pond. I must not forget to add that at all seasons I took long walks with Edward Tuckerman, then the most interesting man about Cambridge, leading a life which seemed to us like that of an Oxford don, and already at work on his Latin treatise on lichens. His room was a delightful place to visit, — a large chamber in a rambling old house, with three separate reading-tables, one for botany, one for the study of Coleridge, and one for the Greek drama. He was the simplest-hearted of men, shy, short-sighted, and lovable; the tragedy of whose life was that his cruel father had sent him to Bowdoin College instead of to Harvard, — a loss he made up by staying years at the latter, graduating successively at the Law School and the Divinity School, and finally taking his degree in the undergraduate department at what seemed to us a ripe old age.

Another tonic in the way of cultured companionship was that of Elliot Cabot, fresh from a German university, — then a rare experience, — he being, however, most un-German in clearness and terseness. I remember that when I complained to him of not understanding Kant's Critique of Pure Reason in English, he answered tranquilly that he could not; that having read it twice in German he had thought he comprehended it, but that Meikeljohn's translation was beyond making out. These men were not in the Divinity School, but I met their equals there. The leading men of a college class gravitated then as naturally to the Divinity School as now to the Law School; even though, like myself, they passed to other pursuits afterward. I met there such men as Thomas Hill, afterward President of Harvard; Octavius Frothingham; William R. Alger;

Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, who compiled at Divinity Hall their collection of hymns, — a volume called modestly A Book of Hymns, and more profanely named from its editors' familiar names "The Sam Book." Longfellow was one of the born saints, but with a breadth and manliness not always to be found in that class; he was also a genuine poet, like his elder brother, whose biographer he afterward became. Johnson, a man of brilliant gifts and much personal charm, is now best known by his later work on Oriental Religions. It is a curious fact that many of their youthful hymns as well as some of my own, appearing originally in this heterodox work, have long since found their way into the most orthodox and respectable collections.

Two of the most brilliant men in the Divinity School were afterward, like myself, in military service during the Civil War. One of them was James Richardson, whom Frothingham described later as "a brilliant wreath of fire-mist, which seemed every moment to be on the point of becoming a star, but never did." He enlisted as a private soldier and died in hospital, where he had been detailed as nurse. The other had been educated at West Point, and had served in the Florida Indian wars; he was strikingly handsome and mercilessly opinionated; he commanded the first regiment of heavy artillery raised in Massachusetts, did much for the defense of Washington in the early days of the Civil War, and resigned his commission when Governor Andrew refused to see justice done — as he thought — to one of his subordinates.

But all these companionships were wholly secondary to one which was for me most memorable, and brought joy for a few years and sorrow for many. Going through the doors of Divinity Hall I met a young man so handsome in his dark beauty that he seemed like a picturesque Oriental; slender, keen-eyed, raven-haired, he arrested the eye and the heart like some fascinating girl. This was William Hurlbert (originally Hurlbut), afterward the hero of successive novels, — Kingsley's Two Years Ago, Winthrop's Cecil Dreeme, and my own Malbone, — as well as of actual events stranger than any novels. He was the breaker, so report said, of many hearts, the disappointer of many high hopes, — and this in two continents; he was the most variously gifted and accomplished man I have ever known, acquiring knowledge as by magic, — passing easily for a Frenchman in France, an Italian in Italy, a Spaniard in Spanish countries; beginning his career as a radical young Unitarian divine, and ending it as a Roman Catholic and defender of despotism.

The turning-point of Hurlbert's life occurred, for me at least, when I met him once, to my great delight, at Centre Harbor, I being on my way to the White Mountains and he returning thence. We had several hours together, and went out on the lake for a long chat. He told me that he had decided to go to New York and enter the office of A. Oakey Hall, a lawyer against whom there was then, justly or unjustly, some prejudice. I expressed surprise and perhaps regret; and he said frankly, "It is the parting of the ways with me, and I feel it to be necessary. I have made up my mind that I cannot live the simple and moderate life you and my other friends live in New England; I must have a larger field, and more of the appliances and even luxuries of existence." This recalls what the latest biographer of Bayard Taylor has said of him: "The men of New England were satisfied with plain homes and simple living, and were content with the small incomes of professional life. Taylor had other aims. . . . Involved in the expense of Cedarcroft, he never knew the enormous value of freedom." There was nothing intrinsically wrong in the impulse of either, but it brought failure to both, though Taylor,

with the tradition of a Quaker ancestry, and with less of perilous personal fascination, escaped the moral deterioration and the social scandals which beset Hurlbert, as well as his utter renunciation of all his early convictions. Yet the charm always remained in Hurlbert's case. When we met at Centre Harbor, I remember, he was summoned from dinner on some question about stage arrangements; and the moment he had shut the door a lady of cultivated appearance got up hastily from her chair and came round where I was sitting. She said breathlessly, "Can you tell me who that is? We came here in the stage with him, and he has been perfectly delightful. I never saw such a man: he knows all languages, talks upon all subjects; my daughter and I cannot rest without knowing who he is." I did not even learn the lady's name, but years after I met her again, and she recalled the interview; time for her had only confirmed the instantaneous impression which Hurlbert made, — the whole thing suggesting a similar story about Edmund Burke.

I have known many gifted men on both sides of the Atlantic, but I still regard Hurlbert as unequaled among them all for brilliancy; even Lowell was not his peer. Nor can I be convinced that he was, as President Walker once said to me, when I urged Hurlbert's appointment, about 1850, as professor of history at Harvard, "a worthless fellow." Among many things which were selfish and unscrupulous there must have been something deeper to have called out the warm affection created by him in both sexes. I strongly suspect that if, after twenty years of non-intercourse, he had written to me to come and nurse him in illness, I should have left all and gone. Whatever may have been his want of moral principle, he certainly had the power not merely of inspiring affection, but of returning it. I know, for instance, that while borrowing money right and left, he never borrowed of me, — not that I had then much to lend; if he helped himself to my books and other small matters as if they were his own, he was not an atom more chary of the possessions that were his; and I recall one occasion when he left a charming household in Boston and came out to Cambridge, in the middle of a winter vacation, on purpose to have a fire ready for me in my room on my return from a journey. I think it was on that very evening that he read aloud to me from Krummacher's Parables, — a book then much liked among us, — selecting that fine tale describing the gradual downfall of a youth of unbounded aspirations, which the author sums up with the terse conclusion, "But the name of that youth is not mentioned among the poets of Greece." It was thus with Hurlbert when he died, although his few poems in Putnam's Magazine — Borodino, Sorrento, and the like — seemed to us the dawn of a wholly new genius; and I remember that when the cool and keen-sighted Whittier read his Gan Eden, he said to me that one who had written that could write anything he pleased. Yet the name of the youth was not mentioned among the poets; and the utter indifference with which the announcement of his death was received was a tragic epitaph upon a wasted life.

Thanks to a fortunate home training and the subsequent influence of Emerson and Parker, I held through all my theological studies a sunny view of the universe, which has lasted me as well, amid the storms of life, so far as I can see, as the more prescribed and conventional forms of faith might have done. We all, no doubt, had our inner conflicts, yet mine never related to opinions, but to those problems of heart and life which come to every young person, and upon which it is not needful to dwell. Many of my fellow students, however, had just broken away from a sterner faith, whose shattered eggshells still clung around them. My friend of later years, David

Wasson, used to say that his health was ruined for life by two struggles: first by the way in which he got into the church during a revival, and then by the way he got out of it as a reformer. This I escaped, and came out in the end with the radical element far stronger than the sacerdotal, so that I took for the title of my address at the graduating exercises The Clergy and Reform. I remember that I had just been reading Horne's farthing epic of Orion, and had an ambitious sentence in my address, comparing the spirit of the age to that fabled being, first blinded, and then fixing his sightless eyes upon the sun that they might be set free once more. Probably it was crude enough, but Theodore Parker liked it, and so I felt as did the brave Xanthus, described by Landor, who only remembered that in the heat of the battle Pericles smiled on him. I was asked to preach as a candidate before the old First Religious Society at Newburyport, a church two hundred years old, then ostensibly of the Unitarian faith, but bearing no denominational name. Receiving a farther invitation after trial, I went there to begin my professional career, if such it could properly be called.

There was something very characteristic of my mother in a little incident which happened in connection with my first visit to Newburyport. I had retained enough affection for the opinion of Boston drawing-rooms to have devised for myself a well-cut overcoat of gray tweed, with a cap of the same material trimmed with fur. My elder sisters naturally admired me in this garb, but implored me not to wear it to Newburyport. "So unclerical," they said; it would ruin my prospects. "Let him wear it, by all means," said my wiser mother. "If they cannot stand that clothing, they can never stand its wearer." Her opinion properly prevailed; and I was perhaps helped as much as hindered by this bit of lingering worldly vanity.

My first actual proposal of innovation was that I should be ordained as Theodore Parker had been, by the society itself: and this all the more because my ancestor, Francis Higginson, had been ordained in that way — the first of all New England ordinations — in 1629. To this the society readily assented, at least so far as that there should be no ordaining council, and there was none. William Henry Channing preached one of his impassioned sermons, The Gospel of To-Day, and all went joyously on, "youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm," not foreseeing the storms that were soon to gather, although any sagacious observer ought easily to have predicted them. It must be borne in mind that during all this period I was growing more, not less radical; my alienation from the established order was almost as great as that of Thoreau, though as yet I knew nothing of him except through The Dial. The more active interest of the various reformatory movements came gradually to supplant all abstract meditations. It must be remembered, moreover, that two important elements combined to make up the so-called Transcendentalist body. There were the more refined votaries, who were indeed the most cultivated people of that time and place. But there was also a less educated contingent, known popularly as "Come-Outers," — a name as familiar and distinctive as is that of the Salvation Army to-day. These were developed largely by the anti-slavery movement, which was not, like our modern civil service reform, strongest in the more educated classes, but was predominantly a people's movement, based on the simplest human instincts, and far stronger for a time in the factories and shoe-shops than in the pulpits or colleges. The factories were still largely worked by American operatives, and the shoe manufacture was carried on in little shops, where the neighbors met and settled affairs of state, as may be read in Mr. Rowland Robinson's delightful stories called Danvis Folks. Radi-

calism went with the smell of leather, and was actually seething in such towns as Lynn and Abington, the centres of that trade. Even the least educated had recognized it in the form of the Second Advent delusion just then flourishing. All these influences combined to make the Come-Outer element very noticeable, — it being fearless, disinterested, and always self-asserting. It was abundant on Cape Cod, and the "Cape Codders" were a recognized subdivision at reform meetings. In such meetings or conventions these untaught disciples were often a source of obvious inconvenience: they defied chairmen, scaled platforms, outroared exhorters. Some of them, as Emerson says, "devoted themselves to the worrying of clergymen," proclaiming a gospel of freedom; I have heard them boast of having ascended into pulpits and trampled across their cushions before horrified ministers. This was not a protest against religion, for they were rarely professed atheists, but against its perversions only.

It must be remembered that the visible church in New England was not then the practical and reformatory body which it is to-day, — the change in the Episcopal Church being the most noticeable of all, — but that it devoted itself very largely to the "tithing of anise and cummin," as in Scripture times. Of the reforms prominent before the people, nearly all had originated outside the pulpit and even among avowed atheists. Thomas Herttell, judge of the Marine Court of New York city, who belonged to that heretical class, was the first person in America, apparently, to write and print, in 1819, a strong appeal in behalf of total abstinence as the only remedy for intemperance; and the same man made, in 1837, in the New York Assembly, the first effort to secure to married women the property rights now generally conceded. All of us were familiar with the vain efforts of Garrison to enlist the clergy in the anti-slavery cause; and Stephen Foster, one of the stanchest of the early Abolitionists, habitually spoke of them as "the Brotherhood of Thieves." Lawyers and doctors, too, fared hard with those enthusiasts, and merchants not much better; Edward Palmer writing against the use of money, and even such superior men as Alcott having sometimes a curious touch of the Harold Skimpole view of that convenience. It is now rather remarkable that the institution of marriage did not come in for a share in the general laxity, but it did not; and it is to be observed that Henry James speaks rather scornfully of the Brook Farm community in this respect, as if its members must have been wanting in the courage of their convictions to remain so unreasonably chaste. I well remember that the contrary was predicted and expected by cynics, and the utter failure of their prophecies was the best tribute to the essential purity of the time. It was, like all seething periods, at least among the Anglo-Saxon race, a time of high moral purpose; and the anti-slavery movement, reaching its climax after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, was about to bring such qualities to a test.

This agitation, at any rate, was so far the leader in the reforms of the day that it brought to a focus all their picturesque ingredients. There were women who sat tranquilly knitting through a whole anti-slavery convention, however exciting, and who had that look of prolonged and self-controlled patience which we associate with Sisters of Charity; and others who bore that uplifted and joyous serenity which now seems a part of the discipline of the Salvation lassies. There were always present those whom Emerson tersely classified as "men with beards;" this style, now familiar, being then an utter novelty, not tolerated in business or the professions, and of itself a committal to pronounced heresy. Partly as a result of this unwonted adornment, there were men who

— as is indeed noticed in European Socialist meetings to-day — bore a marked resemblance to the accepted pictures of Jesus Christ. This trait was carried to an extent which the newspapers called "blasphemous" in Charles Burleigh, — a man of tall figure, benign face, and most persuasive tongue, wearing long auburn curls and somewhat tangled tempestuous beard. Lowell, whose own bearded condition marked his initiation into abolitionism, used to be amused when he went about with Burleigh and found himself jeered at as a new and still faltering disciple. Finally, there was the Hutchinson Family, with six or eight tall brothers clustered around the one rosebud of a sister, Abby: all natural singers and one might say actors, indeed unconscious poems, easily arousing torpid conventions with The Car Emancipation and such stirring melodies; or at times, as encore, giving The Bridge of Sighs, which seemed made for just the combination they presented. When, in this song, the circle of stalwart youths chanted, "Had she a sister?" or when the sweet Abby, looking up with dove-like eyes at her guardians, sang in response, "Or had she a brother?" it not only told its own story, but called up forcibly the infinite wrongs of the slave girls who had no such protectors, and who perhaps stood at that very moment, stripped and shrinking, on the auction-block.

On removing to Newburyport I found myself at once the associate of all there was most reputable in the town, in virtue of my functions; and also, by a fatality in temperament, of all that was most radical. There prevailed then a phrase, "the Sisterhood of Reforms," indicating a variety of social and physiological theories of which one was expected to accept all, if any. This I learned soon after my arrival, through the surprise expressed by some of my more radical friends at my unacquaintance with a certain family of factory operatives known as the "Briggs girls." "Not know the Briggs girls? I should think you would certainly know them. Work in the Globe Mills; interested in all the reforms; bathe in cold water every morning; one of 'em is a Grahamite," — a disciple of vegetarianism; that faith being then a conspicuous part of "the Sisterhood of Reforms," but one against which I had been solemnly warned by William Henry Channing, who had made experiment of it while living as city missionary in New York city. He had gone, it seemed, to a boarding-house of the vegetarian faithful in the hope of finding spiritually minded associates, but was so woefully disappointed in the result that he left them after a while, falling back upon the world's people, as more carnal, possibly, but more companionable.

Without a tithe of my cousin's eloquence, I was of a cooler temperament, and perhaps kept my feet more firmly on the earth or was more guarded in my experiments. Yet I was gradually drawn into the temperance agitation, including prohibition; the peace movement, for which, I dare say, I pommeled as lustily as Schramm's pupils in Heine's Reisebilder; the social reform debate, which was sustained for some time after the downfall of Brook Farm; and of course the new woman's rights movement, for whose first national convention I signed the call in 1850. Of all the movements in which I ever took part, except the anti-slavery agitation, this last-named seems to me the most important; nor have I ever wavered in the opinion announced by Wendell Phillips, that it is "the grandest reform yet launched upon the century, as involving the freedom of one half the human race." Certainly the anti-slavery movement, which was by its nature a more temporary one, had the right of way, and must first be settled; it was, moreover, by its nature a much simpler movement. Once recognize the fact that man could have no right of property in man, and the whole affair

was settled; there was nothing left but to agitate, and if needful to fight. But, as Stuart Mill clearly pointed out, the very fact of the closer relations of the sexes had complicated the affair with a thousand perplexities in the actual working out; gave room for more blunders, more temporary disappointments, more extravagant claims, and far slower development. It was in one respect fortunate that most of the early advocates of the reform had served previously as Abolitionists, for they had been thereby trained to courage and self-sacrifice; but it was in other respects unfortunate, because they had been accustomed to a stern and simple "Thus saith the Lord," which proved less applicable to the more complex question. When it came to the point, the alleged aversion of the slaves to freedom always vanished; I never myself encountered an instance of it; every man, woman, and child, whatever protestations might have been made to the contrary, was eager to grasp at freedom; whereas in all communities there is a minority of women who are actively opposed to each successive step in elevating their condition; and this without counting the merely indifferent. All the ordinary objections to woman suffrage, as that women have not, in the phrase of old Theophilus Parsons, "a sufficient acquired discretion," or that they are too impulsive, or that they cannot fight, — all these seem to me trivial; but it is necessary always to face the fact that it is the only great reform in which a minority, at least, of the very persons to be benefited are working actively on the other side. This, to my mind, only confirms its necessity, as showing that, as Mill says, the very nature of woman has been to some extent warped and enfeebled by prolonged subjugation, and must have time to recover itself.

It was in the direction of the anti-slavery reform, however, that I felt the most immediate pricking of conscience, and it may be interesting, as a study of the period, to note what brought it about. There was, perhaps, some tendency that way in the blood, for I rejoice to recall the fact that after Judge Sewall, in 1700, had published his noted tract against slavery, called The Selling of Joseph, the first protest against slavery in Massachusetts, he himself testified, six years later, "Amidst the frowns and hard words I have met with for this Undertaking, it is no small refreshment to me that I can have the Learned Reverend and Aged Mr. Higginson for my Abetter." This was my ancestor, the Rev. John Higginson, of Salem, then ninety years old; but my own strongest impulse came incidentally from my mother. It happened that my father, in his office of steward of the college, was also "patron," as it was called, having charge of the affairs of the more distant students, usually from the Southern States. This led to pleasant friendships with their families, and to occasional visits paid by my parents, traveling in their own conveyance. Being once driven from place to place by an intelligent negro driver, my mother said to him that she thought him very well situated, after all; on which he turned and looked at her, simply saying, "Ah, missis! free breath is good." It impressed her greatly, and she put it into her diary, whence my eldest brother, Dr. Francis J. Higginson, quoted it in a little book he wrote, Remarks on Slavery, published in 1834. This fixed it in my mind, and I remember to have asked my aunt why my uncle in Virginia did not free his slaves. She replied that they loved him, and would be sorry to be free. This did not satisfy me; but on my afterward visiting the Virginia plantation, there was nothing to suggest anything undesirable: the head servant was a grave and dignified man, with the most unexceptionable manners; and the white and black children often played together in the afternoon. It was then illegal to teach a slave to read, but one girl was

pointed out who had picked up a knowledge of reading while the white children were learning. The slaves seemed merely to share in the kindly and rather slipshod methods of a Southern establishment; and my only glimpse of the other side was from overhearing conversation between the overseer and his friends, in which all the domestic relations of the negroes were spoken of precisely as if they had been animals.

Returning to Cambridge, I found the whole feeling of the college entirely opposed to the abolition movement, as was that among my Brookline friends and kindred. My uncle, Mr. Samuel Perkins, had lived in Hayti during the insurrection, and had written an account of it which I read, and which was afterwards printed by Charles Perkins in the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He thought, and most men of his class firmly believed, that any step toward emancipation would lead to instant and formidable insurrection. It was in this sincere but deluded belief that such men mobbed Garrison. When I once spoke with admiration of that reformer to Mr. Augustus Aspinwall, a frequent guest at my uncle's house, he replied with perfect gentleness, sipping his wine, "It may be as you say. I never saw him, but I always supposed him to be a fellow who ought to be hung." Mr. Aspinwall was a beautiful old man, who cultivated the finest roses to be found near Boston; he had the most placid voice, the sweetest courtesy, and the most adamantine opinions, — the kind of man who might have been shot in the doorway of his own château during the French Revolution. If it had come in his way, he would undoubtedly have seen Garrison executed, and would then have gone back to finish clearing his roses of snails and rose-beetles. The early history of the anti-slavery agitation cannot possibly be understood unless we comprehend this class of men who then ruled Boston opinion.

I know of no book except the last two volumes of Pierce's life of Charles Sumner which fully does justice to the way in which the anti-slavery movement drew a line of cleavage through all Boston society, leaving most of the more powerful or wealthy families on the conservative side. What finally determined me in the other direction was the immediate influence of two books, both by women. One of these was Miss Martineau's tract, The Martyr Age in America, portraying the work of the Abolitionists with such force and eloquence that it seemed as if no generous youth could be happy in any other company; and the other book was Mrs. Lydia Maria Child's Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans. This little work, for all its cumbrous title, was so wonderfully clear, compact, and convincing, it covered all its points so well and was so absolutely free from all unfairness or shrill invective, that it joined with Miss Martineau's less modulated strains to make me an Abolitionist. This was, it must be remembered, some years before the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin. I longed to be counted worthy of such companionship; I wrote and printed a rather crude sonnet to Garrison; and my only sorrow was in feeling that, as Alexander lamented about his father Philip's conquests, nothing had been left for me to do. Fortunately, Lowell had already gone in the same direction, under the influence of his wife; and her brother, moreover, who had been for a time my schoolmate, had left all and devoted himself to anti-slavery lecturing. He it was who, when on a tour with Frederick Douglass at the West, was entertained with him at a house where there was but one spare bed. To some apologies by the hostess the ever ready and imperial Douglass answered, with superb dignity, "Do not apologize, madam; I have not the slightest prejudice against color."

This was the condition of things I had left in Boston and Cambridge; and when

I went to live in Newburyport the same point of view soon presented itself in another form. The parish, which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea-captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans, and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a Southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. All their prejudice ran in one direction, and their view of the case differed from that of Boston society only as a rope's end differs from a rapier. One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport (for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed) was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican war. It now seems to me strange that, under all these circumstances, I held my place for two years and a half. Of course it cannot be claimed that I showed unvarying tact; indeed, I can now see that it was quite otherwise; but it was a case where tact counted for little; in fact, I think my sea-captains did not wholly dislike my plainness of speech, though they felt bound to discipline it; and moreover the whole younger community was on my side. It did not help the matter that I let myself be nominated for Congress by the new "Free Soil" party in 1848, and "stumped the district," though in a hopeless minority. The nomination was Whittier's doing, partly to prevent that party from nominating him; and he agreed that, by way of reprieve, I should go to Lowell and induce Josiah G. Abbott, then a young lawyer, to stand in my place. Abbott's objection is worth recording: if elected, he said, he should immediately get into quarrels with the Southern members and have to fight duels, and this he could not conscientiously do. This was his ground of exemption. Years after, when he was an eminent judge in Boston and a very conservative Democrat, I once reminded him of this talk, and he said, "I should feel just the same now."

Having been, of course, defeated for Congress, as I had simply stood in a gap, I lived in Newburyport for more than two years longer, after giving up my parish. This time was spent in writing for newspapers, teaching private classes in different studies, serving on the school committee and organizing public evening schools, then a great novelty. The place was, and is, a manufacturing town, and I had a large and intelligent class of factory girls, mostly American, who came to my house for reading and study once a week. In this work I enlisted a set of young maidens of unusual ability, several of whom were afterward well known to the world: Harriet Prescott, afterward Mrs. Spofford; Louisa Stone, afterward Mrs. Hopkins (well known for her educational writings); Jane Andrews (author of The Seven Little Sisters, a book which has been translated into Chinese and Japanese); her sister Caroline, afterward Mrs. Rufus Leighton (author of Life at Puget Sound); and others not their inferiors, though their names were not to be found in print. I have never encountered elsewhere so noteworthy a group of young women, and all that period of work is a delightful reminiscence. My youthful coadjutors had been trained in a remarkably good high school, kept by William H. Wells, a celebrated teacher; and I had his hearty coöperation, and also that of Professor Alpheus Crosby, one of the best scholars in New England, and then resident in Newburyport. With his aid I established a series of prizes for the best prose and poetry written by the young people of the town; and the first evidence given of the unusual talents of Harriet Prescott Spofford was in a very daring and original essay on Hamlet, written at sixteen, and gaining the first prize. I had also to do with the courses of lectures and con-

certs, and superintended the annual Floral Processions which were then a pretty feature of the Fourth of July in Essex County. On the whole, perhaps, I was as acceptable a citizen of the town as could be reasonably expected of one who had preached himself out of his pulpit.

I supposed myself to have given up preaching forever, and recalled the experience of my ancestor, the Puritan divine, Francis Higginson, who, when he had left his church living at Leicester, England, in 1620, continued to lecture to all comers. But a new sphere of reformatory action opened for me in an invitation to take charge of the Worcester Free Church, the first of several such organizations that sprang up about that time under the influence of Theodore Parker's Boston society, which was their prototype. These organizations were all more or less of the "Jerusalem wildcat" description, with no church membership or communion service, not calling themselves specifically Christian, but resembling the ethical societies of the present day, with a shade more of specifically religious aspect. Worcester was at that time a seething centre of all the reforms, and I found myself almost in fashion, at least with the unfashionable; my evening congregations were the largest in the city, and the men and women who surrounded me — now almost all passed away — were leaders in public movements in that growing community. Before my transfer, however, I went up to Boston on my first fugitive slave foray, as it might be called, — not the Anthony Burns affair, but the Thomas Sims case, which preceded it, and which was to teach me, once for all, that there was plenty left to be done, and that Philip had not fought all the battles.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN BOSTON.

The decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Public Library are now completed, the last panels of the cycle are in place, and he who enters this great civic building, whether for business or for enjoyment, is greeted by the sight of one of the noblest decorated staircases known to modern art. For distant readers, a brief description, alike of place and of theme, may be helpful, if not necessary.

Of the nine pictures composing the cycle, the well-known large panel, generally called Apollo and the Muses, fills the whole windowless wall of the upper landing, leading into Bates Hall. The other eight pictures, recently put in place, fill the eight large upper compartments, or panels, of the staircase proper; they are set in the same rich gold Siena marble that forms the paneling of the lower more workaday portion and the balustrade of the staircase, and are well lit from the mighty windows opposite the upper landing. Of these eight panels, six fill the two side walls, two the compartments on either side of the windows. These panels being practically on a level with the long picture under the arches, the eye takes in the scheme of the whole at one comprehensive glance; and in few other places, nowadays, can it rest on an *ensemble* that has a nobler sensuous charm, and more monumental quality of conception and treatment.

The subjects are best explained in the master's own words in the printed leaflet of description, with brief supplementary indications as to the way the painter has conceived these subjects and put them on the wall.

"Having been entrusted," says Puvis

de Chavannes, "with the honor of decorating the staircase of the Boston Library, I have sought to represent under a symbolic form and in a single view the intellectual treasures collected in this beautiful building. The whole seems to me summed up in the composition entitled The Muses of Inspiration hail the Spirit, the Harbinger of Light." This large panel represents, as most of us know, Apollo and the Muses floating in mid-air, robed in white, against a background of early morning landscape: little hills, sparsely wooded, softly gray-green, against a distance of deep blue sea and pale luminous sky.

"Out of this composition," continues the master, "others have developed which answer to the four great expressions of the human mind, Poetry, Philosophy, History, Science. On the right-hand wall of the staircase, as you enter, appear in three panels: 1. Pastoral Poetry (Virgil). 2. Dramatic Poetry (Æschylus and the Oceanides). 3. Epic Poetry (Homer crowned by the Iliad and Odyssey)."

In the first panel, Virgil, robed in white, with a cool purple mantle drapery thrown over his left shoulder, stands pensive in an idyllic landscape of plain and grove and river, in dull greens and olives. In the second, the poet reclines by the seashore, scroll in hand. There is a foreground of rocky shore, pale mauve in color, with one solitary low-spreading pine to give depth to the water; a distance in blues and pale hyacinths of classical sea-girt cliffs, peopled by the white figures of the poet's dream; a few happy gulls in the upper air. The third shows an old man seated and two female figures standing, — one in the helmet and trappings of war, one soberly clad in a long-sleeved dun garment; a landscape of dull tawny cliffs, with an arm of the sea beyond, the deep blue, stirring Ægean; in the background warm purple rocks, hinting at roving and adventure.

"On the left-hand wall: 1. History, attended by a Spirit bearing a torch, calls up the Past. 2. Astronomy. The Chaldean Shepherds observe the stars and discover the law of numbers. 3. Philosophy. Plato sums up in an immortal phrase the eternal conflict between Spiritualism and Materialism: 'Man is a plant of heavenly, not of earthly growth.'"

History is a female figure, attended by a naked boy, evoking the past from a chasm or grotto showing the upper part of a Doric column. The tones are russets and browns in full quiet daylight; dead leaves are on the oak scrub, and there is no grass on the rocky slope, but an almond-tree in rich pink blossom. Some grass and a massive grove are seen on the brow of the hill beyond. In the Astronomy panel two or three half-clad shepherds are shown observing the stars in a rocky wilderness; one figure, stretched prone on the ground under a rough hut or canopy of branches, is engaged in simple computation. The third of these panels is a combination, such as the painter loves, of spreading lawns, gleaming white colonnades, and (French) classic groves of full dark foliage. In the background is a shapely Greek mountain crowned by a Doric temple, radiant in the sunlight against the greenish afternoon sky. Plato, in the foreground, robed in white, with a mantle of full rich blue, fronts the spectator, while the young disciple, leaning his elbow on a marble pedestal, shows his handsome back. There are smaller figures on the steps of the semicircular colonnade or scattered over the lawn.

"On the end wall to the right and left of the windows: To the left, Chemistry (mineral, organic, vegetable). A process of mysterious change evolves itself under the magic wand of a fairy surrounded by watching spirits."

The mystic process takes place in a kind of open grotto, with walls so high that the pearly white of the robe of the genius and the naked little bodies of the

cherubs that stand eagerly looking on are relieved throughout against soft shaded purples and blues of twilit rock.

"To the right, Physics. By the wondrous agency of Electricity, Speech flashes through space, and swift as lightning bears tidings of good and evil."

A hilly pass by the sea, simple and severe in character; background of sea and cloudy sky streaked with pale yellow at the horizon. The genius of good tidings soars aloft, carrying a joyous branch. The messenger of evil, darkly robed, follows the lines of the telegraph wire closely, swiftly, veiling her eyes with her hand. The tragic force is intense; there is not one unnecessary item in the picture.

To those who have not seen the designs, but who know the work of Puvis in France, these hints may convey some idea of characteristic passages, familiar yet never cheapened themes, mingling with deep and original motives. Readers who do not know the art of Puvis de Chavannes will have gathered, I hope, a general impression that the color is subdued, but not poor; that subjects and composition alike are severely simple, consisting of as few figures as possible, quietly posed in a background of landscape; that this landscape, mostly classical, is an integral part of the thought and design. They should be told further that the color presents delicate harmonies of pale blues and violets, or contrasts of shimmering whites and deep-toned greens set off by more sober and neutral tints. To those who have not seen any of the painter's work before, these panels will at first bring an impression of strangeness. Some will find in them a reminder of the Greek world they had dreamt of, — not the same, but equally convincing, in its own dreamlike way, equally charged with far-reaching suggestion. Others will be perplexed: so different from any other kind of painting they know are these large pictures in their flatness and dullness of surface, in their lack of modeling and bareness of accessories, so puzzling in the incorrectness that every tyro in art is willing to point out; so remote from our habits is this reticent grandeur of utterance. Yet crowds continue to come and be puzzled, and thus testify to the interest and curiosity awakened.

In the judgment of artists and art-lovers the value of works of art like these in a place like this cannot be rated too highly. There is an unmistakable awakening among us of an instinctive craving for art in some tangible form, art which requires to be nourished by something more solid than discussions and more satisfactory than museums. Museums and galleries are all very well in their way, but we are beginning to find out that it is rather a devious way, leading only students to the desired goal. Galleries are unquestionably more civilizing than saloons, and many among us doubtless owe their awakening to a real and fruitful taste for art to the revelation made by a first acquaintance with the New York Rembrandts or some of the Greek or Japanese treasures of the Boston Museum. But the action of museums and galleries is necessarily slow and fragmentary, never direct and as it were living. The objects in them are like a collection of wildflowers on exhibition in a horticultural show. No horticultural show, however well classified and "artistically" arranged, can give us any notion of the charm and fragrance of nature; and all students of early Italian art know the difference between weeks of assiduous study in the galleries and a single morning with the Fra Angelicos in the convent of St. Mark's or the Luinis at Saronno. Sometimes five minutes are enough to clear the mind of cobwebs painfully accumulated during years of poring over books, or months of gallery study; or to make one see things at a glance that one had long labored in vain at understanding. Sometimes the process is slower: the first impression is

one of half-repellent and certainly confusing strangeness, which slowly gives place to a sense of unreasoning well-being, almost physical, as the sensuous charm dispels the bookish cobwebs, and the firm construction of the whole makes itself quietly felt. Meanwhile, the beauties of impersonation, so to say, of rendering and knowledge, are unfolding themselves one by one in their full significance, until study is forgotten in communion, and the air seems warm with whispers, as from a living presence. Later comes the season of study, when one analyzes the means employed, discovers how great is the reinforcement of effect gained by unity, observes and acknowledges the impression of durability due to coöperation with architecture which is the birthright of mural decoration. But the main thing, from first to last, about these invaluable impressions is always the directness and deep quiet objectivity of appeal, as of something inherent in the thing itself, which communion brings out, but which no amount of study will put in. To commune with pictures in galleries at all means a concentration of mind, and hence a strain, a tension, the very opposite of the effect produced by the chapel or *loggia;* while neither the gallery picture nor the picture gallery can ever offer us the incidental teachings and subtle suggestive pleasures of the thing in place. So closely related are all great works of art to their natural setting that when we find ourselves enjoying any one picture with any depth of appreciation, we generally find ourselves also mentally reconstructing the surroundings from which it has been torn and putting it back in its birthplace, — the portrait by Titian in the dusky splendor of the Venetian *sala*, the Madonna in the dim light of the convent chapel of the Tuscan or Umbrian hillside.

It is evident that an appeal of this kind, at once direct and full, is of as much value to latent susceptibilities as to trained susceptibilities. We may even reckon it as more valuable, since it puts the spectator on the right track from the beginning, and shows him at once and definitely how great and comprehensive a thing is art; not a mere little cup of æsthetic pleasure, but a deep draught of spiritual joy, offered out of a goblet of pure delight. It is only another aspect of the old case — more than once debated in these pages — of masterpieces of literature contrasted with textbooks or selections. But literature and art have this wide difference: single-minded reading has not, after all, become so dissociated from our daily habit as deep and thorough enjoyment of art has, for the simple reason that books penetrate everywhere, while it is not every one who can travel to the Old World and plunge into the glorious books of the "thing in place." Therefore it is, I repeat, that all lovers of art feel it to be hardly possible to overestimate the value, for America, of works of art like these decorations by Puvis in the Boston Public Library, at this time of new stir in the feeling for art.

It is instructive to glance, in passing, at the direction taken by this reawakening of the art instinct in the two countries nearest to us in culture and geographical position. In England, the leaders of the new movement have labored successfully to put an end to the unnatural separation of art from craft brought about by academies and commercialism, knowing well and feeling warmly that art will never thrive until we all understand (as people have done in all epochs when art was alive) that beauty is a thing for human nature's daily food, and art a quality that is as much at home in a footstool as in a statue. In France, there is growing up a conviction, mainly due to the initiative of one great and stubborn man, that painting dissociated from the dignity and grandeur of monumental art has but a relative value and an incomplete effect. It is evident that the two issues tend to the same great end, and

are necessary to each other. Monumental art without the lesser arts is insubstantial and remote; the lesser decorative arts without monumental art become sapless and ephemeral. It is only by the interaction of the two that art can again contribute to give dignity and charm to civic life. It is in this way only that the immediate end which we must now first of all keep in view can be reached, and the reawakening art instinct find the full nourishment and thorough guidance which are now so necessary.

What then is monumental art, or, to narrow the question down to the branch of it that we are considering here, what is mural decoration? Different artists, representing the recent attempts at revival of this form of art, have answered the question in different ways. There are those who represent the picture-book ideal, and consider the wall merely as a place for unrolling pictures or "histories," painted according to the technic acquired in the school of easel-painting. There are those who, misled by the false current use of the word "decorative," think of the wall mainly as an opportunity for showy and shallow display, meaningless in itself, and unrelated to its surroundings. Others have felt, and felt rightly, that no amount of brilliancy of painter's craft, of eloquence or even pathos of story, can compensate us for the lack of the sense of repose and durability which belongs to true monumental painting; painting, that is, which is part and parcel of the monument it decorates. To have rediscovered this fundamental axiom of mural painting is the great achievement of Puvis de Chavannes as far as France is concerned. And it does not detract from the originality of Mr. John Sargent to point to his superb work in Boston as a gratifying instance of the teachings of Puvis, applied in the service of a talent that differs widely from his in scope and temper. It was on the walls of the Pantheon in Paris that Puvis de Chavannes first "published his discovery" in an entirely satisfactory and convincing form; all the more so, alas, that his treatment of the legend of Ste. Geneviève is there confronted with large, ambitious, loud-voiced panels by famous painters of the day. No one can spend a little while in the Pantheon and not feel how effectually and grandly he silences them all, until his deep, quiet note is the only one heard. In Boston there is, fortunately, not this opportunity for immediate comparison. But the great calm of Puvis does not need this to make itself felt. It takes time to reach us, we are so unaccustomed to calm; it is even possible for us to go away at first unconvinced, though, it may be, vaguely troubled. But no one can give Puvis his due time, or come back to him after having looked at some of the ambitious or well-meaning efforts that go by the name of mural decoration, and not thankfully acknowledge the benignant influence of the architectural repose of the great spaces, the sober charm of the color, the noble and subtly expressive rhythm of the line, the sincere truthfulness, the personal conviction, the spiritual serenity of the man. In the case of Puvis de Chavannes, the qualities of outward practical craft, in themselves so valuable, are thus complemented by the rarest qualities of inner creative poetry.

Art such as this is not obtained without sacrifice, and in a double sense is this true of Puvis de Chavannes, whose own favorite saying is, indeed, "L'art décoratif ne vit que de sacrifices." There are, first, the sacrifices to the unity of his conception and his sense of mural requirements, visible to all in his severe elimination and suppression, in certain mannerisms or *parti-pris* of drawing, in certain minor awkwardnesses of gesture and arrangement.[1] In connec-

[1] In the Homer panel there is undoubtedly an arrangement of line that disturbs one somewhat and seems unnecessary, until one sees that it balances the composition of the Virgil

tion with this it may be well to mention, however, that he gave nine years of unremitting study to drawing from the model, and that no more exquisite pleasure can be offered the lover of art than to spend an hour or two turning over the Puvis portfolios. Here significant first or second thoughts for compositions — charming in themselves as mere arabesques of lovely line, and deeply interesting as showing that what he first of all feels for are the *lines* — lie scattered among hundreds of careful drawings from life, showing us a world of beautiful women, strong men, and lovely children, seen and felt with a deep human synthesis, rendered with a mastery that alone would suffice to give him the highest rank in contemporary art. There are, further, the countless sacrifices of a life of devotion to his ideal. The narrative of his life discloses years spent in finding his way; in rediscovering the right principles of mural decoration, unaided and alone; in learning by experience what is fitted to be painted on the wall, and what is not; in giving up, one by one, technical excellencies, tempting detail, attractive episode.[1] Nor have material sacrifices to his ideal been lacking, arising both from the general indifference of painters and the public to art of this kind and quality, and from his own stubborn allegiance to his ideal and convictions. Thus several of the Amiens panels were given by the painter, when there was not money forthcoming to pay for them, and he has been known to refuse a large commission (in 1879, for the staircase of the Exchange of Bordeaux) when the committee wished to impose a scheme of their own upon him. From the first conception to the final painting of the huge canvases the work is the painter's own. This alone represents an almost incredible amount of work, mental and manual, and a well-nigh unparalleled singleness of mind and fixity of purpose. In his life as in his work Puvis is an example to all who aspire to serve art.[2]

These sacrifices have not been without their compensation in the deepening of his synthesis and the widening of his grasp. Color, for instance, was not, to begin with, one of his characteristics; but it has come late in life to this man, who began developing his inner qualities when other men ceased to grow, and who has found the clue to one beauty after another as he has penetrated deeper and deeper into communion with nature.

I should give an incomplete idea of Puvis if I did not refer to one aspect of his art. In common with the great American decorator, John La Farge, with Albert Besnard, and with one or two others, he has deeply felt the importance of nature for the spiritual life of to-day. With him it is thus never a mere pleasing and conventional background; it is an integral part of his composition in line, color, and character. He feels it as we do, as reflecting and expressing our human moods, as soothing our sorrows and enhancing our joys. In his treatment he shows the most delicate observation of many of the beauties and gradations of atmosphere and tone, of light and color, that have come to seem in our modern spirit so full of meaning, and it is well known to those who are familiar with his art that his grandest pages are those where the *genius loci*, the character of the surrounding scenery, has suggested and inspired his theme.

But naturalism, be it never so inspired, expresses only one side of this great dual

to the left of the Æschylus, that the whole wall has been conceived together; and not only this wall, but the opposite wall, and indeed the whole cycle.

[1] I would refer my readers to an article by Mr. Kenyon Cox in the Century (February, 1896) for an interesting account, from a fellow-craftsman's point of view, of this development, as shown in the great Amiens cycle.

[2] For valuable detail as to the master's mode of work, etc., and noble simplicity of life, the curious reader is referred to the excellent biography by M. Marius Vachon, — rich also in extracts from the letters of the painter.

phenomenon that we call art. There is always the other side, which has been given different names at different times, when names were necessary, and has been practiced without a name in all the greatest periods. This is the side of art which is not merely a record and an interpretation, but also a creation of beautiful ideals in forms that appeal to the same kind of susceptibilities as are touched by the harmony of music or the rhythm of verse. Periods of so-called naturalism are always succeeded by periods of idealism; the word is vague, but useful. The staircase of the Boston Public Library shows us that great masters combine both.

Cecilia Waern.

LOVE'S DELAY.

Nay, do not haste your coming, love.
Wait for a little while.
And why?
I would postpone the sweets of your first kiss,
And let you, too, feed on expectancy.
You write you love me. Ay, and I love you!
I love you with a love as delicate
As moon-gold on a tropic sea, or
Webs of gossamer in the morning sun, or
Gleam of dew on early flowers,
Or bloom that makes the moth's regalia.
I put you in my most enchanting dreams
When night is here, and in the day
Frame thoughts of you in music. Ah, dear heart,
I play that you and nature are in league.
If heaven drops rain, I say, "My love is sad."
If birds sing in the morn, I kiss my hand
Westward toward you and cry,
"Here's hail unto my own, who suns himself
In my bright love, and sends this dawn
To tell me so!"
And every day
I cull my thoughts to send the fairest ones
To you. Ah, be content a little while,
Nor know my baser moods, my selfishness!
Keep all your thoughts of me as they are now,
So fine, and high, and chaste!
Haste not,
Dear love, your coming. Wait awhile! I dream,
In solitary twilight hours, how sweet,
How tender-sweet and pure your kiss will be, —
Your first kiss, love! Delay — lest it be past!

Elia W. Peattie.

TWO INTERPRETERS OF NATIONAL ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE is not only a demonstration of art, it is also the epigraph of civilization; and the succession of the historical styles is not merely a sequence of independent phenomena, not merely an alphabet of formulas, but visible evidence of the social, religious, and political conditions which have governed the progress of mankind. This fact, so familiar to us now, is one of the latest revelations of the nineteenth century; the knowledge of it is doing more to make architecture intelligible, to restore to it its proper and peculiar function among the fine arts, and to rehabilitate it than any other influence whatever. Indeed, among the architects of to-day, the necessity of such rehabilitation and the way to secure it were not made clearly apparent until the true relationship of the art which they studied and practiced to the time in which they lived had been thus revealed. They discovered that if it was to be once more a living art, they must work in the spirit of their environment; must cease to be merely archæological or eclectic, and learn how to free themselves from the enchantment of their own memories. They discovered that the architects of the great eras succeeded in producing distinction of style by losing their individualities in coöperation, and that the development of a modern style adequate to express modern civilization has been seriously interrupted and delayed by the failure of modern architects to work together in this spirit.

The best that can be said of the architecture of the nineteenth century is that it has been an architecture of exceptionally learned, ingenious, and accomplished individualities. It has been an art of experiments which have failed, and of revivals which have been fruitless. These individualities, with their consciousness highly educated and trained, have been embarrassed rather than aided by their knowledge of the great achievements of the past. It does not seem to have occurred to them to appeal to the sympathies of the people by uttering their inspirations in the vulgar tongue, but they have labored with immense talent and ingenuity to interpret and apply dead languages. Their efforts have been reminiscent, excursive, and experimental. The architects have analyzed, theorized, disputed, and argued. They have formed schools, conserving classic or romantic traditions, — schools which have fallen apart because progress has been found to be impossible on merely archæological lines. Many of the individualities developed under these conditions have been brilliant and powerful, and have had a great following of lesser men. As the century has advanced, certain of these individualities have been inspired by nobler and loftier motives. The architecture of the century, because it has been nourished in the same soil that produced the electric telegraph, the telephone, and all the other triumphs of industrial art, has exhibited a certain sporadic vitality, and, conscious of the universal energy, has occasionally thrown out mighty branches full of the possibilities of a great fruition; but because it has not enjoyed the advantage of concentrated effort, it has not flowered as it flowered in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, still less as it flowered in the ages of Pericles and Augustus. In the Court of Honor and in the other official architecture of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, we have seen the best that can be given us by a refined scholarship, by a learned dilettanteism, and by a skillful virtuosity. But this brilliant demonstration can hardly be accepted as the final consummation of the architectural spirit of the nineteenth century in America. The promise

of such a consummation is rather to be found in the later commercial buildings of our great cities, simply because these have been produced under conditions of commercial necessity, and through economical and social forces which were stronger than the conservative scholarship of the architects, and compelled them to enter with doubt and hesitation into a purely modern field of endeavor.

Under these circumstances the history of the architecture of the century is practically a history of individual achievements. In no other era of the art has the personal equation been so insistent. In no other era has the architect been so constrained by the consciousness of his personal moral responsibilities to his art.

Perhaps the genius of John Wellborn Root, of Chicago, which has just been set forth in admirable terms in his Life by Harriet Monroe,[1] is the most conspicuous and interesting as it certainly is the most prolific factor in these Plutarchian annals. The Life reveals the operations of an exceptionally sensitive and active intelligence, trained in the architecture of history, seasoned by the study of the masters, but peculiarly open to the influences of the present. It is especially worth while to consider the career of this man at this moment, because it presents a suggestive contrast to that of another architect, the pioneer of his profession in America, who lived nearly a hundred years before Root, and who practiced under conditions very different from those which inspired and perplexed his brother architect in our own day. This comparison is invited by the fortunate coincidence of the publication of the Life of the elder architect, Charles Bulfinch, of Boston, by his granddaughter.[2]

It is only of late years that the value of the services of this modest gentleman, in interpreting to us in terms of architecture the spirit of the era in which he lived, has begun to be appreciated. He was born in Boston in 1763, practiced architecture in New England and in Washington, and died in 1844. John Wellborn Root was born in Georgia in 1850, practiced mainly in Chicago, and died untimely in 1893. There were thus but eighty-seven years between the beginnings of these two careers, but they were years of such unprecedented activity of development in all the arts of civilization, in the advancement of knowledge, and in the increase of resources that they seemed to bring about a radical change in the point of view of life and duty, and an immense complication and sophistication of ideals, especially in respect to architecture. Bulfinch, working in the midst of a community comparatively poor and provincial, unvexed by theories of art, produced in his long life of eighty-one years but forty-two buildings, principally state-houses, churches, court-houses, colleges, hospitals, and schools. Root, in his fruitful life of forty-three years, under the tremendous impulse of modern wealth and energy, was principally responsible, in the practice of the firm of which he was a member, for a series of buildings unprecedented in number as the productions of a single mind, unprecedented in aggregate value as investments of property, of great variety in style and character, and in several instances of a magnitude until then unattempted. These include forty-four structures of a public character, such as office buildings, hotels, churches, apartment houses, schools, and railway stations, in Chicago; twenty-five of the same class elsewhere; eight buildings to cost from $400,000 to $1.000,000 each, in process of erection at the time of his

[1] *The Life of John Wellborn Root.* By Harriet Monroe. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

[2] *Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect.* With Other Family Papers. Edited by his Granddaughter, Ellen Susan Bulfinch. With an Introduction by Charles A. Cummings. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

death; and one hundred and twenty residences. These structures were complicated by conditions of occupation and use unknown in the time of Bulfinch, — sanitary conditions as applied to plumbing and drainage, electrical conditions as applied to lighting, mechanical conditions as applied to elevators and heating, structural conditions as applied to fireproofing, and conditions of new material and methods, the application of which to structure and design involved a fundamental departure from nearly all the ideals handed down in the venerable traditions of architecture.

For reasons which will presently be made apparent, Root's work was often audaciously experimental in character, and, like that of his famous contemporary, Richardson, — a study of whose genius was printed in The Atlantic Monthly of November, 1886, shortly after his death, — was strongly impressed by the personality of the architect. Both of these modern architects, as men of high professional training, respected the traditions of their art, but both were so immersed in the tumultuous tide of life around them that they were but slightly impeded by the prejudices of archæological or scholastic conformity. The modern conditions of architectural expression could not be fairly met by any mere enlargement or combination of the great body of historical precedents which stood ready in their libraries to beguile and ensnare their creative powers.

On the other hand, Bulfinch knew only the formal, inelastic, stately language of the classic school as it was understood in his simpler and less spacious time; and there was nothing in the comparatively narrow and quiet life around him to tempt him from the orthodox lines of this form of art, or to offer any especial stimulus to his inventive faculties. His language of design was based mainly on the formulas furnished in the practice of the followers of Sir Christopher Wren in England. Of these, it is evident that his contemporary, Sir William Chambers, had the most marked influence upon his mind, and that the Somerset House of this master was to him a model of highest achievement. Nothing is more striking in the story of Bulfinch's career than the simplicity of his equipment as an architect. His art was hardly recognized by his fellow citizens as a profession, and outside of Paris there were no schools in which it was inculcated. His father, a physician and man of means, and of unusual breadth of mind, proposed for him a commercial life. But when the young man, after graduating from Harvard, was sent to Europe, in his twenty-second year, to liberalize his education and to enlarge his views, he was far less interested in commercial statistics and methods than in the modern buildings, which he studied with sufficient intelligence to confirm his natural predilections for architecture, to cultivate his instinct for proportions, to correct his judgment, and to furnish him with certain simple ideals of classic form and classic details. His library was limited to two or three standard books on the orders, several contemporary English works, mostly on rural architecture, and a very few archæological collections. During his tour he collected a few picturesque architectural prints and measured a few buildings, among them Wren's beautiful church of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and his papers give evidence that he made some special studies in perspective.

Untempted and unsophisticated by such affluence of literary resource as besets the modern architect, he was enabled to develop his artistic instincts in peace and prosperity upon the safe and simple lines established by the usage of his time. These instincts, thus guided and confined, were fastidious and correct, but they were not sustained or illustrated by any especial skill in graphic delineation, and, from the modern architect's point of view, the few drawings left to us from his hand are of the most

elementary character. But he was a man of sound practical judgment and of recognized probity and prudence; whatever creative powers he possessed were always subjected to the correction of authority and precedent, and were thus protected from the dangers of illiterate aberrations or capricious invention. The letters quoted by his granddaughter and his own fragment of autobiography give few, if any, indications of a habit of architectural thought or speculation, and we look in vain among them for evidences of critical insight or study, or for expressions of enthusiasm or aspiration, such as fill the diaries and correspondence of every modern student of art. He seemed to be essentially a man of reason, cool and self-restrained, rather than a man of sentiment. As such, perhaps, he better commended himself to his fellow citizens as one to be trusted with the conduct of affairs. When he received his commission to build the State-House of Massachusetts he was but thirty-one years of age, but already he had been a member of the board of selectmen of Boston for four years. While practicing as architect, he was chairman of the board continuously for twenty-one years. Indeed, his qualities as a good citizen were held in such high esteem that when, by some unexplained vicissitude of local politics, he failed of reëlection to the board, every elected member immediately resigned; and, on a second trial, he was reinstated by a large majority.

Meanwhile, his architectural work, adjusted to the conditions of a community stable and polite, but without great wealth or exacting standards of taste, was in complete accord with his character as a citizen, and was remarkable for purity, temperance, and an entire freedom from excess or affectation. To the eye of the young student of the present day his constant sense of propriety seems sometimes to border on prudery; but if his play of fancy found abundant scope in an occasional and somewhat reluctant indulgence in the conventional garland or urn of the style which he followed, it must be admitted that he thoroughly understood and respected its formulas of detail and proportion, and never disobeyed its rules.

It is important to observe that in those days the public mind had not been debauched, as is now the case, by a profuse banquet of conflicting styles which it could not assimilate or digest. The true meaning and value of Greek architecture had not been revealed; Gothic architecture had not been analyzed, and as yet it had absolutely no message for the modern mind. There were no theories of the development of the historic styles, and no experiments in reviving them. The wild vagaries which, twenty years after Bulfinch's death, constituted the vernacular architecture of America had not begun to disturb the dreams of the builders who, nourished by the simple and wholesome diet of such handbooks as Nicholson's Carpenters' Guide, developed in peace and simplicity of mind that narrow but highly respectable and consistent system of forms which our students are now conscientiously measuring, and our architects carefully imitating with all the respect due to "the Old Colonial." This style, if it may be so called, commends itself to us because it took shape without affectation while adjusting itself to the social requirements of the time. Its highest aim was to be scholastically "correct," and it was "correct" whether applied to the stately mansion of a New England merchant or Virginia planter, or to the porch of the humblest farmhouse.

Bulfinch, having studied modern architecture in England and France, and having observed the works of the Italian masters in northern Italy in his hurried tour, was in position to make a valuable contribution towards the correction of the provincial element in the Old Colonial, and he made this correction with

such modesty, discretion, and dignity that in these modern days we cannot witness the desecration or disappearance of any of his few remaining works, so unaffected, so impersonal, so expressive of the spirit of his time, without a pang of regret. For the qualities which were great enough and rare enough to distinguish them above all the other works of his time and country are qualities particularly refreshing to the modern architectural mind, perplexed as it is by a multitude of conflicting ideas, sophisticated as it is by theories of design, and dissatisfied as it is because these theories fail in their application to practice.

Owing to the necessities of rigid economy which he was compelled to observe, nearly all of Bulfinch's works are simple to bareness; and yet no modern attempt to enrich them has made them better works of art, and no attempt has been made to enlarge or extend them, as in the Massachusetts General Hospital, without detriment to their harmony of proportion. Thus, the modern student, in the midst of his studies of architectural magnificence and luxury, can learn and is learning from these modest buildings what difficult and almost unattainable virtues may be concealed in simplicity. Though these works give evidence of natural taste informed by observation and corrected by study rather than of genius or inspiration, though they are decent and orderly rather than ingenious or original, they contain the essential elements of good architecture, and justify the assumption that Bulfinch needed only the opportunity to produce work equal to the best contemporary monuments of his time in England or America.

When at last in 1818 he was summoned to Washington to complete the work of Thornton and Latrobe on the national Capitol, he accepted the large responsibilities with a reluctance due, not to a want of confidence in his abilities, but to an honorable fear lest, in supplanting Latrobe, he should seem in any way to be interfering with the just rights of his predecessor. Unfortunately, the main architectural features of this great building had been settled before his work began. But to him must be credited the great western central portico, and the steps and terraces which form the monumental approach on that side: and these may be accepted as the best features of the original central building of the Capitol.

The good taste and discretion which Miss Bulfinch has exhibited in uncovering this modest but honorable and useful career to the light of modern days are what might have been expected from the granddaughter of such a man. We recognize in his life a refreshing aroma of old-fashioned precision and domesticity, and incidentally it is an interesting revelation of the conditions of society in Boston and Washington in the early years of the century. The illustrations of his works are adequate to explain the high esteem in which they are held not only by all who love architecture as an art, but by those who are able to recognize in their characteristic and unconscious variations from the canonical forms of the Old World the promise and potentiality of a new civilization.

Bulfinch's career as an architect had closed when the town of Chicago was thought worthy of incorporation as a city. Twenty-eight years after his death, it was the second city of the Union, and the scene of the beginning of the career of John Wellborn Root. There is a significance in this transition from the respectable tranquillity of Boston when the elder architect, the pioneer of his profession in America, was practicing his art with a serenity born of the simplicity of the conditions around him and of the entire absence of a competitor, to the prosperous confusion of Chicago when the new firm of Burnham & Root were challenging the irrepressible and strenuous world around them for employment. In the intervening years, more full of

human experience than cycles of Cathay, new ideals had arisen, and, by a series of vain experiments, architecture, which had fallen behind in the race, was seeking recognition as one of the essential attributes of civilization. But it was no longer an art of formulas, punctilious, academic, absolute; it had thrown off the despotism of classic traditions, and had attempted revivals of every style which had made an impression on the history of architecture. Though the classic formulas still served as the basis of professional training, they were rarely respected in practice; mediæval archæology had tempted the student away from discipline, and he was amusing himself with travesties of every known demonstration of romantic art. He had become either a learned architectural agnostic or an eclectic virtuoso without solid convictions. Meanwhile, technical skill had advanced prodigiously, and the ingenuity and inventive powers of the architects were taxed to the utmost by the exactions of practical requirements which seemed to make the practice of an academic art impossible.

Root found himself in the midst of a conflict of faiths without fixed ideals, and at the mercy of transient fashions and capricious revivals. This was especially true in the tempestuous West, where the stimulus of immense opportunities and the noise of an unprecedented industrial activity were singularly unfavorable to serious thought and scholarly reserve. The architectural demonstrations of this era in the West were for the most part in a condition of illiterate anarchy, forming, however, a recognizable vernacular, of which the only good characteristic was that it adjusted itself without resistance to the fulfillment of practical needs. But this state of things could not last among an ambitious people, anxious to wear all the insignia of high civilization. This vernacular art prevailed only through a time of expectant probation, and there were not wanting certain trained intelligences eager to give to this abundant but disorderly vitality a direction toward a truer and more worthy art. Among these the young firm of Burnham & Root was destined to be preëminent.

It was the good fortune of Root to be dedicated to art even from his birth, and he speedily developed an intelligence singularly alert and warmly sympathetic with every demonstration of beauty in nature and art. The gradual unfolding of the flower of his mind under influences of nature rather than of books is set forth in his Life by Miss Monroe with all the literary skill which we have a right to expect from a poet, and all the affectionate detail which is natural to one so nearly associated with the most active part of Root's career. Yet the narrative is not too redundant, and little is said which is not essential to the proper comprehension of the growth of a vigorous mind from a youth joyous and sunny to a manhood full of sweetness and light. It does not need the success which finally crowned his career to justify even the two hundred and eighty pages of this story. From a psychological point of view alone, it was worth writing as a study of the development of character. But our immediate concern relates only to the professional side of this interesting personality, because it was destined to become a notable force in what we believe will presently be recognized as an important transition in the history at least of American architecture.

His education, unlike that of the very few men in his profession who may dispute preëminence with him, was not academic, and when his instincts first turned him seriously to this art, he did not enjoy the inestimable advantages of education in a properly equipped school of architecture. He was not even studious as a youth. His love of art was inspired by nature; it was kept from going astray by his own strong intelligence; and it was instructed far more by independent observation and experience than by care-

ful preliminary training. Every form of art was welcomed by him with eager instinctive appreciation, and his creative longings found relief and expression in music and painting nearly as happily as in architecture. In mind and body alike he was healthy and powerful, and his physical and mental qualities were in complete accord, one aiding the other.

From his home in Georgia he was sent to school in England during the desolation of the war for the Union, the steamer which conveyed him running the blockade of Wilmington, North Carolina. Here he remained two years, and passed the examinations for Oxford; but he did not matriculate there. On his return to the United States after the war he entered the University of the City of New York, where, as if to counteract the obvious dangers of his innate romantic liberalism, he devoted himself to the most exact of the sciences and took the strict engineering course, graduating with the highest honors in 1869. Here, as elsewhere, his active mind imbibed knowledge by intuition rather than by effort; here, as elsewhere, he was confessed a natural leader, and drew all hearts to him in affection by the ardor of his sympathies, and all minds to him in admiration by the versatility of his genius. While in New York he passed one year as student in the office of Mr. Renwick, where his natural taste for romantic forms of art was stimulated and informed, and another year in the office of Mr. Snook, where he obtained a certain amount of practical experience and some small training, perhaps, in classic art. With this meagre technical outfit, but with a heart of healthy virile ambition, he went to Chicago a few weeks after the great fire, and entered the office of Carter, Drake & Wright. Here he met Burnham, and in 1873 was prompted to enter with him into that fortunate partnership of mind and heart which was destined to be profitable not to them only, but, in a far larger sense, to the advancement of an architecture adequate to stand for our new civilization.

These four short years of personal contact, as student and draughtsman, with the ordinary practice of the profession do not of course account for Root the architect. In fact, they were comparatively an unimportant incident in the formative part of his career. His natural genius — which, as his biographer says, was "a happy union of invention and facility" — might have made him merely a brilliant dilettante, had it not been combined with a mind of such peculiar sanity and force, such quickness and certainty of apprehension, as in some degree to balance and guide his ebullient enthusiasm without the aid of academic discipline. Indeed, he was one of the very few architects of whom it may be said that they were born, not made; for the education and training essential to qualify his natural inspiration for the service of mankind seemed to come to him more with the growth of his own observant intellect than from ordinary processes of study. But we shall have occasion to note that throughout his life the absence of a systematic grounding in the classics left him too free and unrestrained, too much at the mercy of his own moods. The delicate feeling for proportion and for refinement and precision of detail, which, as he himself acknowledged, can be obtained only from a study of Greek and Roman architecture in the schools, could not come to him as an instinct or as an inspiration.

Another essential element in the development of this man's career was the fortunate influence of his friend and partner, Burnham, whose zeal, no less cordial and fervent than that of Root, was tempered by a personal force and by an administrative capacity which the world had cause later to recognize in the organization of the architecture of the Columbian Exposition. This warm sympathy and strong effectual support gave to Root the opportunity to develop

his genius in peace and prosperity, and undoubtedly encouraged, protected, and chastened it. The activity of his inventive powers and the graphic facility with which he gave immediate expression to his quick conceptions often needed just that sort of cool, corrective judgment and discreet restraint outside of himself, which were supplied almost unconsciously by his partner. The fame which justly belongs to him because of the large results which he achieved cannot be diminished by a frank acknowledgment of this noble indebtedness.

Root's work, so controlled, was the most potent influence in the elimination from the American vernacular style of all those characteristic elements of ignorant caprice, of vulgar pretense and lawlessness, which made it so hopeless. "Yet," cried Root bravely, "somewhere in this mass of ungoverned energies lies the principle of life!" This principle he undertook to set free that it might do its work unimpeded, and, by the silent but mighty force of good examples, he succeeded in obliterating all that had given to this vernacular its recognizable external character, and left only the hidden but germinating seed, — its ready adaptability to practical needs. Indeed, it was necessary to destroy this uncouth amalgam of forms, which really constituted the vernacular of America, before he could reform it; and he brought to this new labor of Hercules a spirit far more essentially American than that which had made the vernacular possible. He was, in fact, the most American of all the architects who have impressed themselves upon the history of our national art. His practice, the volume of which, as we have said, was unprecedented, was affected by no academic prejudices, no pride of archæological learning, no stiffness of conformity to conventional formulas or creeds, to prevent him from adjusting himself with the utmost frankness to American conditions as he found them, or from an honest endeavor to express these conditions in terms of architecture. Yet he knew the past thoroughly, and with all the sympathies of his poetic nature had saturated himself with the spirit of the romantic styles, especially of the vigorous Southern Romanesque, which the genius of Richardson had revived to continue its astonishing career of development in the New World, and of some of the latest demonstrations of the picturesque Gothic of France and the Low Countries. The grammar of these styles he knew as well as their poetry, but he never suffered himself to be controlled by them. Like a skillful writer, he was too sure of his style to be cramped by it. The exotic forms simply enriched and enlarged his vocabulary without making it unintelligible to the people whom he desired to interest. His reformed vernacular was without affectations of learning on the one hand, and without vulgarity or slang on the other. The designs which he made under these convictions of duty were scarcely scholarly in the conventional and academic sense, but they all bore the impress of a deep respect for knowledge and of an insight into the spirit of the styles. They were literary without being pedantic. He aimed also to have them American without that insolent disregard of historical precedent, that affectation of contempt for the great masters, which had been the principal characteristic of the indigenous architecture of the West.

It would have been a miracle if this young man, working in this exalted spirit, in the midst of a community which knew not how to criticise him with discretion, had made no mistakes. He himself admitted that he was "the victim of his own moods, — too facile always carefully to reconsider his designs." Indeed, his ideal was ever far in advance of his works, and in looking back upon them he was accustomed to express his dissatisfaction with the utmost frankness. He seemed to outgrow his own productions

as fast as they were executed. Like a true artist, he progressed by his errors, which were a constant spur to higher endeavor.

Meanwhile, this rapid sequence of new buildings, each with a clear message of fitness and beauty, began to awaken in the public a new interest. When, for the first time, examples of good art, not speaking in a strange tongue with quotations from the classics, but expressed with elegance and force in terms not entirely unintelligible, appeared upon the streets of the principal city of the West, it became evident that they had no uncertain mission there. The architecture of pretense began forthwith to disappear, with all its bragging assumptions in galvanized iron and jig-sawed wood; façades decorated capriciously, like a bureau or a bedstead, were no longer built. They affronted the aroused intelligence of the people. The tongue-tied language which the builders had been vainly trying to invent to express their inspirations withal gave place to a far more copious vocabulary and a far more grammatical system of forms, the literate product of all the civilizations. The times were ripe for reform, and reform came, not like a fashion to be soon replaced by another, but like a revelation of light. Of course there were many thoughtless imitations and echoes of details and motifs from Root's work, but the most characteristic evidence of a healthy change was not in the copying of his work, but in the observance of the broad principles of design which he urged, publicly and privately, whenever opportunity presented. It should be admitted that change was inevitable with the rapid advance of Western civilization, and with the advent of trained minds into the profession of architecture, and it would probably have taken place in due time had Root never appeared upon the scene; but certainly it was his fortune to hasten it, and to confer upon it the wholesome local character.

The rapidity and completeness of the conquest over the old style, which had grown out of the crude conditions of the frontier towns, have no parallel in the history of architecture, and present a curious contrast to the slow and reluctant transitions of the past. The vital energy in the civilization of the West promptly rejected the lagging vernacular which represented only its least essential characteristics, and gladly recognized in the new types a more competent architectural expression.

The career which was the principal agent in bringing about such a result as this is worthy of careful analysis. Fortunately, the comprehension of the motives which underlay this career, the aspirations which quickened it, the methods and ideals which gave it form and character, need not wait upon the slow, uncertain processes of inference and deduction, for they are revealed with unusual clearness by Root himself in his occasional addresses and essays, and in the frankness and fullness of his conversations.

> "Heart affluence of discursive talk,
> From household fountains never dry,"

opened his inner life to his friends, and it found unreserved expression in his correspondence.

The contrast between the modest reticence of Bulfinch and Root's freedom of self-revelation is significant of something more than a difference of temperament. The former knew only a sort of orthodox art, bounded by formulas and defined by precepts, which made comparatively small demand upon his moral and intellectual resources. He had but to follow an accepted academic technique with elegant discretion, and his work was over without any strain upon his conscience. But Root, like all of his professional brothers in these modern days, had a vast embarrassing inheritance at his disposal, including all that had been done in the history of the world to express beauty in form under

every mood and impulse of creative art. To use this inheritance wisely there were required exhaustive investigation and study, and an appeal not only to reason and taste, but to conscience. There was a right way and a wrong way to use it. The wrong way was that of the indiscriminating eclectic or the fashionable revivalist. The right way was the way of the true artist, and could be discovered only through a final settlement of the question as to how this rich inheritance should affect his creative powers, and how it should be reconciled with his obvious duties as an architect of the nineteenth century.

The most active men in the profession — not necessarily the most successful, but those who have brought to their work the most illuminated intelligence — are not content to let this question settle itself in course of time. They cultivate a sense of duty; they seek for philosophical rather than merely scholastic convictions, and in this quest are ready to face all the perils of bold experiment in design.

Thus, Root, with mind alert and conscience aroused, formulated his impressions that he might not be lost in vain speculations, and challenged the sympathies of his friends in open discussion. No architects of any previous century had ever such processes to pass through before making up their minds as to their duties. They had only to float, unquestioning, with the tide of their own civilization. The modern architect has to take into account all the civilizations of the past. If he is ignorant of these civilizations or chooses to neglect them, he finds himself groveling in the crude vernacular of fifteen years ago.

Miss Monroe, with admirable intelligence, enriches forty-seven pages of her book with copious and well-chosen extracts from some of the numerous papers in which Root gave himself lavishly to architectural students or laymen seeking counsel. These papers are not merely perfunctory essays, but cordial expositions of his professional creed, of his methods of thought and study, of his relations to his clients and his art, and, in short, of all the operations of his mind while engaged in processes of design. No architect ever took the public into his confidence with greater frankness and sincerity, or ever more unconsciously justified himself. "The vigorous modernity of Western life," says his biographer, "appealed to his imagination as a strong artistic motive, as much entitled to respect as any motive of the hallowed past." This was the first article of his professional creed, and the evidences of it appear not only, in various forms, in what he said, but in all that he did as an architect. He studied his environment, he discovered its essential spirit, and he made it the inspiration of his best, most characteristic, and most prolific work. To the layman these pages of extracts are a revelation of the dignity and noble functions of architecture, and to the student of the art they are a liberal education and a vigorous stimulant; to all they reveal a man extraordinary in liberality and breadth of view, in adaptability and sincerity, in sweetness and strength. Other men in the profession have been more learned, but none have made a better use of what they knew, and surely none have had such an inspiring opportunity to express it.

Many architects of education affect to consider that a conscious effort to assist in the creation of national style is unnecessary; that national style will come, without special effort of theirs, in its own way and in its own time; and that meanwhile, like their great predecessors, they have only to "float with the tide." We have said that Root's example has had a great effect in the West in preparing for an artistic and reasonable, and not a mere accidental differentiation of modern architectural forms in America from all others. That this was

not brought about by any process of indifferent or indolent "floating" is evident not only from his professional work, but from the tone of all his literary exposition. We venture to quote passages from various essays and addresses.

"To rightly estimate," he says, "an essentially modern building, therefore, it must not be viewed solely from an archæological standpoint. 'Periods' and 'styles' are all well enough, but you may be sure that whenever in the world there was a period or style of architecture worth preserving, its inner spirit was so closely fitted to the age wherein it flourished that the style could not be fully preserved, either by people who immediately succeeded it or by us after many years."

"We fight our battles behind bulwarks made of stays and ruffs, laces and ribbons, baggy and tight trousers, snuff-boxes and smelling-salts, 'Queen Anne' gables and 'Neo-Jacobean' bays and 'Romanesque' turrets; battlements behind which we risk our professional lives to-day, and which to-morrow we blow into oblivion with a sneer. For our own self-respect, for the dignity of our own position, for the sake of an architecture which shall have within it some vital germ, let us come out from our petticoat fortress and fight our battles in open field. In science and literature, in art, is heard, loudly calling, the voice of reason. For any branch of human knowledge or imagination or aspiration to shut itself from this cry is death."

"It will be seen that this tends directly against the literal use of historic styles. True. But so much the better for the styles as we understand them. A style has never been made by copying with the loving care of a Dryasdust some preceding style. Styles grow by the careful study of all the conditions which lie about each architectural problem; and thus while each will have its distinct differentiation from all others, broad influences of climate, of national habits and institutions, will in time create the type, and this is the only style worth considering. This position is reasonable and is susceptible of rational statement."

"Architecture is so noble a profession that to allow its influence to be swayed by ephemeral fashions, to make its creations things lightly considered and cheaply wrought, is the basest of crimes."

"Architecture is, like every other art, born of its age and environment. So the new type will be found by us, if we do find it, through the frankest possible acceptance of every requirement of modern life in all of its conditions, without regret for the past or idle longing for a future and more fortunate day; this acceptance being accompanied by the intelligent and sympathetic study of the past in the spirit of aspiring emulation, not servile imitation. If the new art is to come, I believe it will be a rational and steady growth from practical conditions outward and upward toward a more or less spiritual expression, and that no man has the right to borrow from another age an architectural idea evolved from the life of that age, unless it fits our life as normally and fully as it fitted the other."

After describing in detail the effect of the new conditions of structure and use developed in the evolution of the modern office building, he says: —

"To other and older types of architecture these new problems are related as the poetry of Darwin's evolution is to other poetry. They destroy, indeed, many of the most admirable and inspiring of architectural forms, but they create forms adapted to the expression of new ideas and new aspects of life. Here vagaries of fashion and temporary fancies should have no influence; here the arbitrary dicta of self-constituted architectural prophets should have no voice. Every one of these problems should be rationally worked out alone, and each

should express the character and aims of the people related to it. I do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the importance of the influence which may be exerted for good or evil by these distinctively modern buildings. Hedged about by many unavoidable conditions, they are either gross and self-asserting shams, untrue both in the material realization of their aims and in their art function as expressions of the deeper spirit of the age, or they are sincere, noble, and enduring monuments to the broad and beneficent commerce of the age."

These expressions of noble rebellion against those architectural conventions which, however beautiful and fascinating to the man of education, have no power of progression in the strenuous atmosphere of the New World or of adjustment to its new requirements, and are consequently sterile, are entirely consistent with the character of Root's executed work. This is copiously and on the whole well set forth in his Life by forty-eight text illustrations, and twenty-four full-page etchings, drawings, and gelatine reproductions of his own sketches, which, when considered consecutively in the order of execution, show just that sort of consistent and steady progression which we have a right to expect as the outward expression of an active mind in a continuous state of development. There were, of course, occasional interruptions and aberrations in this series of graphic presentments which indicate how this eager intelligence was experimenting according to the variation of its moods and inspirations. But its essential progress was vindicated by the fact that Root rarely repeated an error, or failed in his subsequent works to make the best use of a success. His last works were his greatest; they were full of his native energy, and gave no suggestion of fatigue or of any desire to rest upon the laurels he had won.

The series of studies for the general architectural scheme of the World's Fair, executed by him while the preliminary projects were taking shape, furnishes a remarkable proof of the fertility of his professional resources, of the exuberance of his poetic temperament, and of his fidelity to his convictions regarding a national architecture. It was at the close of this period of stress and enthusiasm, when the organization for the carrying out of this great work had been completed, that he was overtaken by death.

The sudden and untimely interruption of this really great career has a peculiar pathos to us who remain behind to enjoy the best fruits of it; but to him we may imagine that there has come at last the supreme reward of the artist-soul in a final settlement of all his doubts and a final full realization of his ideal. "Finis coronat opus."

Henry Van Brunt.

A PORTABLE HISTORICAL MUSEUM.

The inductive method has revolutionized the practice of teaching in biology, chemistry, and physics. It has substituted the laboratory and experiment by the student for the textbook and the experiment by the master, and the old museum, arranged to catch the eye and excite curiosity, has given place to one of orderly types, arranged to show the evolutionary process. There are signs that the change has gone too far, and that more cautious scientific men are embarrassed by the empiricism which creeps in under the name of science. Manipulation has its place, and no one will dispute the accepted doctrine that a

boy will do better work in science if his eye and hand have been trained by early practice; but there comes a time, extending through the latter part of his secondary and the former part of his collegiate training, when it is indispensable that he should acquaint himself with the results of scientific investigation and master the formulas of its laws by mental exercises which are largely independent of manipulation; later, there comes the period when, as a special investigator, he resorts to the laboratory once more for the greater part of his time.

The new method of teaching has found eager followers in other departments of knowledge. How strongly has been felt the example of science will be recognized by any one who notes the change in teaching in law, where cases form the laboratory; in history, where original documents are resorted to; in literature, where texts take the place of textbooks; and in psychology, which sends its students to the dissecting-table. There can be no question that a great impetus has been given by the natural sciences, as they used to be called, to the mental sciences in all grades of educational work. The need for caution here is not so great. Yet in one field, that of history, there are even now indications of waste of energy and misdirected zeal, springing from an undiscriminating appeal to the inductive method with its laboratory and its typical museums. Students of history in college are bidden make special investigations, and are sent to hunt up original authorities, with the view to becoming acquainted with history at first hand and working out their own philosophy. The masters of secondary and even of grammar schools are caught by the same spirit. They are for discarding a single textbook, and set their pupils at topical study, picking out their facts from a library of books, and constructing their historic wholes out of a miscellaneous assortment of materials.

Now and then a student of marked aptitude for such work will succeed in finding his way, and now and then a teacher with a genius for stimulating a class will carry his boys and girls with him, and give them a genuine faculty for intelligent search after causes in the development of civilization; but such a method as we have referred to really belongs in the advanced stage of intellectual activity. It may not begin with graduate work, but it ought to become most serious and definite there; it has a subordinate place in undergraduate work; it is attended with great risks in secondary schools, and it degenerates into a farce in schools of lower grade.

There is a true analogy in the process which goes on in the study of history with that which belongs to the most effective study of science. Of course, the number of objects to be handled or experimented with is greater and more accessible to the young student in science than in history, but the pedagogical principle is the same. The boy who visits historical sites in his neighborhood is using the same method as when he is becoming familiar with plants and birds or making his first experiments in physics. But as the textbook in science may early deposit specific facts and laws in his mind which he has no means of verifying by observation, and as, through his secondary school and college course, he may continue to acquire his knowledge of science through systematic presentation of these facts and laws, qualifying himself thereby for a return to manipulation with expanded faculties, so in history his course, in his earlier years, must manifestly be mainly a dependence on authorities who have themselves made first-hand investigation, and he will issue into the field of original research all the better equipped for having done faithful, obedient work in the humble capacity of a learner.

It is in the earlier stages of his historical study that what may be called the museum, as distinguished from the labo-

ratory, plays an important part. The real start of a student in history is in an attachment to some actual place or person, and the business of a good teacher is, not to set his boys and girls to investigating, but to give them something to admire. The best of our school historical textbooks are not too much alive, and the worst of them are infectiously dead. The child is interested in the story of history, and that is where teaching should begin. Now, every relic in a museum, every good historical picture, has a story attached to it, and the story is the starting-point of history.

We have been led into this train of thought by glancing at the new illustrated edition of Dr. John Fiske's American Revolution.[1] Museums of history are not as frequent as we wish they were, yet libraries throughout the country almost always collect in their halls some objects of local interest. But just as well-ordered museums of natural history supply the lack of real objects by casts of those objects, so the photograph and the plaster cast are making it possible for schools and homes to have most serviceable museums of history. After all, however, the most convenient and possible historical museum is the illustrated book, and when any book dealing with history is as well equipped as this edition of The American Revolution, it is a distinct reinforcement of teacher and student; for the important characteristic of this book is the absence of merely imaginative and so far fictitious illustrations. It is true there are compositions like Trumbull's historical paintings here reproduced, but these have the value of portraiture by a painter close to the time. The only exception we note is in the copy of Leutze's preposterous picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware, which has no excuse for presence in the book save the feeble one of long association in the public mind. The positive gain is in the definite representation of actual places, persons, and objects.

The portraits, especially, are of great value. They vivify the men and women of history, and they have been chosen with great care. We see the same portraits of our heroes so often that a fresh one has a singular power of enlarging our notion of the person. The portrait of Franklin at a table reading at once gives a new aspect, and any one who has been accustomed to the benevolent full face, as in Duplessis's familiar picture, will be delighted at this unexpected revelation. The photogravures, moreover, are so rich in tone that such well-known portraits as those given of Sam Adams and Patrick Henry have almost the effect of novelty. The method employed throughout of putting before the eye really interesting pictures, and making them distinctly throw light on the text, is made more effective by the admirable notes to the illustrations supplied by the author in the List of Illustrations. This list is, in fact, the catalogue of the museum.

We have singled out this work because it so clearly points the way to what may be done in reinforcing historical study in a rational spirit. Such a book as this and the illustrated edition of Green's Short History of the English People, which appears to have been its exemplar, bring the true sort of aid to historical reading. They give what the historian cannot give, the appeal to the eye, and they serve to make more real to the imagination the figures of the past with which the historian is engaged. We have no fear that American history will be uninviting to young Americans so long as Dr. John Fiske tells the story, and is able to lead the reader at the same time through a gallery of portraits and a historical museum.

[1] *The American Revolution.* By JOHN FISKE. Illustrated with Portraits, Maps, Facsimiles, Contemporary Views, Prints, and Other Historical Materials. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

SCIENCE.

While private publishing establishments are necessarily confined more or less closely to the production of works of a popular character, our national government, fortunately, has the facilities for bringing out expensive technical books which could hardly be expected to pay for themselves in open market ; and it is to be hoped that no exigencies of economy will ever prevent the publication of such works as the exhaustive Treatise on the Deep-Sea and Pelagic Fishes of the World, which, with the title of Oceanic Ichthyology, by George Brown Goode and Tarleton H. Bean, has recently been issued as Special Bulletin No. 2 of the U. S. National Museum. The progress in the study of deep-sea fishes in the last twenty years has been marvelous, and to realize this the reader has only to turn from the preface, in which the number of species known twenty years ago is made twenty at the outside, and glance through the atlas of 123 plates with 417 figures, representing about as many species of such an infinite variety of form that even in the wildest flights of the imagination one could hardly *invent* a fish which could not find its counterpart in nature. An added interest attaches to this work on account of the recent death of one of its authors, Dr. Goode, the distinguished Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the National Museum. Of a somewhat more popular though no less scientific character is Special Bulletin No. 3 of the Museum, also recently issued, — a continuation of Major Bendire's valuable and interesting work on the Life Histories of North American Birds, the first volume of which was published a few years ago. The present volume begins with the parrots, and carries the work along, in the order adopted by the American Ornithologists' Union, through the grackles. Good biographies of the birds are given, with a notable amount of original matter, almost the only quotations being from the author's correspondents. We are glad to see that particular attention is paid to some details in the breeding habits which have hitherto been generally overlooked, such as the length of the period of incubation and the time in which the young remain in the nest, and whether or not the male assists in sitting. A curious and rather misleading habit of the author is that of giving each rendering of a bird's note twice in succession, regardless of the bird's own habit in this respect, — as if one "Conk-que-reeh" of the red-winged blackbird, for instance, were an incomplete song without another to follow it. Seven lithographic plates of eggs with 201 figures complete the book, and are very satisfying in their beauty and fidelity to nature. — The Biological Problem of To-Day, by Prof. Dr. Oscar Hertwig. Translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell. (Macmillan.) In this volume, which to the student of microscopic anatomy would appear simple, and which to the lay mind is made as intelligible as possible by means of a glossary of technical terms, Professor Hertwig discusses the theory of preformation as advocated by Weismann, and contrasts it with the theory of epigenesis as held by Herbert Spencer, himself, and others. He attacks Weismann's theory of differentiating division in the germplasm, as well as his theory of determinants, proving by many examples of cell-doubling, and of epigenesis from gravity, position of yolk, and external influences, changes of form that no theory of determinants could account for. The whole work is devoted to this proof that Weismann's hypothesis of determinants (miniatures of the developed organism in embryo) does not and cannot account for the developed organisms we see in life, thus destroying the theory of hereditary particles in the germplasm. He seems to do this quite conclusively.

FICTION.

It has been a pleasure, repeated at intervals the past few years, to have in convenient form collections of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's stories, but the pleasure is heightened at this time in the appearance of The Country of the Pointed Firs (Houghton) by the light thread of identity of place and character on which the stories are strung. Miss Jewett has, in effect, made a seacoast of her own, a mirage lifted just above the

horizon of actual land, and peopled it with figures that are images of reality, also. She herself moves among them, and her warm sympathy is the breath of life which animates them. Her art has devised no more enchanted country, or given a more human substance to the creatures of her imagination. The book has the freshness of Deephaven with the mellowness of matured power. — Mrs. Wiggin's Marm Lisa (Houghton) has already found readers in The Atlantic, and we are glad that in the separate publication the story has no intrusion of any draughtsman's conception of the characters who carry on the tale. For a large part of the secret of Mrs. Wiggin's power lies in her vivid portraiture, not so much of face and figure as of character itself; and it is a pity to limit the free imagination of the reader by an individualization which proceeds from a single form of interpretation. The author's art is clearly taking on a fixedness of design, when she can escape the peril of a merely humanitarian attitude toward her heroine, and can yet intimate, as subtly as she does, the process by which a stunted life flowers forth into something very like beauty. — We are told on the fly-leaf of The Sprightly Romance of Marsac, by Molly Elliot Seawell (Scribners), that the little story now offered to the public in book form took a prize of three thousand dollars given by the New York Herald in 1895. This may or may not be considered in its favor by those who now see it for the first time. We are inclined to think that the lively little sketch has not fulfilled its real destiny till it goes through yet one more transformation and is dramatized as a farce. The absence of descriptive passages and the incessant action and lively dialogue make it seem almost a play as it now stands, and a few changes would convert it into an amusing "curtain-raiser." The book is creditably free from padding, — perhaps because it was written for a newspaper public, — and we are carried swiftly down the stream of absurdity and impossibility, hardly realizing how preposterous are the situations which are made to seem plausible by Miss Seawell's lively pen. There is sometimes too much of American colloquialism in parts to make us quite believe in the French blood of the little troop of Parisians among whom we are set down, but as a whole we find the story an amusing and readable one, — neither more nor less than what the author calls it, a "sprightly romance." — Limitations, a Novel, by E. F. Benson (Harpers), proves a most encouraging exception to the general rule that after an author has written one successful story he has touched the high-water mark of his talent, and that other works from the same pen are as unnecessary as they are inevitable. This story is modern in the best sense of the word, — full of analysis, but void of unhealthiness, — and there is an underlying seriousness running through the book which keeps the brightness from being too frothy. Two delightful characters are described, Maud Wrexham and Tom Carlingford, who in different ways and by different means come to "acquiesce in their limitations." She fails to win the love of the man she cares for; he misses the opportunity of developing a genius for sculpture of the ideal Greek style, and prostitutes his talent to the producing of small but salable statuettes. He is hampered by narrow means and a wife whom Maud Wrexham describes as "a divinely beautiful cow;" but he loves his wife faithfully to the last page, and any suggestion of sadness we feel on closing the volume comes, not from any tragic incidents in the plot, but from the pathos of blighted enthusiasms and shattered ideals. Limitations stands high among novels of its class. It is simple, sincere, and subtle, and in no wise written for effect, though much of the dialogue is in the Dodo-ese order of brightness. Mr. Benson is always clever; he can always write something we like to talk about, and he can sometimes write something we like to think about. — Nephelé, by Francis William Bourdillon (New Amsterdam Book Company), is a romance of the school in which Marie Corelli is high-priestess. The ethereal love-affair — born of an intense love and genius for music — between a dreamy Oxford student and a young lady with "supra-earthly" and "worship-worthy" eyes, runs through one hundred and sixty-five pages, and soon wearies us with its false spirituality and would-be mysticism. We close the book feeling that a draught from the waters of realism, muddy though they be, would be more health-giving than the double-distilled decoction Mr. Bourdillon pours slowly out for us. The story has no-

thing specially distinctive to separate it from others of its class, and works like Nephelé do not tend to make skeptics believers, but serve rather to make believers skeptical of the good accomplished by authors who try to popularize the occult. — A Rebellious Heroine, a story by John Kendrick Bangs (Harpers), describes in serio-comic vein the trials of a young writer of the realistic school who finds himself unable to control the actions of the unruly heroine of a romance he is writing. She will not fall in love with his hero, she will not be caught in the snares of the villain, and, after causing the author to destroy many half-finished novels because of her rebelliousness, she ends by making him fall in love with her himself. There are clever things in the story, for it is written with Mr. Bangs's usual facile pen, but much of the working out of the slight scheme is forced, and we must confess to being bored by the too obvious effort to amuse. Mr. Bangs's humor seems always deliberate rather than spontaneous, and we feel convinced that as his ambition is to entertain and divert his readers, he would be far funnier if "he never, never dared to write as funny as he can."

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

The Perfect Whole, by Horatio W. Dresser. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) The earnestness, sincerity, and purpose of this work make its philosophy well worth considering. From the longing for truth, beauty, a belief in a God or a spirit existing in every human heart, the author argues a deep unfathomed self, a fundamental reality. Fate, love, will power, reason, intuition, illumination, — these are his chief headings, and it is maintained that they are but the God power making itself progressively known to man. Seek the spiritual illumination, the author says: it comes to many from the infinite source; it will come to all who truthfully seek it, and live in harmony with the laws of nature. All is for the best. One may be somewhat skeptical as to the reality, the possibility, of the spiritual illumination and intuition of which Mr. Dresser so confidently assures us, and ascribe it to the moral enthusiasm of a good man who wants to believe in its existence; yet in doing so he perhaps acknowledges only his own limitations, and thus proves the author's point. — History of Philosophy, by Alfred Weber. Translated by Frank Thilly. (Scribners.) The tracing of the development of thought through a period of two thousand years, from earliest Greek philosophy to the present time, and a synopsis of the argument of each philosophy in clear, simple phraseology without unnecessary technicalities, — this, Professor Thilly has given us through the medium of his excellent translation from the fifth French edition of Professor Weber's work. It is a history of philosophy conceived as an evolution from the simpler to the more complex forms of modern thought, and as such escapes the fault of being a disjointed mass of theories. The exposition of Kant, and of the Hegelian doctrine especially, gives a particularly good insight into that system, while the modern theory of evolution, which has done so much to upset that system and to revolutionize the thought of the nineteenth century, receives a precise and satisfactory explanation. From the most primitive philosophy to modern scientific thought in its synthetic building up of sense-experience, the positivism of to-day, we are given an insight into the doctrine of monist and pluralist, spiritualist and materialist, idealist and rationalist, sensationalist and empiricist, dogmatist and skeptic; or, to sum it all up, we are carried along with the author from *a priori* reasoning in embryo to modern positivism in its latest development. — The Imperial Christ, by John Patterson Coyle, with a Biographical Introduction by George A. Gates. (Houghton.) Those who have read Dr. Coyle's posthumous The Spirit in Literature and Life will be eager to read this volume of warm-blooded discourses, and especially to know something of a man who could write with the largeness of vision and the positiveness of faith characterizing his books. President Gates's memoir does much to explain the rich personality of Dr. Coyle. — The paragraph habit has got into that last stronghold of leisurely speech, the pulpit, and now one can read three-minute sermons in Mornings in the College Chapel, otherwise Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion, by F. G. Peabody. (Houghton.) But the audience has plainly a commanding influence on the preacher. Dr. Peabody has taken his turn in the chapel at Harvard University, year in and year out, since the notable experiment in voluntary

religious exercises was begun ten years ago, and now gives a selection from his talks. It is interesting to note how this "daily theme" in the pulpit has led to a directness of speech without epigrammatic affectation, and to a simplicity of expression which is not barren. An audience of college students invites the best one can give, but it will not wait for the preacher to find his place. These ninety-one discourses, of three pages each, are singularly varied, earnest, and at the same time winning by their grace.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS.

The History of Modern Painting, by Richard Muther. (Macmillan.) This is the first attempt to set forth in detail the history of modern painting, not as a series of rival technical schools, subdivided into a catalogue of individualities, but as an expression of modern civilization, sharing with literature in all its intellectual developments. If this scheme of study is characteristically German in conception and arrangement, and if it is carried out with true German industry and thoroughness, it is also made consistent with a spirit liberal, cosmopolitan, and unprejudiced. The exposition, though scientific, never becomes dull or perfunctory after the manner of a catalogue, but at all points is animated and interesting, and not without literary power and elegance of statement. Of course it is difficult for any one, from so close a point of view, to apply a philosophical method to the investigation of a subject so many-sided, so complicated and sensitive, so influenced by personal initiative and fashions, as modern painting, without encountering the danger of unconsciously distorting, exaggerating, or even suppressing facts to meet the necessities of orderly and symmetrical classification. But the monumental and prodigious work of Professor Muther is less open to this objection than any other treatise on art attempting to cover so large a field. These three volumes of more than twenty-four hundred pages, illustrated on nearly every page, appeal both to the mind and to the eye, and possess all the inherent qualities of a standard work not likely soon to be supplanted. The extensive bibliographical basis of the work is admirably set forth in the index of each volume, and confirms its character as an authentic summary or restatement of the best criticism of the century. A general unity of effect is aimed at and fairly well attained. Its literary merit is apparent even through the medium of translations by several different hands. — Modern French Masters, a Series of Biographical and Critical Reviews by American Artists, with thirty-seven Wood-Engravings and twenty-eight Half-Tone Illustrations, edited by John C. Van Dyke. (The Century Co.) This elegant volume, presented with all the luxury of the De Vinne Press, and with all the fullness and beauty of illustration which we have a right to expect from the Century Company, is in fact a graceful tribute of gratitude from certain American artists to their French masters. It is more than this : it is a critical estimate of the art of these masters by minds more capable of such service and more sympathetic than any others in the world. For the indebtedness of American art to that of France is profound and peculiar. The older country, with all its accumulated resources of art, with its established schools and its vast traditions, has ever been most hospitable to pilgrims from the New World, and has lavished upon them all that it has to give. It is evident that the most fitting response to this unprecedented generosity is fair appreciation and the establishment of an American art worthy of its parentage, — an art, not of imitation, but of new development. Couture, Puvis de Chavannes, Gérôme, Bonnat, Baudry, Carolus-Duran, Laurens, Meissonier, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Troyon, Daubigny, Monet, Millet, Courbet, Manet, Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan-Bouveret, and De Monvel, — these are the illustrious men here celebrated by their loyal pupils and friends in the New World. There is a personal flavor about these twenty essays and an intimate technical knowledge which are in the highest degree interesting and instructive, and Dr. Van Dyke's editorial care has succeeded in merging the whole into pleasing and effective symmetry. The illustrations, both the wood-engravings and the half-tones, fully sustain the high reputation of American achievement in this department. It is worthy of note that modern French art is progressive, not retrospective or reminiscent, and that some of these masters have by no means uttered their final inspirations, notably Monet. In such cases a complete

analysis of their genius is as yet impossible. — Jean François Millet, his Life and Letters, by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), with nine photogravures. (Swan Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) The career of the peasant painter is one of the most tragic life-dramas possible under the conditions of modern civilization. The development of his genius in the midst of every possible discouragement of insistent poverty, his student life in Paris, his rural life at Barbizon, his ineffectual struggles for recognition, the heroic constancy with which he adhered to ideas of art that were in conflict with the academic traditions of his time, his lofty friendships, the purity and simplicity of his life, his immense posthumous success, and the immortal fame that came to him too late for consolation and reward, — these are the elements of this most touching story. It has been the subject of innumerable essays and critical estimates, which this volume now for the first time sets in order and adjusts to a new and large narrative gathered from authoritative sources hitherto inaccessible. Through this narrative the noble figure of the master is confirmed for posterity with all its peasant-like simplicity, but with something of the power and grandeur of the Biblical prophet, uttering inspirations which were rejected with scorn by the Salon, but which a later day recognized as the highest artistic expressions of the century. He celebrated the mean conditions of the peasant life around him and within him as a sublime epic poem. Gleaners and shepherds, sowers and ploughmen, and all the scenes of rural life are given by him to the world in solemn pastorals. He had a distinct mission to the minds and hearts of men through his art. He made visible to them the majesty of toil and the beauty of humility. Mrs. Ady's work in preserving to us the life and labors of this great master, his letters, his aspirations, and the development of his genius, deserves a cordial acceptance, and the full-page photogravures are at once an ample justification of the man and an adequate illustration of his art.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Fairy-Tale Plays, and How to Act Them, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Longmans.) Mrs. Bell has taken fourteen familiar tales, like Ali Baba, The Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, and has not only thrown them into dialogue form, but has furnished very complete instructions as to music, dress, stage setting, and even dancing. Moreover, she has gone over the ground in general, in her introduction, with excellent advice. The whole scheme supposes thoroughness of training, and may possibly discourage some amateur actors; but the results justify real pains, and in children's dramas work counts. — The figure of a child perpetually getting into scrapes is a familiar one in books for the young, but it is rarely set forth so delightfully as in Cricket at the Sea Shore, by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. (Estes & Lauriat.) The humor and at the same time the good breeding of this story — they are by no means always joined in such books — make it a joy to older readers and a merriment to the young. The relations between old and young in the tale are most wholesome and natural, and there is a spontaneity and rollicking freedom about the group of children distinctively American. They are curiously and refreshingly unlike the English story-book children. — A new child's story by Mrs. Molesworth hardly needs to be commended to those who are familiar with that now rather long list of tales which have delighted innumerable little readers and appreciative older ones about equally. The Oriel Window (Macmillan) is the history of a boy who on his ninth birthday meets with an accident which cripples him for years, and it tells sympathetically, but with neither sensationalism nor sentimentality, how this weary time was spent, not without pleasure and profit. We wish that the self-assertive youngster who pervades so many more or less popular American juveniles could imitate this small hero and his compeers in simplicity, gentle breeding, and agreeable English. — Mother Molly, by Frances Mary Peard. (Putnams.) Miss Peard follows in a pleasantly readable fashion the fortunes of the motherless children of a naval officer, absent with his ship, who are dwelling in Plymouth in 1779, while the fear of a French invasion is felt all along that coast. The spirit of the time is well reproduced, and of course the story is told with easy skill and unfailing good taste. The liveliest figure in it is a maid of fourteen or fifteen, and girls of like age (and others) will find her ex-

periences interesting. — The Book of Wonder-Voyages, edited by Joseph Jacobs, and illustrated by John D. Batten. (Macmillan.) When we meet the names of this editor and artist in company, we confidently look for a delightful retelling of the folk-tales of divers lands and peoples, with illustrations reproducing the very spirit of the text, and having a grace and charm all their own. Perhaps Mr. Jacobs has completed his library of fairy-tales, for this year he gives a collection of wonder-voyages from widely different sources, the first and longest being The Argonauts, from Kingsley's Heroes, the editor declaring that he dared not commit the sacrilege of attempting a rival version ; the Celtic Voyage of Maelduin follows, contributed by Mr. Alfred Nutt ; Hasan of Bassorah is retold by Mr. Jacobs from the Arabian Nights (it does not appear in the ordinary editions) ; while The Journeyings of Thorkill and of Eric the Far-Travelled have been adapted from the Eric Saga and from Saxo Grammaticus. The volume is as attractive in its make-up as any of its predecessors, and altogether as much to be desired. — The Dwarf's Tailor, and Other Fairy-Tales, collected by Zoe Dana Underhill. (Harpers.) To those who love genuine fairy-tales told in the good old fashion, even to the use of good English, this collection can be heartily commended. The stories come from many lands, but the larger number are of German and Scandinavian origin, and some, we think, will prove new, or as good as new, to small readers versed in this lore. — Tales from Hans Andersen, illustrated by Helen Stratton. (Constable, Westminster ; Macmillan, New York.) Five of the super-excellent among Andersen's tales — The Wild Swans, The Ugly Duckling, The Little Mermaid, The Storks, and The Snow Queen — form this pretty gift-book, an admirably harmonious selection. A word of praise must be given to the stork cover designs, but, despite an occasional felicity, the artist's work is only moderately successful. — Tommy-Anne and the Three Hearts, by Mabel Osgood Wright. (Macmillan.) The small heroine lives so near to nature that she can talk to bird and beast, tree and flower, and learn all their secrets. Her story is told in an animated, readable style, and with a sufficient touch of realism to make it effective. Children who love the country — and what child does not ? — will find in this pleasant tale answers to scores of questions, and suggestions for asking many more. — Songs of Childhood : Verses by Eugene Field, Music by Reginald de Koven and Others. (Scribners.) Musical settings to twenty of Eugene Field's charming child-poems are here given. Four of those by Mr. de Koven and one by Hubbard T. Smith are already well known, but the remaining fifteen were written especially for this work. The other composers represented are G. W. Chadwick, Arthur Foote, W. W. Gilchrist, Clayton Johns, Gerrit Smith, C. B. Hawley, and Edgar S. Kelly, names which sufficiently show the quality of the music. The editor's aim, that the setting should express the lyrical quality of the verse as simply and naturally as possible, has been particularly well fulfilled in his own Nightfall in Dordrecht and Dutch Lullaby, in Mr. Johns' The Doll's Wooing, and in Mr. Gilchrist's very pleasing melodies. The Rock-a-by-Lady is a genuine lullaby, the music and words most happily united. — Nearly a generation has passed since the first publication of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's Hans Brinker, and the story, still full of vigorous life, has every right to be considered a juvenile classic. It now appears in an exceedingly handsome new edition, profusely illustrated by Mr. Allen B. Doggett, who went to Holland for that express purpose. His work not only embellishes, but, so to speak, illuminates the text ; for not only is the writer followed with rare faithfulness, but Dutch scenes and characters are vividly and truthfully depicted. (Scribners.) — A reprint of a still older friend is The Young Voyageurs, which appears in the Putnams' Nimrod Edition of certain of the boys' stories of Captain Mayne Reid. As boys will have tales of adventure, give them by all means those as healthy in tone as are Reid's at his best. (His worst are trashy enough, and, it is to be hoped, are long past resuscitation.) Indeed, have any later writers of this *genre* equaled him ? We think his new readers will declare they have not.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Washington Irving's The Alhambra is a holiday-looking book, with its gilded cover and its air of refined sumptuousness. The Introduction by Mrs. Pennell is excellent,

for it puts the book in its place among other books, and, though discriminating, has a true enthusiasm in its lines. Mr. Pennell's drawings, which are abundant, are exceptionally happy in manner, especially the pen-and-ink ones; they let in the sunshine, and they suggest both the richness and the ruin. (Macmillan.) — Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese (Copeland & Day) appears in the black-letter, large-initial style which is in the printing art of to-day a reminiscence of the emergence of printing from its artistic cradle. The effect is to make the type itself the main thing, so that the text is seen through it. The book becomes thus a monument to the printer, upon which the poet has been permitted to inscribe her lines.

POLITICS.

Mr. A. Lawrence Lowell, in his Governments and Parties in Continental Europe, in two volumes (Houghton), has written practically a natural history of political life. He has proceeded upon the very rational plan of inquiring into the actual condition of parties and the part they play in the conduct of the administration, and then he seeks to find the nearest and some of the remoter causes of the condition of parties. He proceeds upon the correct assumption that he is dealing with organisms of different degrees of development, and liable to constant variations. His very thorough examination becomes particularly valuable since it is really a cross-section of contemporaneous political structure, and as such enables the student of government to have as it were a laboratory in which to watch experiments and products.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The quarterly parts of Murray's New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Macmillan) continue to give agreeable serial reading in the alphabet. The numbers for July and October cover Diffluent–Disobservant, and a section of the fourth volume, Fish–Flexuose. This dictionary, by the emphasis which it lays on the development of meanings as disclosed in dated quotations, is peculiarly fitted for the use of students in linguistics. For example, how interesting would be a grouping of the *dis* words into those where the separative force is applied to familiar words and is in common use, as "discomfort;" where the combination has been individual and has not held place, as "disbench;" and where the *dis* has become merged in the compound so that the separative force is lost, as "disdain." By the way, we miss one word for which we looked. We never could find out exactly what "dillar" meant, in the classic line, "A dillar, a dollar, a ten-o'clock scholar." We guess, a "dilly-dallyer," but Dr. Murray fails to help us. — A Bibliography of the State of Maine from the Earliest Period to 1891, by Joseph Williamson. In two volumes. (The Thurston Print, Portland.) Mr. Williamson, already widely known as an enthusiastic student of Maine history, has done an extraordinary piece of work in collecting these fourteen hundred pages of titles, under names of authors and towns, of books and pamphlets relating to Maine or having their origin in the State. Not only do Jacob Abbott and Henry W. Longfellow appear as the authors of works first written or published in Maine, but titles are given of all their writings. Most valuable is the long list of titles of works under names of towns. Portland, for instance, has thirty-four close pages, and little Saco has more than two. Such minute labor will be of value to a few scholars; it deserves the recognition of all who honor the noble army of index-makers. — Browning is at once a lapidary and a stone-cutter in words, so that the reader who has a haunting sense of phrases which he cannot quite place, and the student who would fain get at the source of this poet's wonderful skill, have good reason to thank Miss M. A. Molineux for her Phrase-Book from the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning (Houghton), which represents an enormous amount of intelligent work on the part of the compiler, and of economy on the part of the user. A very full index, containing significant words not elsewhere noted, completes a handbook which is indispensable to one who would give anything like close attention to Browning's art.

STANDARD LITERATURE.

A new and handsome edition of Carlyle's works in thirty volumes is projected (imported by Scribners), and the first volume, Sartor Resartus, gives agreeable promise. This Centenary edition is edited by H. D.

Traill, who contents himself with a brief general introduction, in which he points out particularly the autobiographic hints in the book. The introduction is a good piece of direct, sane criticism, and we hope Mr. Traill will be better than his words, and furnish the edition with a clear and concise biographic sketch. The paper, page, and type of the book, though English, are as good as the best American work. The binding is of course not so good. English cloth binding rarely is as good as the best American. The old tradition still holds that cloth is a temporary expedient. — In the series The Muses' Library appears a collection of the Poems of Henry Vaughan. (Imported by Scribners.) Two stout dwarfish volumes hold the productions of a writer who surely would be better known if some skillful editor were to winnow the few really beautiful poems from the wheelbarrow load of chaff. Mr. Beeching has provided a somewhat formal but intelligent introduction, and the general editor of the series, Mr. Chambers, has furnished biographical and bibliographical material, together with useful notes and indexes. — In the new, full edition of Mrs. Stowe's writings (Houghton), two of the volumes are given up to Old Town Folks and Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories, and one to Poganuc People and Pink and White Tyranny. Those who wish to catch a glimpse of the racy New England in which Mrs. Stowe grew up will have their wish most amusingly gratified: there is the humor of the soil in Sam Lawson, and the editor of the series has enabled the reader to find between the lines of Poganuc People something of the story of Mrs. Stowe's own girlhood. — A new and very attractive edition of Thackeray's Henry Esmond comes to us from England (George Allen, London; Macmillan, New York), with a preface by Joseph Jacobs, and pen-and-ink illustrations by T. H. Robinson. Mr. Jacobs's preface, despite a little unpleasantness in the opening paragraph, is a discriminating and readable study of the book, and Mr. Robinson's pictures, except occasionally when ideas and ink both seem to fail, are graphic and have a good deal of character. — A similar book, quite as pretty in general effect, though with illustrations of less artistic value, is Sheridan's The School for Scandal and The Rivals, with an introduction by Augustine Birrell and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. (Macmillan.) Mr. Birrell saunters through his preface with his hands in his pockets, throwing out good things in a careless fashion. — The thirty-ninth volume of Roberts' edition of Balzac contains nine of his shorter stories: Juana (Les Marana), Adieu, A Drama on the Seashore, The Red Inn, The Recruit (Le Réquisitionnaire), El Verdugo, The Elixir of Life, The Hated Son, and Maître Cornelius, — all belonging to Philosophical Studies; while the fortieth volume gives us The Deputy of Arcis (Scenes from Political Life), of which only the first part was written by Balzac. From Charles Rabou's completion of the work the translator has judiciously omitted, so far as is possible, his painfully feeble reincarnation of Vautrin. — The latest issues of the English edition of the Comédie Humaine, edited by George Saintsbury, are The Country Parson (Le Curé de Village), translated by Ellen Marriage, and Béatrix, translated by James Waring. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) These translations, though by no means so excellent as Miss Wormeley's, are on the whole good, and Mr. Saintsbury's introductions furnish precisely the information regarding the writing and first publication of each novel which readers are likely to desire. The volumes are very attractive in their make-up, agreeable to read and light in the hand, and each contains three etched illustrations.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Naval Actions of the War of 1812, by James Barnes. (Harpers.) This does not rival the work of Mr. Roosevelt upon the same subject. It is not a history of the naval war, but a series of disconnected narratives describing those thrilling combats in which our Yankee seamen so damaged the prestige of the Mistress of the Seas. Mr. Barnes writes in a clear, straightforward style, and addresses himself particularly to American youth. His enthusiasm is unbounded, and he does full justice to American valor. We think he goes too far in asserting that England's navy suffered "as great an overthrow" in this war as did her arms on land in 1775, and we find no mention of the inglorious fight between the Argus and the Pelican, with its legends of bad gunpowder and Oporto wine. The

hitherto unpublished letter of Mrs. Latrobe, given on page 67, is interesting reading. It affords a glimpse of the Washington of Madison's day, and introduces us to social festivities in which Hull, Stewart, and the captured colors of the Macedonian play prominent parts. It is safe to say that the story of the sea-fights of 1812 has never been placed before the public in so attractive a garb as in this handsome volume. — The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault, Late Lieutenant-General in the French Army, translated and condensed by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.) The successful translator and condenser of Marbot's Memoirs here undertakes the same task with Thiébault's five large volumes, the English version being, we should judge, considerably less than half the length of the original. The necessity of this severe condensation must be admitted, even if it be deplored, and the work has, on the whole, been done with judgment and skill. It could be wished, however, in view of these liberal omissions, that Mr. Butler's preface and notes could have been a little fuller and more explicit in dealing with biographical facts. At least, the reader should have been introduced to the general's father, till three years ago a man better remembered by historical students than his son, and so have understood why the latter's childhood and boyhood were spent in Berlin. There is no doubt whatever as to the interest and value of these reminiscences, or as to the honesty of the narrator. His antipathies and prejudices are so naïvely evident that they will not be likely to mislead the non-French reader. In his antecedents and culture he differed widely from most of Napoleon's higher officers, and his Spanish recollections, in especial, give vivid pictures of the vulgarity as well as the coarseness and brutality of some of those personages. The Memoirs are the work of a bitterly disappointed man, whose rewards had never been commensurate with either his abilities or his services. — The Second Madame, a Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchesse d'Orléans, by M. Louise McLaughlin. (Putnams.) An agreeably written sketch of the life of the Princess Palatine, illustrated by some well-selected extracts from the voluminous and racy correspondence of this most indefatigable of letter-writers, the terribly plain-spoken, but brave, loyal, and honest German, who, despite the vehemence of her dislikes and prejudices, looked with marvelously clear eyes upon the alien world around her. It is scarcely to be expected that a slight study like this should go out of the beaten track, but still it is to be regretted that the author should so readily accept Saint-Simon's sensational and (to speak mildly) highly improbable tale regarding the death of the first Madame, about which our better instructed and (perhaps) less credulous generation need find nothing other than natural. And we can hardly account for the surprising statement that the Electress Sophia lived to inherit the throne of England, and saw her son become ruler of that country in her place. — Colonial Days in New York, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Mrs. Earle's books are beginning to form a sort of popular encyclopædia of the manners and customs, in things both small and great, of the colonial American. In this volume she does for New York what she has already done for New England, and follows the career of the transplanted Dutch from the cradle to the grave. After all, the impression given by these records is curiously like that produced by those of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Mrs. Earle is an unwearied and successful collector of facts of all sorts bearing on her chosen theme, though the thoughtful reader may not invariably accept her inferences drawn therefrom. — Another book from the same hand is Curious Punishments of Bygone Days (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago), dealing with old-time pains and penalties, from the ducking-stool, stocks, and pillory, to military punishments and branding and maiming. The volume, in its make-up and illustrations, — the latter by Frank Hazenplug, — admirably simulates the work of the early eighteenth century. The reader inquisitive as to the matters of which it treats should remember, in justice to our forbears, that the examination and punishment of criminals by the English of those days, on both sides of the Atlantic, were distinctly less severe or cruel than those legally prevailing in the great nations of the Continent. On closing the book, we wonder how many misleading ideas the investigator of some future century, or even the foreigner of to-day, will gather from its concluding paragraph. Sweeping statements often require explanatory comment. — Reminiscences of

an Octogenarian of the City of New York (1816 to 1860), by Charles H. Haswell. (Harpers.) It is by Haswell's Tables that the author of this volume is mainly known, and it is to be doubted whether the knowledge extends far beyond the circle of those who in engineering and building are applying the formulæ of science to their daily work. It is for quite another audience that he has written this book. Its appeal is to New Yorkers who would not forget that their city has a past as well as a present and a future. Mr. Haswell has been a close observer and a taker of notes, and an infinite deal of lore concerning churches, streets, theatres, and persons is crowded into the well-indexed pages of this book. It will take its place and do its work in company with such reminiscences as those of Philip Hone and J. W. Francis.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Reminiscence of Tennyson.

ONE autumn in the fifties (I think it must have been 1857) I spent with my mother on the west coast of the Isle of Wight. I remember the sensation of amusement I felt when I first saw upon Freshwater Cliff boards bearing notices against various malfeasances, signed "A. Tennyson, Lord of the Manor." I had several friends who knew the Tennysons, but I did not feel justified in obtruding myself upon them as a mere curious outsider. The next year, however, Mr. Maurice was staying at Farringford, and I had a right to call upon him: indeed, before we left London it had been agreed that I should.

I went, accordingly, and saw Tennyson and his wife. I was admitted, moreover, into the upstairs sanctum, where he did his work over a pipe. Nor do I recollect anything more interesting in the course of my life than the talks between Tennyson and Maurice in that little room. Tennyson's attitude toward Maurice was altogether deferential; nay, reverential. I remember one particular talk about the book of Ecclesiastes. Tennyson said it was the one book the admission of which into the canon he could not understand, it was so utterly pessimistic, — of the earth, earthy. Maurice fired up. "Yes, if you leave out the last two verses. But the conclusion of the whole matter is: 'Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.' So long as you look only down upon earth, all is 'vanity of vanities.' But if you look up, there is a God, the judge of good and evil." Tennyson said he would think over the matter from that point of view.

I outstayed Maurice by several weeks. But I had henceforth my *entrée* into the sanctum. I usually called in the forenoon, and I think I always found Tennyson alone. I saw his two handsome boys; I had many a talk with his very charming wife. It happened more than once that I remained in the drawing-room downstairs till it was too late to go up. Of course, after Maurice's departure I never saw Tennyson under the same aspect as when they were together.

About that time the newspapers contained the story of some one who had fallen heir to a fortune on condition of his assuming the "name and arms of Smith." Tennyson raged about it. Nobody ever left fortunes to poets. Why did n't some one leave him £50,000 on condition of his taking the name and arms of Smith? He would do so at once. "No, you would n't," I put in. "I would do it, and I would never write another line." "Yes, you would," I persisted; and so it went on. It is rather curious to observe that his brother Charles changed his name under somewhat similar circumstances, becoming Tennyson-Turner. But I still refuse to believe that Alfred would have become Tennyson-Smith for a consideration.

The recollection of my visits to him which is the most endearing of all to me is that of a day when we all went up the cliff together, Tennyson drawing his wife in an invalid's chair. I relieved him for a short time, but, though I did not betray myself, I

found the effort a tremendous one. He was, however, a very strongly built man. There was something infinitely touching in the sight of this great poet — to my mind the third greatest of our race, after Shakespeare and Milton — fulfilling thus the homelier offices of conjugal affection. He seemed to bring out the meaning of those deep words in the Church of England's marriage service, "With my body I thee worship."

Although for those few weeks I was with the Tennysons on a footing almost of intimacy, I never saw either of them again. One evening at Macmillan's, when I was in the drawing-room some one told me (I think it was Mr. Hughes) that Tennyson had come, but that he was in a very bad humor, would not leave the ante-room, and seemed determined to contradict everybody. I stayed where I was! On several occasions I received very friendly letters from Mrs. Tennyson, who often acted as his amanuensis, but I do not possess a scrap of his handwriting. It so happens, however, that I have seen a good deal of it. When I was on the Council of the Working Men's College, our secretary at one time was a man who had been secretary or clerk to John Forster. He still had charge of Forster's papers, and these included the manuscripts of various songs of Tennyson's published anonymously in The Examiner, and of Tennyson's reply to the "School-Miss Alfred" passage in Bulwer Lytton's King Arthur. Tennyson was very particular about his revises. He even required two or three revises of poems that he wrote for newspaper publication.

His anxiety to be accurate is well known. His intimate friend, George Venables, told me that Tennyson had once come to him in high dudgeon at having been served with a writ for a debt which he did not really owe. Venables advised him what to do, and his advice was justified by the event. But several years after he found in one of Tennyson's poems a reference to a writ embodying the very terms of the one which had been served upon him, the form of which had in the mean time been superseded. Venables said he must have carried the terms of the writ in his memory, as he was not at all likely to have preserved it, for he was living at the time in lodgings, with as few impedimenta as possible.

Fissiparous Fiction.

— The other day I extorted a somewhat interesting disclosure from a novelist. By subjecting my intelligence and sympathy wholly to his for the time, — a method of approach to which I find novelists peculiarly vulnerable, — and flattering his literary vanity adroitly and indirectly without making him too plainly aware that I was flattering him, I led him into a train of confessions which, at least at first, he seemed to take pleasure in, as if they afforded him a certain relief.

"Yes," he said, "after all, the only thing that a novelist does is to split himself up into pieces and work himself over into a great many different people; and his success, generally speaking, is proportioned to the skill with which he can make himself appear somebody else. My own method is to take, for instance, a phase of my own character which I do not like particularly, and yet am well aware of. I meditate on it a while, and build it up until it becomes a kind of shadow by my side, — a haunting, abstract presence.

"So far, so good. But my personified quality is still no more than a kind of literary spook. I must materialize it, — bestow on it a form and a way of acting and talking, which of course must be as far as possible from my own. This is hard to do. The abstraction must be made to look, speak, and act not merely *like* a human being, but *as* one. It must be completely covered over with some kind of human flesh. One way of doing this is to pick out the external part of some actual person to fit the abstraction, and thrust the abstraction neck and heels into it. That, indeed, is what most people think we novelists are always doing. Some people affect to be terribly afraid we are going to do it with them. Sometimes it is done, to be sure. I don't do it myself, — not so much, I think, because of any fear that my 'characters' will become troublesome to me as for the reason that I can never find any ready-made bodies which will fit my personified qualities. If I should use them, I should perceive that they were untrue to life.

"The next method is to make a composite body; and that is what I do usually. The world is full of eyes, lips, noses, brows, heads of hair, beards, hands, shoulders, backs, legs, skins. These are the things of which people are made externally in stories.

You may have noticed that ears are seldom spoken of by any writer of fiction. Unless the character is an unpleasant one, and we wish to make the personage appear ridiculous or repellent, we suppress the ears.

"By the way, I have often wondered why some caricaturist, one half as clever, say, as the man who drew 'Ludovicus, Rex, and Ludovicus Rex,' has not produced portraits of some well-known characters of fiction; using in the picture only the elements of the form and articles of clothing that are plainly mentioned by the authors, and leaving all the rest blank. The great majority of the figures so depicted would have no ears; many of them would have no noses. There would be large numbers of cleverly drawn faces without any bodies at all, and some of the people would consist of nothing but clothes. Probably all of them would have *some* clothes. Most of the nice people would have delicate hands and long, tapering fingers, including those who are low-born but high-minded; coarse people of all sorts would be apt, in this collection, to have large and clumsy hands; but very many of the ordinary run of people would be entirely handless. Probably not one picture in the collection would show a complete human being.

"However, these pictures serve in books perfectly well for human beings, because the reader fills out the blank spaces. More important than the external form is the way of saying and doing things, in which the real life and soul of the person comes out. Here the reader does not wish to have much left to his imagination. He insists, with reason, upon being told just what the people in the story do and say. Every speech and act must be characteristic, and all must be consistent. Now, how am I going to manage my piece of myself? How shall I make a real outsider out of this abstraction of my own soul? Why, I simply have to get a very close hold in my thoughts upon the abstraction, and think what this element of my own character, deprived of the other elements which qualify it, would do and say subject to the qualification of the bodily parts I have already given it. No doubt I and all other writers of fiction seem to see and hear characters, after a while, doing and saying things spontaneously, but that is only because we have already thought them out and set them going; and it is dangerous to give them their heads, to do and say what they please, even then.

"You see, people who are imagined outright might change insensibly and quite go to pieces; but this stupid or mean or pretentious part of me, or this nice, generous, and bright part of me, would always be fairly consistent with itself. I get so that I know it pretty well, and have no particular difficulty in judging what it would do or say. Of course it involves pretty close study of myself under varying conditions, and that is why the novelist's experience should be large. Then I must be harvesting material from others all the time to be worked up into my external composites.

"What effect, do you ask, does all this have on my own mind? You think I should feel like a man who had been feeding himself into a sausage-machine and turning the crank himself? Perhaps I ought to feel that way, but you know we get used to anything followed as a trade. Your first question reminds me of the quandary of a friend of mine when he read how a man of science had cut off the tails of successive generations of mice during five years, to see if he could produce a breed of tailless mice, and failed to bring about any effect on the mice. 'But what effect did it produce on the man of science?' my friend asked. But, bless you! I never feel any mental or moral deterioration from my study of myself or others. However, after I have finished a novel I feel somewhat as if I had been playing several simultaneous and prodigiously prolonged games of whist, and rigidly keeping track of everybody's plays."

"I should call your method of creating characters the fissiparous method," said I.

Will you believe that I was compelled to explain to this man of letters the meaning of the word "fissiparous"? When I had made him understand that it describes those most interesting creatures which, when cut up into pieces, make as many new creatures as there are pieces, he smiled a shuddering little smile, and said no more about novel-writing that day. A great many times I have been glad I was not a novelist, but I was never more glad than after I had heard my friend's account of his methods.

Of Melody. — Somebody once called melody "the A B C of music," intending to speak slightingly; but he was doubtless

correct enough, since all primitive music, whether of civilized or of uncivilized races, so far as we are aware, consists simply of single unaccompanied notes in a series bound together by some sort of rhythm, although, in the earliest examples, showing little of what is now known as form, which means a studied correlation of pitch in the notes or groups of notes. Many changes have been wrought in the art, many discoveries made in the science, but how stands the taste of the world on this particular point to-day, and what does that taste betoken?

It cannot be denied that numerous persons, without "ear" and with no real fondness for music, can endure — nay, after a fashion enjoy — a melody. True, these folk usually require for their full enjoyment the strongly marked beat of dance or march measures, or the lilting of the Scotch "snap;" or, if their ideas rise above mere accent, and they are sensible of pitch at all, they demand in addition something violently contrasting and sensational in the intervals, such as "Ta-ra-ra boom de ay" affords.

Next come the class to whom music, though they are ignorant of it theoretically and practically, gives a genuine and perhaps deep delight, but of a wholly emotional kind. They are less influenced by a definite taste than by early associations. To these persons there is "nothing like the old songs," — all the old songs, of course, being essentially melodies.

Rising a step higher, we come upon a large and important class, undoubted music-lovers, and more or less educated in the art, who confess without shame that operas, symphonies, — yea, all manner of concerted and solo *morceaux*, — avail them naught so long as melody be wholly wanting.

One step more brings us to the top. What do we find there? We find the Wagnerites, taking them to stand for the whole class known as intellectual lovers of music, many of whom profess to despise melody, and who claim that in harmony alone is for them a sufficiency of both sensuous and spiritual nourishment. Well, what of them? We may possibly judge what of them when we find Wagner himself — who, whatever he may have been guilty of in his early days, would not in his later life risk even the accusation of perpetrating anything of conventional lyric form — actually throwing what looks very much like a sop to his prospective listeners; telling them that in lieu of the arias they had grown used to, and in default of satisfaction from the fragmentary *Leitmotiv*, he would furnish them forsooth with the "unending melody," a species of melodic contrivance which takes an entire opera (not to say several operas) to show the pattern of; requiring, therefore, a thoughtful, patient hearing of the entire opera to comprehend. Thrice clever Wagner! O admirable, worldly-wise Wagner! Right well thou knewest how all the world loves a tune, though it but sneakingly admit the fact, and so didst lay thy lure, having resolved upon conquering mankind unto thyself, which thou hast indeed for the most part accomplished.

Musical mankind has cause to thank him, too, for it is largely by means of this artifice of the unending melody that opera-going folk have at this late day learned the two lessons of promptness and of sustained and respectful attention.

This matter is none the less amusing for being also serious; and serious it certainly is, since it concerns the whole modern musical movement. But my own bump of humor is sensibly touched at finding in this solemn Teutonic giant among composers an unmistakable streak of the Yankee! Yet supposing that what I have named artifice be such in no ill sense of the word, all the same is the unending melody a tribute, though unintentional, to a wellnigh universal taste.

Ruling out the common jingling tunes that take the common uneducated ear, and even the many really charming and pretty themes that year by year rise, flourish in favor, and perish, I should like to ask, and perhaps partially answer, a few questions apropos of this interesting subject. Is the taste for melody necessarily a low one? Does the taste for harmony rather than for melody invariably argue a truer love for music *as music?* Does it require less genius to invent a melody of the highest type, one that shall live in men's hearts and be sung by them throughout ages, — is it less of an honor to be the originator of such a melody than to have composed one of the modern miracles of harmony, which unquestionably implies the utmost of study to conceive, the utmost of hard labor to produce?

Nordau well describes melody by saying that in music it "corresponds to what in language is a logically constructed sentence,

distinctly presenting an idea, and having a clearly marked beginning and ending." Accepting this as far as it goes, we may add that a melody really worthy the name, — a melodiously perfect one — corresponds more nearly to a *poetically* constructed sentence (logic implied), since the "idea" Nordau speaks of must in music be distinctly rhythmical, while its musical contents (logic apart) should express emotion or sentiment, which in language the logically constructed sentence need not do. Hence the inventor of a fine melody must be at once a musical grammarian and logician, and a poet too; moreover, it is required that he shall be an artist, having practical knowledge of construction, in order that his "beginning and ending" be not alone "clearly marked," but also clearly balanced, the one artistically answering or completing the other.

I myself, a Wagnerite of a somewhat pronounced type, freely confess to a belief that, could the spontaneous operations of genius be measured or weighed, and the palm awarded for true superiority in the production, it would be given to the makers of pure melody, like Bach's Air, Händel's Largo, the theme of Schubert's Impromptu No. 3, the Russian National Hymn, or that soft woman-tune (these others being so essentially masculine), The Last Rose of Summer, rather than to the makers of "tone-mosaics."

Great orchestration is a mighty thing, and the mastery of harmony means the possession of mind in addition to mere musical gifts; yet in time harmony grows archaic-seeming, and must change its fashion from age to age, ever developing to meet the requirements of new poet musicians who find the old forms insufficient to convey their messages, while melody, the primal essence of music, — the A B C, if you like, — is the eternal thing; so that all perfect examples of it remain as perennially welcome and dear as are youth and springtime and love.

It cannot be all nor even largely attributable to association that the most sternly and exclusively classical hearts melt when listening to My Lodging is on the Cold Ground, O Tannenbaum (better known in the United States as My Maryland), Ar hyd y Nos, Afton Water, or The Flowers of the Forest, — this last more elaborate than the others mentioned, but preëminent among its kind; being, as it were, enriched with the souls of all melodies.

It is, I say, something more than association that causes the exquisite pleasure which these airs awaken in us; that pleasure proceeds directly from the airs themselves, for, besides possessing the intrinsic simplicity, grace, and tenderness which, independent of words, would always commend them to the ear, they are notable specimens of faultless melodic structure.

They are, in fact, what few of the more pretentious musical compositions can claim to be, namely, beyond criticism, — true "gems" of art, diminutive but flawless. For this reason have they lived and come down to us fresh as when first conceived; for this reason must they — unless the heart of man changes essentially — "ever live young."

My Grandmother's Books.

— I had occasion, not long ago, to superintend the closing and ending of the life of an old house. Any one who has done this knows the vague pain, the intangible melancholy, that accompanies it. But it is not all sadness. Childhood and youth press upon one; soft shocks of memory push the mind back into that groove of cheerful and obedient trust in the judgment of others, the very thought of which seems to rest the responsible middle-aged man or woman who has to do his or her own thinking — and perhaps half a dozen other people's, too! One pauses in the work of settling and arranging things, — a little dusty, perhaps, and tired, hearing one's voice calmly directing and ordering and deciding: "This must be sent to ——," "Burn that," "This can go to an auction;" and is half scared at the presumption of it. In that old life, which seems to spring up again, modest and happy, in all these silent rooms, one received orders instead of giving them.

At such a time every room in an old house has its recollections; but in this particular house the library brought the past most keenly before me. I sat looking over the books, forgetting to plan as to their disposition. How many times I had done just this same thing! — taking the books down from their shelves, dusting them, dipping into them, forgetting all about work that was to be done. For when I was a child, there was a domestic period that came once a year, and was called "house-cleaning,"

during which the children were generally relegated to the library to dust the books, that being an employment that kept them out of the way. This period was, in my day, accompanied by gloom and the smell of soap; it always seemed to me to be a sort of religious rite, — perhaps because there was something penitential about it, and also, no doubt, because, when it was over, there was an obvious exultation in the household, and an unexpressed thankfulness that we were not as other men were. This period came in April, just at the time when the grass was growing green in sunny corners of the fields, and the daffodils were coming up in files under the larches, and, like white fangs biting through the wet earth, the tulips were beginning to sprout, — just the very time when children are impelled to run and shout and roll, and feel the sun warm on their bare heads; and instead, because it was "house-cleaning," we were bidden to dust the books in the library! How downtrodden and oppressed we felt, and yet what happiness we got out of it, after all!

The long rows of books were lifted from the shelves, and set up in high, tottering piles; then each book was "clapped," dusted, and put back in its place on the shelf; a slow process, — no doubt that was why we were set to do it, — made slower because of the temptation, not to be denied, to peep inside each book, to read, and forget the dusting: there was the joy of it!

How well I remembered the big black copy of The Anatomy of Melancholy, when I found it in its old place beside Froissart! Gaunt, long-legged Innamorato was still upon the yellowing title-page; and Hypochondriacus, in his furred gown, with the shelf of vials over his head; and Maniacus, chained by an ankle to the floor and sitting down on air. How we used to shiver with delicious terror over this thrilling volume, which would never have fallen into our hands except for housecleaning. Nostradamus was there, a heavy book with stained and ragged pages that rustled as one turned them; and Fox's Book of Martyrs, which used to incite us to experiments to see if we could die for our religion "in case" we should some day be persecuted.

Everybody knows how old books — books packed double, standing behind the outer rows of a crowded library, books bound in worm-eaten leather, stacked on the top shelf next to the ceiling — are brought out on such occasions, see the light for a brief hour, and then go back to dust and silence. They are mostly small, thin volumes, of no intrinsic value, and never needed for reference. I found them just where they used to be thirty years ago, when they were lifted down for us to dust, and in looking them over I discovered a little collection which had once provided entertainment and instruction for my grandmother when she was a child, — a "miss," she would have called herself. It was made up mostly of tales and homilies, but there were a few schoolbooks. Her French began, it seems, with Martel's Elements, with its dedication: "A Mademoiselle Theodosia Burr: Dulce Decus, Si, (pour répondre à l'honneur que m'a fait Mr votre père, en me rendant accessoire à votre éducation) d'un côté, j'ai réuni de grands efforts pour vous applainir la route des sciences" — how much more has he endeavored to rouse the "sensibility of the heart, and the elevation of the soul"! The book, published in 1796, is almost falling to pieces now; it is evident that my little grandmother must have worked hard over t, and had her weary hours, although the title-page declares it to be "A Selection of Delicate Bon-Mots, Sentiments, Happy Applications of Passages in Famous Writers, and Ingenious Repartees; having nothing that might alarm modesty or excite condemnable laughter upon subjects of our duties and our respect, which, certainly, is not the case in the books now in the hands of youth to learn French by." A little later than this is the date of a French grammar, which she used to instruct her little brothers and sisters. She was quite a young lady then, and able to appreciate the elegant phrases which this small, fat, black book bade her "render into French."

"America, Asia, Africa, and Europe."

"Drunkenness is detestable."

"Loam at top, clay next, and then chalk."

"He comes from China."

"The horses of Flanders."

"Dr. Johnson dreaded death."

"Rooks eat corn."

"God, heaven and hell."

"Apples are very good fruit."

"How do you do, Captain?"

What variety of suggestion! Even our

own grammar, with its "Have you a basket of grapes?" "No, but I have the nightcap of the Baker's Aunt," is less of an appeal to the imagination!

Beside the schoolbooks were books "for improvement and recreation." When she was fourteen Seneca's Morals were presented to her. (It was but a few years after this that, in an elaborate correspondence with her father, carried on while under his roof, she discussed her reasons for a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity.) Sandford and Merton (in French!) came next; when I opened it a small pressed violet dropped from the yellow pages where "M. Barlow et Tommy" carry on endless and edifying conversations. Female Scriptural Characters, exemplifying Female Virtues, by the author of Beneficent Effects of the Christian Temper on Domestick Happiness, had evidently been carefully read. In the Advertisement the writer "acknowledges with pious awe that she stands on holy ground, and that it may have the appearance of presumption in a female to take up a subject so ably handled by a pious divine." There were several books of this order before the "tales" were reached, — "tales for juvenile edification," some of the title-pages assert. One, given her when she was seven years old, is The Paternal Present, the contents being "chiefly selected from the writings of Mr. Pratt;" of whom the Advertisement declares that, "whether the heart is to be melted or the understanding enlightened," there are few authors to be compared with Mr. Pratt; and indeed, the publishers go so far as to add that "the person that does not rise improved from this rich little banquet must be, in a great measure, lost to the finer sensibilities of the species." I observe that my grandmother signed her name, in awkward, childish hand, at the end of the Advertisement, as if to assent to its propositions, or to acknowledge that she had "risen improved." But why Mr. Pratt offers this particular kind of improvement to children in the nursery it is difficult to imagine. The book begins with the story of Emilius and Clara. "Love," says Mr. Pratt, "of the purest kind, had united for some time, under the amiable laws of a happy marriage, the virtuous Clara and the wise Emilius;" and he adds that "the heavens, singularly propitious, had denied no favors to this tender pair at their first outset, but presently, by a circumstance which we shall admire in the issue, it seemed as if the hand of Fortune had been wholly withdrawn." The circumstance, admirable in its issue, was the appearance upon the scene of Cresus, "a young gentleman who fixed too great confidence of success in the elevation of birth and fortune."

Now Cresus had been a former admirer of Clara's, and of course it created a complication when, after marrying Clara, the wise Emilius became his debtor. The combination of being a rejected lover and an unpaid creditor filled Cresus with anger. "Nay," says Mr. Pratt, "from anger he was heated into rage!" And such was his wickedness that he planned to destroy the home of the amiable husband and wife. This he proceeded to do by attaching the property of Emilius. The scene where the minions of vice destroy the habitation of virtue is most dramatic. Clara swoons; but as soon as she recovers, she falls at the feet of Cresus.

"'You were born generous. Your heart is susceptible. What objects were ever better suited to excite its compassion? Look upon us: your eyes instruct me in the emotions of your soul! Ah! you begin to interest yourself for us, — I am sure you do!'

"Pray, reader, consider well this picture: Clara upon her knees, her arms extended, her fair face bathed in tears, her eyes declined, a lovely blush upon her cheek; the children hanging about her; her husband in an attitude of despair."

The response of Cresus, who, we are told, was "moved," is startling: —

"'Fear nothing, beautiful Clara. You were always dear to me. To-day I will end your sorrows, and begin your happiness. Since your heart is not ungrateful, Clara, I hope you will condescend to add to the benefit I intend you one compliment to Cresus, by way of a receipt in full, — you will bestow on me yourself. Upon this condition only can I comply with your request. But you turn pale, you remain suspended?'"

We infer that Clara's "suspension" refers only to her attitude, not to her state of mind; for Mr. Pratt would have us know that "though some high-born females are insensible to the feeling of virtue," this was not the case with Clara.

"'Dear husband,' she says, 'dear infants, a crime would save you. The innocence of thy mother will be thy destruction. What is to be done? You must either starve, or else I must purchase the means of your existence by rendering myself unworthy of ye. O heavens! inspire, instruct me!'

"'Let us perish,' said Emilius, 'the victims of our duty.'"

"A mournful silence," says Mr. Pratt, "succeeded this rhapsody. Cresus fell into a profound revery. His heart, yet young in villainy, had not acquired that flintiness which resists every power of virtue. Remorse had still its poignancy. After a second fit of reflection, he struck his hand on his bosom, and in a loud voice exclaimed: —

"'Behold the power of virtue! She triumphs even over love. Amiable pair, be happy as ye are good! Your conduct has changed my heart. Permit me, then, to attempt a reparation. Accept this present: the sum of money intended to bribe away innocence is surrendered to expiate intentional crime and pacify offended virtue. All your little property shall be restored. Permit me to add with a share of my own. You shall always have my entire esteem.'"

The story ends with the acceptance, on the part of the wise Emilius and the virtuous Clara, of the proofs of Cresus' "entire esteem."

There are other stories in this interesting volume, of the same nature, only more so: all of them with the frank implication that virtue is the necessity of humble poverty, but is merely the adornment of rank.

The novels of this small collection, which doubtless refreshed the youthful mind in intervals of study and theological discussion, were all on these lines, and more or less concerned with efforts of vice to undermine virtue. One, The Recess, printed in 1791, its pages brown and ragged and dog-eared, was written with as highly moral an intention, no doubt, as is the erotic purpose novel of to-day; but its statements are like the nakedness of a baby, unblushing and unconscious. In it virtue triumphs, and vice is punished, — except in the person of the "rake of rank," who reforms. This tale is "humbly offered to the hearts of both sexes nature has enriched with sensibility and experience and refinement, in the persuasion that such will find it worthy of their patronage." Next to The Recess was Tristram Shandy.

My grandmother read poetry, too, like other genteel young ladies. I found one poem on Sensibility, beginning: —

"Next let us speed to yonder sainted plains,
By mountains screened, and crowned with dulcet canes,
Where the Ouragen in phrenzy roars,
Affrights the isle, and desolates the shores.
There see a hero, of the negro line,
Boasts an high feeling, Briton, proud as thine!"

There is no explanation of "sainted shores" or "dulcet canes," but the finest and most elegant remarks from the negro, upon the occasion, it appears, of his suicide: —

"'Thus, tyrant, thus, thy fury I defy!
Live thou to shame, while I in honour die.'
He spoke — the poignard sluiced the crimson flood,
And bathed the master in the servant's blood."

There is a woodcut of the suicide sluicing the crimson flood, but it could not have impressed my little grandmother's "sensibilities" very deeply, for it is daubed with faded paint; she has given the "faithful Qua-shi" realistic dark brown legs, and clad him in a green robe, while his master wears a red coat and gamboge breeches.

How those colored woodcuts do carry one back! Childhood seems to be the same, whether it read Seneca and Camilla and The Paternal Present or Little Lord Fauntleroy. We all know the shining look of the gamboge, and the very smell of it, and the layers of Prussian blue we put on coats or trousers, and crimson lake for lips and cheeks!

Ah, well, here it was all over again: my work forgotten, these little old thin books in my hands, the April weather outside, and the keen scent of spring in the evening twilight!

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MR. CLEVELAND AS PRESIDENT.

It is much too early to attempt to assign to Mr. Cleveland his place in the history of our government and policy. That he has played a very great and individual part in our affairs no one can doubt. But we are still too near him to see his work in its just perspective; we cannot yet see or estimate him as an historical figure.

It is plain, however, that Mr. Cleveland has rendered the country great services, and that his singular independence and force of purpose have made the real character of the government of the United States more evident than it ever was before. He has been the sort of President the makers of the Constitution had vaguely in mind: more man than partisan; with an independent executive will of his own; hardly a colleague of the Houses so much as an individual servant of the country; exercising his powers like a chief magistrate rather than like a party leader. Washington showed a like individual force and separateness; but he had been the country's leader through all its Revolution, and was always a kind of hero, whom parties could not absorb. Jackson worked his own will as President, and seemed to change the very nature of the government while he reigned; but it was a new social force that spoke in him, and he re-created a great party. Lincoln made the presidency the government while the war lasted, and gave the nation a great ruler; but his purposes were those of a disciplined and determined party, and his time was a time of fearful crisis, when men studied power, not law. No one of these men seems the normal President, or affords example of the usual courses of administration. Mr. Cleveland has been President in ordinary times, but after an extraordinary fashion; not because he wished to form or revolutionize or save the government, but because he came fresh to his tasks without the common party training, a direct, fearless, somewhat unsophisticated man of action. In him we got a President, as it were, by immediate choice from out the body of the people, as the Constitution has all along appeared to expect, and he has refreshed our notion of an American chief magistrate.

It is plain that Mr. Cleveland, like every other man, has drawn his character and force in large part from his origin and breeding. It would be easy to describe him as a man of the people, and he would, I suppose, be as proud as any other man of that peculiar American title to nobility. But, after all, no man comes from the people in general. We are each of us derived from some small group of persons in particular; and unless we were too poor to have any family life at all, it is the life and associations of the family that have chiefly shaped us in our youth. Mr. Cleveland had a very definite home training: wholesome, kindly, Christian. He was bred in a home where character was disciplined and the thoughts were formed, where books were read and the right rules of life obeyed. He was early thrown, indeed, into the

ordinary and common school of life, had its rough work thrust upon him, and learned, by his own part in it, the life of the people. But he never got those first lessons, conned in plain village manses, out of his blood. "If mother were alive I should feel so much safer," he wrote to his brother upon the night he was elected governor of New York. Grover Cleveland certainly got good usury in his steadfast youth out of the capital stock of energy and principle he brought away, as his only portion, from his mother and father.

The qualities which have given him his place in his profession and in the history of the country seem commonplace enough in their customary manifestation: industry, thoroughness, uprightness, candor, courage. But it is worth while to remember that the same force and adjustment that will run a toy machine, made for a child's use, will also bring to bear the full might of a Corliss engine, with strength enough to drive a city's industries. It is the size and majesty of moral and intellectual qualities that make them great; and the point the people have noted about Mr. Cleveland is that his powers, though of a kind they know and have often had experience of, are made upon a great scale, and have lifted him to the view of the world as a national force, a maker and unmaker of policies. Men have said that Mr. Cleveland was without genius or brilliancy, because the processes of his mind were calculable and certain, like a law of nature; that his utterances were not above the common, because they told only in the mass, and not sentence by sentence, were cast rather than tempered; that he was stubborn because he did not change, and self-opinionated because he did not falter. He has made no overtures to fortune; has obtained and holds a great place in our affairs by a sort of inevitable mastery, by a law which no politician has ever quite understood or at all relished, by virtue of a preference which the people themselves have expressed without analyzing. We have seen how there is genius in mere excellence of gift, and prevailing power merely in traits of chastened will.

When a city or a nation looks for a man to better its administration, it seeks character rather than gifts of origination, a clear purpose that can be depended upon to work its will without fear or favor. Mr. Cleveland never struck so straight towards the confidence of practical men as when he spoke of the tariff question as "a condition, not a theory." His mind works in the concrete; lies close always to the practical life of the world, which he understands by virtue of lifelong contact with it. He was no prophet of novelties, but a man of affairs; had no theories, but strove always to have knowledge of fact. There is as great a field for mind in thinking a situation through and through as in threading the intricacies of an abstract problem, and it has heartened men from the first to find that Mr. Cleveland could do thinking of that sort with a sure, unhurried, steadfast power, such as no less practical man could even have simulated. He was an experiment when he was chosen mayor of Buffalo, did not know his own powers, had given no one else their true measure; but he was thereafter a known and calculable force, and grew from station to station with an increase of vigor, and withal a consistency of growth, which showed his qualities such as waited only the invitation of fortune and opportunity. It may be that there are other men, of like parts and breeding, who could rise in like fashion to a great rôle, but it is certain that Mr. Cleveland has made a place of his own among the Presidents of the United States.

The ordinary rules of politics have been broken throughout his career. He came almost like a novice into the field of national politics, despite his previous experience as mayor and governor. He had always identified himself, indeed,

with the Democratic party; but his neighbors in Buffalo had chosen him to better rather than to serve his party, when they elected him to local office. He had elevated the office of sheriff, when they called him to it, by executing it with conscientious energy and with an enlightened sense of public duty; and he had made it his business, when they chose him mayor of their city, to see municipal affairs put upon a footing of efficiency, such as might become a great corporation whose object was the welfare of its citizens, and no partisan interest whatever. It was inevitable that he should shock and alienate all mere partisans, alike by his temper and by his methods. He called himself a party man, and had no weak stomach for the processes of party management; but he had not sought office as a career, and he deemed his party better served by manliness and integrity than by chicanery. He was blunt, straightforward, plain-spoken, stalwart by nature, used to choosing and pushing his own way; and he had a sober audacity which made him no caucus man. His courses of action were incalculable to the mere politician, simply because they were not based upon calculation.

It commonly turns out that the fearlessness of such a man is safer than the caution of the professional party manager. A free and thoughtful people loves a bold man, who faces the fight without too much thought of himself or of his party's fortunes. Mr. Cleveland's success as mayor of Buffalo attracted the attention of the whole State, — was too pronounced and conspicuous to be overlooked. Party managers saw in him a man to win with, little as they understood the elements of his power. Even they stared, nevertheless, to see him elected governor of the State by the astounding majority of 192,854. He evidently had not studied the art of pleasing; he had been known as the "veto mayor" of Buffalo, and his vetoes as the "plain speech" vetoes. He had an odd way of treating questions of city government as if they were questions of individual official judgment, and not at all questions of party advantage. He brought his exact habits as a lawyer to bear upon his tasks as a public officer, and made a careful business of the affairs of city and State. There was nothing puritanical about him. He had a robust and practical spirit in all things. But he did not seem to regard politics as in any way a distinct science, set apart from the ordinary business of life. He treated the legislature of the State, when he became governor, as he had treated the city council of Buffalo, as if he were the president of a great industrial concern with incidental social functions, and they were its board of directors, often unwise, sometimes unscrupulous, in their action; as if it were his chief duty to stand between them and the stockholders, protecting the latter's interests at all hazards. He used his veto as freely when governor as he had used it when mayor. "Magnificent," cried the trained politicians about him, under their breath, — "magnificent, but it is not politics!"

And yet they found him thrust inevitably upon them as their candidate for President before his term as governor had drawn to its close. Evidence was accumulating that the country was ready to put an end to the long succession of Republican administrations which had held the federal executive departments for more than twenty years as a sort of party property; but it was also plain enough that the old, the real party leaders among the Democrats would by no means be acceptable substitutes. The Democratic party, moreover, had been too long in opposition to be ready to assume, as it stood, the responsibilities of government. It had no real union; it was little more than an assemblage of factions, a more or less coherent association of the various groups and interests opposed to the Republicans and bent upon breaking their supremacy. It did not itself know whether it was of one

mind or not. For, though popular majorities had been running its way for ten years and more, and both Houses of Congress had once come into its hands, it had never had leave to undertake constructive legislation. The President's veto had stood always in its way, and its legislation had often been proposed for effect rather than with a view to actual execution. It was necessary it should go outside its own confused and disordered ranks if it would choose a successful presidential candidate, in order both to unite its own factions and to win the country's confidence: and so it chose Mr. Cleveland, and the country accepted him.

It was a novel experiment. The very considerations that made it wise to nominate Mr. Cleveland as President were likely to render it difficult to live under his presidency with an unbroken party discipline; and the circumstances of his election made it all the more probable that he would choose to be President of the country rather than leader of the Democrats. The Democrats, in fact, did not recognize him as their leader, but only as their candidate for the office of President. If he was leader at all in the ordinary sense, — if he spoke and acted for the views of any body of men, — he was the leader of those independent Republicans who had broken with their own party, and were looking for some one who should open a new era in party politics and give them efficient and public-spirited principles to believe in and vote for again. Men everywhere wished to see parties re-form themselves, and old-line Democrats had more reason to expect to see their party fall apart into its constituent elements once more than to hope that Mr. Cleveland would unite and vivify it as an aggressive and triumphant organization. He had been made President, there was good reason to believe, rather because thoughtful men throughout the country wanted a pure and businesslike administration than because they wanted Democratic legislation or an upsetting of old policies; he had been chosen as a man, not as a partisan, — taken up by his own party as a likely winner rather than as an acceptable master.

Apparently there was no reason, however, to fear that Mr. Cleveland would arrogate to himself the prerogatives of political leadership, or assume the rôle of guide and mentor in matters of policy. At first he regarded the great office to which he had been chosen as essentially executive, except of course in the giving or withholding of his assent to bills passed by Congress. His veto he used with extraordinary freedom, particularly in the disapproval of private pension bills, vetoing no less than one hundred and forty-six measures during the sessions of the first Congress of his administration; and he filled his messages with very definite recommendations; but he thought it no part of his proper function to press his preferences in any other way upon the acceptance of Congress. In the public interest, he had addressed a letter to Mr. A. J. Warner, a member of Congress, and others, only eight days before his inauguration as President, in which he had declared in urgent terms his strong conviction that the purchase and coinage of silver should be stopped at once, to prevent radical and perhaps disastrous disturbances in the currency; and he joined with Mr. Manning, his Secretary of the Treasury, in speaking very plainly to the same effect when Congress met. But he deemed his duty done when he had thus used the only initiative given him by the Constitution, and expressly declined to use any other means of pressing his views upon his party. He meant to keep aloof, and be President with a certain separateness, as the Constitution seemed to suggest.

It cost him at least one sharp fight with the Senate to carry his purpose of executive independence into effect. Mr. Cleveland saw fit to remove certain federal officers from office before the expiration of their terms, and to appoint

Democrats in their places, and the Senate demanded the papers which would explain the causes of the removals. The President declined to send them, holding that the Senate had no right to judge of anything but the fitness of the men named as successors to the officers removed. It was not certain that the moral advantage lay with the President. He had been put into the presidency chiefly because independent voters all over the country, and particularly in his own State, regarded him a tried champion of civil service reform; but his choice and method in appointments had by no means satisfied the reformers. They had stared to see him make Mr. Daniel Manning Secretary of the Treasury, not because Mr. Manning lacked ability, but because he was notoriously a politician of the very "practical" sort, and seemed to those who did not know him the very kind of manager Mr. Cleveland ought to have turned his back upon; and they did not like any more than the Senate did to see men deprived of their offices to make room for Democrats without good reason given, reason that had no taint of partisanship upon it. The truth was that the public service had been too long in the hands of the Republicans to be susceptible of being considered an unpartisan service as it stood. Mr. Cleveland said simply, to those who spoke to him in private about the matter, that he had not made any removal which he did not, after careful inquiry, believe to be for the good of the public service. This could not satisfy his critics. It meant that he must be permitted to use his judgment not only as a man, but also as a Democrat, in reconstructing a civil service which had been for a generation in the hands of the opposite political party. The laws could not be made mandatory upon him in this matter, under the Constitution, and he took leave to exercise his discretion here and there, as his judgment as a practical and strong-willed man suggested. That the operation of the laws passed for the reform of the civil service was strengthened in the main, and their administration thoroughly organized and very much bettered under him, no candid man could deny; and with that he asked the country to be content.

The whole question afforded an excellent opportunity for studying Mr. Cleveland's character. The key quality of that character is, perhaps, a sort of robust sagacity. He had never for a moment called himself anything but a party man. He had not sought personal detachment, and had all along known the weakness that would come with isolation and the absolute rejection of the regular means of party management; and he had dared to make his own choices in cases which seemed too subtle or exceptional for the law. It was unsafe ground often; blunders were made which appeared to defeat the purposes he had in view in making removals and appointments; it looked in the end as if it would have been wiser to make no exceptions at all to the ordinary rules of appointment: but the mistakes were those of a strong nature, — too strong to strip itself absolutely of such choice as might serve what was to him legitimate party strength. Who shall judge the acts in question who does not know the grounds upon which the President proceeded? Not all of government can be crowded into the rules of the law.

At any rate, criticism did not disturb Mr. Cleveland's serenity; and it pleased the fancy of men of all sorts to see the President bear himself so steadfastly and do his work so calmly in the midst of all the talk. Outsiders could not know whether the criticism cut or not; they only knew that the President did not falter or suffer his mind to be shaken. He had an enormous capacity for work, shirked no detail of his busy function, carried the government steadily upon his shoulders. There is no antidote for worry to be compared with hard labor at important tasks which keep the mind stretched to large views; and the Presi-

dent looked upon himself as the responsible executive of the nation, not as the arbiter of policies. There is something in such a character that men of quick and ardent thought cannot like or understand. They want all capable men to be thinking, like themselves, along lines of active advance; they are impatient of performance which is simply thorough without also being regenerative, and Mr. Cleveland has not commended himself to them. They themselves would probably not make good Presidents. A certain tough and stubborn fibre is necessary, which does not easily change, which is unelastically strong.

The attention of the country, however, was presently drawn off from Mr. Cleveland's pension vetoes and individual methods of appointment, from his attitude and temper as a power standing aloof from Congress, to note him a leader and master after all, as if in spite of himself. He was too good a Democrat and too strenuous a man of business to stand by and see the policy of the country hopelessly adrift without putting his own influence to the test to direct it. He could not keep to his rôle of simple executive. He saw his party cut into opposing factions upon the question of the tariff, upon the reform to which it had been pledged time out of mind. Mr. Carlisle, who wished to see the tariff brought to a revenue basis, was Speaker of the Democratic House, and Mr. Morrison was chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; but Mr. Randall checkmated them at every turn, and nothing was done to redeem the party's promises. No man of strong convictions could stand there, where all the country watched him, waiting for him to speak, the only representative of the nation as a whole in all the government, and let a great opportunity and a great duty go by default. He had intended to make his a strictly business administration, to cleanse the public service and play his assigned part in legislation with a clear judgment to do right. But the President stands at the centre of legislation as well as of administration in executing his great office, and Mr. Cleveland grew to the measure of his place as its magnitude and responsibilities cleared to his view. The breath of affairs was at last in his lungs, and he gave his party a leader, of a sudden, in the plain-spoken, earnest, mandatory tariff message of December, 1887. It was such a stroke as no mere politician would have hazarded, and it sadly disconcerted the men who had supposed themselves the leaders of the Democrats. Mr. Cleveland had not consulted them about his manifesto. He had made the issue of the next presidential campaign for them before they were aware of it, and that campaign was immediately at hand. The Congress to which he sent his message showed already a sad cutting off in the ranks of the Democrats. In the first Congress of his administration his party had had a majority of close upon forty in the House, though the Senate was still against them. In the Congress of which he demanded tariff reform the Democratic majority in the House had dwindled to eleven, though the Senate was almost equally divided. It seemed as if he would commit his party to a dangerous and aggressive policy at the very moment when its power was on the decline, and risk everything with regard to the next choice of President. Some resented his action as a sudden usurpation; others doubted what they should think; a few took the changed aspect of politics with zest and relish. It was bravely done. The situation produced was even dramatic; and yet the calmest man anywhere touched by the business was Mr. Cleveland himself. It was no trick or impulse. It was the steadily delivered blow of a stalwart and thoughtful man, thoroughly sick of seeing a great party drift and dally while the nation's finances suffered waste and demoralization.

He had certainly settled the way the

next campaign should go: that the country's reception of his message showed; and the politicians adjusted themselves as best they might to his policy of plain speech and no circumspection. The House passed a tariff measure, drafted by Mr. Mills, which was thrown aside in the Senate, but not rejected by the party. Mr. Cleveland was renominated for the presidency by acclamation, not because the politicians wanted him, but because their constituents did. The two parties went to the country, and Mr. Cleveland lost by the vote of his own State.

The odd thing about it was that defeat did not seem to lessen Mr. Cleveland's importance. Some persons did not like to see their ex-President return to the ordinary duties of legal practice, as he did in New York, apparently expecting a healthy, practical man to accept a merely ornamental part in society after once having been their chief magistrate. There was no denying the fact that he had wrought his own defeat and his party's by forcing a hot fight when matters were going peacefully enough. He himself kept as much as might be from unnecessary publicity. But the country could not cease to be interested in him, and he was the only man it would take seriously, even now, as the leader of the Democrats. Practical men could not for the life of them think of any more suitable candidate for the next campaign. Whether he had united or pleased his party or not, he had, in any case, given it a programme and made himself its chief representative. Through all the four years of Mr. Harrison's administration Mr. Cleveland was the most conspicuous man in the country out of office, and a sort of popular expectation followed him in all his movements.

The Republicans, moreover, delivered themselves into his hands. They took his defeat as a mandate from the people to make a tariff as little like that which Mr. Cleveland had desired as it might be possible to construct. The Committee of Ways and Means, of which Major McKinley was chairman, framed a measure unmistakably fit to meet the demand; and the congressional elections of 1890 went overwhelmingly against the Republicans. Apparently, the country had come at last to Mr. Cleveland's mind in respect of the tariff, and he became once more the logical as well as the popular candidate of the Democrats for the presidency. Once more he became President, and essayed the difficult rôle of leader of a composite party. He had created an additional difficulty, meanwhile, obeying an imperative conviction without regard to policy or opportune occasion. He had ventured a frank public letter in opposition to the free coinage of silver, notwithstanding the fact that he knew free coinage to be much more distinctively a Democratic than a Republican measure. The habit of independent initiative in respect of questions of legislative policy was growing upon him, as he felt his personal power grow and his familiarity with public questions; and he knew that he was striking straight home, this time, to the confidence, at any rate, of every enlightened man of business in the country. Such men he had known from his youth up, and could assess: his courage and self-confidence in such a case was stuff of his whole training and character, and he felt that he could afford to lose the presidency upon that issue.

Mr. Cleveland's second term has shown the full strength and the full risk of the qualities which, during his first administration, the country had seen displayed only in the disturbing tariff message of 1887, in his energetic treatment of the fisheries question, which the Senate did not like, and in certain appointments which the whole country had criticised. He gave warning at the outset of the individual rôle he meant to play in the selection of his Cabinet. He bestowed the secretaryship of state upon a man

come but the other day out of the Republican ranks to support him; the secretaryship of war upon a man who had formerly been his private secretary; the post-office upon his one-time law partner; the department of the interior upon a Georgian whose name the country smiled to hear for the first time; the attorney-generalship upon a lawyer who was no politician; and the secretaryship of agriculture upon a quiet gentleman of his own picking out. Only the navy and the headship of the treasury went to men whom his party knew and followed in the House. His first Cabinet had contained men whom everybody knew as accredited leaders among the Democrats, — Mr. Bayard, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Lamar, Mr. Vilas; only the minority of his counselors had then been selected as if to please himself, rather than to draw a party following about him by recognizing the men who exercised authority among the Democrats. But his second Cabinet seemed chosen as if of deliberate and set purpose to make a personal and private choice, without regard to party support.

And yet there was less difference between the two Cabinets than appeared upon the surface. Though there had been some representative Democrats in the first Cabinet, they had not been men who controlled their party. Mr. Carlisle, of the second Cabinet, was undoubtedly more influential than any of them, and Mr. Herbert more truly a working, capital member of the party's force in the House. The truth was that Mr. Cleveland had, throughout his first administration, been all the while held at arm's length by his party, — an ally, perhaps, but not a partner in its undertakings, — had been compelled to keep the place of separateness and independence which had at first seemed to be his choice. In his second administration he apparently made no effort to force his way into its counsels, but accepted his place as the independent voters' President, — content if only he could have a personal following, carry out the real pledges of his party, and make his purpose felt as the nation's spokesman. Not that he broke with his party either in thought or in purpose; but he saw that it would not take counsel with him, and that, if he would fulfill his trust, he must force partisan leaders, for their own good, to feel his power from without. It might be they would draw about him more readily through mastery than through persuasion.

It was singular how politics began at once to centre in the President, waiting for his initiative, and how the air at Washington filled with murmurs against the domineering and usurping temper and practice of the Executive. Power had somehow gone the length of the avenue, and seemed lodged in one man. No one who knew Mr. Cleveland, or who judged him fairly, for a moment deemed him too covetous of authority, or in any degree disregardful of the restraints the Constitution has put upon the President. But the Democrats in the House were made conscious that the eye of the country had been withdrawn from them in matters of policy, and Washington seemed full of Mr. Cleveland, his Secretary of the Treasury and his Secretary of State. A position of personal isolation had been thrust upon him, but he used the power which had come to him to effect the purposes to which, as a Democrat, he felt himself pledged. If the party would not act with him, he must act for it. There was no touch of cant in him when he declared his allegiance to the Democratic party; there was only a danger that if the leaders of the party in Congress continued to follow him merely when they were obliged, he would himself presently be all the Democratic party that was left in the country.

On June 30, 1893, four months after his second inauguration, he took steps to force action upon the silver question. He called Congress to meet in extra session upon the 7th of August following,

to deal with the finances of the country and prevent a panic; telling them plainly that the law which compelled the purchase and coinage of silver by the government ought to be repealed, and that this question must be settled even if the tariff had to wait. There was already serious disturbance in business circles, arising in large part from the condition of the currency, when, on the 26th of June, the British authorities in India closed the mints of that country to the free coinage of silver, and sent the price of the unstable metal down with a disastrous tumble in all the world's markets. It looked then as if there would certainly be a fatal panic, and Mr. Cleveland saw that Congress must meet and face the situation at once.

It was evident, even before Congress came together, that the battle was to be, not between Democrats and Republicans, but between the advocates and the opponents of the free coinage of silver, without regard to party. Conventions called by the silver men met in Denver and in Chicago before Congress assembled, and denounced the proposal to repeal the silver purchase law as a scheme devised by American and English bankers, with the assistance of Mr. Cleveland, to drive silver out of use as money; and when Congress took the matter up, old party lines seemed, for the moment at any rate, to have disappeared. It was the "friends" of silver against its "enemies." The advocates of Mr. Cleveland's policy of repeal won a decisive victory in the House of Representatives, and won it at once, before August was out; but in the Senate the fight dragged, with doubtful and wavering fortunes, until the very end of October, — would have ended in some weak compromise had not the President stood resolute, — and kept the country waiting so long for the issue that business suffered almost as much as if repeal had been defeated.

It was the President's victory that the law was at last repealed, and every one knew it. He had forced the consideration of the question; he had told Senators plainly, almost passionately, when they approached him, that he would accept no compromise, — that he would veto anything less than absolute repeal, and let them face the country as best they might afterwards. Until he came on the stage both parties had dallied and coquetted with the advocates of silver. Now he had brought both to a parting of the ways. The silver men were forced to separate themselves and look their situation in the face, choose which party they should plan to bring under their will and policy, if they could, and no longer camp in the tents of both. Such a stroke settled what the course of congressional politics should be throughout the four years of Mr. Cleveland's term, and made it certain that at the end of that term he should either have won his party to himself or lost it altogether. It was evident that any party that rejected the gold standard for the currency must look upon him as its opponent.

He showed his fixed purpose in the matter once again by his veto of the so-called Seigniorage Bill in March, 1894. The silver men had already so far rallied as to induce substantial majorities in both Houses to agree to the practically immediate coinage of all the silver bullion owned by the treasury as a result of the purchases of silver made under the law which had but just now been repealed in the special session. It would not be wise to put forth so great a body of silver, at such a time, to the fresh disturbance of the currency, said the President, and the bill was negatived. The issue of more silver was defeated, and the silver men quietly set about forming their party lines anew.

Meanwhile, issue was joined once more upon the question of the tariff, not only as between Democrats and Republicans, but also as between Democrat and Democrat, and new lines of divergence were run through Mr. Cleveland's party. The

Committee of Ways and Means, of which Mr. W. L. Wilson was chairman, had formulated a tariff bill during the special session, and when Congress came together for its regular sittings they added to their tariff scheme a bill providing for an income tax, to meet the probable deficiency in the revenue likely to result from the reduction of import duties which they had proposed. The two measures were made one. There was keen opposition in the East to the adoption of the income tax, and though the composite bill went through the House by a majority of sixty-four, many Democrats voted against it, and party lines were again broken. In the Senate, the tariff bill was changed beyond recognition by more than six hundred amendments. Many of the *ad valorem* duties proposed by Mr. Wilson's committee were made specific; the Senate would not consent to put iron and lead ores or coal upon the free list with wool; above all, it insisted upon an increase rather than a reduction of the duty on sugar. In the Committee of Conference, irreconcilable differences of opinion emerged between the two Houses; a letter from Mr. Cleveland to Mr. Wilson, supporting the plans of the House and severely criticising those of the Senate, only stiffened a little more the temper of the Senate conferees; and the House at last yielded, rather than have no change at all in the tariff.

Mr. Cleveland did not sign the bill, but suffered it to become law without his signature. It was not such a law as he wanted, he said, nor such a law as fulfilled the pledges of the party; but the party had accepted it, and he would not cast himself loose from it in this critical matter by the use of his veto. No one believed that the Senators who had insisted upon the chief matter of contention, the change in the sugar duties, had acted as Democrats. It was the universal opinion that they had acted as the representatives of a particular vested interest. But in the nice balance of parties which existed in the Senate they were in a position to dictate. The party leaders in the House thought it better to pass some measure of tariff reform than to suffer a total miscarriage; and Mr. Cleveland tacitly consented to their judgment.

The Supreme Court completed the discomfiture of the party by declaring the income tax law unconstitutional. Without that tax there was not revenue enough to meet the expenditures of the government, as presently became evident. Deficiency of revenue, coupled with the obligation of the government to redeem its notes in gold on demand, cut into the gold reserve, and the money question grew acute again. To maintain the gold reserve the administration was obliged again and again to resort to the issue of bonds. The President was in league, the silver men said, with the bankers and the men who controlled the gold of the world everywhere. Mr. Carlisle earnestly urged a radical reform of the currency system: the repeal of the law compelling a constant reissue of the government's legal tender notes, and such legislation as would make provision for a sufficiently elastic currency by means of liberal changes in the banking laws. But his plans were not acted upon; the revenue did not increase; the government was obliged to pay out gold, upon demand, from its reserve; and there was nothing for it but to obtain gold of the bankers, and of those who had hoarded it, by issuing new bonds and increasing the interest charges of the government. The silver men grew every day more hostile to the administration.

The administration bulked very large the while, not only in the business world, but also in the field of foreign affairs. A treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii was pending in the Senate when Mr. Cleveland came into office in March, 1893; but Mr. Cleveland promptly withdrew it, and, in characteristic fashion, set about finding out for himself the real

situation of affairs in the islands. The outcome showed his transparent honesty and rare courage very plainly, if not his skill in a delicate affair. He found that it was the countenance and apparent assistance of the agent of the United States in Hawaii that had facilitated the dethronement of the Queen and the setting up of a revolutionary government, and he took steps to undo so far as possible the mischievous work of interference. The apologies of the United States were made to the Queen, and the provisional government was informed that the government of the United States would expect it to withdraw and make way for the reëstablishment of the legitimate government of the islands. But the provisional government refused to withdraw, and the President was obliged to submit the whole matter to Congress, without whose sanction he did not feel justified in employing force or in taking any further step in the unhappy affair. It seemed a lame ending, and the papers found it easy to scoff, though hard to say what other honorable course could have been taken; and every man who was not a Jingo perceived that the President had not in fact lost credit. He had simply followed his conscience without regard to applause or failure, and given one more proof of his unsophisticated character.

At any rate, everybody forgot Hawaii upon the emergence of Venezuela. Diplomatic relations had been suspended between Great Britain and Venezuela because of a dispute regarding the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, and Mr. Cleveland's administration had intervened, and had insisted that the whole question be submitted to arbitration. The position it took was based explicitly upon the Monroe Doctrine, and the course it proposed was virtually a demand that the United States be accorded the right of intervention in all questions arising between South American states and European powers. Lord Salisbury declined to make any such concession to the United States, or to submit any more of the question between Great Britain and Venezuela to arbitration than he had already expressed his willingness to submit to adjudication in his correspondence with the Venezuelan government; and Mr. Cleveland sent to Congress his startling message of December 17, 1895.

Here again he showed himself a strong man, but no diplomatist. It was like a blunt, candid, fearless man to say that it was the duty of the United States to ascertain for herself the just rights of Venezuela, and resist any encroachment upon her southern neighbor by every means in her power, and to add that he fully realized the consequences that might follow such a declaration of purpose. But only our kinsmen oversea would have yielded anything or sought peace by concession, after such words had been spoken. England presently showed that she would not have taken such a defiance from William of Germany; but good feeling, good temper, good sense, soon brought the two governments to a better understanding. Our commission of inquiry acted with the utmost sobriety and tact; Mr. Olney pursued his correspondence with Lord Salisbury with a strength of good manners, good reasoning, and disinterested purpose that carried its own assurance of victory; we had in Mr. Bayard a representative in London of an old and excellent school of behavior; and the end was a diplomatic triumph for the United States which attracted the attention of the world. The successful settlement of the particular question in controversy was even followed by a treaty of general arbitration between England and the United States, such as multitudes of peace-loving men had prayed for, but few had dared to hope to see. What had at first seemed to threaten to mar Mr. Cleveland's fame once and for all turned out in the end its greatest title to honorable dignity. We are at last enabled to read the famous message aright. There spoke a man as desirous

and capable of peace and moderation as any in the nation, but accustomed, when he spoke at all, to speak his whole mind without reserve, and willing to speak to Europe, if she must hear, as freely as he would speak to his own people. It was the perilous indiscretion of a frank nature incapable of disguises.

The Cuban question has shown us the same man. He has satisfied neither the Democrats nor the Republicans, because neither cared to observe the restraints of international law or set themselves any bounds of prudence; but he has made Spain feel the pressure of our opinion and of our material interest in the Cuban struggle none the less, and by his very self-restraint has brought the sad business sensibly nearer to its end.

In this, as in other things, he has been a man without a party. His friends have been the silent men who watch public affairs without caring too much about the fortunes of parties. He has carried civil service reform to its completion at last; but that did not give him a party. To extend the rules of the classified merit service to all branches of the public business was a work of non-partisanship, and no man need expect a party following because of that. Mr. Cleveland did not do this work hurriedly. At the close of his first administration the friends of reform stood disappointed and not a little disheartened. But he has done the work in his own way and thoroughly, and no man need doubt his record now. He can look back with deep satisfaction upon the fact that while he directed the affairs of the government vast tracts of the public lands were reclaimed for the use of the people; that he was enabled to put system and a little economy into the management of the Pension Bureau; that more than one of the executive departments has received a complete reorganization at his hands; that he gave the country the businesslike administration he promised. None of these things, however, secures any man the support of a party. Mr. Cleveland never seemed so utterly without a party as in the extraordinary campaign which has made Mr. McKinley his successor. But it is the country's debt to him now that he thus stood alone. He forced the fight which drove the silver men to their final struggle for a party. They chose the Democratic party, because it was strong in the West where the silver ore was mined, and in the South and in all the agricultural areas of the continent where those business interests are weak which most sensitively feel the movements of the money market. They drove thousands of men out of the Democratic party when they took it, — Mr. Cleveland, their chief enemy, with the rest. And the Republicans routed them upon the issue which Mr. Cleveland had made definite and final.

We need not pretend to know what history shall say of Mr. Cleveland; we need not pretend that we can draw any common judgment of the man from the confused cries that now ring everywhere from friend and foe. We know only that he has played a great part; that his greatness is authenticated by the passion of love and of hatred he has stirred up; that no such great personality has appeared in our politics since Lincoln; and that, whether greater or less, his personality is his own, unique in all the varied history of our government. He has made policies and altered parties after the fashion of an earlier age in our history, and the men who assess his fame in the future will be no partisans, but men who love candor, courage, honesty, strength, unshaken capacity, and high purpose such as his.

Woodrow Wilson.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

II. A SPARTAN SCHOOL.

I.

One rainy June afternoon I found myself in Sparta. The modern Sparta is called a thriving town, and as a token of its thrift the good people were grading some of the principal streets, and it was hard to pick one's way through the mud. Every few yards the contractors had left a pillar of earth, or, as the Greek calls it, a "witness," to show the work that had been done, and the effect of these warts was unpleasing. A space in front of the principal café had been spared, and there the guests were seated on a miniature Ararat rising above a deluge of mire. Sparta is a very modern town, as is evinced by the width of the streets, and this width may have detracted somewhat from the liveliness of the main thoroughfare. Still I do not intend to fly in the face of the guidebook, especially in view of the fact that the day before, at Tripolitza, which is one of the most bustling places in this part of the world, I had met a Spartan gentleman, who was very proud of his home, had much to tell about the town, and in his enthusiasm produced some of the oranges for which Sparta is famous. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." That was the motto of the University of Helmstedt, and a good motto it is for a university. It hardly seems so good a motto for ancient Sparta, and one can no more fancy Leonidas peeling an orange than Alcibiades smoking a cigarette.

The ancient Spartans always figure in school histories as stern ascetics. But they were huge feeders, that is certain, and much of their abstinence was sheer affectation. Your Attic was more frugal than your Spartan. "Spartan diet" was not intended to be a satisfying portion. It was simply a national diet like oatmeal, and was often, doubtless, mere surplusage. Of course it may be said that oranges, which seem so un-Spartan, are a modern innovation, and it is well known that the introduction of a new fruit-tree may change not only the character of the landscape, but the character of the inhabitants. But if the orange is a new-comer the olive is an ancient friend, and the olives of Sparta are suspiciously fine, suspiciously famous. To oranges an American does not need an introduction, but the value of the olive is not made known to the classical student except on classical soil, and once familiar with the swart beauty of the Greek olive he understands better the climax of the soldier's rations in Aristophanes' "something to drink in a flask, dry bread, two onions, and three olives."

The olives of Sparta were a witness to the continuity of historical life. The Spartan gentleman whom I met at Tripolitza was an example of the way in which history repeats itself. The modern Spartans are not averse to emigration, and many of them come to America. Now, every reader of Greek history remembers that the Partheniæ, or maidens' sons, as the name is usually interpreted, went out in a body to Tarentum, for reasons best known to their mothers. True, a recent investigator has undertaken to show that the maiden mothers are a myth, and that the Partheniæ took their name from Parthenion, the Virgin Mountain, but the tradition is there. Tarentum was settled from Sparta; and as Lower Italy was the America of ancient Greece, and the Greeks spoke of Great Greece as we speak of Greater Britain, my Spartan friend might pass for the reincarnation of one of the original Tarentines. Not only had he

lived in America, but he was an American citizen, and to that extent my fellow countryman. To be sure, his speech did not stir any sympathetic chords in my bosom, for *lingua americana in bocca spartana* is apt to be nutcrackerish. Another fellow countryman, at least *in spe*, I was to encounter a few days afterwards, on the long drive from Sparta to Gýtheion, a round-headed son of Laconia, whose traveling library consisted of two volumes tied up in a red cotton handkerchief: one a pamphlet which dealt with the army regulations of the kingdom of Hellas; the other a Greek guide to English conversation, from which he would extract from time to time a choice unintelligible morsel. One phrase, however, he had by heart, and fired at me with the solemnity and intensity of a minute-gun. It was somewhat embarrassing to be asked every sixty seconds, "'Ow arr you?" On that long drive I could not suppress the wish that Kyrios Triantaphyllópoulos, or whatever his name was, had already joined his brother, the substantial confectioner of Philadelphia, in whom he took such pride.

At Gýtheion I lost sight of my intending fellow countryman, but the shadow of America followed me everywhere during my short stay in Laconia; and as I was sitting alone in the hallway of the inn, one of the young sons of the house, who the night before had vainly strewn Persian Insect Powder on my couch, endeavored to divert my supposed melancholy by a rude album of the Columbian Exposition which his American brother had sent home, with an inscription in which he expressed his desire that the rest of the family could have seen "the marvelous buildings." Yes, the shadow of America followed me everywhere. So in the same town I was sitting in front of a restaurant which bore the cheery name Abundance (i Aphthonía), and taking a very modest part in a triangular conversation with a brilliant German scholar and a prominent local capitalist, when a coin was submitted for our inspection by a collector of the place. German scholar and local capitalist shook their heads. They could make nothing of the image and superscription. But the battered bit of silver was no puzzle to me. It was a Mexican real, or "ryal," the familiar "seven-pence" of my South Carolina boyhood, and as I looked at the coin long stretches of my life were unrolled before me. Once more I was seated, a lad fresh from college, on the deck of the good ship Hermina, bound to Bremen, and reading Calderon's El Principe Constante, which I have never looked into from that day to this. In that drama there is a brilliant description of the eagle and his hostility to the poison of the asp, which reminded me at the time of the device on the coins of Mexico. Once more I was a student in Germany, poring over sunshiny Aristophanes in the gray light of a Berlin winter morning, and finding eagle and asp again in the charade that opens The Wasps. And there was that other feature of the device, the prickly pear, which, like myself, is a native of America, and flourishes on Greek soil as it does on the Mexican coin.

II.

My new-found fellow countryman, on whom I have turned my metaphorical back so long, had served as an assistant in a Brooklyn florist's shop; but Brooklyn was too slow for a man accustomed to the bustle of Sparta, and so he had returned a couple of years before in order to open an establishment for the sale of ready-made clothing. I cherish his business card; but the ready-made clothing business seemed a strange occupation for a descendant, or at all events a representative, of the men who were harangued by Tyrtæus. To be sure, at that very time, the ingenious Dr. Verrall was engaged in exploding the myth of Tyrtæus, but I did not know it, and as I watched my Sparto-American deftly cut-

ting an orange into sixteen parts Tyrtæus's anapæsts were thumping in my brain, and well they might be. Was I not in Sparta, and had I not found in my own experience that the witness of Leonidas was true, and that the verses of Tyrtæus were well fitted to put an edge to youthful courage? At all events, some of the boys who heard me declaim the stirring lines of the Marching Song had died the death of Spartans, and were sleeping the sleep of the Spartans whose ghosts were about me.

March on, men of warlike Sparta!
True sons of the land of your sires,
With the left put your bucklers before you,
With the right your lances brandish,
And stint ye not of your heart's blood,
For 't is not the wise of Sparta.

"Hand me down," I fancy, would have suggested to an ancient Spartan something else than a suit of ready-made clothing, — would have suggested rather such an armory as that stout fighter Alcæus describes: —

All a-glitter with brass my hall;
All my house is adorned for Ares.
Helmets bright
Glint and glister, and from their crests
Nod defiance the waving horsetails
White as snow,
Fit adornment for warriors brave.
All the pins are concealed by shining
Greaves of brass;
Guards are they from the crushing bolt,
Linen corselets and hollow bucklers
All prepared.
By them lying Chalcidian blades,
By them doublets in store, and doughty
Coats of mail.
These are never to be forgot
Now we 've taken this deed of daring
Well in hand.

But other times, other ways, and to judge by the aspect of the modern Spartans, the ready-made clothing business must have been flourishing. In this respect Sparta presented a strong contrast to Tripolitza, the modern capital of Arcadia, from which I had just come. Tripolitza abounded in the *fustanella*, and as my visit fell on St. George's Day, and the whole population was in holiday attire, the sight of all those clean white kilts was grateful to the eye. In Sparta, on the other hand, everything was rigged out in garments that might have been imported from my own dwelling-place, Baltimore, a great emporium of the business.

The main street of Sparta, thanks perhaps to the grading processes already mentioned, was almost too American for a classical pilgrim, and I soon betook myself to the side-streets, some of which had a more truly Romaic air. In one of these streets was a famous silk factory, into which I peeped, — an establishment guiltless of modern machinery, and designedly so. But the factory was deserted at that hour, and there is nothing more depressing than a silent shop. However, the next day, as I was riding in from Mistrá, I met a procession of the factory girls who were making their way home to the villages about the town. Nowhere else in my short visit to Greece did I see so many bewitching faces, such lustrous eyes, such subtle features. It was as if the handicraft had given these Spartan maidens something of the tingle and the sparkle of American girlhood. How unlike these faces to the stolid countenances of the girls I had seen in Arcadia, crouching close together on the ground, and breaking stones to ballast the railway that is to continue the line beyond Tripolitza! These modern Spartan maidens will always be associated in my mind with the delicate blooms of the olive which lashed my face as I rode along. Not the least did they resemble the commanding and exacting figures that haunt the records of ancient Sparta: Lampito, for instance, well known from the Lysistrata of Aristophanes: —

Oh, welcome here from Sparta, dearest Lampito!
La, sweetest, what a splendid show your beauty makes!
And what a fine complexion! What a piece of flesh!
Why, you might choke a bull.

To which Lampito responds: —

Gogswouns! 'A think 'a mought.

III.

From the silk factory I proceeded to hunt up the various relics of antiquity in and near the town. It is a town of open conduits, not to say gutters, and the gutter that separated the street from the Leonidæum was sending along a far more ample stream than does the bed of the Ilissus in its ordinary mood; and in lieu of a stepping-stone my attendant threw a pile of prickly-pear stems into one of the shallows, that I might cross dry-shod. The sight of the Leonidæum ought to have called up a number of apt quotations. But apt quotations never come when they are called, and my mind wandered off to the whole system of Greek proper names and the harm that this "Lion" name had done its owners, and finally to the Aristophanic passage in which a Greek father is congratulated on the birth of a bouncing boy: —

A lion, a lion is born to you, your very moral.

All this was not very respectful to the memory of Leonidas, but the guidebook guards us against undue enthusiasm about the remains of this temple *in antis*, which has nothing whatsoever to do with the tomb of Leonidas. It is a fine piece of masonry, but to the untrained eye it looks more like an abandoned bit of modern work than like an ancient ruin. Leonidas having been eliminated, there was nothing about "the 12 yards by $7\frac{1}{2}$ of good Hellenic masonry" to stir the imagination; and I felt instead a perverse interest in the prickly pears, which were just then full of blooms, and pushing their purple and yellow flowers from the edge of the barbed disks with an insulting opulence like so many ficos to the universe. No one would expect such insolent, not to say indecent beauty of a plant that is all made up of greenness and prickles, — a plant that might well serve to embody the popular conception of the philological guild.

The Battle of the Amazons over the house door of the apothecary Kopsomantikos is one of the sights of the town. Another sight is the relief of the Gorgon's head above the door of Diamantópoulos, and in the doorway two women were sitting, who eyed the strangers with something of a stony Spartan stare. Gorgo, or Wideawake, is to a Greek scholar a rather pretty name, and recalls not only the beautiful Medusa Rondanini, but also the clear-eyed little daughter of crazy King Cleomenes, who was to become the wife of that very Leonidas after whom the Leonidæum was named.

Surely something is to be said for those bits of antiquity that are built into houses, and for my part I cannot harbor any resentment against the playful architects of such a church as the Little Metropolitan of Athens, that patchwork quilt in stone. It is, after all, a better fate to be used for no matter what purpose of life than to be stuck up and stared at in a museum. A museum is nothing more than a burial-place, and I had rather live on as a flower than be mewed up in a coffin. Of course I do not desire to lose such standing as I have among the worshipers of the antique, and I am simply speaking from the point of view of the antique object itself, with which I naturally sympathize more and more as time goes on. Professionally I am ruthless, and while a mill-race is assuredly a thing of life, a hundred mill-races might go in order to save one slab of the Laws of Gortyn. But if I personally were a fragment of a column, six or seven feet across, I should not object to having myself hollowed out and made a manner of wine-vat. This is the fate that has befallen some of the columns at Olympia, and there are worse fates. A column that supports nothing is an absurdity, and sweet are the uses of a wine-vat, though there are those who would prefer to be siphons. And so the Battle of the Amazons and the Gorgon's head interested me all the more for the places of their abode. I remember the houses in

which they were imbedded, and I feel as if they were on my visiting-list.

IV.

The next point was the museum. The Greek government, in obedience to the spirit of the people, favors the erection of local museums. If you wish to see the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Nike of Pæonius, you must take the long journey to Olympia, and the treasures unearthed at Delphi are to be seen only by those who are willing to make their way by a circuitous route to the shrine of the god. Foreigners who would like to find everything concentrated at Athens are prone to grumble at this arrangement. But it is a wise measure. It creates local centres of interest, local eddies of pride, and much is preserved that might otherwise be smuggled abroad. The monuments of the museum at Sparta — to which, by the way, American explorers have made some noteworthy contributions — have a decidedly local character. Nowhere do the Dioscuri figure so largely, that loving pair of brothers whose devotion closes with a lingering cadence that Nemean ode which tells how Kastor fell in fight, and how the divine brother renounced half of heaven that he might share the other half with his best beloved.

"Said Father Zeus to Polydeukes: 'Thou art my son. He who lies here was the mortal seed of a hero. A choice I give thee. If, 'scaping death and hateful eld, thou wilt alone inhabit Olympus with me and with Athena and Ares of the sombre spear, this is thy lot. But if thou championest thy brother's cause and art minded to share with him all things alike, half of the time thou mayest draw thy breath beneath the earth, and half in heaven's golden halls.' So spake he. Nor did Polydeukes take unto his will a double counsel. And Zeus set free the eye, and then the voice, of brazen-mailed Kastor."

And [illegible] where the Great Twin Brethren are buried, looks down on the museum.

Yes, the monuments had a decidedly local character and a corresponding interest. The marble may have been a poor thing, but it was Laconian; the statuaries may not have been consummate artists, but they were Laconian: and this local character reminded me of a visit that I had made sixteen years before to the museum at Treves. For the museum at Treves, like the museum at Sparta, is dominated by the genius of the place, and is full of stumpy figures which seemed to be of the same family as the *Stammgäste* of the Red House, the inn at which I put up in that ancient city. The true way to be interesting is to smack of the soil, — to be Spartan, to be Treviran, to be American. Your cosmopolitan is one of your transportable fruits, your transportable wines, your translatable poets. The dialect writers have found this out, and so has every American who has made the acquaintance of combination room or common room in the great English universities.

V.

In order to see the museum I had to look up the *scholarches* of the place, who deputed the *phylax* to open the building; and soon after the building was open, the scholarchs himself made his appearance, a tall young man, of wiry figure, of enthusiastic and cordial manners, a typical Greek of his class. Kyrios G. was a graduate of the University of Athens, and as it soon appeared, a friend of an American professor of my acquaintance, also a graduate of the same university. Our conversation, begun in French, was continued in English, of which the scholarches had learned a good deal during a sojourn of some months in the United States; and his only serious difficulty was with the Greek proper names, which did not translate readily into English. Occasionally we went over into ancient Greek,

that tongue which is supposed to be of so much service to the traveler in Greek lands. How far it is of service, and how far the modern Greek of practice corresponds to the modern Greek of theory, and what the emotions of a western Hellenist are when he finds himself amid the whir and the rush of the spoken Greek of 'Ellás, — these are not matters to be dispatched in the familiar account of a holiday jaunt. The shortest answer would be the production of a washing-list, in which the only word that has any considerable resemblance to ancient Greek is the word for "drawers," *esóvrako*, "inside rag," or else an appeal to a modern bill of fare, with its *soupa* and *makarónia* and *tomátes* and *omelétta* and *patátes*. But the answer would not be fair. True, it stirs a certain rebellion to be told, as one is told over and over again, that there is not so much difference between modern Greek and Xenophon as there is between Xenophon and Homer. But for all that, even in the rudest vernacular there are notes that wake the music of the ancient speech, and out of the level of the modern language the past rises as do the Greek islands out of the level of the Ægean. Attic Greek is still of service to the traveler, if supplemented by gesture. To be sure, gesture alone might serve, but we are not to underrate the conversational value of the Greek of the books. From the newspapers and the signboards many ancient words are becoming more and more familiar to the people, and a certain archaizing process is going forward, so that the foreigner who asks for a commodity under a classic name is more and more likely to get it. Of course, in Kyrios G. I had before me a man whose life was in ancient Greek, a scholar who was so familiar with the old tongue that it slipped perpetually into the new, so that nothing would seem more natural than an occasional resort to Attic speech. But as every one knows who has had any experience in foreign lands, the pronunciation is everything, the grammar nothing; and what with my efforts to tune my ancient pipes to the modern music, to drop my *h*'s, to transform my diphthongs, to give my *g*'s the right gulp before the right vowel, to come down on my accents with the rap of a bludgeon, and to give quantity to the winds, I cannot say that my part of the performance was a joy to me. But despite my own trouble, I could not keep from noticing that the party of the other part was under some little constraint. He was not unfamiliar with the process, well known to modern Greek as to ancient, of "turning the fair side outward," and he knew too much to be satisfied with the flabbiness of Byzantine Greek. Here in the heart of Sparta Hymettus was to be reproduced, and the frequent substitution of synonyms and the picking and choosing of words reminded me somewhat of the performances of the Latin debates of the German *seminaria* and the hesitating utterance of German "promotions." Still he had no difficulty with the pronunciation, and was consequently very much more at his ease; for although I had surrendered Erasmus immediately upon touching Greek soil, and was actually eager to bow the knee to Baal, my joints had waxed stiff and my genuflections could not have been edifying. However, with French, English, and Attic in varying proportions we came to a pleasant understanding; and when we parted, he to visit his *kaphenion* and I to see a famous Roman mosaic, we promised to meet again before I left Sparta.

Kyrios G. was an enthusiast in his profession, and thinking that there could be no greater treat in the world for a professor of Greek than to listen to a lecture on Greek grammar, he invited me to come the next day to his schoolroom and be present when he was conducting a class in the ancient tongue. At first I feared that he had made some special scientific discoveries; but when I reflected that while we were in the mu-

seum he had carefully explained to me the myth of Orpheus (Orféfss) I began to dread lest the instruction might after all be of an elementary character, and for a man of my calling I am not an enthusiast as to certain details, unless I myself am the hierophant. But my new friend evidently thought that he was offering me what I should in after-years look back to as the crowning glory of my visit to Greece, and I promised to be at the schoolhouse the next morning at ten. Nor was I suffered to forget my promise, for the next morning, at an early hour, a card was sent to my hotel, — a new one, which had not yet settled into a regular line of *cimices lectularii*, and had not yet assumed a startlingly classic name.

VI.

Of the genuine Greek inn, the typical *xenodochion*, the polite visitor to Athens, who has found quarters in one of the admirable establishments on the Square of the Constitution, has no just conception, and I cherish grateful memories of my days at the Grande Bretagne. New Corinth has of late years felt the influence of foreign travel, and the old capital, Nauplia, has been touched with the grace of comfort, the Anglo-American grace. But the interior of the Pelopónnesos has not been pervaded by these new ideas, and the inns are like the third-class inns of southern Europe. There are none of the modern conveniences which the Swiss, stimulated by English and Americans, have made well-nigh universal; but to a man who, in his time, has endured hardness there is nothing surprising in the character of the Greek inn, and if I introduce the subject here, it is because no account of foreign travel that omits all mention of hotels can give the right perspective. Indeed, in my experience, the merits and demerits of this pension and that hotel are apt to crowd out marvels of art and wonders of nature in the conversation of travelers. Nor would I underrate the importance of the subject from an historical and anthropological point of view. A comparative study of beds, for instance, might lead to important conclusions. The whole history of the German "Michel" is tucked away in the feather-bed below and the feather-bed above, and the great forerunner of sociological study, Polybius, can find no better illustration of the difference between the poverty of Greece and the wealth of Italy than the fact that in Greece the hotels of his time were kept on the European plan, and in Italy on the American.

In Greece the hotels of the interior follow one general type, — the Italian. There is no common sitting-room. Why should there be? There is no office, but that does not seem to interfere with the presentation of bills. The ground-floor is given up to a café or restaurant, if the innkeeper goes into that line of business. Frequently, however, the master of the Apollo has only rooms to let. The sleeping apartments on the floor above are often approached by an outside stairway, and, as is to be expected in a southern climate, they are scantily furnished. Over-furnishing is a vice anywhere; under a southern sky it is a crime, of which the Greeks are not guilty. There is usually a mirror, though that tribute to human vanity is sometimes lacking, and, like the Turk, the solitary Turkish towel bears no brother near his throne. The bedstead is invariably of iron, and does not offer the same vantage-ground to the assailants of sleep as a wooden framework would do; but the cushions are there and the walls are there, so that small comfort is to be derived from that slight reduction of possibilities. As in primitive United States within my memory, single rooms are rare. Two, three, four, five beds are put in one room, or strung along the corridors. A fastidious person who desires to occupy a room alone has to pay for all the beds therein. In some places special charges are made for sleeping in the daytime, and there is a fixed rate for sleeping on the floor.

That a man should wish to be private when he is asleep seems absurd to a race that sleeps at any time and in any place, regardless of onlookers. But in this whole domain, we Americans, who submit to the abomination of the Pullman sleepers, have no right to find fault with any other nationality, — we have no right to be fastidious about undressing in the eyes of the world; and a large charity ought to cover the divergencies of different regions and different periods in this respect. In the good old times people used to go to bed utterly devoid of raiment, and the bedclothes, as we call them still, were the only clothes.

But I have an appointment with my scholarches, and must not dwell on that other important element on which travelers are wont to dilate, the food, nor yet on the drink, a tempting theme. Indifference to the quality of that which goes to make up the temple in which our souls are lodged cannot be classed among the virtues; and the brave endurance of hardship is not incompatible with the maintenance of gastronomic ideals. A man may munch parched corn in the service of his country and eat raw "middling," may devour tough "flapjacks" and drink new "applejack" out of a tin cup, and yet be true to the memory of better things. Now, travèling in the interior of Greece is still a manner of campaigning, but there is nothing that I encountered in the way of food or drink or lodging that might not have been inscribed with *pejora passus*. A well-known scholar, in a little book on Greece, dwells on the fact that his wife drank tea out of a thick china cup, while he was feasting his eyes on this or that, and the illustrious historian Freeman utters a prolonged grunt as he recalls the horrors of the *samári*, or native saddle; but the thickness of the china ought not to raise a wall between the beholder and the loveliness of Greece, and the samári is not so bad if one learns to ride sidewise, as the Greeks do. Wherever one can find bread and cheese and eggs and olives, there is no danger of perishing; and if one must have meat, why, a lamb can be slaughtered in a trice. The lamb of rural Greece represents the chicken of rural America, and what traveler in our Southern country has not been called on to witness the mad chase of the bird that was to furnish forth the midday or the evening meal? Still, it is fair to say that one grows weary of Easter lamb, and I remember a three-course dinner of *arnaki* at Megalopolis which seemed at the time somewhat monotonous. But I remember, too, that the first course was a most excellent broth; and that memory brings me back with a jerk to Sparta.

To Lacedæmon then
You 've come, and you must learn to heed their laws.
Go and take dinner with them at the mess-house there,
Enjoy your broth, and suck it down, and never think
Of your mustaches.

This choice fragment of Antiphanes, which I should otherwise have forgotten, figured in a lecture on Sparta which I delivered in my apprenticeship, many years ago, and is eminently appropriate in a paper which has for its heading A Spartan School.

VII.

I have tarried a long time in the xenodochíon, but, like La Fontaine, who always took the longest way round to the Academy, I am in no hurry to go to school, and I was in no hurry then. Besides, it was a beautiful morning, and I had a couple of hours before me; for one rises early in Greece. So I wandered about the town first and studied the unfashionable quarters again, — a deserted marketplace, and an ironmonger's shop full of strange bars and bolts and gratings that might have come from a disused Inferno, standing out most distinctly in my memory. Thence to the edge of the town, from which I could gaze at the rifted side of Taygetus. It seemed near

enough to thrust the hand into the scars. I can recollect nothing just like it. The sternness of the rock, its implacability, recalls Delphi; but for rifts Taygetus is solitary, as was the Spartan state, and into these rifts the spirits of the Spartans seem to have fled, leaving the valley of the Eurotas, with its wealth of vegetation and its overflow of water, to the descendants of the Helots, to the hucksters and the traders, to the dealers in ready-made clothing and the dealers in Yankee notions. And yet the ancient Spartans were of all the Greeks the most wolfish in their love of money. Was it not prophesied of old,

> Avarice, and naught else, shall ruin the fortunes of Sparta?

In the eyes of a classical traveler this transformation of Sparta into a brisk trading town would seem to be nothing but a fulfillment of the old oracle. Isocrates says of the Spartans that they learned letters only in order to keep accounts, and I could not help thinking of that a day or two afterwards, as I was passing an open door in Gýtheion and heard an old man ask his granddaughter in a sharp tone, "How many drachmas are there in a napoleon?" As this is one of the guidebook phrases, I should not have believed my ears if it had not been for the harsh iteration. So after all we have only to substitute "daric" for "napoleon," and the historic continuity of which Mr. Freeman makes so much is restored.

VIII.

I made my way to my appointment, revolving the while a little sketch of a country school which I had recently read in Bikélas' Discussions and Reminiscences. In this sketch, the famous author of Loukes Laras, a novel which has been translated into a variety of languages, protests against the traditional teaching of grammar and history in the elementary schools of Greece. Why, he asks, should so much time and toil be spent on teaching little country boys all these pluperfects and all these duals, things that do not occur in the language they use or in any language they are likely to learn? Why stuff their heads with all the speculative matter that masquerades as history? What was the name of the king who sacrificed himself for his country? Codrus. Well and good, says Bikélas. That is a lesson of patriotism. But what is the sense of talking about the Heraclidæ and their mysterious return? What are the royal houses of Argos and Mycenæ to the time that now is? And yet, with all respect for M. Bikélas' judgment, these things are to the Greek all alike indefeasible. To the critical historian Codrus is quite as mythical as Cecrops, and the reason given for favoring Codrus tells the whole story. The passionate patriotism of the Greeks will not allow any severance from the past. They have entered into the inheritance of Hellenism, and the question of actual descent has nothing to do with it. The Greeks do not intend to allow any solution of continuity in that respect, as the names of the streets in any Greek town show. It is true that in Sparta a German baron had the laying out of the streets, but hardly the naming of them. Agesilaus and Leonidas figure side by side with Otho and Amalia, and if the Dioscuri were to come back together, they might ride down their own avenue. King Arthur is perfectly mythical to us, and yet what man is there born to the English tongue who does not feel an especial proprietorship in that noble figure among the noble figures that stand guard around the tomb of Maximilian in Innsbruck? And if we are to have the Great Twin Brethren, why not the dual, which had practically died the death with Demosthenes? To the dispassionate inquirer, what the ancient Hellenes would have thought of their modern representatives is a matter of no moment. As well ask what our colonial and revolutionary ancestors would have thought of the newcomers whose Americanism is of yester-

day, and who undertake to represent America abroad. The Hellenes of to-day have been called by some ill-natured partisans of Fallmerayer the hermit-crabs of history, but no one can come into contact with them and not feel a certain sympathy with their determined hold on the past. They will not give up an alphabet which makes orthography a burden and hampers intercourse with the Western world. Open a Greek newspaper, and you have to guess at many of the names that will not accommodate themselves to the Greek alphabet. *Rózberis* we know and *Salisbourís* we know, and *Channotó* can be identified from the context, but who is *Phransís Sarm?* Yet inasmuch as the ancient alphabet holds the rudest dialect to the old moorings there is no prospect of change.

However, these reflections were hardly in place, as I was about to visit, not a country school, but the highest school of the region, and the class whose performances I was to witness ranked highest in this highest school. Arriving with due scholastic punctuality, I was received with effusion and presented to the scholars. The room was a facsimile of the one in which I myself had sat some forty-five years before in Göttingen. The long desks and the long benches had doubtless been copied from German models, — the same German models that have been followed in the University of Athens. There were some thirty boys, as nearly as I can remember, all bullet-headed, close-cropped, sunburnt fellows, — unjoyous, as it seemed to me. The ages ranged from fourteen to seventeen, as well as I could make out. On the desk lay a number of slips of paper rolled up like spills. These contained the names of the boys, who were called up by lot, so that no youth could lull himself into security by the reflection that he had recited the day before. It was a review lesson, and after the bustle occasioned by my entrance had subsided, the exercise went on. There was a platform, there was a desk, but the teacher stood on the same level with the pupils. No pent-up desk or platform confined his powers as he walked backwards and forwards, emphasizing his rapid questions by lively gestures and by flashing eyes. The boys had been well drilled, and showed besides the alertness of their race. There was seldom need of correction, and "Polí kalá" (Very good) was the chief comment. In the course of the morning, a potentate in civilian's dress and a potentate in military uniform dropped in and witnessed the proceedings. The soldier interjected a few remarks, the civilian kept a discreet silence. The textbooks were a grammar and a reader. The grammar was constructed on the basis of Curtius, Meyer, and other German authorities; for the Greeks pride themselves on being abreast of the times, and such a journal as the Nea Iméra of Trieste often brings out excellent summaries of philological works before they reach America. But there was not the least native flavor about the grammar. It was nothing but German done into conventional modern Greek, and I could not summon up much interest in the behavior of that *varium et mutabile*, that "thing of choppings and changings," the third declension. Not so the scholarches as he reviewed with rapture those nouns in which the form of the vocative is as sensitive to the accent as a maiden to her lover's call, and those in which the genitive stands with parted lips, sighing, as it were, for the lost digamma. Somehow, my thoughts were not with accent and hiatus. They were with the rifts in the side of Taygetus.

In the silent watches of the night the fear sometimes comes over me lest, when I have preached grammar so long to others, I myself should be a grammatical castaway. It is a fate that has overtaken many grammarians, and, conscience-smitten, I gathered myself up and listened to the lesson.

The boys gave the orthodox explanations — let us rather say, the orthodox

explanations of yesterday — with the utmost readiness, rattling off the technical rules for accent and inflection, and illustrating them on the blackboard in a way that either showed understanding or simulated it very closely. Only now and then was there a slip, and almost always on the treacherous ground of orthography. For the fox that gnawed the vitals of the Spartan youth of old the modern Spartan has to contend with the seven devils of the vowel signs.

The reader, to which we passed next, had a more native flavor than the grammar. It was largely made up of extracts from Xenophon, who is the great stylistic model of the Greeks of to-day, and from Plutarch, whose Lives yield the most interesting matter for that continuous history in which they believe with all their souls. Xenophon and Plutarch still hold their own in the west, but your dainty Dutch Hellènist finds much fault with Xenophon's Greek, and your superfine English Hellenist would rather read Plutarch in North's version, very much as Swinburne prefers Byron in a French prose translation.

The section chosen for the exercises of the morning was the Life of Themistocles; and it was evident that Themistocles was as near to the boys as were any of the heroes of the Greek War of Independence, assuredly nearer to them than the English gentleman Hastings (Ἀστιγξ), whose effigy I had seen a few days before in the Polytechnic Institute of Athens. Themistocles had many of the characteristics of the modern Greek, and Xerxes might pass for a typical Grand Turk. The chapter attacked was the one in which Themistocles makes overtures to Xerxes, and it was assailed with the utmost vigor, as if Plutarch were a Turkish garrison and the boys were Cretans. It was first read aloud in a high key and at railroad speed, — though the Greek railroad does not suggest great speed, — and then translated into modern Greek which seemed to my unfamiliar ear somewhat archaic. Next, specimens of both ancient Greek and modern version were written on the board, perhaps for my benefit; for it is very probable that the exhibitors were not imposed on by the preternatural gravity and fixedness of attention, such as mark the countenances of school trustees and school examiners the world over.

The few simple questions that I propounded through the teacher were answered satisfactorily, and the lesson went on to its next stage. The passage was taken up word by word and forced to yield a large crop of inflections. Every irregular verb had to give an account of the deeds done in the body, and the principles of "verb formation" were discussed in minutest detail. No chance was lost to improve the occasion except that syntax was not much insisted on. It was the grammar lesson over again, demonstrated on the dissected chapter. Then the boys passed through a running fire of questions as to the contents: "Who? What? When? Where? Why?" and finally the biography of the biographer himself was taken up. The answers came, as a rule, fast enough. When there was a halt or an error, the peccant member was brought up to the blackboard and made to work out the right answer. It was lively teaching, most assuredly, and effective teaching, I doubt not; and as nothing else in the way of Greek is taught in the schools, and the ancient tongue is held up as the ideal, no matter how much the pupils depart from the standard in after-years, the impression must abide.

In the perpetual struggle between the waking tongue of the people and the dormant language of the books, the school is on the side of the sleeping beauty, — one dare not call it the dead language; and while the passionate insistence that it is not dead, but sleepeth, will not recall the past to life, still it is impossible for the classical scholar not to feel touched when the patriotic archaizer apostrophizes

the ancient tongue in the language of the disciple: "To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." The modern tongue is too restricted, too carnal, in its range. To expatiate on moral or æsthetic themes in the language of the Klephts does not seem feasible; and in the to and fro of this struggle the school is a great power. Theoretically we may ask, Why not let the old language die the death? Why not abolish the old alphabet, introduce phonetic spelling throughout, and let things take their course? The processes are very much such processes as the Romance languages have passed through. There would doubtless emerge from the caldron, in which the disjointed language simmers, a new and beautiful creation. But it is impossible to reason thus with the archaizer. So long as the language of the people receives the grafts that are made on it from the old stock, so long as the dead tree revives at the scent of the waters of Castaly and Pirene, so long the archaizer will not lose courage. And such an archaizer was my friend the scholarches of the Spartan school.

The lesson over, I went out to look at Taygetus again with its riven side, and paced under the olive-trees and considered their graceful and delicate blossoms. For, as I have said, the olive-trees were in bloom when I was in Sparta.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

THE CHARM.

Slight is the thing it needs to wake
The embers that have slumbered long
Within the poet's heart, and make
Them burn again with song.

A rose, a star, a voice, a glance,
Echo or glimpse, — it is the same:
Some mystery of time or chance
That finds the hidden flame.

Embers of song and song's desire,
Hushed in the singer's heart they lie,
And softly kindle into fire
If but a dream go by.

And none may say, since none can know,
Whence comes the vivifying spark
That sends a transitory glow
Of song across the dark.

It is a secret summons, such
As comes unto the spray when spring
Wakens the blossoms with a touch,
That bids the poet, *Sing!*

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MARIGOLD-MICHEL.

I.

MARIGOLD-MICHEL strode down the mountain. It was five o'clock in the morning, and the world was fresh. From his broad-brimmed rush hat, wreathed with marsh-marigolds, streamed long stems of oak leaves dancing and nodding like a cavalier's plumes. His face was brown, gay, and clean-shaved except for a big mustache, rather yellower than his faded hat, or even the straggling ends of fair hair curling loosely on his shoulders. On his arm he carried a large basket covered with plantain leaves; strapped upon his back, a canister; thrust through his belt, a peasant's knife sheathed and a solid bunch of marigolds. Tall, powerfully built, in a weather-beaten brown jacket, his long legs incased in foresters' boots of stout russet leather reaching halfway up the thigh, he swung along as if his soul were singing a blithe tune. The woods were full of birds; he piped to them like a thrush-initiate. The trees were his own familiar friends. He smiled as in response to the vehement babble of the small brook that accompanied his swift feet down the slope.

Not far from the edge of the forest he crossed a few fields and approached a lonely hut. Deftly as he took from his basket and put upon the window-ledge some cresses, mint, mushrooms, *Waldmeister*, and a few flowers, the casement opened slightly, and a voice gruff as that of Red Riding-Hood's pseudo-grandmother croaked, "Is that you, Michel?"

"Yes, granny. I hope you are feeling comfortable this morning?"

"Comfortable? Pray what should make me comfortable, I 'd like to know? Old age and poverty and the rheumatism in every bone I 've got? Being shunned like poison, and my great-grandson a jail-bird? Comfortable! That 's your fool-talk, Marigold-Michel."

"All right, granny," the man returned cheerily. "Can I do anything for you in town?"

"Oh, it 's town-day again, is it? Nothing better to do than to strut about with your weeds dangling, and the folk a-staring?"

"Not much," he said, with an amused laugh.

"Laughing 's cheap!" she growled. "Wait till you are a rheumatic old woman neglected of every mortal soul, your own children quarreling with you tooth and nail whenever they cross your threshold, and Hans in jail."

"I know, I know," he answered soothingly, his voice indulgent and mellow. "There 's a lot of bad luck in the world."

"You don't know, Marigold-Michel!" retorted the exasperated voice behind the casement. "Nobody knows anything about my rheumatism. Those that never had any better keep still; it stands to reason they know nothing about it. Those that had it once, they 've forgotten, and what they say is trash and fibs; they 're only making themselves important. And those that have got it, they are thinking of their own pains every breath they draw, and that 's why I say nobody on earth knows anything about my rheumatism."

"Come, granny, what do you want today? A little snuff?"

"That last was pretty nasty," she grumbled.

"We 'll try to get some that 's good. And a wee drop of gin? That 's a bit comforting for our rheumatism, eh, granny?"

"Any child knows that without asking."

"Coffee?"

"Perhaps you think the last quarter-

pound parcel you brought ought to last forever?" she rejoined acrimoniously.

"Fuel you have for a month, at least, and beer and potatoes; bread and milk and eggs the child Genoveva brings. As to Hans, poor little chap, I shall go to see him to-day, if they 'll let me in. But he 's all right. He had no more to do with the burglary than I had. If he refuses to explain why he was lurking in the neighborhood, it 's a sure case of sweetheart."

"Minx!"

"But I think he will tell me about it. He 's rather fond of me. He inherits it from his great-grandmother."

"Rubbish!"

"And he 'll be up to see you before long."

"If he dare to show himself, I 'll tell him he 's disgraced the family, and I 'll slam the door in his face."

"And drive away the only one of your children's children that still comes to brighten you up a bit? The youngest, — little Hans! Oh, you 'll never do that. I know you better. You 'll be very amiable and affable, and awfully nice, granny, and you 'll give him a mug of beer, and bid him come again as soon as ever he can — and bring his sweetheart."

"H'm! Michel, I want a hank of yarn, gray yarn: plain, not mottled; dark, not light; and medium, neither coarse nor fine. Here 's a sample, which of course you 'll lose, and you 'll come back empty-handed and say you forgot. It 's a mean sort of world for a poor lone lame old woman. If you 're young and strong and go-as-you-please, with a hoity-toity and a whoop and hurrah and hullabaloo, and" —

"Now I 'm off. I 'll fetch all your things, never fear. And I would n't be quite so solitary, day in, day out. Why do you not talk with Genoveva?"

"You live alone yourself, Marigold-Michel!"

"Quite true. She 's a jolly little maid, and might amuse you. Can't you tell her a story or something?"

"Her mother, the last time she ever came, said in my very face that I" —

"Oh, but the child is not to blame that all you people have spicy tongues. To-morrow I 'll come down and spend the afternoon with you, if I may, being, as you say, so alone myself. I 'm weaving a new basket, and will bring my work along."

"Then see that you wipe your great dirty boots. I 'll not have my floor littered with rushes or tracked with black slime from the woods."

The tall man stood bending toward the tiny curtained casement, which screened his amused smile.

"We 'll have a famous gossip."

"If you bring any news worth hearing. Your talk is mostly as dull as a son-in-law."

"Good-by, granny. Take care of yourself."

"If I don't, nobody else will, that 's pretty clear."

"Michel!" she called presently.

He stopped and turned. "Well, granny?"

"Those last mushrooms were vile."

He let loose a long-suppressed chuckle before calling back politely, "These to-day are better, I hope."

"You 'll poison me yet!"

He went on a few steps.

"Michel!"

"Yes."

"Plain gray."

"Not mottled," he returned jovially.

"Dark."

"Not light."

"Medium," she insisted.

"Neither coarse nor fine."

"Michel!"

"Yes, granny, but say it all, this time."

"Well, you need n't be so impatient. Men-folks never have the least control of their tempers." Her grim and wizened face, framed by a nightcap, peered

out of the window. "Tell Hans he may come up when he gets out. You 'll get the lad out sure, won't you, Marigold-Michel? And tell him not to be such a dyed-in-the-wool idiot another time!"

Michel swung his hat, and shouted in a great sonorous voice, "I 'll tell him you know he is innocent, and long to see him!"

"Well, don't roar the roof off."

Her suspicious, thankless gaze mustered his offerings on the window-ledge.

"Michel!" she screamed, "these cresses!" and again, "Michel!" or some other sound of rasping protest jarred across the quiet fields.

But he, going on at a great pace, took care not to pause again or turn his head.

"Hullo there! Stop that, will you? Stop, I say!" he commanded, as he reached the main road, where, at the foot of a steep byway, a peasant stood pommeling his nag with the butt end of his whip, and had already lifted a hobnailed boot.

Presently he crawled from the gutter, and rubbed various portions of his person as he advanced, red and scowling, toward Michel, who remarked, "Directly, directly," in an amiable and slightly preoccupied tone.

Having propped the cart-wheels, Michel was engaged in inspecting the animal, freeing his head, loosening straps, giving him a little water, and, with a wet sponge from the botanical canister, wiping the dust from his eyes and nostrils.

"What the devil are you doing to my horse?"

"Encouraging him."

"What do you mean by pitching me into the gutter?"

"It was necessary."

"I 'll teach you!" blustered the peasant, squaring.

"Do," said Michel pleasantly.

But eying his size and shape, the man came no nearer.

"I 'll complain of you. I 'll have you up for it. Who are you, anyhow, with your silly looks and woman's hair, and posies like a lovesick maid? Why, wait! I say! I 've heard of you. Your name 's Michel, — Wildflower-Michel."

"That is one of my names."

"Marigold-Michel."

"That is another."

"Fool-Michel."

"At your service."

"Well, I 'll not fight a fool."

"Nor I," returned Michel genially.

The man stared and slowly grinned, watched him awhile, and said at last, "Just leave me my own horse, will you, Fool-Michel? I must get on."

"You 've lost no time. He 'll go now without blows. I 've whispered in his ear."

"Oh yes, I 've heard of your tricks," muttered the peasant, reluctantly credulous. "See here. It 's my horse, and none of your business, but even a fool can see there 's nothing the matter with him."

"He 's a good little beast, not ill fed, but overloaded and fagged. Galled here, too, see? I 've protected it. You 've come far, I presume?"

"I 've been on the road four days, and not hit him once until he was *jaloux* just now."

Michel repressed a smile at the odd foreign word, a relic of the French occupation, and used in all seriousness by peasants of that region exclusively for balky horses.

"Then why did you begin?"

"Because I 've got an ill boy. He 's all the boy I have. Perhaps it would get into your own nerves, Fool-Michel, to see the nag go jaloux so near home."

"What ails your boy?"

"As if I knew! He hangs his head and moans, my wife writes. There never was anything the matter with him before," the man exclaimed indignantly.

"How old is he?"

"Eight years old next September."

"Your name and village."

The peasant gave them.

"I 'll come to see him to-morrow morning. Send for the doctor at once. See, the horse pulls well. It 's only the start that 's steep. Take care of him. You 'll have to pay somewhere, somehow, for every blow you give him. A good wash-down and extra feed, eh? I 'm sorry about your boy. But cheer up. You may find him brighter than you expect."

Michel had walked a short distance with the cart. In his manner was a certain benevolent authority, an innocent lordliness, and he no longer spoke in dialect. With a friendly tap on the man's shoulder, he turned back.

"I say, you 're no fool, are you, now?" demanded the peasant, staring curiously.

But Michel merely smiled, and walked off swiftly. The other, looking after him, noted the waving oak plumage and all the yellow bravery, and grinned.

"Anybody 'd know he was a fool! Get along, old fellow. We 're almost home." Cheerfully cracking his whip, he slapped with harmless palm the willing horse, now pulling stoutly up the hill.

Down the long road to the town went Michel, now and again branching off to the right or left to leave a rare botanical specimen with a world-forgotten old professor, a bunch of wood violets, anemones, or ferns at the doors of humble and mostly cross-grained invalids. Certain sylvan wares he sold at early market for fair prices, and jested in dialect and rough humor with old wives who hailed him jovially.

Everywhere he was greeted with nods, smiles, and chaff. A coarse fellow on a tram, winking at his mates, called out as Michel sat rearranging his basket, "What 's that yellow M for in that bunch of wildflowers?"

Michel, silent foolish and sly, with half-closed lids, bent over his posies and moss.

"What does it cost, Michel?"

"Fifty pfennigs."

"But for my sweetheart, because her name is Marie, you 'll sell it me cheaper?"

"Is his sweetheart's name Marie?" inquired Michel of another man.

"It really is," several asserted, laughing.

"Give it me for twenty pfennigs because her name begins with M," urged the red-faced jester.

Michel extended the bouquet. "Give it her, for comfort," he added gravely, amid the laughter of the men. "And keep your twenty pfennigs. You look as if you 'd need them when you go to housekeeping."

"When he is in a good vein he makes very fair shots. Such foolish fellows often can," a solemn gentleman explained as Michel stepped off the tram.

Passing rapidly by an hotel entrance, he nearly ran into an immaculate man of fashion emerging languidly in clothes of which the elbows and knees knew no derogatory wrinkles, and the shirt-collar was like unto a high and shining tower, so that when the wearer turned his head he had to turn his toes. The two exchanged brief glances. An involuntary smile of amazement crept into the stranger's eyes.

"Good Lord!" reflected the emancipated one, stretching himself in his lazy woolens, "to think I too used to thrust my body into broadcloth tubes and hang a glazed platter on my breast!"

In a sculptor's studio he posed long.

"Ah, give me another hour, Michel. I 'll make it worth your while."

"Not for your weight in gold."

"Ah, Michel, an idle, devil-may-care, happy vagabond like you!"

"Not to-day."

"But to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow. Saturday all day, if you like."

"Is it a sweetheart that makes you so inflexible?"

"Sweethearts, — yes."

"I cannot make head or tail of the fellow," said the sculptor to his friend.

"At all events, you are making a glorious Siegfried of him."

The two studied the wet clay in silence

for some time, pacing solemnly round it, hands behind them, chins in the air.

"It 's great."

"Well," the artist returned, drawing a deep breath and smiling, "at least it 's the best I 've done yet. I 'm superstitious about it," he added, covering it with a damp cloth. "I scarcely dare look at it when Michel 's not here. I posed him several times. No good. 'How 's this?' he asked suddenly. 'Don't budge for your life!' I cried, and worked like a madman. It 's a superb body the queer fellow 's got."

"But a bee in his bonnet."

"If he is half-witted, I wish I had the other half. That is why I tell you I don't know what to make of him. You meet him in the street, where he wears, for reasons of his own, a foolish countenance. What of that? Do not even the pillars of society the same, and never suspect it? Here, hour after hour, though he is silent and keeps a wonderfully straight face, the spirit of the man speaks. He simply cannot disguise intelligence and education. I 'd swear he knows the meaning of everything here, of all our talk and traps. He likes it. He knows authors. The other day, I caught in the mirror there his quick smile as some of us were quarreling over a quotation from Pindar, — Leo mangling it awfully, and old Arnim spouting Greek like a schoolboy. The man 's a gentleman, or I 'm daft. The first day he posed he did n't like it, you know, and he hated the money for it. I cannot explain why, but when he got up there stripped, and turned his eyes on me, I had a vision of a soldier marched out to be shot by his comrades."

"Oh, come, you are fanciful! Of course he gathers up the crumbs that fall from your table. He continually hears the art-chatter of you men here. But you are off the scent, I assure you. You are not yet acquainted with all our landmarks. Marigold-Michel is a public character, who has been roaming about here ten or fifteen years; twenty, for all I know to the contrary. Children adore him. He 's a sort of Pied Piper minus the pipe. Always looks the same. Nobody knows his age. But he 's a bit gray at the temples, I noticed to-day."

"On one side only. He may have been that at twenty."

"Well, my dear fellow, he may be less foolish than he acts, I grant you; although I incline to the current belief in his silliness, he does get himself up so like a male travesty of Ophelia, don't you know?"

"He 's a better dressed man than you or I."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "If you mount that hobby, I yield at discretion. But anyhow he 's a simple rustic: you cannot rout me on that point."

"It is possible you are right," returned the sculptor, lighting another cigarette; "but then, you see, I know better. However, since he elects to travel incognito, I shall be precious careful to respect his whim."

"Yes, for either there is nothing behind the mask, or there is something monstrously unsavory."

"Exactly. Whereas my model, Michel the marvelous, Michel the magnificent"—

"Non olet!" suggested the other, smiling. "Suppose we go to lunch."

Meanwhile, Michel was passed along with due ceremony by liveried servants through the courtyard, portals, stairways, and corridors of a palace. These men, although, being the lackeys of a duke, very great men indeed, were less haughty to Michel than to small tradespeople and such trash. The ducal retainers even smiled upon him, with a certain contemptuous tolerance of his vagaries. Men growing rotund upon the bread and beer of idleness, and displaying the splendors of scarlet and gold raiment and opulent calves, naturally found Michel's costume ludicrous, and his habit of tramping over hill and dale fatuity. Still, he too was

a sort of vassal of the palace. At all events, he came often, and was always admitted. Then he could do an obliging thing for one, as many of them knew from experience. So the languid great men were not more than phenomenally insolent, as Michel was announced along the line and advanced in proper form from pillar to post, until he stood on the threshold of a large and somewhat darkened room, where from a cot-bed a long "Ah!" of intense relief greeted him, and a child's voice, sharp and imperious, cried, "Everybody go except Michel!"

A nurse, a maid, and a man obediently stole out.

"Where you left off!" commanded the small pale tyrant. "Begin exactly where you left off, Michel!"

II.

"So the King and his fifty glittering knights rode ever on and on, day after day, month after month, in the Strange Country," began Michel, advancing slowly down the long room, his green leaves nodding, his marigolds and bright hair shining, as he crossed some fugitive sunbeam that stole in despite Venetian blinds and draperies. Smiling, moving very slowly, telling the tale as if born for the purpose, he came on, his eyes fixed upon the child, who, with the habitual frown of pain on his forehead and drawn lines of pain about his mouth, watched breathless, exultant — "in the Strange Country, which became ever stranger. The trees and the grass were sapphire blue. The birds were snow white, marvelous in song, and not one was smaller than an eagle. Voices called, one knew not from whence, in words no man had ever heard. Jewels grew on stalks, and the knights, as you may believe, were not too proud to fill their pockets. But as all the streams ran molten silver, and the noble company, having ridden far without resting, were consumed with thirst, and ready, man and beast, to drop from weariness, even diamonds and rubies as big as your fist began to pall upon them, and they would have given all that they possessed for a cup of cold water. Encircling the vast plain loomed the blood-red smoking mountains of the Strange Country, and as yet was no sign of a town or any human habitation. So the knights were despondent, and the King no less, but no man uttered his thought.

"Presently they heard a delicious splashing. Hastening past a luxuriant mass of beautiful aluminum shrubbery, to their exceeding joy they discovered a fountain of purest water playing into a tiny lake.

"As quick as a flash the King's cupbearer whipped out his tray and golden cup.

"'Nay, lad,' quoth the King, 'rather thus!' Promptly kneeling upon his royal knees, he drank with his kingly lips from the refreshing stream, thereby proving what an exceptionally clever and enlightened monarch he was, while the fifty glittering knights stood in a row with courtly mien, each wishing for all he was worth that his Majesty would be quick about it.

"But when the King had drunk copiously, thoroughly quenched his thirst, and would fain withdraw his august head, he found that his great beard, five and a half feet long, was clutched and held immovable in the water by hands that seemed to weigh a ton, and a voice from the depths cried: —

"'You are in my power, O King, and the swords of your knights are naught against my spells. Speak not to them. If you call, they will immediately become aluminum. There they will stand, and here you will remain, until you accede to the request I shall shortly make, as soon as I think you able to bear it.'

"Now only a king with a beard five and a half feet long, the pride of the kingdom, can appreciate the subtle awk-

wardness of this situation; not to mention the obvious indignity of having one's royal mane pulled at all, and the embarrassing consciousness that fifty good knights and true are thirstily drawn up on the shore, and etiquette forbids them to cool their parched throats and those of their red roan and other colored steeds, until the sacred person of royalty rises from its knees and gives them a chance.

"'Listen, O King,' said the awful gurgle in the depths. 'I will release you upon one sole, single, and solitary condition. You will pledge your sovereign word that on your return to your own realm, to your people, your palace, and your queen, you will'" —

Across Michel's mouth the child suddenly clapped his hand, exclaiming, "Time's up! Halt!"

The tale stopped short. The boy closed his eyes and sighed. "Oh, Michel, nobody's got any sense but you."

Michel inspected him closely and said nothing.

The child seized the rustic hat and patted the marigolds. "Nice!" he murmured. His gaze wandered with gloating delight over the details of the man's costume. "The others bore me so. They are all idiots — except mamma. I say, Michel, how long could you rattle on like that, — miles?"

Michel laughed. "Like that? Well, yes, I rather think so."

"Some time I'll try you a whole day."

"All right. In the woods. But there we'll have better things to do than to spin that rubbish."

"It is rubbish if you hear a lot," the boy remarked dispassionately.

"I should say so."

"But a little of it is nice, and I stopped you at exactly the right place. For I shall be wondering until next time what old Gurgle was going to make King Longbeard promise. So I shall enjoy it three times, don't you see? — now, and next time, and all the time between."

"Little sybarite!"

"I know what that means."

"You know a lot too much. Wait till I get you in the woods ten miles from your books."

"Ah, Michel, the woods! But in this stupid place a fellow has to read, you know."

"Such awfully old books for such a little man."

"Wait, Michel!" cried the boy eagerly. "How would you account for this? Solon said, *Call no man happy till he dies.* But Socrates said, *No harm can befall the truly wise man.* Now, I think Solon was a coward and afraid of life, and Socrates was brave: and that is how I account for it, Michel, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Michel gravely.

The child's hands strayed like a baby's over his big friend's face, patting it, pulling and remodeling.

"I say, Michel, why don't you wax the ends of your mustache, like papa? Would n't you be a guy! No, don't. Don't do a single thing different. Just stay so, Michel, exactly as you are, your hair, your clothes, and all of you, do you hear?"

"All right, my lord duke. I'll not budge an inch, I promise you, from the ways I find most comfortable."

"Michel," demanded the boy, with a sudden gleam of malice on his sensitive, mobile, and far too clever face, "how do you know anything about Socrates and Solon?"

"Oh, that amount of wisdom one can buy for a penny at the first bookstall."

"Why do you speak peasant dialect before the servants, and like a gentleman when you are alone with me?"

"Do I?" asked Michel placidly.

"Michel, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the boy triumphantly.

"Oh come, now, Azor! Do I like you because you are his Gracelessness the little Duke of Spitzfels-Höchstberg-Aussicht-über-Alles?"

"Oh, what a funny name! It does sound like ours, though," laughed Azor.

"Or because you happen to be a little chap I like? And suppose I were the Emperor of Japan in disguise, would you like me better?"

"I could n't like you any better, Michel," Azor answered, with extreme simplicity and sweetness. "I like you best — except mamma."

"Besides" —

"Well?" the boy said sharply, divining Michel's thought.

Smiling, tender, ironical, boundlessly indulgent, the big man continued: "There 's no possible doubt that Konstantin Albrecht Azor Karl Eugen is a gentleman, I presume?"

"No," returned the little duke haughtily.

"And you and I are friends, are we not?"

"Yes, Michel."

"Well, then."

The boy's eyelids drooped an instant. Presently he looked up into the face bending over him, and said peevishly, "You are awfully unkind not to come here and live."

"I could not, dear boy. I have explained that before. I have other things to do and other people to see."

"Other boys with hips?" asked Azor jealously.

"No. Besides, if I were always here, you 'd not like me as well. You 'd get tired of me."

"Mamma is always here."

"Your mamma is a most lovely lady."

"And you are Marigold-Michel!"

"But you 'd not get tired of me in the woods, little man. That I promise. When once they let you come, when once you are well enough."

"I 've waited so long," wailed Azor. "I 'm always waiting. I 'm dead tired of everything — except mamma. I hate this nasty room; I hate to be carried about the garden in an old box in a footman's arms; I hate to drive in the stupid park. Oh, I do want to go and live in the woods with you! Oh dear! Oh dear!" he moaned, all his precocious wisdom fled.

"You are very tired to-day, my poor little Azor. You slept badly, I suppose?"

"Yes, and I would n't let nurse know. I hate her fussing and the horrid-tasting things she gives. Oh, how they all bother! I hate the whole business. It is so slow, Michel! It is so nasty to live in a box!"

His slight hands fluttered restlessly. Michel took them in his quiet grasp and leaned close to the child.

"Look in my eyes, Azor, and listen," said the strong man's low, loving voice. "Look straight in my eyes. There is a place in the woods where some day you shall be. The way is steep and there is no path. It is a hidden place, only for you and me. But I will carry you softly in my arms, and nothing shall harm you; and you shall lie in a hammock under a great beech-tree, and squirrels will come and throw bits of bark at you and scamper off and chatter. It is a cool, green place. Its name is Azor's Camp. The sunshine flickers down in patches on velvety warm moss where last year's nuts are beginning to grow tails and two little ears in front. All day long you can watch the birds. There are oaks centuries old, a big solemn fir now and then, and lovely white stems scattered about. Out beyond in the heather are hares sitting on their haunches and looking as wise as the School Board. Sometimes a deer will point his nose at you and wonder what sort of queer new animal you are. Down below is a wet, shady place where long grasses and reeds and rushes grow and Solomon's-seal stretches up ever so high. You shall weave a hat and a basket like mine. And I will fetch you lizards and flat-headed salamanders with very wriggly tails, and little toads speckled orange and blue, and wee bright green baby frogs. There are splendid bright green beetles, too, hundreds of them, and daddy-long-legs and beautiful spiders with crosses on their backs will take imperti-

nent walks on you and tickle your nose, and never so much as say, 'By your leave, Azor.' The air is warm and the breeze is cool, and it 's all fragrant and silent and full of murmurs, — exactly as you love it best. A little rill comes tumbling over steep rocks, and lulls you with many voices when you wish to sleep. Under all the bending ferns, among the dead oak leaves of last year, are innumerable little shy things rustling, and I will tell you stories about them from morning till night, — how they live and work and play, and what they like and dislike. Whatever I know I 'll tell you. There 's not a thing in the woods, not a leaf, not an insect, that has not its story. And if you watch them and love them, they will tell you their stories themselves, and that is the best of all. The main thing is to love them. They do the rest."

The little hands were tranquil. On the wan face was restfulness. With a rapt smile the child gazed straight into the clear eyes that held him in thrall. Health, strength, serenity, the living breath of the woods, had subtly encompassed his frail being with brief but potent blessing. He basked in the generous sunshine of the man's presence. Michel's calm, controlling hands, his blue eyes smiling steadily, never varied, and the low voice ran on ceaselessly : —

" When they begin to tell you their stories, old Solon and Socrates can take a back seat. Azor's library will be full to bursting without those gentlemen. I never could tell you the distinguished names of all your authors and their works : —

" The History of the Ant Republic ; The Glorious Reign of her Majesty Queen Bee ; Butterfly's Intimations of Immortality ; The Ascent of the Acorn ; The Commonwealth of Frogs ; Carols by A Lark and Wood Thrush, M. A., and Principles of Harmony by Signor Blackbird ; The Rise and Fall of Dewdrops ; Nightingale on Love, and Breeze on Liberty ; Brook's Voyages and Adventures ; The Tail of a Tadpole ; Anemone's Secret ; Wild Rose and her Wooers ; Owls' Night-Thoughts ; The Emancipation of Miss Moss ; Reincarnation, by Lizardius, F. R. S., and The Mystery of Wings, both published by the Soaraway Society ; Bullfrog's Commentaries ; Bunny's Pilgrim's Progress, and Fox's Martyrs ; Black Beetles' Digest ; Snakes' Lives ; Cuckoo's Essays on Domesticity ; Dr. Snail, D. D., on Races ; and Urwald's Architecture.

" The beauty of these books is, they have no horrid little black letters that spoil one's eyes, but voices that will speak sweetly to my little Azor, and tell him lovely stories in the cool greenness of the place in the woods that is only for Azor and me. Everything will tell its tale : the swarms of insects, the flickering patches of sunlight, the patter of millions of leaves, the ceaseless trickling of the brook, and all the sleepy, droning tones from far and near in the warm summer noon that is yet silent and cool and restful in the heart of the great woods. For the myriad murmuring leaves, and innumerable fluttering wings, and legions of humming, buzzing things, and the sweet breath of earth — and ferns — and breeze — and — trees "—

Michel's voice became lower — slower — ceased. He waited awhile, rose noiselessly. Azor's dark lashes swept his sunken cheeks. The broad eyelids had begun to droop in happy languor long before, had opened, closed, and fluttered drowsily ; the flexible mouth had smiled faintly but a moment gone. Now he was sleeping profoundly.

As Michel went out, the nurse at the door stole in. A valet informed him, as usual, that the duchess desired to speak with him. To-day, instead of his stereotyped answer that he " could n't stop," he intimated in shy, rustic fashion that he " did n't mind."

Shown into the presence of her Grace, he bowed gravely and stood by the door hat in hand, his oak leaves trailing.

Neither the old crone nor the peasant, neither the sculptor nor little Azor, had ever seen Marigold-Michel bear himself with this fine deference.

For some minutes after the door closed there was no sound or movement in the room.

III.

"Guido," began the lady, hardly above her breath.

He merely looked at her.

She rose and came forward a few steps, a slight, small woman with Azor's eyes. "Ah, Guido!" she faltered.

"The youth Guido is dead," he answered gently. "I read his death in the papers years ago. They said he died in India."

"Is it worth while to speak so to me?" she said, trembling. "Do you imagine you deceived me for one moment? Did I not know you were innocent? Could I doubt you a second, in spite of all you did to prove yourself guilty? So mad — so good — so glorious — so unheard of — so senseless — so like you, Guido!"

Over his face flashed the sudden light of great joy. "Madam," he returned quietly, "I could almost at this moment wish it were possible for me to have the honor to receive your commands in my castle, where are neither doors nor servants, — not for the sake of the youth Guido, since he is dead and nothing can harm him, but on account of all who were dear to him years ago."

"No one will hear. I have given orders we are not to be disturbed. Was it well to let me wait years to tell you I understood? Why, if it were not for my poor little Azor's whim, I might never have been able to speak with you at all. And why only to-day? Why not months ago, Guido?"

"Your Grace will pardon me. I venture to present myself to-day to entreat a special favor."

"Ah," she said most sorrowfully, "not even now because you wanted to speak with *me?*" She sat down, looked at him drearily, covered her face with her hands and dropped her head on a table.

Michel stood a few moments irresolute before he crossed the room and said, "Forgive me, Erika."

She wept on softly. At last she murmured, "Tears are rare with me. But it is all so utterly hopeless." Turning towards him abruptly, "The favor. Let us get it out of the way, for we two have long accounts to settle."

"Two favors, indeed. First the child Azor. May I interfere?"

"You? All you like."

"Ought he not to have more air? Is he not too cooped up?"

"Of course. He ought to live outdoors from morning till night. How can I manage it in town, and with the sort of life I lead? I am going off with him. Konstantin has at last consented. The doctors say Azor must follow the sunshine round the world."

"Bravo! Then I need say no more. I had designs on the boy. When you return and he is stronger, if you could trust him to me for a while, I dare to believe you would never repent it."

"I would have trusted him to Guido."

"Trust Michel no less," he replied quietly. "The other favor is this. A word from the duke, if that were possible, would, I suppose, induce the proper authorities, whoever they may be, to permit me to see a young fellow in prison. Appearances are against him, and he is obstinately silent. I am sure he is innocent, and I think he would speak freely to me. It is a pity for him" —

"To sacrifice himself outright? I agree, Guido. Let us save him, by all means. Why should silly boys insist upon self-destruction? Give me his name and the necessary facts."

Having written a few words, she rang for a servant.

"Konstantin is in his study, I believe.

He will be eager to do, not this, but a real service for you. He often speaks of your devotion to our boy, and your strange reluctance to meet us."

Replying to the sudden question in Michel's eyes, "No, Guido," she continued, "I have never intimated to my husband that you are other than you seem. I have respected your secret. How could I do otherwise when you guarded it so jealously, when you have shunned me all these years, and let me gaze at you with a great heartache as you walked the streets in your cap and bells? How often I have driven past you and longed to stop my carriage and say, 'Guido, cousin, playmate, dear old friend, best of men, come up where you belong, come to your own'! But you went flaunting by, the crowd grinning. It is incredible! It is heart-breaking!" she exclaimed, frowning. "Don't stand there, Guido, like an errand-boy. It is distressing. It annoys me. Sit down."

"It is better so till the calves-in-waiting have returned, is it not?" he suggested tranquilly.

"I am glad," he said, as she presently handed him a cordially worded message from the duke. "I thank you. I had no other way. I know one man of influence here who would befriend me in need, but I cannot see him to-day."

"Does he know you?"

"He may suspect."

"But is discreet?"

"Perfectly."

"Ah," retorted the duchess with spirit, "he has no reason to intrude! He never was your comrade, your other self, your shadow, through all the young, happy years."

"No, little Erika, he was not."

"Sit here and talk to me, dear Guido, now that I have you at last."

"If I may talk in my own way," he said simply, and went on, pausing a little between his sentences: "It is not easy to bridge over the years. I knew it would be terribly painful, yet I could not refuse Azor. I knew too, of course, coming to your house, that this meeting must sooner or later take place. I could not put it off forever."

"Well," she said impatiently, "you did very nearly, and here you are, temporizing."

"I cannot bear to pain you, Erika, but for the past there is no explanation, and I have lived this sort of life so long" — he glanced down good-humoredly at his clothes — "it really seems odd to me that it should need justification."

"Oh," she cried, surprised and indignant, "a mountebank! You!"

"Not quite that," he returned, with gentleness.

"You, with your talents," she continued bitterly, "leading this utterly wasted life! Forgive me. You are so sweet to Azor. You have a marvelous influence over him. You help him when none else can. I know it. I feel it. But how forgotten, how ignoble, is your existence! Ah, when I look back! Why, there was nothing beyond your grasp. What a general you might have become, what a statesman!"

He smiled. "I am not of much use, I admit, but upon the whole I do little harm. Perhaps the generals and the statesmen cannot always say as much."

"A man should serve his country."

"I am totally without patriotism," he replied, with a certain sweetness of voice and expression. "I hold it to be a gross error. I have reverence for few national or social rubrics. But I'll not bore you with my theories. They wax strong in solitude."

"Guido, tell me this: when you are not displaying yourself in town for fools to gape at, how do you spend your days?"

"Oh, I don't know. Doing odd jobs."

"What sort of odd jobs?" she asked sharply.

"Well, I mended a man's roof the other day. Don't groan. I did it very well."

"They say," her face expressed repug-

nance and distress, "but this I refuse to believe, — that you pose for artists."

"I do sometimes. Why not?"

"Oh, Guido! oh, Guido!"

"I wish I could comfort you, Erika," he said very kindly. "You see, I think one can so easily do worse things. If I keep my body wholesome and strong, it seems to me I do my duty by it. I don't know that I owe it any special obsequiousness."

"A gentleman born" —

"I admit I had some scruples at first. It is odd how tenacious certain sentiments are. But all you have to do is to change your point of view and shake off a few husks. I assure you I don't mind it an atom now."

"They say you sleep on the ground in the woods or in a cave; at any rate, like a beast of the field. Is that true, too?"

"Sigh no more, lady," he returned, with a laugh. "I've got a capital little cabin, originally a forester's lodge, which suits me perfectly. It is not a large establishment. You could put it in that bay window. But it's really got a bed in it, Erika; oh dear, yes, a most respectable sort of bed, which I greatly esteem — in winter, sometimes, and in long storms. But I confess, at the risk of your displeasure, I have a graduated set of bunks in the open, — nicely adjusted to my whims and the Lord's seasons, — and I'd be more explicit, but you'd never understand. You're not educated up to it. You see I am terribly epicurean."

It was true, then, all true, — the impossible tales people told of Marigold-Michel; yet there he sat, brown, handsome, superb in strength, his blue eyes shining with mirth as in the old days. He had spoken in the old, boyish, jesting way. His voice had a mellow, contented ring. The tragedy of facts seemed persistently set aside by his comfortable unconcern. It was stupendous, but she felt herself yielding, against knowledge and conviction, to the potent cheerfulness of his interpretation of things. Not thus had she pictured this interview.

"Guido," she persisted, "tell me, how can you live so out of the movement, with no refinements, no advantages, no society of your kind, no talk of the day, no politics, no art, no books? Or have you books? I suppose you do not ever read the papers?"

"Papers? Not habitually, thank Heaven!" he replied devoutly. "Books I have, — not many, but sufficient, — the masters. After all, the best of our reading most men get young, and then we keep mammaling it the rest of our lives, as an old sailor his old quid. Still, perhaps you'd not be quite displeased with me in that one respect, Erika. It is not difficult in this electrical year of our Lord to keep somewhat in touch with vital things, even if one is uninformed by the gossip of drawing-rooms and clubs. You do not suspect what wisdom is in the air, on the road, on the lips, it may be, of the unknown workingman with whom one chances to walk as one goes home in the dusk. Besides, I do not live in a desert, but near a large town. I can get what I want. I am only a pinchbeck hermit, you see. But I am spared, oh, such a lot of jibber-jabber that you have to put up with, my poor little duchess!"

"I believe you," she returned wearily, with a strange look. After a long silence she resumed: "There are many detestable social functions, I admit; machinery so cumbersome, arduous, inexorable, soul-stifling, that I, even I could comprehend your glee in being able to snap your fingers at it, if — if only your mask were less ignoble."

"Ah, my marigolds!"

"Your whole position. The crucial step once taken, your great renunciation made, I grasp the sad necessity of self-effacement, but not of self-abasement, not the choice of your low, grotesque garb and clown tricks."

"Is it so bad?" In his smile was a

wealth of affection and serenity. "See, Erika, my cap and bells, as you call them, give me the right of way everywhere and disarm suspicion. Dear cousin, before I go let me comfort you, if I can; let me try to reconcile you to my fate."

"You will reconcile me to nothing, Guido, — neither to your insensate magnificent self-immolation nor to this motley anti-climax."

"Erika," he pleaded, "there are things you say which it is impossible for me to answer. I entreat you to let sleeping dogs lie. Let me talk to you a little about the evolution of the cap and bells. Let us suppose, merely by way of illustration, a young fellow" — he paused an instant — "commits some sort of crime and" —

"Never will I suppose that!" she broke in passionately. "Let us suppose instead that a quixotic boy assumes the onus of a felony committed by his older brother. Let us suppose things look most ominous for the older. Suddenly the younger disappears like a thief in the night. He too had access to the room where the deeds were. 'This is guilt!' cry the wiseacres. 'This is Guido,' says one girl, but only to herself. To what end speak? To whom? When did she ever reveal any prank of his? His monstrous flight throws inquiry off the scent. The scandal is gradually hushed up out of consideration for so old and influential a family. All people in general know is that there was some mystery about a scapegrace who disappeared. And the much respected older brother lives in peace on the lands of his forefathers; and much good may it do him, for Philip was not worth so much love, Guido, — not worth heroism, exile, crucifixion, like yours!"

"Don't, Erika!" exclaimed the listener sternly. "He was always a good brother to me." His face half averted and concealed by his hand, he had drunk in every word thirstily, though once or twice he had sought to restrain her by word or gesture. After a long pause, "In the hypothetical case under discussion," he continued imperturbably, "it is immaterial why the young fellow finds it imperative to leave home suddenly. The point is, he goes off. Another young fellow is with him, ostensibly his servant, but always his best friend, — a gardener's son brought up with him. The boy follows without permission; gives no sign until it is too late to send him back."

"Michel always worshiped you," said the duchess softly.

"Three years later the poor lad dies in India, and is buried — it is all very simple, you see — under the name of the other man, who is not much of a fellow, for after the death of his companion he grows so deadly homesick he is literally good for nothing, and droops like an anæmic girl. He has a tremendous admiration for strong men who can orientalize or occidentalize themselves at will, turn sheik or cowboy, and carve their way anywhere. But he 's not that sort. Lacks character or something. Finds no rest, pines for his home, cannot recover his strength. You see, he left behind — much that he cared for."

"Go on, dear Guido," murmured the duchess.

"Well, after looking about in pretty much all the hemispheres there are, he finally sneaks back to his own land, — to a corner of it where he is unknown. Remember he is legally dead, and appears under the name and papers of the dead boy. He is bound, in the nature of the case, to lie more or less *perdu* forever. He has always loved the woods, and naturally enough drifts thither. He does a good turn now and then for an old forester, and wins his confidence. Slowly, very slowly the wanderer learns to shape his life anew.

"But a serious man who lives alone in the woods is of course, to the general public, a suspicious character, planning the assassination of monarchs or con-

structing dynamite bombs. Ergo the cap and bells. I spare you obvious historical examples, but trust me, judicious fooling is the only complete disguise. For some occult reason, silliness — the 'childish-foolish' — is ingratiating; sense repels. What if the man looked wise, studious, or even respectable? He could not escape probing and embarrassment from all quarters. As it is, no mortal enjoys such unbounded freedom. Every policeman in town grins at him for a harmless fool, and at midnight as at high noon he is protected by the beneficence of his cap and bells."

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Almost you persuade me you are happy."

"I am content. I have space."

"You might die all alone up there."

"Everybody dies alone."

"It is marvelous," she sighed.

"And you," he said gently, after a while, "are you happy, Erika?"

"Oh, Konstantin is very considerate and good," she replied, rather indifferently. "He is always much occupied, of course, with affairs of state. We see each other less than one expects before marriage. Azor's condition is a great blow to his ambition." Replying to his slightly elevated eyebrows, "Oh, you know how men are, what they want. It is natural they should be ambitious, particularly a man in his position. It is an unfree, artificial world we live in. We all are forced to work and strive so hard. I sometimes ask myself for what. Court life is thankless business. My only real happiness, strangely enough, my little ill boy gives me."

Michel was silent, smiling faintly, his eyes regarding her thoughtfully. Presently he asked, "And your brothers? Jolly little beggars, how have they turned out?"

"It is certainly not their fault that they are not beggars in earnest," she answered dryly. "Papa storms periodically, and calls upon the gods to witness he 'll not put up with this sort of thing a day longer, then pays their bills like a holy martyr. Oh, they are not bad fellows; only a little selfish and terribly gay, like all their set. When cavalry lieutenants dine, and play, and keep racers — well, you know how it is."

"Yes, I know."

Michel paced the room once or twice before asking, rather low, "Are Philip and Aline happy?"

"In their own way. They jog along together pretty much like the rest of the world."

His look was still wistful.

"They have three fine boys and a charming little girl."

"Thank God," he broke out, "there 's life and laughter still on the old place!" And his jubilant heart sang, "For them — it was for those children — even then, and in all dark hours, though I knew it not — for them!"

"Philip has named his last boy Guido," she said suddenly, and wondered at Michel's face, touched, grateful, and strangely illumined.

Still transfigured, he approached with extended hand.

"You are not going?"

"I must."

"But you will come again? Surely, Guido!"

"When you consider," he said gently, "you will see it is inexpedient. From this time let me be only Marigold-Michel. I beg, dear Erika, I implore you."

She hesitated long, deeply agitated. "But if you should need me" —

"For myself or another, I will let you know. If you need me, you have but to command."

"Oh, Guido," she said as they stood hand in hand, "I see I may not interfere with the strange course you have chosen, no more than with the orbit of a planet. But it is sad to say farewell. Still, it is better than before you came. At least, I know now you have not avoided me from want of affection."

"Never that!"

"You dared not see me because you dared not deny your innocence," she declared, with sudden vehemence. "You have not denied it. You cannot deny it. You can do all the rest, but you cannot look me in the eyes and lie. Thank God, your honor is spotless. Thank God, I always knew it."

He breathed deep; across his face flitted swift reflections of varying emotions, as if he fain would respond a thousand things to her sweet turbulence, yet he merely stooped and slowly kissed her hands, and said in his kind and simple way, "Little Erika was always a loyal little thing;" and in answer to her troubled gaze, "It is not really good-by. I shall always come to Azor. We will make him a strong man yet. Some time you will trust him to me. And you and I are always at heart the old" —

"Rascals!" she suggested, smiling with wet eyes.

"And we shall see each other now and then, if only to pass with a good thought and the memories that will always live. But Guido is dead. These marigolds grew on his grave. There is nothing at all gloomy about them. See how gay and sunny they look. Let us never mourn or resurrect him again. Now give Michel one good word before he goes."

"It is inconceivable, humiliating," she exclaimed, between a sob and a laugh, "but I am actually beginning to like Michel and his marsh-marigolds!"

"Always my generous little Erika, so straight and honest, so utterly her old self, so like Azor! Marigold-Michel thanks you from his heart that you could say that. It will help him in hours when he is not jingling his bells."

"Ah, such hours come!"

Again he bent over her hands. "Farewell, dear little duchess."

"Farewell — Michel," she faltered.

"Now smile, Serenissime; and ring and hand me over to the tender mercies of the calves."

"Show Marigold-Michel out," said her Grace languidly.

Turning away, she paid no further attention to the tall bright figure crossing the room, but bent over a bunch of yellow flowers lying on her writing-table.

Blanche Willis Howard.

VENUS IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

I.

At first sight, it may certainly seem strange that of all the heavenly bodies the one hitherto the least known to the world should have been her nearest neighbor, the planet Venus. When we consider that men have succeeded in finding out the physical constituents of stars so distant that light, with its amazing swiftness, takes centuries to bring the news; that they have been able to recognize the presence in those far-off suns of such familiar substances as iron, magnesium, and the like, and to make very plausible inference as to the condition those same suns may be in, it is surprising, to say the least, that next to nothing should have been known of the body which, reckoned in light years, is at times but two minutes away from us.

Nor does the wonder stop here. If we compare what we know of her with what we know of the other planets, instead of the stars, a like seemingly unaccountable discrepancy is patent. Of Jupiter we had learnt much, and could infer more; of Saturn, even, we knew something; while of Mars we had knowledge beyond what some people will be-

lieve. Yet Jupiter never approaches us within a fourteenth part of the distance that Venus does, and Mars at his nearest is a third farther away than is at times the beautiful body well named by the ancients after the Goddess of Love. But in spite of proximity, and as if in justification of her name, the planet of love remained as much of a mystery as love itself.

That we knew so little of one who is both our nearest neighbor and our next of kin was chargeable to a combination of causes. Chief of these is her position. So situated is the orbit of Venus with regard to the orbit of the earth as to put the planet always in a more or less unfavorable position for observation. This comes from the fact that she is what is called an inferior planet; that is, her orbit lies within that of the earth. Therefore, when nearest to us she lies between us and the sun; and as the side toward the sun is the illuminated one, she then turns earthward her unillumined half. Although near us at the time, she might for all visual purposes be infinitely far off.

As a next untoward consequence of the relative position of her orbit, she appears to observers on earth never to depart far, even at her farthest, from the sun's neighborhood; contenting herself with oscillating, pendulum-wise, back and forth through a swing of 47° on either side of him. The result of this is that she is more or less hidden by his rays when the two are above the horizon together; more or less obscured by horizon mists and tremors after he has set. Hence observers have a choice of evils: either to seek her through a sunlit sky, or to watch her low down against a twilight one. Nor is this the end of the list of difficulties with which observation of her is invested. In addition to being drenched in light, the day sky is usually in an atmospheric condition most ill adapted to astronomical research. Owing to the heating to which it is exposed, the day air is in anything but a steady state. The result of all these difficulties has been that until now the planet has showed to earthly observers nothing but a fair blond face devoid of any features more salient than shading here and there. To this absence of identifiable traits it is due that, with the single exception of our knowing that Venus had an atmosphere, — revealed by the aureole seen about her when in transit across the sun, — the planet, so far as we knew her, might have been but the particle of matter recognized by gravitational astronomy whose sole distinction is ponderosity.

What we did not know about the planet would take too long to tell, since, with the single exception of atmosphere, it was everything. The planet, indeed, was one of the enigmas of astronomy. We not only did not know what she was like; we did not even know what she was likely to be. For we lacked the basic facts to a solution of the question. We were ignorant of such essentials to any real knowledge of her as whether she had seasons, or even, fundamental point of all, whether she had a day.

That we should have been ignorant of this fundamental fact, her day, shows how absolute our nescience was; for the possession or non-possession of a day is the most vital factor to the determination of a planet's condition. To the fact of having a day are due, so far as we can see, all the phenomena upon a planet's surface which we know as life. Without a day life could not exist. It is not only that no life of which we have cognizance could continue everlastingly awake. The objection to a lack of night on the score of insomnia is one which might be overruled by our learning to sleep by day, as many men already do professionally, and many others *en amateur*. It is that perpetual motion is as impossible to our machinery as to any other. The chain of changes we know as life depends upon general alternations in nature for its continuance. All growth,

be it animal or vegetal, turns, for instance, for its possibility, upon a recurrent supply of water. According to its kind each plant must be furnished by nature with a sufficiency, and yet not an excess of it. Too much or too little is alike fatal. Now, the alternation of day and night produces a periodic cycle of meteorological change which makes rain possible. If there were no variation in the cause, there could be no variation in the effect. By a continuance in perpetuity of the same state of things a condition of equilibrium must eventually be brought about, in which all change would cease, and with the absence of change all life would become an impossibility.

The possession by a planet of a day depends upon how fast the planet turns on its own axis in the course of its yearly circuit about the sun. If it turn at any rate except one, it will have a day of greater or less duration; but if it turn at one special rate, it will have no day at all. This special rate is the rate at which its orbital revolution carries it around the sun. For if it turn upon its own axis just as fast as, and no faster than, it appears to turn in the reverse manner about the sun, in consequence of its circuit of that body, the one turning will offset the other, and relatively to the sun the planet will not seem to turn at all. It will present the same face to the sun in perpetuity. Eternal day will be the lot of one side of it, and eternal night the lot of the other. But of days, properly speaking, — that is, of the periodic alternations of light and darkness, — there will be none.

Next to the possession of a day comes the possession of seasons. A planet without seasons would be to us, although not an impossible place of abode, at least a singular one, — no spring, no summer, no autumn, no winter, anywhere; instead, an intemperately hot belt about the equator, intemperately cold ones round the poles, and, except for storms, temperately same regions between; and all in perpetuity.

Whether a planet have seasons or not depends upon the tilt of its axis to the plane of its orbit. If the axis be perpendicular to that plane, it will have none. If it be moderately inclined to the perpendicular, it will have them; while if it be immoderately inclined to it, a most curious jumble of the seasons will result: into this it is not necessary here to go.

And all this is but the beginning of the nescience which follows from our inability to make out the features of a planet's surface. Not to see them bears poignantly upon the water problem, for example, as well as upon all the other questions that naturally arise. But to pursue such nescience farther would be futile. It is more interesting to turn from what we did not know to what we have just learnt. To do this we may best begin with a short account of previous astronomical research in the case.

II.

Owing to the impossibility of making out any certain markings upon her disk, the physical condition of Venus, up to the present time, has been matter of speculation, and her rotation period matter of doubt. Study of her has been interesting, viewed negatively, for it has been singularly inconclusive.

Francesco Bianchini was the first to attempt the study of her surface with even the semblance of success. During the later twenties of the eighteenth century he made a series of observations in which he thought he saw some shadelike markings on the disk. From these he constructed a map, and deduced a rotation period of 24 days and about 8 hours. His map suggests a very early geologic age, being *informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.* It consists solely of four indefinite patches, darker than the rest of the disk. Two of these occupy the centre, one being a long oval and one

more nearly round; the other two belt each pole respectively. In 1779 the indefatigable Schroeter came to the conclusion that the rotation period was something quite different, namely, 23 hours, 21 minutes, and 19 seconds. In 1809, from phenomena observed by him about the southern horn of the planet, he deduced with still more marvelously minute inaccuracy, as it has turned out, the period of 23 hours, 21 minutes, 9.977 seconds. In 1842 De Vico attacked the question at Rome. He and his assistants made a very great number of observations, taking some eleven thousand measurements in all. In the course of these they recovered all Bianchini's spots, added a new one, and deduced for the rotation period the value 23 hours, 21 minutes, 21.9345 seconds, a superb superstructure on, unfortunately, an insecure basis.

Practically nothing more was done until quite recently, when several observers took up the matter again, notably Schiaparelli, whose insight — as well as eyesight — made him the first to suspect and to render highly probable a period very different from anything approaching twenty-four hours. The history of the subject up to 1893 is thus summed up by Stanley Williams in the last edition of Webb, published in that year: —

"The question of the duration of the rotation of Venus is still a disputed one, and several very elaborate though contradictory investigations upon the subject have been published within the last few years. In 1890 Schiaparelli came to the conclusion, after a very exhaustive discussion of all the existing material, including some observations of his own, that the rotation of Venus is very slow; and that whilst being very probably equal to the time taken by the planet in making one revolution round the sun (225 days), it is certainly not less than 6 months or greater than 9 months. Perrotin confirms this slow rotation from observations of the markings on the disk made by him at Nice in 1890, and fixes it at from 195 to 225 days. In the same year Terby published a number of observations made by him in 1887–89 which appeared to him to still further confirm the slow duration of the rotation. But in 1891 appeared an important memoir by Niesten, giving the results of many observations made by himself and Stuyvaert at Brussels between 1881 and 1890. These observers, instead of supporting the slow rotation, strongly confirm the short rotation period of De Vico. They also found the markings so evident and apparently permanent that they were able to construct a map of them. This map, however, does not bear the slightest resemblance to that of Bianchini. More recently still, Trouvelot has discussed the subject, and decides that the rotation is performed in about 24 hours. . . . With results so contradictory, and obtained, too, by some of our very best observers, it is difficult to come to a satisfactory conclusion upon the subject. The balance of the evidence appears at present, however, to be in favor of a rotation in about 24 hours."

Since the above was written, Leo Brenner has entered the field on the short-period side. In 1895 he published several papers affirming strongly the rotation period of about 24 hours. Upon this Schiaparelli attacked the planet again, and from his observations of the practical motionlessness of four markings in July, 1895, concluded that the determination of the period of rotation which he had previously arrived at, one of 224.7 days, was now put entirely beyond reasonable doubt. Mascari in Sicily, notably upon Mount Ætna, and Cerulli in the north of Italy, made observations which led them to the same period; Mascari's having been made at intervals from 1892 to 1895.

But all of the markings observed partook of a certain indefiniteness of character, which weakened their testimony except to the observers themselves. To the keen insight of Schiaparelli they were

sufficiently determinate to enable him to detect the rotation period, but they were not sufficiently so to carry conviction or proof of it to others.

Doubt of like character has enveloped the planet's physical condition. From the fact that they could make out next to nothing upon her surface observers have inferred the existence of dense clouds floating in her atmosphere, and obscuring to a greater or less degree any markings that might chance to lie underneath.

It has been supposed that the conditions prevailing on the planet were analogous to those of our own carboniferous period, when dense vapors overhung a vast tropically luxuriant vegetation. In consequence, the actual surface has been thought to be for the most part hidden during the greater portion of the time, and only occasionally revealed as through clouds and vapors, doubtfully and ill defined.

III.

Such was the state of our knowledge of our neighbor when, last August, occurred the observations I am about to describe. At the time they began the planet was just starting to be evening star. She was evening star, however, only in a technical sense; for so near was she yet to the sun that she was invisible to the naked eye unless it was carefully directed by calculation to her place in the sky. She had, in short, just passed what is known as superior conjunction, or that position, as viewed from the earth, in which she lies directly beyond the sun. She had passed it by only twelve degrees, or fifty minutes in time, at the date of the first observation. On account of this proximity to the sun it was necessary to observe her during the daytime, as she set too soon after him for even twilight observations to be possible. But even had it not been necessary to seek her by day, it would have been advisable to do so; for the atmospheric conditions near the horizon are never of the best, and if a heavenly body is to be seen well it must be observed when tolerably high above the horizon. Now, Venus, even at her farthest, departs so little from the sun that to see her well she must be sought before the sun has set.

Whether the day air would prove serviceable was the question. That the air was steady by night was no guarantee that it would be so by day; for not only is the atmosphere by day rarely so favorable to astronomical investigation as it is by night, but also the condition at the one period affords no criterion of the condition at the other. A place may be phenomenally good by night, and worthless by day. That the day air is worthless is the rule. Fortunately, Flagstaff proved the exception. The atmosphere by day there proved to be much better than I had anticipated. At times it was so excellent as to reveal the planet as if cut in steel against the sky.

The next open sesame was the use of low powers. This is a very important point in all planetary work, and one which is not generally appreciated. Misinformed by textbooks, most persons are under the erroneous impression that the higher the power used, the more will be seen; and the first question usually asked about a telescope is, How much will it magnify? There could hardly be a worse mistake. No planet will bear high magnification: partly from defects in the atmosphere, partly from optical effects of the interference of the light pencils refracted by the glasses. But true as this is of all the planets, it is especially the case with Venus, where the illumination is dazzling and the contrast of the details faint. Of the powers I tried, the best results came from one which magnified the planet's disk to about the size of the moon as seen with the naked eye. Any power which made her look more than four times as large as this was impracticable. And this not from lack of steadiness in the air, — for

I have seen her when, as I have said, her image approached the perfection of a steel engraving, — but from the faint contrast presented by different parts of her surface.

The planet entered the field of view looking much as the moon does when a day and a half from the full, only that the planet was much the more brilliant of the two; for in spite of the dazzle of the day its disk shone as the moon's does on a dark sky, while the latter, when seen by day after having been up all night, appears, as we all know, symptomatically pale.

The planet's disk was not equally bright throughout. It was brightest in the centre, and next brightest at the middle point of its full side, — what is technically called its limb. The side opposite this, known as the terminator, — because it is there that the light terminates, — looked shaded, in consequence of the fading away of the illumination; while the points where the limb and the terminator met, called the cusps, were brighter than the latter, but not so bright as the former. Now, the noting of these points may at first seem unimportant. We shall see later that it is far from that, and that from the concurrence of just such bits of evidence is conviction as to the planet's physical condition brought about. Our knowledge of our neighbor planets is, indeed, a bit of detective work. Simply to see is little or nothing without the brain behind to interpret the retinal images which are produced.

As for optical purposes all astronomical views are upside down, south upon the planet lay at the top of the disk, north at the bottom, west to the right, and east to the left. Such would be the orientation to one standing upon the planet in its northern hemisphere, in a position analogous to our own position upon the earth. The limb lying to the left hand marked, therefore, the east; the terminator on the right, the west.

So soon as the face of the planet came to be scanned, on the afternoon of August 24, it was evident that there were markings upon it. Especially was a certain spot apparent, situate in the lower left-hand portion of the disk. This spot was not only the first marking chronicled, but the first to be chronicled a second time, and thus admit of definite location. It was first seen just before three o'clock in the afternoon, and was drawn repeatedly till the close of observation, a little before six. Other markings, too, were drawn on the same day, but none of them with the certainty or precision due to the repetition observable in the spot.

The spot was considerably darker than the other markings, which was the cause of its repeated visibility. Being the first marking to be identified, it seemed fitting to call it Eros, a name it turned out to merit for another peculiarity, presently to be described.

The next marking to be identified was a long, curved band lying near the limb to the southeast of the spot, some six times as long as it was broad, and concave to the limb. This I called Psyche.

Almost contemporaneous with the unmistakable recognition of these markings was the detection of a projection near the upper end of the terminator; and a most salient one it was, — as large, to all appearance, as the irregularities upon the terminator of the moon, if not larger. A part of its height was doubtless due to irradiation, inasmuch as irradiation increases the apparent size of any bright object, but, as doubtlessly, a part of it was intrinsic, real. What it probably was we shall see a little later, when we come to consider it in the light of what was afterward observed. It was not the only prominence. Another, less high, showed near the northern cusp; while a less certain third could be made out about midway along the edge.

So much for what was visible from the start; interesting as all beginnings

are interesting, but also because something was seen so soon. As time went on, however, study of the planet's surface became absorbing on its own account, for gradually more and more details became visible on the disk. Whether it were owing to increased faculty of perception born of constant attention, whether to increased size of image due to the planet's continual approach, or whether to possible improvement in the seeing that is in the state of the atmosphere, certain it is that as summer passed into autumn, features upon the face of the planet, at first will-o'-the-wispy and doubtful, grew unmistakably distinct. What had been fleeting and therefore questionable visions turned to indisputable facts. The markings which, to begin with, although patently there, had been undelineable because of the bo-peep-like character of their revelation, came to stand out with undeniable definiteness, absolutely differentiated each from its fellows. And a very curious and interesting map they combined to make.

It appeared that they were for the most part in the form of broad lines, lines of which the length was from five to ten times the breadth. Many of them were seemingly straight, and, roughly speaking, of the same width throughout. Others were curved and tapering. But what was the most surprising thing about them was the radiation of no less than eleven of them, and these among the most prominent, from a certain central point to the south and west of the centre of the illuminated disk. In spite, however, of their more or less regular form and singular association, they bore the look of being perfectly natural formations; that is, they had none of the appearance of artificiality, such as distinguishes the finer markings on Mars. They were much more like the markings on the moon, except that in form they bore the latter no resemblance, and were at the same time both more definite and less dark. In the best seeing, they were perfectly contoured; that is, their edges were sharp, causing the marking, notwithstanding the faintness, to stand out distinctly from the brighter surrounding portions of the disk.

This faintness was perhaps their next most striking trait, if the absence of conspicuousness may be considered a conspicuousness by the very fact of its absence. The markings on Venus are by far the least dark of all the planetary markings. It is for this cause that they have so long contrived to escape detection. Compared with the markings on Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, and Mercury, those on Venus are in tone delicate to a degree. Nor is this their only peculiarity on the score of faintness. It is not simply that the dark markings are less dark than one might expect, but also that the remaining bright portions are brighter. The disk looks as if over whatever markings or absences of them there might happen to be, underneath, a brilliant covering had been drawn, which made the dark ones seem less dark and the bright ones brighter than in reality they were. The reader may perhaps already surmise what this seeming covering was.

In addition to the long markings there were spots; some of them darker than the long markings, some not. Nor were all the long ones of equal tone, by any means, some being less faint than others. In places the spots lay on the long markings; in other places, off them.

Another very striking and very interesting feature about the planet was the complete absence of colors. The disk was one universal straw color throughout, a chiaroscuro in pale yellow. It was as if the markings made a background of black and white, over which lay drawn a straw-colored veil. None of the diversified tints of Jupiter and Saturn, none of the beautiful hues of Mars, were visible there. Compared with the other members of the solar family, Venus appeared a very drablike thing.

Such, with minor changes, was the general appearance of the planet during the period of observation, from August 24 to November 9. During this time a great number of drawings were made of her; and for the last six weeks of it so very distinct were the markings that they could be seen almost without exception, wherever she was looked at.

IV.

Having thus seen what the telescope revealed of the markings on the planet, we will now proceed to see what these markings tell us of the physical characteristics of the planet, and as a first stepping-stone to such knowledge what they have to say about the planet's day.

If it be possible to detect markings upon a planet's disk which are permanent and permanently visible, it is at once possible to determine the planet's rotation period. For if we make drawings or measurements of the positions of the markings at different times, and then compare the several drawings or deduced positions with one another, we shall be able, by the shift of the markings thus disclosed, to tell how they have moved in the interval; and since they are all upon one and the same globe, by the principles of spherical trigonometry we can deduce the position of the axis round which they turn and the rate at which they are turning. Not only can we do this with accuracy, if we take our intervals sufficiently far apart, but it will probably surprise most readers to learn in how short an interval it is possible to detect in this manner, in one of our neighbor planets, a rotation like that of our own earth. If an observer armed with one of our modern large telescopes were placed at a distance of forty millions of miles from the earth, the distance that Mars was from us at the last opposition, two minutes would suffice to show him that the earth was rotating under his gaze. In two minutes, supposing our seas and continents to be free from cloud and not too much obscured by atmosphere, it would be apparent to him that these seas and lands had shifted in position with regard to the centre of the visible disk. We know this because this is precisely what happens in the case of Mars. Roughly speaking, Mars rotates in the same time as the earth, — taking, instead of about twenty-four hours, about twenty-four hours and forty minutes in the process; that is, about a thirty-sixth part longer than the earth does. But Mars being much smaller than the earth, only about one half as big, his surface is carried round more slowly, in just the same proportion; that is, about one half as swiftly. Now, to one watching the planet in good air, four minutes suffice to show that the markings have moved. So accurately, indeed, may one detect such change of position in the surface of the planet, that if our own air be steady it is possible to time the passage of a marking across the planet's central meridian to within a minute, one way or the other; and this, be it remembered, at a distance of forty millions of miles away.

In fact, in the case of Mars, it is scarcely possible to make consecutive drawings of his disk without having them show the effect of the rotation unmistakably, inasmuch as some time is necessary to make each drawing. To one who looks at the drawings of Venus made at Flagstaff, the very first glance will be enough to disclose a totally different state of things. Instead of showing an unmistakable shift in the markings, consecutive drawings display the same marking in the same place. Not only is no variation perceptible from minute to minute, but none is discernible from hour to hour, nor from day to day. As the most instantly convincing instance of this immovability we may take the portraits of the planet made on the afternoon of October 15. On that day I made a series of drawings covering a period of five hours, — the first at noon,

and the others at from one to two hours' interval afterward, until just before five o'clock. The air was good throughout, and the markings came out distinctly in all. On comparing these drawings, the identity of the several markings presented by them is evident at a glance, and in all of them the markings appear depicted in the same places.

But during these five hours the planet, on the supposition of a twenty-four-hour period, like that of Mars or our own earth, would have rotated through 75°. Such a change of angle would have caused the markings near the centre of the disk to travel five eighths of their apparent course across it. They had not shifted at all. Consequently, not only was a twenty-four-hour period for Venus's day out of the question, but any period at all approaching it was clearly impossible. It was evident that in the case of Venus the rotation period was to be reckoned, not in hours, but in days. It being thus demonstrated what it was not, it remains now to determine what it was.

In regard to this a certain feature in the presentation of the markings served to make the positive determination as unmistakable as the negative one had been. This feature was the following one: —

If the rotation of a planet be performed in any less time than the planet takes to complete its circuit of the sun, the markings will appear to cross the disk, irrespective of how much or how little of that disk be illuminated. They will first become visible upon the boundary of the light and shade, and will then proceed to advance across the face of the planet, if the boundary of the light and shade be the sunrise one, and the rotation be from west to east as with the earth, until they sink out of sight beyond the visible edge upon the other side. They will travel more and more slowly in proportion as the rotation is less swift. But they will always gain upon the phase, and travel faster than the illumination or the lack of it over the face of the planet, so long as the period of their rotation is less than that of the planet's revolution in its orbit.

If, now, we suppose the rotation to be performed in a longer and a longer period, there will come a time when this will cease to be the case, and the markings will no longer gain upon the advancing phase. This seeming halt will occur when the angular rapidity of the rotation and the angular rapidity of the revolution become the same.

If a planet move in a circular orbit about the sun, and rotate on an axis perpendicular to its orbital plane once during the time it takes to perform its circuit, a curious result will follow in the appearance the planet will present to an observer watching it from without: the markings upon it will always hold the same position with regard to the terminator. They will seem to cling to it as origin, no matter how much or how little of the illuminated disk be presented to view. The same feature will be visible on the terminator when the disk is nearly full, and still be upon the terminator when that disk has diminished to a slender crescent. All the markings will disappear over the limb in due course, those farthest from the terminator going first, the others in their order, but each will preserve throughout its own distance from the boundary of light and shade. The terminator, in short, will be a sort of natural origin of longitudes. Reckoned from it, the position of the markings will never change.

That such a curious case of immovable movability must result in the aspect of the markings from the given relation of the rotation to the revolution will appear when we consider that if the rotation and the revolution be performed in the same time, the planet must continuously present the same face to the sun; and since the sun is not only the attracting but the illuminating body, this means

that the illuminated hemisphere of the planet must forever be the same. However, therefore, an observer be situated with regard to the planet in question, the position of the markings on the illuminated hemisphere, being continually the same, must maintain the same relative distance from its boundaries. Curious as this result is, we shall see farther on that it is yet more curious in the results it brings about.

If we compare this case of coincident rotation and revolution with another with which we are more familiar, namely, that of the moon in her monthly journey about the earth, we shall be struck by an interesting difference. The moon always keeps the same face toward her primary. But in the case of the moon the markings seem fixed, while the illumination seems movable, and consequently the light and darkness appear to sweep slowly over them, making a complete circuit in the course of a lunation. Now, this difference of aspect in the two cases comes from the fact that with the moon the attracting and illuminating bodies are not the same. Her primary is not also, as with Venus, the cause of her illumination. The moon, indeed, turns always the same face to the earth, but that face is not necessarily her illuminated one, because her illuminated one is always directed to the sun, and sun and earth are not always in the same direction as seen from the moon. The moon, in fact, instances the second out of three possible phenomena due to coincident rotation and revolution, — the three differing from one another solely in consequence of the point of view. The three cases are these: the observer may be situated at the centre of both the attraction and the illumination, or at the centre of attraction alone, or at neither. In the first case, neither the illumination nor the position of the markings will ever change; in the second, the position of the markings will not change, but the position of the illumination will; in the third and last, the position of the markings and that of the illumination will change together. The first of these standpoints is for us impracticable, constituted as we are, inasmuch as we cannot put ourselves upon the surface of the sun, and should doubtless object to making the experiment, even if we could; the second of them is the one we hold with regard to the moon; while the third and last is the one we are placed in with regard to the planet Venus.

That this last is the fact the drawings disclosed unmistakably. Drawing after drawing, and day after day, showed the same features at the same relative distance from the boundary of the light and the darkness. Although with time the boundary itself shifted slowly across the face of the disk, the markings still kept their relative distances from it unchanged. With its shift they shifted too, and so closely did the two keep pace that not only could the eye detect no disagreement, but none was shown by careful measurements, afterward, of what the eye had seen. For on examining critically the markings in the several drawings it appears that the one point about all of them which is invariable is their relation to the terminator.

As the planet came out of the neighborhood of the sun, getting daily farther and farther off from him, the phase increased; that is, the line of demarkation between the illuminated and unilluminated portions of the disk shifted slowly across it to the left. As it did so, the markings, as I have said, shifted with it, *pari passu*. Those that had at first appeared upon its edge remained upon its edge, and those that were originally at a distance from it kept that distance, except for the effect of perspective, unchanged. This is conclusively shown by the drawings. But it is even more conclusively shown by them than it seems to be. The drawings are even more telltale than they look. And for the following reason: during the period of

time in which the drawings were made, our earth was not stationary, but in the act of running away, as it were, from Venus, which was following at a yet more rapid rate, and in consequence gradually catching up with us. Had we been stationary, the increase of phase in Venus would have exactly marked the amount of her change of place in her orbit, the angle through which she had revolved about the sun in the course of the interval. As we were not stationary, her increase of phase marked only the amount she had gained upon us during that time, which of course was something far less than the distance she had actually traversed. It was what she had traversed less what the earth had traveled in the mean time. But as the earth's angular movement around the sun is about two thirds that of Venus, the difference between the two was only about one third of the actual revolution of Venus herself. In other words, three times the changes recorded by the drawings really took place in the angle of revolution. But as no such factor affected the perception of her rotatory motion, the latter had a chance to show its full effect except as the angle between the two planets altered it, and this angle bore a smaller and smaller proportion to the other, the increase of phase, as the period of the supposed rotation differed from the period of revolution. Only in the event of synchronism between the two could it attain the same value as in the case of the phase. Consequently, in the event of disagreement the markings would have shown a divergence greater than the drawings would seem at first to be able to indicate.

Although the drawings thus testified conclusively to the synchronism of the two motions, I was minded to ascertain just how great the accuracy of their testimony might be. For this purpose I took the drawings from October 1 to November 9 and measured upon all of them the consecutive positions of a certain spot. The spot I chose was the one from which the eleven lines previously described radiate, a spot which I have called Bilit. In order to insure as great accuracy as possible, I did not trust to the eye for the amount of the phase; for to tell at a glance just how much a gibbous disk lacks of being full is not an easy matter. Instead, I calculated the theoretical amount of the phase for each day, and then made upon it the following necessary practical correction.

As the light fades away gradually at the boundary of light and shade, it is not possible, in the case of a bare globe, for the eye to see quite out to the limit of illumination, as we perceive in the case of the moon. On the other hand, if a globe be encompassed by an atmosphere, that atmosphere, by producing the phenomenon of twilight, will sensibly increase the apparent limit of the light. This we have evidence of in the case of Mars. To tell, therefore, what in any special case that limit may be, it is necessary to make measures of it for the particular planet at the particular time. This is done by measuring the phase diameters, — that is, the diameters perpendicular and parallel to the loss of light, — and comparing the consequent result with the calculated value. This I did. The result, combined with the measure of the position of the particular marking on the visible part of the disk, gave me its true observed position.

Now, the positions so deduced agreed surprisingly with one another. They came out so closely the same with regard to the terminator as to show that as concerned that terminator the markings had evidently not moved in the mean time; for it appeared that the difference in longitude of the first and last values agreed within half a degree with the difference in longitude of the terminator during the same period. At the same time, the average error of the drawings for any one day proved to be about a degree. In other words, the agree-

ment of the markings with the terminator at the beginning and at the end of the interval turned out to be about half of the probable error of any one determination of the position of the markings. Such a remarkable coincidence was of course fortuitous, since it was actually closer than the degree of possible accuracy in the observations, but it showed that the agreement exceeded the possibility of detecting its error.

The advantage of selecting Bilit for measurement lay in the fact that during the interval taken it passed the central meridian of the disk. Therefore, from being viewed less obliquely, its apparent shift was the greatest possible, and was also the least exposed to faulty eye estimates.

V.

The fact that the planet of love turns always the same face to her lord, the sun, has very far-reaching consequences. As a preliminary to a consideration of them we may note one result of the fact which, although possessing no cosmic importance, has a very direct interest from a terrestrial point of view. That Venus shows always the same face to the sun means that we shall never see more than one half of her; for although she turn toward us all parts of her surface in the course of her circuit of the sun, her illuminated half, which is the only part of her that we can see, remains forever the same. Thus one hemisphere of hers alone shall we ever be able to scan; of the condition of the other we shall only be able to make inference. With increasing appliances for gathering knowledge, we may come to prediction of what it would look like could we look upon it, but see it with our bodily eyes we never shall. The night side of the planet of love must remain something of a mystery forever.

What is true for us in this case is true for every other outsider in space. It would not help us to travel to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter for increase of vision in the matter. What is true for one outsider is true for all. The side the sun does not light up must remain hid in perpetuity from observers everywhere.

Such, however, is but a third-person detail. The isochronism of rotation and revolution has very much more important because very vital consequences for the planet herself. As the planet possesses an atmosphere, some of the most weighty of these consequences would come from the meteorologic conditions which must result upon her.

What these are it is well-nigh startling to consider. The same hemisphere being continuously illuminated, the same parts of that hemisphere would be exposed to the sun to the same extent in perpetuity. To begin with, then, whatever the effect at any point of the surface, that effect must be a constant one at that point, since like conditions prevailing perpetually must in the course of ages, if not before, result in bringing about a state of stable motion.

The part of the surface to receive the greatest amount of heat — insolation, as it is technically called — must be that directly under the sun, which would be the centre of the illuminated hemisphere. This, therefore, would be the most heated. In consequence, the air above it would be the most expanded and would rise most rapidly, while the air from the regions round about would rush in to fill its place. The spots they left would in turn be filled from regions more remote, and this state of replacement would continue till the night side was reached.

There would thus be set going a funnel-like indraught of air from the centre of the dark side to the centre of the bright one. The surface air would flow from the one to the other. Meanwhile, a counter umbrella-like current would set overhead in the opposite direction, to restore the equilibrium to the other hemisphere.

If there were water present on the planet, and, we will suppose, originally on both sides alike, it seems probable that its career would be as follows: As the heated air ascended from the centre of the illuminated side, it would become chilled as it expanded, and, being unable to hold its moisture, would proceed to deposit it in the form of showers. Most of the moisture it held would thus at once be parted with, but not all. A little would be carried round by the air to the dark side, where, experiencing a yet greater degree of cold, it would be left as ice, and as ice there it would remain; for the amount of moisture which the exceedingly cold air, on its return journey, could support would be a minute quantity; so that although the ice would tend slowly to evaporate, very little of the water vapor would find its way back to the bright side.

There would thus be a constant drain of water from the bright side to the dark; for however little might go over at a time, practically none would ever come back. Eventually, therefore, under this continued state of things, all the water would be withdrawn from the illuminated side, and piled up on the dark one in the form of glacier ice.

On the bright side of the planet there would thus be no oceans or seas or rivers or ponds, not even water vapor in the air, while glaciation would more or less completely cover the other. The side we see would be one vast desert; the side we do not, fields of perpetual ice.

Some corollaries from this are interesting. One of these is that there should be no visible polar caps, since there would be, not polar caps, but a polar hemisphere. And this would be forever hid from us, for nothing but orbital or axial libration — that is, a swing of the portion of the disk under illumination — could bring it into view; and in the case of Venus the orbital libration is insensible, and the axial one apparently so.

Another ingenious corollary has been sugges[illegible] my friend Mr. Godfrey Sykes, [illegible]that the phosphorescence, as it is [illegible]of the dark side, a faint light up[illegible] which has hitherto evaded explanation, may be caused by the reflection from the ice-fields there of the light received from the earth, the other planets, and the stars.

VI.

From the determination of the planet's day, and the deductions from its duration as to the physical conditions of the planet's surface, we may now turn to what the aspect of the planet's disk in general and of the markings upon it in particular has to say about these same physical characteristics.

The initial noteworthy point about the markings was their faintness, and, furthermore, the fact that this faintness was general. It was not confined to any special markings or set of markings, but was common to all. Next, it was not even confined to the markings themselves, but was shared by the bright portions of the disk as well. It was, in fact, as we have seen, as if some bright covering had been drawn over the whole disk. Now, from what we know in other ways about the planet, it is pretty evident what this bright veil was; namely, nothing more nor less than atmosphere. That Venus has an atmosphere we know from the bright aureole seen about her in transit, and from the extension of her horns beyond their due limits when she is a crescent. In the case of a planet with an atmosphere, that atmosphere, to an observer looking plumb down upon the disk, would make itself apparent in precisely such a brightening of the whole disk as we here observe. Atmosphere enveloping the planet would produce just such an effect, and nothing else that we can think of would. This, taken in connection with the aureole and the extended horns, is about as conclusive evidence as we could have that what brightens her disk and gives to Venus her surpassing

lustre to the naked eye is [illegible] sphere about her.

As the atmosphere of [illegible]s generally been thought to be [illegible] and as there is as yet no reason to suppose that it is not, in density at least, much like our own, the visibility of the markings through it leads us to infer that perhaps our own, on a clear day, are not so hidden as some recent investigations with regard to the concealing capacity of our air have given us reason to think.

The next suggestive fact in connection with the markings is their permanent visibility. The markings were never invisible save when our air was too bad to show them. Such perpetual appearance proves that there is nothing between us and them to shut them off from view at any time. Therefore there are no clouds in the planet's air, over any part of the planet's surface, at any time. It is not wholly ill fitting that Venus should thus be ever fair.

At this point we may take up the consideration of what the prominences may have been, notably the striking one a little to the west of the southern cusp, seen not only at the start, but on to the close of observations, months afterward. *A priori*, two suppositions are open to us in explanation of it: one that it was cloud, the other that it was mountains. But from the two facts, first that there are no clouds otherwise visible upon the planet's surface, and second that the prominence remained always visible in the same place for months, the supposition that it was cloud becomes inadmissible, and we are left with the sole alternative that it was mountains.

So much for air. As for water, there is, to begin with, no sign of any polar caps. What has hitherto been taken for such caps is, I think, the effect of the two projections: one near the southern, the other at the northern cusp. I infer this from the Flagstaff observations. Although I have thought I saw bright regions at the cusps, I have much more frequently noticed none; and what is yet more to the point, even those semblances markedly lacked the certainty and brilliancy of the caps of Mars. Furthermore, they were seen early in the observations of Venus, before I had got accustomed to her. On the other hand, as recorded above, I have noted the centre of the disk to be the brightest part, and the centre of the limb to be more brilliant than the cusps. The outcome of my observations is that Venus has no polar caps.

Not only is there no evidence of polar caps; there is no evidence, either direct or indirect, of water in any form on the illuminated part of the planet. This inference is, rather interestingly, I think, a question of color; for color as well as form may prove a telltale thing. Now, the surface of Venus, as we saw a little way back, is practically colorless. The beautiful hues which make of Mars an opal, a fire-opal, are wanting on her. There is neither red, nor blue, nor green; only a universal palish yellow, diversified in form, but the same in tint. And even the pale yellow is but her atmosphere, through which we look, since it colors all alike.

Such lack of color means much more than mere absence of personal beauty as a planet. It shows, indeed, to begin with, that the surface has no very distinctive color anywhere. But it connotes a deal more; for it betokens, first the absence of water, and secondly the lack of vegetation there. This means the absence of life, for it means the presence of conditions under which all life that we wot of must be impossible.

How strikingly destitute of local color Venus is becomes particularly patent on comparison with Mars. We might suppose, a priori, that atmosphere itself might be responsible for the resulting sameness of tint. But Mars shows it to be otherwise; for though Mars possesses an atmosphere, this atmosphere proves no bar to the recognition of his surface tints. In good air the colors on Mars are

most marked. Daylight intensifies them. So that the fact that Venus has presumably more air is to a certain extent offset by the fact that she was observed by day. If there were upon her surface any decided tints, they should, it would seem, come out under these conditions. Yet they are conspicuous only by their absence. All of the observers at Flagstaff have noted the planet's lack of color, the singular lack of color on her disk. She is as colorless as the moon to the naked eye. Any color she may possess is not more than would be given by the hue of different rocks or soils, and not very variegated ones at that. The look of the whole of her illuminated half is that of one vast desert. This perfectly agrees, it will be remembered, with what we deduced as the result of the duration of her day.

VII.

After having thus seen the effect of isochronous rotation and revolution upon the physical condition of a planet, it becomes interesting to inquire into its cause.

What does such a turning always of the same face to the sun mean? We have seen what it probably has produced, — for the planet a living death; now arises the question whether this death be of the nature of a cosmic accident, or whether it be a death due to natural causes, the inevitable ending of the planet's term of life. The answer to the question leads us to the latest advance in our knowledge of cosmic evolution.

When La Place wrote his masterly paper on the tides, which he himself accounted the greatest part of his analysis of the mechanism of the heavenly bodies, he little thought that the tides he was considering, those raised by the moon in the ocean, were a comparatively insignificant manifestation of a fundamental force. He little dreamed that the researches of his successors would prove tidal action to have been the most important factor in the fashioning of the universe. [illegible] so it has been. The recogn[illegible] It is [illegible] tidal action has worked the gr[illegible] called, [illegible]vance that has been made in celes[illegible]on it [illegible]echanics since La Place's time, and [illegible]is to the younger Darwin, in our own day, that the world is indebted for it.

The general principles of the matter may be understood without any call upon mathematics, such as their pursuance into proof and detail demands. To begin with, it must not be supposed that the subject is limited to our everyday tides, or even chiefly concerned with them. It should be said at the outset that the tidal action under consideration is something far more important, because far more effective and far more comprehensive, than what we are commonly accustomed to consider as typical tidal action, the tides raised in our seas and oceans by the sun and moon. Superficial tides such as these upon a planet, although they seem to be of some magnitude to dwellers upon that planet, are of much less account, relatively speaking, than are another class of tides, — those, namely, which affect the bodies as a whole; substantial tides, as they may be called. The forces brought into action in the two cases are indeed the same, and their effects differ only in amount and in detail. At present, upon the earth, we have evidence only of the superficial kind, but beyond a doubt there was a time in her history when such was not the case, a time when she was swayed by bodily tides; and these same bodily tides have left their imprint upon the whole earth-moon system. More than this, they have made it what it is.

Suppose two rotating masses of fluid matter, — those which were to form the earth and moon, for instance, — the one revolving about the other and in close proximity to it. Each would set up tides in the other; because each, by attracting the parts of the other unequally, would disturb their uniform rotation. This is worth stating correctly, inasmuch

as in textbooks on astronomy it is almost universally stated wrong. Even in the very best of them the reader is given to believe that the effect of the unequal attraction to which the body is subjected would be the production of bulges upon it in a line joining the centres of the two bodies, which bulges would then be caused by friction to lie a little ahead of that line. This, however, is quite erroneous; it is an explanation of the tides that will in no sense hold water. Bulges would be caused, indeed, but they would not lie in a line joining the centres of the two bodies, but nearly at right angles to such a line; and friction, instead of causing them to lie a little ahead of where they otherwise would lie, would cause them to lie somewhat farther back. That position being, however, some ninety degrees ahead of the line joining the centres of the bodies, the result would be that the protuberances would still lie ahead of the line. The double error of the textbooks explains in part its non-detection. As the tide-protuberances would lie somewhat in advance of the line joining the centres of mass of the two bodies, each would tend to pull the other ahead of where it otherwise would be, thus directly increasing its orbital speed, and so indirectly the size of its orbit. In other words, the tides would tend to separate the bodies farther and farther, until their action ceased.

Such, then, was the genesis of the earth-moon system.

Now, Dr. See has shown that this has undoubtedly been the mode of genesis of the double-star systems as well. In La Place's time it was not supposed that a nebula could break up ordinarily into two masses of anything like equal size, but since then Poincaré and Darwin have proved that it is possible, and the further researches of See have shown that it actually has happened in the case of the binary stars. So potent a factor, then, is tidal action in the beginnings of solar system evolution.

In a different way tidal action must be an equally potent factor in bringing the careers of the two bodies to a close. Just as tidal action makes of one body two, so does it tend eventually to make both, physically speaking, dead; for the same force which causes them to grow farther and farther apart causes, reversely, each to turn more and more completely the same face to the other. Just as the action of the tides accelerates the one in its orbit, so does it retard the other in its rotation; for it is evident that as the main part of the body turns while the bulge is held relatively stationary, friction will cause a slowing up of the speed with which the main part turns. It is furthermore evident that this brake upon the body's rotation will continue to act so long as the body turns at a rate faster than the bulge itself does. But the bulge turns only as fast as the second body moves in its orbit, the bulge pointing constantly a trifle ahead of the place that body occupies. Consequently, the rotation of the one body will steadily be made slower and slower, until in course of time it is brought down to the same angular speed as that of the other body in its orbit. When the body has once attained this rate of rotation it will continue to keep it, inasmuch as then there will be no force acting to change it further.

This effect will be visible first in the smaller body, owing to its less moment of rotation. This is precisely what we observe in the case of the earth-moon system. The isochronism of rotation and revolution has already taken place in the case of the moon, and is in process of taking place in the case of the earth. For Darwin calculates that originally they may both have rotated, at the moment of separation, in about two hours and forty-one minutes; while now the moon has been slowed down from this to twenty-eight and a half days, and the earth only to twenty-four hours. It is possible, indeed, that so potent was the

earth that the moon may never have been allowed to rotate faster than she revolved. So that the moon may have been, so to speak, born dead.

It was the earth-moon system that suggested to Darwin's mind to investigate the cause; and that resulted in the detection of tidal action as a cosmic constructive force. No other instance, however, was then known or even suspected, except in the case of Iapetus, the eighth satellite of Saturn, which was conjectured, from the variability in its light, to turn always the same face to its primary. The fact, therefore, that Venus and Mercury — for as we shall see in another paper the same is true of him — turn out always to face their primary, the sun, is of great theoretical interest, for it is the first certain specimen of tidal friction, other than the moon, presented to us, and is of proportionate moment toward proving the universality of the law.

That Venus and Mercury should be the first planets to show this ultimate sign of decrepitude is what was to have been expected, if such sign were to be shown at all. This is so for the following reasons: The tide-raising force exerted by the sun is not the same for the several planets. It diminishes very rapidly with the distance from him; more rapidly, indeed, than the force of gravity itself. For it is a differential effect of gravity, since it depends upon the difference of the sun's attraction upon different parts of the planet. In consequence of this it varies, not as the inverse square of the distance, but as the inverse cube of it.

Even this does not measure the full proportionate effect of the tidal force in slowing up the spin of the several planets. For the couple produced by the two bulges is itself proportionate to the inverse third power of the planet's distance from the sun. So that the effective tidal action varies inversely as the sixth power of that distance. We see, therefore, how very rapidly it diminishes as we leave the vicinity of the sun. For Mercury it is between two and three hundred times, and for Venus about seven times, as great as it is for the earth; while for the earth, again, it is much greater than it is for Mars, and very much greater than for any of the planets outside of him.

We can understand, therefore, how it came about, in the case of Venus, that the axial machinery ran down so soon. We can see why long ago it went more and more slowly, until, her axial and her orbital motion coinciding, she was left motionless, changeless, dead.

In Venus, then, we gaze upon a world which as a world has run its course. Beautiful as she appears to us, as she glows and sparkles on the twilight sky, it is distance alone that gives her her seeming loveliness and endows her with eternal youth. In truth she is far otherwise. All the comeliness she may have had in the morning of her prime, when the solar system itself was young, has gone from her never to return. As the Japanese prettily put it of a woman, the cherry blossom has passed into the leaf. For she is no longer young; she is old, wrinkled, dead. Or shall we not better say she sleeps, though it be with the sleep from which there is no awakening? For it is fitting that she should still seem so fair to us, when she glows athwart the gloaming in the slowly fading sky, — fitting that the planet of love should seem lovely to the end.

Percival Lowell.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

V.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE PERIOD.

"I canna think the preacher himself wad be heading the mob, tho' the time has been they have been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbors." — SCOTT'S *The Heart of Midlothian.*

NOTHING did more to strengthen my anti-slavery zeal, about 1848, than the frequent intercourse with Whittier and his household, made possible by their nearness to Newburyport. It was but a short walk or drive of a few miles from my residence to his home; or, better still, it implied a sail or row up the beautiful river, passing beneath the suspension bridge at Deer Island, to where the woods called "The Laurels" spread themselves on one side, and the twin villages of Salisbury and Amesbury on the other. There was something delightful in the position of the poet among the village people: he was their pride and their joy, yet he lived as simply as any one, was careful and abstemious, reticent rather than exuberant in manner, and met them wholly on matter-of-fact ground. He could sit on a barrel and discuss the affairs of the day with the people who came to the "store," but he did not read them his poetry. I was once expressing regrets for his ill health, in talking with one of the leading citizens of Amesbury, and found that my companion could not agree with me; he thought that Whittier's ill health had helped him in the end, for it had "kept him from engaging in business," and had led him to writing poetry, which had given him reputation outside of the town. That poetry was anything but a second choice, perhaps a necessary evil, did not seem to have occurred to my informant. Had he himself lost his health and been unable to sell groceries, who knows but he too might have taken up with the Muses? It suggested the Edinburgh citizen who thought that Sir Walter Scott might have been "sic a respectable mon" had he stuck to his original trade of law advocate. To me, who sought Whittier for his poetry as well as his politics, nothing could have been more delightful than his plain abode with its exquisite Quaker neatness. His placid mother, rejoicing in her two gifted children, presided with few words at the hospitable board whose tablecloth and napkins rivaled her soul in whiteness; and with her was the brilliant "Lizzie," so absolutely the reverse, or complement, of her brother that they seemed between them to make one soul. She was as plain in feature as he was handsome, except that she had a pair of great luminous dark eyes, always flashing with fun or soft with emotion, and often changing with lightning rapidity from one expression to another; her nose was large and aquiline, while his was almost Grecian, and she had odd motions of the head, so that her glances seemed shot at you, like sudden javelins, from each side of a prominent outwork. Her complexion was sallow, not rich brunette like his; and whereas he spoke seldom and with some difficulty, her gay raillery was unceasing, and was enjoyed by him as much as by anybody, so that he really appeared to have transferred to her the expression of his own opinions. The lively utterances thus came with double force upon the auditor, and he could not fail to go out strengthened and stimulated. Sometimes the Whittiers had guests; and "Lizzie" delighted to tell how their mother was once met at the door by two plump maidens who announced that they had come from Ohio mainly to see her son. She explained that he was in Boston. No matter; they would come in and await

his return. But he might be away a week. No matter; they would willingly wait that time for such a pleasure. So in they came. They proved to be Alice and Phœbe Cary, whose earlier poems, which had already preceded them, were filled with dirges and despair; but they were the merriest of housemates, and as the poet luckily returned next day, they stayed as long as they pleased, and were welcome.

The invigorating influence of the Whittier household supplied the tonic needed in those trying days. The Fugitive Slave Law had just passed, and a year or two after Garrison had proudly showed a row of escaped negroes sitting on the platform of an anti-slavery convention, and had defied the whole South to reclaim them, these very men were fleeing to Canada for their lives. When the storm first broke, on February 15, 1851, in the arrest of Shadrach, Boston had a considerable colored population, which handled his rescue with such unexpected skill and daring that it almost seemed as if Garrison were right; yet it took but a few days for their whole force to be scattered to the winds. The exact story of the Shadrach rescue has never been written. The account which appears most probable is that on the day of the arraignment of the alleged fugitive, the fact was noted in a newspaper by a colored man of great energy and character, employed by a firm in Boston and utterly unconnected with the Abolitionists. He asked leave of absence, and strolled into the Court-House. Many colored men were at the door and had been excluded; but he, being known and trusted, was admitted, and the others, making a rush, followed in behind him with a hubbub of joking and laughter. There were but a few constables on duty, and it suddenly struck this leader, as he and his followers passed near the man under arrest, that they might as well keep on and pass out at the opposite door, taking among them the man under arrest, who was not handcuffed. After a moment's beckoning the prisoner saw his opportunity, fell in with the jubilant procession, and amid continued uproar was got outside the Court-House, when the crowd scattered in all directions. It was an exploit which, as has been well said, would hardly have furnished a press item had it been the case of a pickpocket, yet was treated at Washington as if it had shaken the nation. Daniel Webster called it "a case of treason;" President Fillmore issued a special proclamation; and Henry Clay gave notice of a bill to lend added strength to the Fugitive Slave Law, so as to settle the question "whether the government of white men is to be yielded to a government of blacks." More curious even than this was the development of anti-slavery ethics that followed. The late Richard H. Dana, the counsel for various persons arrested as accomplices in the rescue of Shadrach, used to tell with delight this tale of a juryman impaneled on that trial. To Dana's great surprise, the jury had disagreed concerning one client whose conviction he had expected; and this surprise was all the greater because new and especial oaths had been administered to the jurymen, pledging them to have no conscientious scruples against convicting, so that it seemed as if every one with a particle of anti-slavery sympathy must have been ruled out. Years after, Dana encountered in a country farmhouse the very juryman whose obstinacy had saved his client, and learned that his unalterable reason for refusing to condemn was that he himself had taken a hand in the affair, and had driven Shadrach, after his rescue, from Cambridge to Concord.

I fear I must admit that while it would have been a great pleasure to me to have lent a hand in Shadrach's rescue, this feeling did not come wholly from moral conviction, but from an impulse perhaps hereditary in the blood. Probably I got from my two soldier and sailor grandfa-

thers an intrinsic love of adventure which haunted me in childhood, and which threescore and thirteen years have by no means worn out. So far as I can now analyze it, this early emotion was not created by the wish for praise alone, but was mainly a boyish desire for a stirring experience. No man so much excited my envy during my whole college life as did a reckless Southern law student, named Winfield Scott Belton, who, when the old Vassall House in Cambridge was all in flames, and the firemen could not reach the upper story with their ladders, suddenly appeared from within at an attic window, amid the smoke, and pointed out to them the way to follow. Like most boys, I had a passion for fires; but after this the trophies of Belton would not suffer me to sleep, and I often ran miles towards a light in the horizon. But the great opportunity never occurs twice, and the nearest I ever came to it was in being one of several undergraduates to bring the elder Professor Henry Ware out of his burning house. It was not much of a feat, — we afterwards risked ourselves a great deal more to bring some trays of pickle-jars from the cellar, — but in the case of the venerable doctor the object was certainly worth all it cost us; for he was the progenitor of that admirable race upon which, as Dr. Holmes said to Professor Stowe, the fall of Adam had not left the slightest visible impression.

This combination of motives was quite enough to make me wish that if there should be another fugitive slave case I might at least be there to see, and, joining the Vigilance Committee in Boston, I waited for such an occasion. It was not necessary to wait long, for the Shadrach case was soon to be followed by another. One day in April, 1851, a messenger came to my house in Newburyport and said briefly, "They have arrested another fugitive slave in Boston, and wish you to come." I went back with him that afternoon, and found the Vigilance Committee in session in the Liberator office. It is impossible to conceive of a set of men, personally admirable, yet less fitted on the whole than this committee to undertake any positive action in the direction of forcible resistance to authorities. In the first place, half of them were non-resistants, as was their great leader, Garrison, who stood composedly by his desk preparing his next week's editorial, and almost exasperating the more hot-headed among us by the placid way in which he looked beyond the rescue of an individual to the purifying of a nation. On the other hand, the "political Abolitionists," or Free-Soilers, while personally full of indignation, were extremely anxious not to be placed for one moment outside the pale of good citizenship. The only persons to be relied upon for action were a few whose temperament prevailed over the restrictions of non-resistance on the one side, and of politics on the other; but of course their discussion was constantly damped by the attitude of the rest. All this would not, however, apply to the negroes, it might well seem; they had just proved their mettle, and would doubtless do it again. On my saying this in the meeting, Lewis Hayden, the leading negro in Boston, nodded cordially and said, "Of course they will." Soon after, drawing me aside, he startled me by adding, "I said that for bluff, you know. We do not wish any one to know how really weak we are. Practically there are no colored men in Boston; the Shadrach prosecutions have scattered them all. What is to be done must be done without them." Here was a blow indeed!

What was to be done? The next day showed that absolutely nothing could be accomplished in the court-room. There were one or two hundred armed policemen in and around the Court-House. Only authorized persons could get within ten feet of the building. Chains were placed across the doors, and beneath these even the judges, entering, had to

stoop. The United States court-room was up two high and narrow flights of stairs. Six men were at the door of the court-room. The prisoner, a slender boy of seventeen, sat with two strong men on each side and five more in the seat behind him, while none but his counsel could approach him in front. (All this I take from notes made at the time.) The curious thing was that although there was a state law of 1843 prohibiting every Massachusetts official from taking any part in the restoration of a fugitive slave, yet nearly all these employees were Boston policemen, acting, so the city marshal told me, under orders from the mayor and aldermen. Under these circumstances there was clearly nothing to be done at the trial itself. All sorts of fantastic and desperate projects crossed the minds of those few among us who really, so to speak, meant business. I remember consulting Ellis Gray Loring, the most eminent lawyer among the Abolitionists, as to the possibility of at least gaining time by making away with the official record from the Southern court, a document which lay invitingly at one time among lawyers' papers on the table. Again, I wrote a letter to my schoolmate Charles Devens, the United States marshal, imploring him to resign rather than be the instrument of sending a man into bondage, — a thing actually done by one of the leading Boston policemen. It is needless to say to those who knew him that he answered courteously and that he reserved his decision. No other chance opening, it seemed necessary to turn all attention to an actual rescue of the prisoner from his place of confinement. Like Shadrach, Thomas Sims was not merely tried in the United States Court-House, but imprisoned there, because the state jail was not opened to him as he had not been arrested under any state law, and the United States had no jail in Boston. In the previous case, an effort had been made to obtain permission to confine the fugitive slave at the Navy Yard, but Commodore Downes had refused. Sims, therefore, like Shadrach, was kept at the Court-House. Was it possible to get him out?

There was on Tuesday evening a crowded meeting at Tremont Temple, at which Horace Mann presided. I hoped strongly that some result might come from this meeting, and made a vehement speech there myself, which, as Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe honored me by saying, was bringing the community to the verge of revolution, when a lawyer named Charles Mayo Ellis protested against its tone, and threw cold water upon all action. It was evident that if anything was done, it must be done by a very few. I looked round, during the meeting, for a band of twenty-five men from Marlborough, who had seemed to me to show more fighting quality than the rest, but they had probably gone home. Under this conviction half a dozen of us formed the following plan. The room where Sims was confined, being safe by reason of its height from the ground, had no gratings at the windows. The colored clergyman of Boston who alone had the opportunity to visit Sims, Mr. Grimes, agreed to arrange with him that at a specified hour that evening he should go to a certain window, as if for air, — for he had the freedom of the room, — and should spring out on mattresses which we were to bring from a lawyer's office across the way; we also providing a carriage in which to place him. All was arranged, — the message sent, the mattresses ready, the carriage engaged as if for an ordinary purpose; and behold! in the dusk of that evening, two of us, strolling through Court Square, saw men busily at work fitting iron bars across this safe third-story window. Whether we had been betrayed, or whether it was simply a bit of extraordinary precaution, we never knew. Colonel Montgomery, an experienced guerrilla in Kansas, used to say, "It is always best to take for

granted that your opponent is at least as smart as you yourself are." This, evidently, we had not done.

I knew that there was now no chance of the rescue of Sims. The only other plan that had been suggested was that we should charter a vessel, place it in charge of Austin Bearse, a Cape Cod sea-captain and one of our best men, and take possession of the brig Acorn, on which Sims was expected to be placed. This project was discussed at a small meeting in Theodore Parker's study, and was laid aside as impracticable, not because it was piracy, but because there was no absolute certainty that the fugitive would be sent South in that precise way. As no other plan suggested itself, and as I had no wish to look on, with my hands tied, at the surrender, I went back to my home in deep chagrin. The following extract from a journal written soon after is worth preserving as an illustration of that curious period: —

"It left me with the strongest impressions of the great want of preparation, on our part, for this revolutionary work. Brought up as we have all been, it takes the whole experience of one such case to educate the mind to the attitude of revolution. It is so strange to find one's self outside of established institutions; to be obliged to lower one's voice and conceal one's purposes; to see law and order, police and military, on the wrong side, and find good citizenship a sin and bad citizenship a duty, that it takes time to prepare one to act coolly and wisely, as well as courageously, in such an emergency. Especially this is true among reformers, who are not accustomed to act according to fixed rules and observances, but to strive to do what seems to themselves best, without reference to others. The Vigilance Committee meetings were a disorderly convention, each having his own plan or theory, perhaps stopping even for anecdote or disquisition, when the occasion required the utmost promptness of decision and the most unflinching unity in action. . . . Our most reliable men were non-resistants, and some who were otherwise were the intensest visionaries. Wendell Phillips was calm and strong throughout; I never saw a finer gleam in his eyes than when drawing up that stirring handbill at the anti-slavery office."

During the months which followed, I attended anti-slavery conventions; wrote editorially for the newly established Commonwealth, the Boston organ of the Free Soil party; and had also a daily "Independent Column" of my own in the Newburyport Union, a liberal Democratic paper. No other fugitive slave case occurred in New England for three years. The mere cost in money of Sims's surrender had been vast; the political results had been the opposite of what was intended, for the election of Charles Sumner to the United States Senate practically followed from it. The whole anti-slavery feeling at the North was obviously growing stronger, yet there seemed a period of inaction all round, or of reliance on ordinary political methods in the contest. In 1852 I removed to Worcester, into a strong anti-slavery community of which my "Free Church" was an important factor. Fugitives came sometimes to the city, and I have driven them at midnight to the farm of the veteran Abolitionists, Stephen and Abby Kelley Foster, in the suburbs of the city. Perhaps the most curious case with which we had to deal was that of a pretty young woman, apparently white, with two perfectly white children, all being consigned to me by the Rev. Samuel May, then secretary of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society, and placed by him, for promptness of transportation to Worcester, under the escort of a Worcester merchant, thoroughly pro-slavery in sympathy, and not having the slightest conception that he was violating the laws in finding a seat for his charge and holding the baby on his knee. We had them in our care all winter. It was one of those cases of romantic incident

which slavery yielded. She was the daughter of her former master, and was the mistress of her present owner, her half-brother; she could scarcely read and write, but was perfectly ladylike, modest, and grateful. She finally married a tradesman near Boston, who knew her story, and she disappeared in the mass of white population, where we were content to leave her untraced.

All this minor anti-slavery work ended when, on Thursday evening, May 25, 1854, I had a letter by private messenger from the same Samuel May just mentioned, saying that a slave had been arrested, and the case was to be heard on Saturday morning; that a meeting was to be held on Friday evening at Faneuil Hall, and it was important that Worcester should be well represented. Mr. A. B. Alcott also came thither on the same errand. I sent messages to several persons, and especially to a man of remarkable energy, named Martin Stowell, who had taken part in a slave rescue at Syracuse, New York, urging them to follow at once. Going to Boston on the morning train, I found myself presently in a meeting of the Vigilance Committee, not essentially different from those which had proved so disappointing three years before. There was not only no plan of action, but no set purpose of united action. This can be imagined when I say that at one moment when there seemed a slight prospect of practical agreement, some one came in to announce that Suttle and his men, the slave-catchers, were soon to pass by, and proposed that we should go out and gaze at them, "pointing the finger of scorn," — as if Southern slave-catchers were to be combated by such weapons. This, however, had an effect in so far that the general committee adjourned, letting those alone remain who were willing to act personally in forcible resistance. This reduced our sixty down to thirty, of whom I was chosen chairman. Dr. Howe was then called on to speak, and gave some general advice, very good and spirited. Two things were resolved on, — to send the names of those willing to act, and to have definite leadership. One leader would have been best, but we had not quite reached that point, so an executive committee of six was chosen at last, — Phillips, Parker, Howe, Kemp (an energetic Irishman), Captain Bearse, and myself; Stowell was added to these at my request. Even then it was inconceivably difficult to get the names of as many as twenty who would organize and obey orders. The meeting adjourned till afternoon, when matters were yet worse, — mere talk and discussion; but it seemed to me, at least, that something must be done; better a failure than to acquiesce tamely as before, and see Massachusetts henceforward made a hunting-ground for fugitive slaves.

All hopes now rested on Stowell, who was to arrive from Worcester at six P. M. I met him at the train, and walked up with him. He heard the condition of affairs, and at once suggested a new plan as the only thing feasible. The man must be taken from the Court-House. It could not be done in cold blood, but the effort must have behind it the momentum of a public meeting, such as was to be held at Faneuil Hall that night. An attack at the end of the meeting would be hopeless, for the United States marshal would undoubtedly be looking for just that attempt, and would be reinforced accordingly; this being, as we afterwards found, precisely what that official was planning. Could there not be an attack at the very height of the meeting, brought about in this way? Let all be in readiness; let a picked body be distributed near the Court House and Square; then send some loud-voiced speaker, who should appear in the gallery of Faneuil Hall and announce that there was a mob of negroes already attacking the Court-House; let a speaker, previously warned, — Phillips, if possible, — accept the opportunity promptly, and send the whole

meeting pell-mell to Court Square, ready to fall in behind the leaders and bring out the slave. The project struck me as an inspiration. I accepted it heartily, and think now, as I thought then, that it was one of the very best plots that ever — failed. "Good plot, good friends, and full of expectation." Why it came within an inch of success and still failed will next be explained.

The first thing to be done — after providing a box of axes for attack on the Court-House doors, a thing which I personally superintended — was to lay the whole matter before the committee already appointed and get its concurrence. This committee was to meet in the ante-room of Faneuil Hall before the general meeting. As a matter of fact it never came together, for everybody was pushing straight into the hall. The moments passed rapidly. We caught first one member of the committee, then another, and expounded the plot. Some approved, others disapproved; our stout sea-captain, distrusting anything to be attempted on land, utterly declining all part in it. Howe and Parker gave a hasty approval, and — only half comprehending, as it afterwards proved — were warned to be ready to give indorsement from the platform; Phillips it was impossible to find, but we sent urgent messages, which never reached him; Kemp stood by us: and we had thus a clear majority of the committee, which, although it had been collectively opposed to the earlier plan of an attack at the end of the meeting, was yet now committed to a movement half way through by way of surprise. We at once found our gallery orator in the late John L. Swift, a young man full of zeal, with a stentorian voice, afterwards exercised stoutly for many years in Republican and temperance meetings. He having pledged himself to make the proposed announcement, it was only necessary to provide a nucleus of picked men to head the attack. Stowell, Kemp, and I were each to furnish five of these, and Lewis Hayden, the colored leader, agreed to supply ten negroes. So far all seemed ready, and the men were found as well as the general confusion permitted; but the very success and overwhelming numbers of the Faneuil Hall meeting soon became a formidable obstacle instead of a help.

It was the largest gathering I ever saw in that hall. The platform was covered with men; the galleries, the floor, even the outer stairways, were absolutely filled with a solid audience. Some came to sympathize, more to look on, — we could not estimate the proportion; but when the speaking was once begun, we could no more communicate with the platform than if the Atlantic Ocean rolled between. There was then no private entrance to it, such as now exists, and in this seemingly slight architectural difference lay the failure of the whole enterprise, as will be presently seen.

Those of us who had been told off to be ready in Court Square went there singly, not to attract attention. No sign of motion or life was there, though the lights gleamed from many windows, as it happened — a bit of unlooked-for good fortune — that the Supreme Court was holding an evening session, and ordinary visitors could pass freely. Planting myself near a door which stood ajar, on the east side of the building, I waited for the trap to be sprung, and for the mob of people to appear from Faneuil Hall. The moments seemed endless. Would our friends never arrive? Presently a rush of running figures, like the sweep of a wave, came round the corner of Court Square, and I watched it with such breathless anxiety as I have experienced only twice or thrice in life. The crowd ran on pell-mell, and I scanned it for a familiar face. A single glance brought the conviction of failure and disappointment. We had the froth and scum of the meeting, the fringe of idlers on its edge. The men on the platform, the real nucleus of that great gathering, were far in the

rear, perhaps were still clogged in the hall. Still, I stood, with assumed carelessness, by the entrance, when an official ran up from the basement, looked me in the face, ran in, and locked the door. There was no object in preventing him, since there was as yet no visible reinforcement of friends. Mingling with the crowd, I ran against Stowell, who had been looking for the axes, stored at a friend's office in Court Square. He whispered, "Some of our men are bringing a beam up to the west door, the one that gives entrance to the upper stairway." Instantly he and I ran round and grasped the beam; I finding myself at the head, with a stout negro opposite me. The real attack had begun.

What followed was too hurried and confusing to be described with perfect accuracy of detail, although the main facts stand out vividly enough. Taking the joist up the steps, we hammered away at the southwest door of the Court-House. It could not have been many minutes before it began to give way, was then secured again, then swung ajar, and rested heavily, one hinge having parted. There was room for but one to pass in. I glanced instinctively at my black ally. He did not even look at me, but sprang in first, I following. In later years the experience was of inestimable value to me, for it removed once for all every doubt of the intrinsic courage of the blacks. We found ourselves inside, face to face with six or eight policemen, who laid about them with their clubs, driving us to the wall and hammering away at our heads. Often as I had heard of clubbing, I had never before known just how it felt, and to my surprise it was not half so bad as I expected. I was unarmed, but had taken boxing lessons at several different times, and perhaps felt, like Dr. Holmes's young man named John, that I had "a new way of counterin' I wanted to try;" but hands were powerless against clubs, although my burly comrade wielded his lustily. All we could expect was to be a sort of clumsy Arnold Winkelrieds and "make way for liberty." All other thought was merged in this, the expectation of reinforcements. I did not know that I had received a severe cut on the chin, whose scar I yet carry, though still ignorant how it came. Nor did I know till next morning, what had a more important bearing on the seeming backwardness of my supposed comrades, that, just as the door sprang open, a shot had been fired, and one of the marshal's deputies, a man named Batchelder, had been killed. Nor did I know — nor did even the public know — for more than twenty-five years who killed him, or even by what weapon it was done.

It was one of those curious incidents which for a time baffle all conjecture. There had been other fugitive slave rescues in different parts of the country, but this was the first drop of blood actually shed. In all the long procession of events which led the nation through the Kansas struggle, past the John Brown foray, and up to the Emancipation Proclamation, the killing of Batchelder was the first act of violence. It was, like the firing on Fort Sumter, a proof that war had really begun. The mob outside was daunted by the event, the marshal's posse inside was frightened, and what should have been the signal of success brought check and ultimate failure. The theory at the time was that the man had been stabbed by a knife, thrust through the broken panel. The coroner's inquest found it to be so, and the press, almost as active as now, yet no more accurate, soon got so far as to describe the weapon, — a Malay kris, said to have been actually picked up in the street. For years I supposed all this to be so, and conjectured that either my negro comrade did the deed, or else Lewis Hayden, who was just behind him; the latter supposing in the same way, as I found after his death, that I did it. Naturally, we never exchanged a word on the subject, as it was

a serious matter ; and it was not till within a few years (1888) that it was revealed by a well-known Worcester and Boston journalist, the late Thomas Drew, that it was Martin Stowell who shot, not stabbed, Batchelder ; that Drew had originally given Stowell the pistol ; and that when the latter was arrested and imprisoned, on the night of the outbreak, he sent for Drew and managed to hand him the weapon, which Drew gave to some one else, who concealed it till long after the death of Stowell in the Civil War. This vital part of the facts, at the one point which made of the outbreak a capital offense, remained thus absolutely unknown, even to most of the participants, for thirty-four years. As to the coroner's verdict, it turned out that there was no surgical examination of the body, but that it was hastily assumed that the deed was done by a certain light mulatto in the crowd who had been foolishly brandishing a knife. As Drew had seen the revolver loaded in Worcester, and had found, after its restoration, that one barrel had been discharged, and as he was also in the attacking party and heard the firing, there can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of his view.

All this, however, was unknown till later ; we only knew that we were gradually forced back beyond the threshold, the door standing now wide open, and our supporters having fallen back to leave the steps free. Mr. C. E. Stevens, in his Anthony Burns, a History, published in 1856, says that I said on emerging, " You cowards, will you desert us now ? " And though his narrative, like most others heretofore printed, is full of inaccuracies, this may be true ; it was certainly what I felt, not knowing that a man had already been killed, and that Stowell and others had just been taken off by the police. I held my place outside, still hoping against hope that some concerted reinforcement might appear. Meanwhile the deputy marshals retreated to the stairway, over which we could see their pistols pointing, the whole hall between us and them being brightly lighted. The moments passed on. One energetic young lawyer, named Seth Webb, whom I had known in college, ran up the steps, but I dissuaded him from entering alone, and he waited. Then followed one of the most picturesque incidents of the whole affair. In the silent pause that ensued there came quietly forth from the crowd the well-known form of Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott, the Transcendental philosopher. Ascending the lighted steps alone, he said tranquilly, turning to me and pointing forward, " Why are we not within ? " " Because," was the rather impatient answer, " these people will not stand by us." He said not a word, but calmly walked up the steps, — he and his familiar cane. He paused again at the top, the centre of all eyes, within and without ; a revolver sounded from within, but hit nobody ; and finding himself wholly unsupported, he turned and retreated, but without hastening a step. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, neither Plato nor Pythagoras could have done the thing better ; and the whole scene brought vividly back the similar appearance of the Gray Champion in Hawthorne's tale.

This ended the whole affair. Two companies of artillery had been ordered out, and two more of marines, these coming respectively from Fort Warren and the Charlestown Navy Yard. (Here again I follow Stevens.) Years after, the successor of the United States marshal, the Hon. R. G. Usher, said to me that his predecessor had told him that the surprise was complete, and thirty resolute men could have carried off Burns. Had the private entrance to the platform in Faneuil Hall existed then, as now, those thirty would certainly have been at hand. The alarm planned to be given from the gallery was heard in the meeting, but was disbelieved ; it was thought to be a scheme to interrupt the proceedings. Phillips had not received notice of it.

Parker and Howe had not fully comprehended the project; but when the latter could finally get out of the hall he ran at full speed up to the Court-House, with Dr. William Francis Channing at his side, and they — two of our most determined men — found the field lost. Had they and such as they been present, it might have been very different.

The attempt being a failure and troops approaching, I went down the steps. There is always a farce ready to succeed every tragedy, and mine occurred when a man in the crowd sidled quietly up to me and placidly remarked, "Mister, I guess you 've left your rumberill." It flashed through my mind that before taking hold of the beam I had set down my umbrella — for it was a showery day — over the railing of the Court-House steps. Recapturing this important bit of evidence, I made my way to Dr. W. F. Channing's house, had my cut attended to, and went to bed; awaking in a somewhat battered condition the next morning, and being sent off to Worcester by my advisers. Then followed my arrest after a few days, — a matter conducted so courteously that the way of the transgressor became easy.

Naturally enough, my neighbors and friends regarded my arrest and possible conviction as a glory or a disgrace according to their opinions on the slavery question. Fortunately it did not disturb my courageous mother, who wrote, "I assure you it does not trouble me, though I dare say that some of my friends are commiserating me for having a son 'riotously and routously engaged,'" — these being the curious legal terms of the indictment. For myself, it was easy to take the view of my old favorite Lamennais, who regarded any life as rather incomplete which did not, as in his own case, include some experience of imprisonment in a good cause. ("Il manque toujours quelque chose à la belle vie, qui ne finit pas sur le champ de bataille, sur l'échafaud ou en prison.") In my immediate household the matter was taken coolly enough to suggest a calm inquiry, one day, by the lady of the house, whether all my letters to her from the prison would probably be read by the jailer; to which a young niece, then staying with us, replied with the levity of her years, "Not if he writes them in his usual handwriting."

It was left to my honor to report myself at the station in due time to meet the officers of the law; and my family, responding to this courtesy, were even more anxious than usual that I should not miss the train. In Boston, my friend Richard Henry Dana went with me to the marshal's office; and I sat in a chair to be "looked over" for identification by the various officers who were to testify at the trial. They sat or stood around me in various attitudes, with a curious and solemn depth of gaze which seemed somewhat conventional and even melodramatic. It gave the exciting sensation of being a bold Turpin just from Hounslow Heath; but it was on a Saturday, and there was something exquisitely amusing in the extreme anxiety of Marshal Tukey — a dark, handsome, picturesque man, said to pride himself on a certain Napoleonic look — that I should reach home in time for my Sunday's preaching. Later the long trial unrolled itself, in which, happily, my presence was not necessary after pleading to the indictment. Theodore Parker was the only one among the defendants who attended steadily every day, and he prepared that elaborate defense which was printed afterwards. The indictment was ultimately quashed as imperfect, and we all got out of the affair, as it were, by the side-door.

I have passed over the details of the trial as I omitted those relating to the legal defense of Burns, the efforts to purchase him, and his final delivery to his claimant, because I am describing the affair only as a private soldier tells of what he personally saw and knew.

I must, however, mention, in closing, a rather amusing afterpiece to the whole matter, — something which occurred on October 30, 1854. A Boston policeman, named Butman, who had been active at the time of Burns's capture, came up to Worcester for the purpose, real or reputed, of looking for evidence against those concerned in the riot. The city being intensely anti-slavery and having a considerable colored population, there was a strong disposition to lynch the man, or at least to frighten him thoroughly, though the movement was checked by a manly speech to the crowd by George Frisbie Hoar, now United States Senator, but then a young lawyer; the ultimate result being that Butman was escorted to the railway station on Mr. Hoar's arm, with a cordon of Abolitionists about him, as a shelter from the negroes who constantly rushed at him from the rear. I was one of this escort, and directly behind Butman walked Joseph Howland, a non-resistant of striking appearance, who satisfied his sensitive conscience by this guarded appeal, made at intervals in a sonorous voice: "Don't hurt him, mean as he is! Don't kill him, mean though he be!" At Howland's side was Thomas Drew, a vivacious little journalist, already mentioned, who compounded with his conscience very differently. Nudging back reprovingly the negroes and others who pressed upon the group, he would occasionally, when the coast was clear, run up and administer a vigorous kick to the unhappy victim, and then fall back to repress the assailants once more. As for these last, they did not seem to be altogether in earnest, but half in joke; although the scene gave the foundation for a really powerful chapter, called The Roar of St. Domingo, in the now forgotten novel Harrington, by W. D. O'Connor. Nevertheless, when we reached the station just as the express train moved away, thus leaving Butman behind, there began to come up an ugly shout from the mob, which seemed to feel for a moment that the Lord had delivered the offender into its hands. As a horse with a wagon attached was standing near by, it was hastily decided to put Butman into the wagon and drive him off, — a proposal which he eagerly accepted. I got in with him and took the reins; but the mob around us grasped the wheels till the spokes began to break. Then the owner arrived, and seized the horse by the head to stop us. By the address of the late William W. Rice, I think, — since member of Congress, — a hack was promptly substituted for the wagon; it drove up close, so that Butman and I sprang into it and were whirled away before the mob fairly knew what had happened. A few stones were hurled through the windows, and I never saw a more abject face than that of the slave-catcher as he crouched between the seats and gasped out, "They 'll get fast teams and be after us." This, however, did not occur, and we drove safely beyond the mob and out of the city towards Westborough, where Butman was to take a later train. Having him thus at my mercy, and being doubtless filled with prophetic zeal, I took an inhuman advantage of Butman, and gave him a discourse on the baseness of his whole career which would perhaps have made my reputation as a pulpit orator had my congregation consisted of more than one, or had any modern reporter been hidden under the cushions. Leaving him a mile or two out of town, I returned home, pausing only at the now deserted station to hunt up my wife's india-rubber overshoes, which I was carrying to be mended when the *émeute* broke out, and which I had sacrificed as heroically as I had nearly relinquished my umbrella at the Boston Court-House.

The Burns affair was the last actual fugitive slave case that occurred in Massachusetts, although for some years we kept up organizations and formed plans, and were better and better prepared for

action as the call for it disappeared. I was for some years a stockholder in the yacht Flirt, which was kept in commission under the faithful Captain Bearse, and was nominally let for hire, though really intended either to take slaves from incoming vessels, or, in case of need, to kidnap the claimant of a slave and keep him cruising on the coast of Maine until his claim should be surrendered. It all now looks very far off, and there has been time for the whole affair to be regarded in several different aspects. After the Civil War had accustomed men to the habitual use of arms and to military organization, the "Burns riot" naturally appeared in retrospect a boyish and inadequate affair enough; we could all see how, given only a community of veteran soldiers, the thing might have been more neatly managed. And again, now that thirty years of peace have almost extinguished the habits and associations of war, still another phase of feeling has come uppermost, and it seems almost incredible that any condition of things should have turned honest American men into conscientious law-breakers. Yet such transitions have occurred in all periods of history, and the author of the Greville Journals records the amazement with which he heard that "Tom Grenville, so mild, so refined, adorned with such an amiable, venerable, and decorous old age," should be the same man who had helped, sixty years before, to carry the Admiralty building by storm in the riots occasioned by the trial of Admiral Keppel, and had been the second man to enter at the breach. Probably, if the whole truth were told, the sincere law-breakers of the world are the children of temperament as well as of moral conviction, and at any period of life, if the whirligig of time brought back the old conditions, would act very much as they acted before.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE RATIONAL STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

Dean Swift, in his description of the battle between the ancient and the modern books in the king's library, has very wisely refrained from telling the outcome of the encounter. No violent polemic is in progress to-day as in the time of Swift, but the conflict itself between ancients and moderns has not got much beyond the point where he left it at the end of the Battle of the Books; it is not yet fought to a finish. The advantage, indeed, would seem of late to be rather on the side of the moderns. By its unconscious drift not less than by its conscious choice of direction, the world at present appears to be moving away from the classics. Even from England, that ancient stronghold of the humanities, we hear complaints that Latin and Greek are losing ground. The modern mind, as the number of subjects that solicit its attention increases, tends, by an instinct of self-preservation, to reject everything that has even the appearance of being non-essential.

If, then, as may be inferred from the foregoing, the teacher of the classics is at present put more or less upon the defensive, the question arises how far the position he thus occupies is an inevitable one, and how far it springs from a failure on his part to conform his methods to existing needs. During the past twenty years, the methods of classical teaching in this country have undergone a modification corresponding to the rapid evolution that has taken place within that time in our whole college and uni-

versity system. Of the curious period of transition through which the higher education of this country is now passing it would be quite unsafe as yet to predict the outcome. There is one phenomenon, however, connected with the new development, that cannot escape the most casual observer; the rise, namely, in all of our great centres of learning, of graduate schools organized with a view to the training of specialists on the German plan, and superimposed on undergraduate systems belonging to an entirely different tradition. The establishment of the first of these graduate schools, that of the Johns Hopkins University, and the impulse there given to work of the type leading to the German doctor's degree, may be regarded as an event of capital importance in the history of American education. President Gilman contemplated with something akin to enthusiasm the introduction of the German scientific spirit, of *wissenschaftliche Methode*, the instinct for research and original work, into the intellectual life of the American student. The results have more than justified his expectations. In all that relates to accurate grasp of the subject in hand, to power of strenuous application and mastery of detail, the standard of American scholarship has risen immensely during the last few years, and will continue to rise. Our universities are turning out a race of patient and laborious investigators, who, for scholarship of the accumulative type, may claim to have rivaled the Germans on their own ground, as Horace said the Romans had come to rival the Greeks:

"Venimus ad summum fortunæ; pingimus atque
Psallimus et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis."

There are, however, even among those who recognize the benefits of the German scientific spirit, some who feel at the same time that it is not without certain dangers and drawbacks, especially when exhibited in the field of ancient or modern literature. A reaction is beginning to manifest itself of late, in some quarters, against a too crude application of German methods to American educational needs. There are persons at present who do not believe that a man is fitted to fill a chair of French literature in an American college simply because he has made a critical study of the text of a dozen mediæval beast fables and written a thesis on the Picard dialect, and who deny that a man is necessarily qualified to interpret the humanities to American undergraduates because he has composed a dissertation on the use of the present participle in Ammianus Marcellinus. It is held by others, who put the matter on broader grounds, that German science, in some departments at least, is beginning to show signs of a decadence similar to the decadence that overtook Greek science in the schools of Alexandria. Matthew Arnold declares the great Anglo-Saxon failing during the present century to have been an excessive faith in machinery and material appliances. May we not with equal truth say that the great German failing during the same period has been an excessive faith in intellectual machinery and intellectual appliances? What else but intellectual machinery is that immense mass of partial results which has grown out of the tendency of modern science to an ever minuter subdivision and analysis? The heaping up of volumes of special research and of investigations of infinitesimal detail has kept pace in Germany with the multiplication of mechanical contrivances in the Anglo-Saxon world. One sometimes asks one's self, in moments of despondency, whether the main achievement of the nineteenth century will not have been to accumulate a mass of machinery that will break the twentieth century's back. The Harvard College library already contains, for the special study of Dante alone, over eighteen hundred volumes; about three fourths of which, it may be remarked in passing, are nearly or quite worthless, and only tend to the confusion of good counsel. Merely to master

the special apparatus for the study of Dante and his times, the student, if he conforms to the standard set for the modern specialist, will run the risk of losing his intellectual symmetry and sense of proportion, precisely the qualities of which he will stand most in need for the higher interpretation of Dante.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this disposition to forget the end of knowledge in the pursuit of its means and appliances more apparent at present than in the study of the classics. There is no intention, in saying this, to underrate the immense services that nineteenth-century scholars, especially those of Germany, have rendered the cause of classical learning. In their philological research and minute criticism of texts they are only following a method which, though first formulated and systematically applied by Bentley, goes back in its main features to the great scholars of the Renaissance. Is there not, however, a fallacy in assuming that material so strictly limited in amount as that remaining to us from classical antiquity is forever to be primarily the subject of scientific investigation? The feudal institutions which saved France from anarchy during the Middle Ages had come, in the eighteenth century, to be the worst of anachronisms; and in like manner, the type of scholarship which, at the beginning of the Renaissance, was needed to rescue and restore the texts of the classical writers will, if persisted in after that work has been thoroughly done, come to be a no less flagrant anachronism. The method which in the sixteenth century produced a Stephanus or a Casaubon will only give us to-day the spectacle of the "German doctor desperate with the task of saying something where everything has been said, and eager to apply his new theory of fog as an illuminating medium." As the field of ancient literature is more and more completely covered, the vision of the special investigator must become more and more microscopic. The present generation of classical philologists, indeed, reminds one of a certain sect of Japanese Buddhists which believes that salvation is to be attained by arriving at a knowledge of the infinitely small. Positions, it is said, have recently been given in American colleges to men who have shown their assimilation of the classical spirit by writing theses on the ancient horse-bridle and on the Roman door-knob.

Doubtless the time has not yet come for what may be called the age of research in the ancient languages to be finally brought to a close. Of Greek literature especially we may say, in the words of La Fontaine, "That is a field which cannot be so harvested that there will not be something left for the latest comer to glean." But while there may still be subjects of research in the classics that will reward the advanced student, it is doubtful whether there are many such whose study the beginner may profitably undertake as a part of his preparation in his specialty. It may be questioned whether, in doing the work necessary under existing conditions to obtain the doctor's degree in the classics, a man has chosen the best means of getting at the spirit or even the letter of ancient literature, or of qualifying himself to become an exponent of that literature to others. It is claimed by the advocates of research that the training the student gets in his investigation, even though he fail to arrive at any important result, is in itself valuable and formative to a high degree. He is at least initiated into that wissenschaftliche Methode on which, as we have seen, President Gilman lays such particular stress. We must recognize a large measure of truth in the claims thus put forward by the advocates of research. It is by his power to gather himself together, to work within limits, as Goethe has told us in a well-known phrase, that the master is first revealed. In so far, then, as the German scientific method forces us to gather ourselves together and

to work within limits, thereby increasing our power of concentration, our ability to lay firm hold upon the specific fact, we cannot esteem it too highly. There can be no more salutary discipline for a person who is afflicted with what may be termed a loose literary habit of mind than to be put through a course of exact research. The lack of the power to work within limits, to lay firm hold upon the specific fact, is a fault of the gravest character, even when it appears in a mind like that of Emerson.

The question arises, however, whether an unduly high price has not been paid for accuracy and scientific method when these qualities have been obtained at the sacrifice of breadth. Would it not be possible to devise a series of examinations, somewhat similar in character, perhaps, to those now held for honors at Oxford and Cambridge, examinations which would touch upon ancient life and literature at the largest possible number of points, and which might serve to reveal, as the writing of a doctor's thesis does not, the range as well as the exactness of a student's knowledge? Certainly, some test is needed which shall go to show the general culture of a candidate as well as his special proficiency, his familiarity with ideas as well as with words, and his mastery of the spirit as well as of the mechanism of the ancient languages.

It is precisely in the failure to distinguish between the spirit and the mechanism of language, in the unwillingness to recognize literature as having claims apart from philology, that the danger of the present tendency chiefly consists. The opinion seems to be gaining ground that the study of literature by itself is unprofitable, hard to dissociate from dilettanteism, and not likely to lead to much except a lavish outlay of elegant epithets of admiration. A professor of Greek in one of the Eastern colleges is reported to have said that the literary teaching of the classics would reduce itself in practice to ringing the changes on the adjective "beautiful"! It is rigorous scientific method that needs to be painfully acquired. If a man has a certain right native instinct, his appreciation of the literature will take care of itself; and if this native instinct is lacking, it is something that no pressure from without will avail to produce. It is, then, wissenschaftliche Methode with its talismanic virtues that our every effort should be directed to impart, whereas the taste for literature is to be reckoned in with Dogberry's list of the things that come by nature. It is in virtue of some such sentiment as this that the study of philology seems at present to be driving the study of literature more and more from our Eastern universities. Do not the holders of this view, we may ask, emphasize unduly the influence their method will have upon individuals, and at the same time fail to consider the effect it may have in the formation of a tendency? In the long run, the gradual working of any given ideal upon the large body of average men, who simply take on the color of their environment, will produce a well-nigh irresistible movement in the direction of that ideal. If the minutiæ rather than the larger aspects of the classics are insisted upon, the taste for small things will spread like a contagion among the rank and file of classical scholars, and we shall soon be threatened with an epidemic of pedantry. A particular type of scholar is as much in need of a congenial atmosphere in which to flourish as a plant is in need of a congenial soil and climate in which to flower and bring forth fruit. We cannot readily imagine a Professor Jowett appearing under existing conditions at the University of Berlin. Besides, the danger is to be taken into account that if present methods are pushed much further, the young men with the right native instinct for literature are likely to be driven out of the classics entirely. Young men of this type may not all care to be educated

as though they were to be "editors, and not lovers of polite literature;" they may not feel the fascination of spending months in a classical seminary, learning how to torment the text and the meaning of a few odes of Horace,

"And torture one poor word ten thousand ways."

There is, to be sure, a very real danger in some subjects, especially in English literature, that the instruction may take too bellelettristic a turn. The term "culture course" has come to mean, among the undergraduates of one of our Eastern colleges, a course in which the students are not required to do any work. It is one of the main advantages of Latin and Greek over modern languages that the mere mastering of an ancient author's meaning will give to a course enough bone and sinew of solid intellectual effort to justify the teacher in adding thereto the flesh and blood of a large literary interpretation. In a civilization so hard and positive in temper as our own, it is not the instinct for philology, but rather the instinct for literature and for the things of the imagination, which is likely to remain latent if left to itself. A certain dry, lexicographical habit of mind is said by Europeans to be the distinctive mark of American scholarship. Instead of fostering this habit of mind in the classics by an undue insistence on philology, it should rather be our endeavor to counteract it by giving abundant stimulus and encouragement to their study as literature. In the classics more than in other subjects, the fact should never be forgotten that the aim proposed is the assimilation, and not the accumulation, of knowledge. In the classics, if anywhere, there is need to insist on a scholarship that will lay hold on some faculty higher than the memory. In the classics, if nowhere else, mere erudition should be held of comparatively little account except in so far as it has been converted into culture; and culture itself should not be regarded as complete until it has so penetrated its possessor as to become a part of his character. Montaigne has said somewhere in his essays that he loved to forge his mind rather than to furnish it. The metaphor of Montaigne's phrase is somewhat mixed, but the idea it embodies is one that men born into a late age of scholarship cannot ponder too carefully. As the body of learning transmitted from the past increases in volume, it becomes constantly more difficult for one to maintain that exact relation between the receipt and the assimilation of knowledge which has been declared by the greatest of the Hindoo sages to be the root of all wisdom. "Without knowledge," says Buddha, "there is no reflection, without reflection there is no knowledge; he who has both knowledge and reflection is close upon Nirvâna." The risk we run nowadays is that of having our minds buried beneath a dead-weight of information which we have no inner energy, no power of reflection, to appropriate to our own uses and convert into vital nutriment. We need to be on our guard against allowing the mere collector of information to gain an undue advantage over the man who would maintain some balance between his knowledge and reflection. We are, for instance, putting a premium on pedantry, if we set up as the sole test of proficiency in the classics the degree of familiarity shown with that immense machinery of minute learning that has grown up about them. This is to exalt that mere passive intellectual feeding which is the bane of modern scholarship. It is to encourage the man who is willing to abandon all attempt at native and spontaneous thought, and become a mere register and repertory of other men's ideas in some small department of knowledge. One of the college comic papers recently published a cathode ray photograph of a very modern type of university professor, with the result, alas, of revealing inside the professor's head only a set of wheels. The

man who is willing to reduce his mind to a purely mechanical function may often thereby gain a mastery of facts that will enable him to intimidate the man who would make a larger use of his knowledge; for there are among scholars, as Holmes says there are in society, "fellows" who have a number of "ill-conditioned facts which they lead after them into decent company, ready to let them slip, like so many bulldogs, at every ingenious suggestion or convenient generalization or pleasant fancy." There has always existed between the man of the literal fact and the man of the general law, between the man of the cold understanding and the man of thought and imagination, an instinctive aversion. We can trace the feud that has divided the two classes of minds throughout history. They were arrayed against each other in fierce debate for centuries during the Middle Ages, under the name of Realists and Nominalists. The author of one of the oldest of the Hindoo sacred books pronounces an anathema on two classes of people, the grammarian and the man who is over-fond of a good dinner, and debars them both from the hope of final salvation. A similar animus is betrayed in an ancient Sanskrit epigram which Mr. Paul E. More, of Bryn Mawr College, renders as follows: —

> "I saw an ass who bore a load
> Of sandal-wood along the road,
> And almost with the burden bent,
> Yet never guessed the sandal scent:
> So philologians bear a mass
> Of books they comprehend not, like the ass."

The remark has frequently been made that quarrels would not last long if the fault were on one side only. We may apply this truth to the debate in question, which, considered in its essence, springs from the opposition between the lovers of synthesis and the lovers of analysis. Now, Emerson has profoundly said, in his essay on Plato, that the main merit of the Greeks was to have found and occupied the right middle ground between synthesis and analysis; and in like manner, the true scholar will find and occupy the Aristotelian mean between the pure grammarian and the pure humanist.

The purely humanistic ideal of the classics, indeed, has in it much that is admirable; but at present, in some respects at least, it has become antiquated and inadequate. It makes the mistake of treating the classical writers too much as isolated phenomena, of not paying enough attention to the essential relations they bear one another and to modern life and literature. Mr. Walter Pater, one of the most distinguished humanists of these recent times, fell under the suspicion of being a dilettante, if not a decadent, and there are some who think they detect a touch of dilettanteism even in a book like that of Professor Jebb on Greek poetry. This defect, so far as it exists, comes from a failure on the part of the interpreter of the classics to relate them in a large and vital way to modern life; it springs from his disposition to retire, as Sainte-Beuve would say, into his tower of ivory, and to seek in ancient literature merely a source of exquisite solace for his æsthetic faculty. It would seem, then, that new life and interest are to be infused into the classics not so much by a restoration of humanism as by a larger application to them than has heretofore been made of the comparative and historical methods. Especially in the case of a language like Latin, whose literature is so purely derivative, and which has in turn radiated its influence along so many different lines to the modern world, any mere disconnected treatment of individual authors is entirely insufficient. The works of each author, indeed, should first be considered by themselves and on their own merits, but they should also be studied as links in that unbroken chain of literary and intellectual tradition which extends from the ancient to the modern

world. It is by bringing home to the mind of the American student the continuity of this tradition that one is likely to implant in him, more effectually, perhaps, than in any other way, that right feeling and respect for the past which he so signally lacks. For if the fault of other countries and other times has been an excess of reverence for the past, the danger of this country to-day would seem rather to be an undue absorption into the present. No great monument of a former age, no Pantheon or Notre Dame, rises in the midst of our American cities to make a silent plea for the past against the cheap and noisy tendencies of the passing hour. From various elements working together obscurely in his consciousness, — from the theory of human perfectibility inherited from the eighteenth century, from the more recent doctrine of evolution, above all from the object lesson of his own national life, — the average American has come to have an instinctive belief that each decade is a gain over the last decade, and that each century is an improvement on its predecessor; the first step he has to take in the path of culture is to realize that movement is not necessarily progress, and that the advance in civilization cannot be measured by the increase in the number of eighteen-story buildings. The emancipation from this servitude to the present may be reckoned as one of the chief benefits to be derived from classical study. Unfortunately, this superficial modernism, appearing at the outset under the form of prejudice or at least indifference, turns many away from the study of the classics altogether, and tends to diminish even in those who do study them that faith and enthusiasm so necessary to overcome the initial difficulties.

The American, it is true, is often haunted, in the midst of all his surface activity, with a vague sense that, after all, his life may be deficient in depth and dignity; it is not so often, however, that he succeeds in tracing this defect in his life to its lack of background and perspective, to the absence in himself of a right feeling for the past, — that feeling which, as has been truly said, distinguishes more than any other the civilized man from the barbarian. As has already been remarked, this feeling is to be gained, in the case of the classics, not so much by treating them as isolated phenomena as by making clear the manifold ways in which they are related to the present, by leaving no chasm between ancient and modern life over which the mind is unable to pass. One of the important functions, then, of the classical teacher should be to bridge over the gap between the Greek and Roman world and the world of to-day. No preparation can be too broad, no culture too comprehensive, for the man who would fit himself for the adequate performance of such a task. His knowledge of modern life and literature needs to be almost as wide as his knowledge of the life and literature of antiquity. The ideal student of the classics should not rest satisfied until he is able to follow out in all its ramifications that Greek and Latin thought which, as Max Müller says, runs like fire in the veins of modern literature. In the case of an author like Virgil, for instance, he should be familiar not only with the classical Virgil, but also with the Virgil of after-centuries, — with Virgil the magician and enchanter who haunted the imagination of the Middle Ages, with Virgil the guide of Dante, and so on down to the splendid ode of Tennyson. If he is dealing with Aristotle, he should be able to show the immense influence exercised by Aristotle over the mediæval and modern European mind, both directly through the Latin tradition and indirectly through Averrhoës and the Arabs. If his author is Euripides, he should know in what way Euripides has affected modern dramatic art; he should be capable of making a comparison between the Hippolytus and the Phèdre of Racine.

If he is studying Stoicism, he should be able to contrast the stoical ideal of perfection with the Christian ideal of the perfect life as elaborated by writers like St. Bonaventura and St. Thomas Aquinas. He should neglect far less than has been done heretofore the great patristic literature in Greek and Latin as giving evidence of the process by which ancient thought passed over into thought of the mediæval and modern types. These are only a few examples, chosen almost at random, of the wide and fruitful application that may be made of the comparative method.

How much, again, might be done to enhance the value of classical study by a freer use than has hitherto been made of the historical method! The word "historical" is intended to be taken in a large sense: what is meant is not so much a mere cataloguing of the events of ancient civilization as an investigation of the various causes that led to the greatness or decline of ancient societies, — history, in short, as understood by Renan, "theoretical" rather than "curious." The last word on the reasons for the rise and fall of the Romans has not been spoken by Montesquieu. An investigation of the kind referred to would allow the application of many of the theories of modern science, but its results would have far more than an abstract scientific interest; they would provide us with instruction and examples to meet the problems of our own times. From the merest inattention to the teachings of the past, we are likely, in our national life, to proceed cheerfully to

> "Commit the oldest sins the newest kind of ways."

A sober reflection on the history of the ancient republics might put us on our guard against many of the dangers to which we ourselves are exposed. It might cure us in part of our cheap optimism. It might, in any case, make us conscious of that tendency of which Machiavelli had so clear a vision, — the tendency of a state to slip down an easy slope of prosperity into vice: —

> "Et in vitium fortuna labier æqua."

How much light might be shed — to give but a single illustration of what is meant — on contemporary as well as on Roman politics by a course, properly conducted, on the correspondence of Cicero!

The method just suggested of studying the classics might possibly render them less liable to the complaint now made that they are entirely remote from the interests and needs of the present. It is this feeling of the obsoleteness of the classics, joined to the utilitarian instinct so deeply imbedded in the American character, that is creating such a widespread sentiment in favor of giving, at least in part, the place they now hold to modern languages. It was interesting to note with what general approval Professor Grandgent's strong plea for this substitution was received at a recent meeting of the Harvard Teachers' Association. At so conservative an institution as Williams it is already possible to get the bachelor's degree without Greek, by taking in its place a sufficient amount of French and German before and after entering college. The American student of the future is evidently going to have a chance to follow in the footsteps of that remarkable young woman, Miss Blanche Amory of Pendennis, who, it will be remembered, "improved her mind by a sedulous study of the novels of the great modern authors of the French language." It would appear, from a comparison of the catalogues of one of our Eastern universities, that its undergraduates now have an opportunity to read La Débâcle of Emile Zola, where twenty years ago they would have been required to read the Antigone of Sophocles.

Space will not permit a full discussion of this important question as to the relative educational value of ancient and modern languages, but a few reasons may be given briefly in support of the

view that modern languages, however valuable as a study supplementary to the classics, are quite inadequate to take their place.

M. Paul Bourget, in a recent autobiographical sketch, tells us that, as a young man, he steeped his mind in the works of Stendhal and Baudelaire and other modern literature of the same type. He fails to explain, either to himself or to others, the fact that these modern books, though written, as he says, in all truth and sincerity, should yet have given him a view of life which later led only to bitter disappointment and disillusion. M. Bourget's difficulty might have been less if he had taken into account that the authors of whom he speaks, so far from serving as a stimulus to his will and reason, merely invited him to retire into a corner and try strange experiments on his own emotional nature, and draw new and novel effects from his own capacity for sensation; that they held out to him, in short, the promise of a purely personal and sensuous satisfaction from life, — a promise which life itself may be counted upon not to keep. Now, modern authors are not all, like Baudelaire, of the violently subjective type, but the intrusion of the author and his foibles into his work, the distortion of the objective reality of life by its passage through the personal medium, is much more frequent in modern than in ancient literature. So much of modern literature merely encourages to sentimental and romantic reverie rather than to a resolute and manly grappling with the plain facts of existence. Romanticism may not mean the Commune, as Thiers said it did, but we may at least say that literature of the romantic type, compared with that in the classical tradition, is so deficient in certain qualities of sobriety and discipline as to make us doubt its value as a formative influence upon the minds of the young. Classical literature, at its best, does not so much tend to induce in us a certain state of feelings, much less a certain state of the nerves; it appeals rather to our higher reason and imagination, — to those faculties which afford us an avenue of escape from ourselves, and enable us to become participants in the universal life. It is thus truly educative in that it leads him who studies it out and away from himself. The classical spirit, in its purest form, feels itself consecrated to the service of a high, impersonal reason. Hence its sentiment of restraint and discipline, its sense of proportion and pervading law. By bringing our acts into an ever closer conformity with this high, impersonal reason, it would lead us, although along a different path, to the same goal as religion, to a union ever more intimate with

> "our only true, deep-buried selves,
> Being one with which, we are one with the whole world."

By a complete and harmonious development of all our faculties under the guidance and control of this right reason, it would raise us above the possibility of ever again falling away

> "Into some bondage of the flesh or mind,
> Some slough of sense, or some fantastic maze
> Forged by the imperious, lonely thinking power."

This high message contained in classical literature calls for the active exercise of our own best faculties, of our intellect and imagination, in order to be understood. It may be because of this purely intellectual appeal of the classics that there is so much initial inertia to overcome in awakening an interest in them, — especially if it be true, as Mr. Goschen claimed in a recent address, that the modern man is losing more and more his capacity to think; and indeed, to transform into a Greek scholar the average young man of to-day, whose power of attention has been dissipated in the pages of the American newspaper, whose mind has been relaxed by reading the modern erotic novel, — this, to borrow one of Phillips Brooks's phrases,

would sometimes seem about as promising an enterprise as to make a lancehead out of putty. The number of those who can receive the higher lessons of Greek culture is always likely to be small. The classical spirit, however, is salutary and formative wherever it occurs, and if a man is not able to appreciate it in Pindar, he may in Horace; and if not in Horace, then in Molière. French literature of the seventeenth century is, as a whole, the most brilliant manifestation of the classical spirit in modern times, and one might teach French with considerable conviction, were it not for the propensity of the American student to confine his reading in French to inferior modern authors, and often, indeed, to novels of the decadence.

Decadent novels and other fungous growths of a similar nature are not peculiar to French, but are multiplying with alarming rapidity in all the great European literatures. Modern literature has been more or less sentimental since Petrarch, and a morbidly subjective strain has existed in it since Rousseau, while of late a quality is beginning to appear which we cannot better describe than as neurotic. We may say, to paraphrase an utterance of Chamfort's, that the success of some contemporary books is due to the correspondence that exists between the state of the author's nerves and the state of the nerves of his public. Spiritual despondency, which under the name of *acedia* was accounted one of the seven deadly sins during the Middle Ages, has come in these later days to be one of the main resources of literature. Life itself has recently been defined by one of the lights of the French deliquescent school as "an epileptic fit between two nothings." It is no small resource to be able to escape from these miasmatic exhalations of contemporary literature into the bracing atmosphere of the classics; to be able to rise into that purer ether

> "where those immortal shapes
> Of bright, aërial spirits live insphered
> In regions mild of calm and serene air."

We can, then, by no means allow the claims of those who find in modern languages an adequate substitute for the classics. We must, however, agree with those who assert that if the classics are to maintain their traditional place, they must be related more largely to the needs and aspirations of modern life. With this end in view, it would seem desirable that classical study take a somewhat new direction: we need to emulate the spirit of the great scholars of the Renaissance, but to modify their methods. As to the present excess of German tendency in American classical scholarship, it may, so far as it exists, be left to remedy itself. The German research method appeals, indeed, to certain hard, positive qualities in the American mind, but other sides of the German ideal the American will find distasteful, on closer acquaintance; above all, he will prove incapable, in the long run, of the sublime disinterestedness of the German specialist, who, so far from asking himself whether his work will ever serve any practical purpose, never stops to inquire whether it will serve any purpose at all. Some reaction, then, against the exaggerations of the German method will do no harm; but the scientific spirit itself, in the study of the classics, we need to retain. Let the classics benefit by the fullest application of the scientific spirit, but let that spirit be directed less toward philological research than toward a freer use of the comparative and historical methods. There is needed in the classics to-day a man who can understand the past with the result, not of loosening, but of strengthening his grasp upon the present. There is needed a type of scholar intermediary between the high school pedagogue and the university specialist, who can interpret the classics in a large and liberal spirit to American under-

graduates, carrying with him into his task the consciousness that he is forming the minds and characters of the future citizens of a republic. The teaching of the classics thus understood could be made one of the best preparations for practical life, and less might be heard of the stock complaint about wasting time in the study of the dead languages. As to this last charge, we may quote from the most eloquent appeal that has been made of late years for a more liberal study of the classics, — that of Lowell in his Harvard Anniversary address. "If the language of the Greeks is dead," he there says, "yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals, not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. . . . We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence."

There was never greater need of the Hellenic spirit than there is to-day, and especially in this country, if that charge of lack of measure and sense of proportion which foreigners bring against Americans is founded in fact. As Matthew Arnold has admirably said, it is the Greek writers of the great period who best show the modern mind the path that it needs to take; for the modern man cannot, like the man of the Middle Ages, live by the imagination and religious faculty alone; on the other hand, he cannot live solely by the exercise of his reason and understanding. It is only by the union of these two elements of his nature that he can hope to attain a balanced growth, and this fusion of the reason and the imagination is found realized more perfectly than elsewhere in the Greek classics of the Golden Age. Those who can receive the higher initiation into the Hellenic spirit will doubtless remain few in number, but these few will wield a potent influence for good, each in his own circle, if only from the ability they will thereby have acquired to escape from contemporary illusions. For of him who has caught the profounder teachings of Greek literature we may say, in the words of the Imitation, that he is released from a multitude of opinions. We may apply to authors like Sophocles and Plato, and to those who have penetrated their deeper meaning, the language the Buddhists use to describe their perfect sage, — language which will at once remind the scholar of the beginning of the second book of Lucretius: "When the learned man has driven away vanity by earnestness, he, the wise, climbing the terraced heights of wisdom, looks down upon the fools, serene he looks upon the toiling crowd, as one that stands on a mountain looks down on them that stand upon the plain."

Irving Babbitt.

LEGISLATIVE SHORTCOMINGS.

THE Congress of the United States and six state legislatures meet every year; the sessions of thirty-nine legislatures are biennial. The meeting of any of these bodies is awaited by many sensible and intelligent citizens with uneasiness and even with alarm, and final adjournment is generally welcomed as a relief from serious anxiety.

That our legislatures, state and national, do their work unsatisfactorily no one thinks of disputing. The conservative capitalist and the socialist may not agree in the details of their criticism, but they are quite at one in the severity of their censure. Newspapers and magazines are filled with vigorous denunciation of Senators and Representatives, and voters are rather vaguely exhorted to improve matters by a wiser choice of legislators. Even if the universal dissatisfaction be somewhat excessive, it has a substantial basis. Our legislative shortcomings are worthy of serious study, and yet, notwithstanding all the severe criticism spoken and written, unimpassioned and precise study of these shortcomings is rare. The critics seldom have any experimental knowledge of what they criticise, and the legislators too often forget that they are open to criticism. I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous if I give, for what it is worth, the result of two years' experience in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Compared with others, this legislative body holds a position at least respectable, but the complaints made of it are the same in kind, though in degree they may not be so severe, as those relating to the legislatures of other States. Local conditions and traditions doubtless have their effect in making one legislature differ somewhat from another, but throughout the North, and to a less extent even in the South, the problems and difficulties of legislation are much the same.

If the average man be asked why a session of the legislature is dreaded by many intelligent persons, he will answer that the quality of the individual legislators is poor, and that few of them are men of good standing in their several communities. This statement he will hold to be obviously true beyond the possibility of doubt. He supposes them to be, for the most part, machine politicians of small capacity and doubtful honesty, actuated mainly by party spirit and personal ambition, — men who are but little trusted by their neighbors in the other affairs of life.

To prove positively the unsoundness of this common opinion is impossible, of course, for respectability, reputation, and good standing in the community are largely matters of opinion. I can only say that I believe the members of the Massachusetts House, as individuals apart from their office, to be much better men than their critics suppose. A House of two hundred and forty members must always contain some men who are not honest, reputable, or intelligent; but the better the members are known as individuals, the more plainly does it appear that the great majority of them are altogether respectable and well intentioned, and that many of them are men who in their several communities are actually chosen, and chosen naturally and properly, to fill important positions of private and corporate trust. Considering human nature, it is rather remarkable that universal suffrage is so discriminating. The best choice is made by the country districts, where the population is stable, and where the average income is so small that the legislative salary makes a desirable addition to it. In the cities, and especially in the larger cities, men of the widest and most successful experience in business seldom find time for legislative

service; but even in cities the Representatives are usually men of some acquaintance with affairs, whose principal desire, when elected, is to do that which is right and for the public interest. These statements may be strenuously controverted, but I can say that experience has converted me from the opposite belief.

Again, these Representatives are not often guided by party spirit. Undoubtedly party spirit exists, and it affects, sometimes legitimately, sometimes quite improperly, the course of legislation; its effect on legislation in Massachusetts, however, is comparatively small. In only thirteen roll-calls out of one hundred and four taken in 1895, and in only seven out of forty-nine taken in 1896, were party lines closely drawn. In most of the exceptional cases they were not drawn with absolute strictness.

If most of the Representatives, as individuals, are men of good character, of experience in business, intelligent, well intentioned, and not unduly partisan, it may be asked in what good quality they are lacking, and why their meeting is an occasion of common apprehension. Though they are generally most respectable individuals, they are almost wholly without special fitness for the work of legislation. In the average legislature there can be found hardly a man who has ever given such consideration to the study of any legislative question that he has become expert in its treatment. The legislature is composed almost or quite altogether of men without serious legislative experience. As soon as a rural legislative district is established in Massachusetts by the decennial apportionment, its Representative convention assigns to the towns composing it, sometimes six or eight in number, the years in which each town is permitted to select the Representative. Locality alone is considered. When the turn of a town arrives, the choice of its caucus is confirmed, as a matter of honor, by the voters of the other towns. The retiring member may be clearly the most competent man in the whole district: his superior qualifications are not even mentioned, and his experience, painfully acquired during four or five months, is unhesitatingly thrown away. If his town is somewhat larger or if his constituency is urban, a second term will probably be assigned to him almost as of right, but two terms are supposed to satisfy the political appetite of any reasonable man. For one change in representation caused by change in the politics of a constituency or by disapproval of a Representative's course, there are five changes caused by the principle of rotation in office without other reason whatsoever. If the rolls of the House in 1889 and 1896 be compared, an illustration taken quite at random, but four names will be found common to both, and of these four members two did not serve in any intermediate legislature; no one of the four served continuously. A few constituencies disregard this two years' rule, and thus acquire great weight in the legislature, but the habit of change is so deeply ingrained that even the clearest demonstration of its injury is quite unavailing. Public office is still regarded as a personal distinction rather than as a means of public service. In this respect there has lately been in Massachusetts a very slight improvement. Nearly all our state Senators have served a year or two in the House before entering the Senate, and the experience thus acquired, as well as the smallness of the Senate, makes it a much more businesslike body than the House, and one which wastes much less time. In some other States the want of legislative experience is even greater than here; in some the reëlection of Representatives may be a little more usual.

This constant change makes impossible a legislative career such as may be followed in most European legislatures, and in a less degree even in the Congress of the United States. The requirements of training and experience would seem to be as imperative for useful legislation as

for the successful practice of law or medicine; but, so far as our Representatives are concerned, legislation is shaped by men without any special equipment worth mentioning. Rotation in office makes a legislative expert almost an impossibility. As no lawyer or physician would ever submit to a professional education if he were allowed to practice his profession but for a year or two in the course of his life, so no man will undertake serious legislative study if his knowledge, the result of his faithful and long-continued labor, can be made profitable but for a few months. Even if a man were found, ready to give years of study for so scanty a return of usefulness, he would be denied the opportunity of sufficient legislative practice, without which his study would probably be misleading. Try to imagine for a moment the effect upon the community of compelling all physicians, merchants, and manufacturers to retire from business after an experience of only a year or two.

When the Massachusetts House meets, composed, as I have said, of men who fairly represent the intelligence and business capacity of the communities of the commonwealth, but who are almost altogether without legislative education and experience, it has no defined legislative programme, partisan or otherwise. The individual member generally has two objects in view.

The first object is to secure the passage, or more rarely the defeat, of some legislative measure of only local importance, — a measure in which his constituents or friends may be deeply concerned, though it is of very slight importance to the commonwealth at large. Occasionally, but not often, this measure is an iniquitous job. Usually the member has no pecuniary interest in it, and often it is little more than a matter of legislative routine. Even when it is unwise, it is frequently nothing worse than a piece of foolish legislative fussiness; or perhaps it was devised to meet some local demand, and is objectionable only because of the bad precedent it establishes; such, for example, as acts to enable a particular town to subsidize a steamboat or a variety show for the convenience or amusement of its summer visitors. Statutes like these had no corrupt purpose, and they were desired by the whole population of the towns in question. If the member's pet measure is not a local matter, but an act of general importance, he runs the risk of being deemed a crank. If he should strenuously seek the passage of several measures, really important, he would be thought wholly devoid of common sense, and his influence would soon disappear. Such a man is sometimes found in the House, but his fellow members agree in thinking that his rarity is a blessing. As will be explained presently, they know that important legislation has no chance of passage, and they grudge the time given to its consideration.

The second object which the average member of the legislature proposes to himself is a fair and impartial vote upon the measures submitted to him, in which he has no particular interest and concerning which he has no peculiar knowledge; in this category he would modestly put at least nineteen measures out of twenty that come before the House. He wishes first to pass his own pet measure, and then to vote wisely upon the pet measures of his fellow members, after giving them an impartial hearing.

Now, a member of the House who does not aspire to be a leader knows that so long as he does not err exceptionally and grievously concerning the great mass of legislation submitted to him, his record will be judged mainly by his success in passing the one or more bills in which his constituents or friends are especially interested. To succeed here will redound greatly to his credit; to vote wrong occasionally upon measures of general interest will impair that credit but slightly, — at any rate, if the vote is quietly and unobtrusively given.

His reputation must be merely local, and local reputation, in most cases, is determined by the member's attitude toward local measures. Hence his sense of responsibility is much stronger regarding some local measure which is unimportant to the general public than it is concerning measures which are generally important. This may be illustrated by a story from experience. A rural district returned to a certain legislature a man of good standing in his community and of excellent character, — a man who would naturally be trusted in the ordinary affairs of his neighborhood. The only thing his constituents cared for was a local bill in which he had no direct pecuniary interest. In order to secure votes for his pet bill, he was willing to trade his own vote on almost any other measure, important or unimportant, that came before the legislature, and consequently he was a bad legislator. The badness of his record, however, was caused, not by his bad character as an individual, but by his regard for the wishes of his constituents. Had he refused to trade his vote, his constituents, without regard to party or condition, would probably have deemed him faithless to his principal duty; had he succeeded in passing his bill, they would cheerfully have pardoned, if indeed they had noticed, his aberrations concerning every measure of real importance which came before the legislature. This is an extreme case, but in a somewhat milder form trading is common and almost universal. In its practical results it is more harmful than direct pecuniary corruption. The temptation to trade is much more insidious than the temptation to take a bribe. The line between bribery and pecuniary honesty is pretty clearly defined, — no man can well be bribed without knowing it; but the line between legitimate compromise and pernicious log-rolling cannot be drawn with any sharpness. Moreover, bribery is condemned by the common judgment of every one; trading is not.

In spite of frequent trading and occasional venality, however, the average member of the House does try to pass fairly upon most questions submitted to him; but his attitude, both in committee and in the House, is distinctly that of a juryman. He does not try to carry out any programme drawn up by the party leaders or determined by his own individual opinions, he does not seek to initiate serious legislation; he sits to hear the petitioners that come before him, to effect a compromise, if possible, in matters of dispute, and in the last resort to decide the case on its merits: and this attitude is characteristic not only of the average member of the House, but even of those who may fairly be taken as its leaders. Even a leader, but slightly aided by party discipline, having no recognized position like that of a cabinet minister, and exposed to the jealousy of his fellow members, which is heedless and irritating, though it is seldom malicious, soon comes to consider that his chief duty is to stop legislation which is positively bad rather than to secure that which is positively good.

If a proposed measure be unopposed, it is passed, of course, without serious difficulty. The bill is prepared outside the legislature, presented to it, and referred to the appropriate committee. The petitioners make out a strong case, and succeed in giving the committee an inkling of what they desire. There are no remonstrants, the committee's report is favorable, and, as there is no opposition whatever, it is accepted by the House. A controversial measure has quite another fate.

The system of land transfer in Massachusetts was believed by many persons to be needlessly complicated, and the Australian or Torrens system was suggested as an advantageous substitute. Obviously the matter was too difficult for the unaided intelligence of the legislature, and so it was referred to a commission. The commission presented two reports, differ-

ing considerably in detail, but both recommending a change in the existing system. These reports were duly referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, which is composed of lawyers, and is more nearly a body of experts than any other committee of the legislature. Most of its members were ready for a change in the law, but all thought the changes proposed by the commission too sweeping. Time was needed to draft a new bill, and time was the one thing wanting. A hundred and twenty matters, or thereabouts, had been referred to the committee, on almost all of which a public hearing must be given. Some of these were matters of mere routine, such as the ratification of acts of justices of the peace and the removal of technical flaws in the proceedings of town meetings. Others were measures which had been rejected over and over again by preceding legislatures, and had not the slightest chance of passage. Others were frivolous. In all cases, however, the petitioners had the right to a hearing, — a right as sacred as that of a suitor to a hearing before a court of law, — and a hundred and twenty public hearings take time. Hoping for a little leisure, the overworked committee postponed the consideration of land transfer until careless justices and stupid town officers had been furnished with the desired legislation. Reports on all matters referred to the committee had then become due under the rules of the House, and, confessing its impotence, the committee had to recommend the reference of the proposed changes to the next legislature. In that next legislature the subject came up again, and for the same reason met the same fate. Thus an important measure was refused serious consideration, not because the House was hostile, not because its members were venal partisans, but because, under our system, there can be found no Representative with leisure for serious study.

Sometimes, of course, an important measure does pass. The Bay State Gas Company desired a charter to sell gas throughout the commonwealth unhampered by municipal boundaries; if allowed to do this, it promised to give consumers cheap gas. The measure, though in form a private bill, was probably more important to the general public than any other measure brought before the legislature of 1896. The petitioners, like the plaintiff in a suit at law, asked for more than they hoped to obtain. Their proposed bill was referred to the appropriate committee. Before the committee appeared several able gentlemen, leaders of the two great political parties, retained at a great price to argue on behalf of the petitioners, in the hope that the political standing of the advocates would add weight to their arguments. It must not be supposed that these gentlemen were expected to corrupt members of the legislature, — nothing of the kind; bribery, if practiced at all, was practiced by men of a very different sort. At the same time, it may be doubted if good legislation is helped by the paid employment in behalf of a given measure not only of learning and forensic ability, but also of the influence naturally carried by a great name.

After the petitioners' case was in, the established gas companies, as remonstrants, took their turn, being also represented by distinguished politicians. The committee was perplexed. All admitted that the petitioners asked too much; nearly all were for giving them something by way of compromise, in the honest desire of securing to the community the benefits of cheap gas. No member of the committee had any particular knowledge of the subject, and an unprejudiced expert is nearly as unobtainable by a legislature as by a jury. Had the Gas Commission, for example, in the excited condition of public feeling, given an opinion for or against the bill, its influence would have been seriously impaired for years. Sorely perplexed,

the committee reported to the House a bill so much less generous than the bill asked for by the petitioners that, to its authors, it doubtless seemed moderate. In fact, it gave many extraordinary privileges.

The same spirit of compromise existed in the legislature. The petitioners had purchased the support of many newspapers throughout the State, and thus had impressed the members with the importance and desirability of cheap gas. The committee's bill was conceded to be too liberal, and its provisions were much modified by amendments. Thus a third edition of the bill was prepared, a curious piece of haphazard patchwork, the result of the well-meant efforts of a dozen or twenty different men, working without any reference to one another, in great haste and without any particular knowledge of the matter in hand. This third edition passed the legislature by a large majority, though probably no one, with the possible exception of the petitioners' attorneys, knew precisely what its provisions meant. It was vetoed by the governor, who, in his message, explained at considerable length his reasons for thinking that the bill granted too much. The veto was sustained, but the friends of the measure, by a curious parliamentary device which it is needless to explain, had provided themselves with another bill in reserve, and this they put into a shape to satisfy the governor's objections. The bill so amended is now the law.

Thus there were four editions of the bill, each of which differed greatly from all the others, the last three being the results of three successful compromises hastily and clumsily prepared by hard-worked men, well intentioned, but without any special training or knowledge. The community was disturbed by extravagant stories of bribery and corruption used to secure the passage of the measure even in its last form, and in the newspapers and on the streets there was talk of the degradation of the legislature and of the bad character of its individual members. It might be too much to assert that in no case was bribery resorted to in order to secure the passage of this bill, but the stories of corruption were at any rate grossly overdrawn, and the bill was supported chiefly by men who desired to do right, and who believed that they were doing about right when they patched up a compromise, which they did not quite understand, between the extreme demands of the petitioners and the selfish opposition of the existing gas companies.

It has been said that exaggerated stories of bribery are often believed by the public, and, it must be added, by not a few Representatives themselves. One cause of the belief is this: It is admitted to be wrong to pay a member for his vote, but it is not admitted to be wrong to pay his friend, patron, or employer for getting his vote. Men are hired whose influence, personal, political, or social, is supposed to control certain members of the House. In some cases, doubtless, these men act as go-betweens, and pay directly for the votes which they procure; but much more frequently the vote is procured by persuasion, coaxing, an appeal to friendship, or a threat of unpleasant consequences. The Representative is often free from any taint of dishonesty, and may not know that the friend whom he trusts has been hired to cajole him. If the agent succeeds, it is believed by the public that bribery has been committed; if he fails to secure the vote he is supposed to control, he not uncommonly excuses his want of success to his employer by asserting, quite untruly, that the Representative has been bribed by the other side.

The gas bill was probably the most important act passed by the Massachusetts legislature in the session of 1896. Had it been the most important measure of a session of the British Parliament, its course would have been very different. First it would have been studied in detail by experts in the employ of the government. These experts, being prac-

tically anonymous, and not open to personal attack or to cross-examination, would have given an opinion both intelligent and impartial; under their advice, a consistent scheme would have been framed and put into a carefully drafted bill, to pass which, after it had been further discussed and perfected in cabinet meeting, the whole power of the majority would have been pledged. Its defeat would have involved the immediate overthrow of the existing administration, and any amendment permitted would first have been carefully scrutinized by the government and its experts. Party feeling, which influences the House of Commons much more than the Massachusetts House of Representatives, undoubtedly increases the sense of responsibility, and, in consequence, the chance of passing carefully prepared and consistent measures of considerable legislative importance.

Another serious shortcoming of the legislature deserves notice. It is charged that some members levy blackmail upon corporations by threatening to introduce measures injurious to the corporations in question; as, for example, bills to reduce railroad fares, to enlarge the liability of employers for the injuries of their workmen, to enable municipalities to undertake certain kinds of work now done by private corporations, and so forth. We need not consider whether the measures thus proposed are good or bad; if they are good, it is most objectionable to withdraw them upon payment of money, or to threaten their introduction if this payment is not forthcoming. That blackmail is sometimes levied in this way no one who has closely watched the legislature can doubt, but the inference often drawn — that a large number of the members are corrupt or ill disposed — I believe to be without foundation. The fault is in the system rather than in the men.

Let us suppose that the threat has been made, and that the required payment has been refused, either on moral or on economical grounds. The bill is introduced, apparently, to meet a public demand. This may easily be simulated, or it may really exist, even though the measure proposed be unwise or unfair, inasmuch as the public is not always altogether well informed and reasonable. The bill, when introduced, is referred, under the rules, to a committee, and it lies in the committee's docket for a month or six weeks, a constant if not a very serious menace. The day for the public hearing arrives. If the introducer of the measure is tired of the game, he can withdraw at the last moment without cost or inconvenience to himself, having put his victim to the expense of hiring counsel and summoning witnesses, — an expense not infrequently greater than the blackmail originally demanded.

If the blackmailer decides to go on, he can generally find persons, not always dishonest, to appear in support of his bill. Some hours of the committee's time are spent in the hearing or hearings. If the public demand is real, though unreasonable, one or more weak but well-intentioned members of the committee may sometimes be persuaded to sign a minority report in favor of the bill, and occasionally the introducer has a personal friend on the committee who is willing to humor him; but the committee's report is almost invariably against the blackmailing scheme, and that report is usually unanimous. The blackmailer's game is not yet up. The question before the House is the acceptance of the adverse report of the committee. The blackmailer asks for delay; he offers a compromise measure, or he appeals to the House as a whole and to its members individually to reject the committee's report and give his bill one reading, telling them that, if they please, they may vote it down afterwards. The good nature of the House seems at times its most dangerous vice, particularly in the early part of the

session, when time is abundant. The blackmailer is an unknown man, often plausible, appealing to an inexperienced stranger. He tells the new member that he will amend the bill to meet all objections, and he threatens vengeance upon the new member's pet measure if the latter does not vote with him this once. It has been explained already that this pet measure is often the one desire of the new member's constituents. His sense of responsibility for it is great; his sense of responsibility regarding the blackmailer's bill is slight, there is no party discipline to steady him, and he votes with the blackmailer just once, intending to vote against him on the next stage of the same bill. The blackmailing measure is thus substituted for the adverse report of the committee; the corporation becomes frightened, and either buys off its enemy, or hires the lobby to defeat a bill which would have died of itself at the next stage. Thus the corporation finds the expense of defeating a bill once introduced to be greater than that of buying its introducer in the first place; its officers grow cynical, think most Representatives corrupt, and at the next session may seek to bribe instead of waiting to be blackmailed.

The blackmailer has the best chance of success if he introduces a bill which can be supported by honest and serious arguments. In this case, he may gain the votes of men not only well meaning, but intelligent. Occasionally, there can be little doubt, the best members of the House are led to vote against a bill which ought to pass, because they believe it was introduced to get money out of a rich corporation.

The case of blackmail shows the legislature at its worst, yet the cause of the evil is neither the dishonesty nor even the extreme stupidity of the average member. Until the committee reports, the blackmailer needs no help beyond the rule which entitles all petitioners to a hearing, — a rule which appears founded in justice, though in practice it is the cause of much delay and of no little harm. Even during the action of the House, the blackmailer's strength comes from the good nature of his colleagues, from their want of discipline, and from their inexperience, rather than from their low character as citizens or as individual members of the community. If it be said that the origin of the whole trouble is the presence in the House of even a few dishonest members, it must be answered that no considerable legislative body which ever existed in the world has long been without some members open to bribery. Certain recent trials have shown that more than one member of the House of Commons, if he did not take money for his votes as a member of the House, was restrained from doing so by want of opportunity rather than by lack of inclination. Again, it may be asked if the blackmailer is not soon found out, and if he does not thus lose all his influence with decent men. He is almost always found out by the end of the session, but if he has the good fortune to be reëlected to the next legislature, he finds a hundred and twenty new members who have never heard of him in the course of their lives.

It has already been pointed out that our legislative system makes it very difficult to pass any considerable measure of controversial legislation. Important matters, like the regulation of the hours of labor, are never treated in the legislature as settled, even for a period of years. The existing law is always a temporary compromise, hastily patched up in the legislature, — a short step, to be followed as soon as possible by another. So much is this the case that no sensible man expects to accomplish serious controversial legislation except by piecemeal. This condition of affairs has two evils: it keeps the community in constant unrest; and, as each fragment of legislation takes nearly as much time as

should the passage of a comprehensive measure, sessions are lengthened to a maximum and constructive legislation is reduced to a minimum. For example, nearly everybody believes that the system of taxation in Massachusetts is antiquated and inefficient, and needs a complete remodeling; some men think that sufficient provision should be made for enforcing the existing laws, while others believe these laws to be so barbarous that they should be done away with at once; yet a quarter of a century's constant agitation, which has in the aggregate taken up months and perhaps years of legislative time, has resulted only in the passage of two or three bits of piecemeal legislation, which, whether wise or foolish, have at any rate made the existing law more complicated and contradictory than before. There is very little hope that any comprehensive system can be established except by a long process of attrition, which must consume an incalculable amount of legislative time.

What has been said goes to show that the shortcomings of the House are caused not so much by the poor quality of its members as individual men, as by their inexperience, their weak sense of responsibility, and the easy-going temper which naturally results from inexperience and irresponsibility. Rotation in office is the chief cause of their inexperience. The cause of their want of responsibility is to be found largely in the principles of our Constitutions, State and Federal, which so divide power among the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the government that no one department is altogether responsible for any considerable part of its own acts. In these circumstances, it is clear that, even if the average quality of our legislators shall be improved, no great improvement in legislation can be expected so long as our system remains unchanged; and hence it follows that moral exhortation to choose better Representatives is not likely to do much good. To effect a remedy, we must change principles rather than men.

The principle of rotation in office is not an essential part of the American system of government, and can be abandoned without constitutional or legislative change if the voters of any constituency desire. Until it is abandoned as a principle, legislative improvement seems to me out of the question. The theory of rotation in office, it should always be borne in mind, is the theory that in the conduct of public affairs experience is valueless. Doubtless there is something to be said for rotation, or it would never have been practiced. Other things being equal, a community may be benefited by giving to a considerable number of its citizens some knowledge of its affairs; but when the knowledge thus given is never utilized, and when none but 'prentice hands are allowed to frame our laws, rotation is reduced to an absurdity. It is at once irritating, pathetic, and ridiculous to see a constituency composed of six or eight small rural communities discard the services of a Representative who has just begun to be useful, because the rule of rotation requires that no community in the district shall have a Representative two years in succession. It is obvious that men should be chosen for public office, not because they are rich or poor, not because they live in one place or in another, not because they deserve distinction, not because they are respectable or even virtuous, but simply and solely because they will serve the public better than any one else. Even if this were the received theory of our government, we might still be far removed from a satisfactory practice, but the American people have not yet learned wisdom even in theory.

The limitation of legislative authority, unlike the principle of rotation in office, is the very foundation of the government of the United States. To guard individuals against the tyranny of the majority, the Federal Constitution, followed by

the Constitutions of most of the States, puts it out of the power of any majority, short of practical unanimity, to abridge certain rights of the citizen. Legislatively speaking, the Parliament of Great Britain is omnipotent, and therefore it has a strong sense of responsibility. The ministry of the day, practically a committee of the House of Commons, has, so long as it enjoys the confidence of that House, all the power of the executive. Legislatively speaking, the Congress of the United States and the legislatures of the several States, being hampered by constitutional limitations, are comparatively weak, and therefore their sense of responsibility is comparatively slight. They have no executive authority. For centuries the political development of Great Britain has tended to the concentration of power and responsibility in the House of Commons and in the ministry which is its committee. The development of the United States, in the century or more of its existence, has tended to protect the rights of individuals; that is to say, to prevent the concentration of power in any man or body of men. As the power of our legislatures is limited, so is their responsibility. Viewing them merely as effective machines for passing laws, we cannot expect that Congress or a state legislature will ever equal the House of Commons; and even the House of Commons seems to be losing something of its efficiency. This is not to say that the English Constitution is preferable to our own. I believe that ours, protecting individual rights as it does, is the safer and better of the two, but a weakened sense of responsibility is the besetting defect of the virtues of the American Constitution.

If, however, we recognize clearly the nature and the causes of our legislative shortcomings, we shall have taken the first step to lessen them. Experience in our legislators we can secure if we will, and this will accomplish something. At the beginning of the session a legislature is now much like a crowd, quiet and well disposed, but unorganized and undisciplined; the members sometimes too distrustful of one another, sometimes too confiding. A minority, even a small minority, of men familiar not only with parliamentary rules, but with the course of legislation, will give to this body from the beginning an organization and a cohesion which it now lacks. If sixty members have already come to know one another's strength and weakness by the experience of several years, the remaining one hundred and eighty become more easily acquainted, and the plausible rogue, in the legislature and out of it, will not so readily deceive the new-comer, and get from him pledges which afterwards he may bitterly regret. Experience, too, will save much of the time now wasted in every session by the discussion of measures which have no chance of passage. If it were understood that an important measure once passed or rejected was safe from attack or from premature resurrection for five years at least, the saving of time would be enormous. This conservatism would not delay wise reforms, but rather hasten them; for, as has been shown, they are now defeated by the pressure of routine. One piece of useful general legislation discussed, put into proper shape, and passed within a year is more valuable than ten plans for legislation discussed and either rejected or botched within the same time. If a few men, not necessarily very brilliant, but sensible citizens with some leisure, men not unlike many members of our recent legislatures, can be induced to make legislative service their career or a part of their career, the prospect of serious and consistent legislation will be greatly improved. These men can then make practical legislation a study, and their value to the commonwealth will increase from year to year.

The reform of legislative procedure, a matter which cannot even be understood without legislative experience, would also accomplish something. Gen-

eral laws might be framed, if we had experienced legislators to frame them, which should avoid the necessity of many of our special acts, and thus save time for real legislation. The statutes might be made more comprehensive and put into more systematic form. The drafting of bills, at present so awkward and defective, generally the work of a man otherwise overtaxed, who has had no training in legislative or even in literary expression, should be entrusted to a highly paid permanent expert with a sufficient force of competent clerks. Ten thousand dollars a year spent in salaries would probably save five times the amount, now spent in litigation. In this matter the Massachusetts House of Representatives has made a beginning which it is to be hoped will have satisfactory development.

Again, the law which requires a Representative to reside in the district which he represents has lost whatever reason it may have had in former times. The day when a town, accustomed to act as a unit in most matters politic, sent up one of its citizens to the General Court has passed by forever. Nearly all representative districts are without other political unity, and even this unity is broken up by the decennial apportionment. Each district is either a congeries of small towns, or a fragment of a city, or sometimes such a fragment tacked to one or more towns for the sake of partisan advantage. If the voters of these constituencies deliberately prefer to be represented by some one who does not live among them, there is no reason why they should not have their way, and their local jealousy can be trusted to get its proper influence without being strengthened by positive law. If a seat in the legislature should be looked on as a sort of reward of merit, an honorary distinction conferred upon an individual or upon a community, the democratic spirit may require that the coveted decorations shall be distributed proportionally among the different parts of the State; but if the legislature exists solely for useful legislation, it should be made up of the men who can legislate most usefully, and nature does not always distribute useful legislators in exact proportion to the population. In any event, local jealousy will generally triumph over superior fitness. It may be mentioned in passing that nearly every country in Europe permits its constituencies to choose their representatives freely, and this freedom of choice has never been a cause of complaint. The existing rule bears with particular hardship upon political leaders, for they often reside in districts which differ from them in politics. Thus the Constitution not infrequently forces a political party to choose as its legislative leader an inferior man.

The responsibility of political parties may be increased. We usually speak of party spirit as if it were altogether undesirable, but party responsibility is a thing to be desired, and this cannot be had without reasonable party spirit and sufficient party discipline. At present, party spirit, in the Massachusetts legislature at least, is feeble and intermittent, and party discipline is almost wanting. The legislation of each session should have some sort of plan or programme. A legislative programme does not frame itself, and it cannot be framed by common consent, for nearly all serious legislation is inevitably the object of opposition. If there is to be any programme at all, it must be made by the political majority. Not all the legislation proposed would be political; much, perhaps most of it, would be quite unconnected with the issues of national politics. The English ministry is held responsible for the passage not only of partisan measures, but of non-partisan measures needed by the country. Responsibility, similar in kind though less in degree, should be undertaken by the prevailing political party of any State.

Finally, our people must be taught

that legislation is a business. In the modern world, all business is specialized, and performed by those who have demonstrated their fitness. We do not go for medical advice to a farmer, however successful or upright; we do not hire a cotton manufacturer to draw our wills for us, though his name be a proverb of honest dealing in two continents; we do not raise our crops according to the counsels of our lawyer, though he be a Marshall and a Story rolled into one. Moralists and reformers continually exhort their fellow citizens to elect good men to office. A good general character, certainly, is desirable and even necessary to a useful legislator, but general goodness without some special fitness is a poor equipment for legislative service. Political ideals necessarily transcend actual political results. It is important, therefore, that the most intelligent and public-spirited men in the community, the political idealists, should insist that fitness, which must include respectability, rather than respectability alone, is the true test of a public servant, and that a public servant of approved fitness, in the legislature as well as in the civil service, is not to be displaced lightly or unadvisedly. If he has ceased to represent the opinions of his constituents from the standpoint of partisan politics or otherwise, let him go, but do not let him go because "he has had it long enough." If these sentiments can be made part of the American political ideal, they will gradually affect our actual conditions.

The object of this article, however, is not chiefly to suggest remedies for existing shortcomings, but to point out those shortcomings and their causes. An understanding of their effects must precede their cure.

Francis C. Lowell.

THE GOOD AND THE EVIL OF INDUSTRIAL COMBINATION.

This is a subject on which it is easy to argue, and hard to judge. The apologist for modern corporate methods can show that the good which they have done and are doing is likely to be permanent, while the evil with which they are accompanied tends to correct itself in the long run. His opponent can answer that this self-correcting process is very slow; and that even if we could be sure that it would work itself out right in the end, — which he is not always disposed to admit, — nevertheless the evils and losses attendant upon the intermediate stages of the process make it a terribly expensive one, both materially and morally. In short, he thinks that society is paying too high a price for its industrial education and improvement; and that more stringent methods of state control would enable us to get at the good results of combination by a shorter road, which would avoid most of the dangers and hardships of the longer one.

The whole question is so complicated, and those who deal with it are so full of cross-purposes, that it is no easy matter to disentangle the different threads of argument and put them in proper relation to one another. Those readers of The Atlantic Monthly who demand "a simple statement of the truth" are advised to avoid this article, and all others dealing with the same subject. Any such article is likely to be either a complicated statement of the truth or a simple statement of something altogether different.

Much of the confusion with which this subject is attended is due to the use of the word "combination" in two quite distinct senses. Combination as opposed to isolation is one thing; combination as

opposed to competition is another. In the former sense, it represents an almost unmixed good; in the latter sense, whatever good it may accomplish is attended with most serious industrial dangers. If a number of producers get together, they can increase the service which they render society. If a number of dealers "get together," they are more apt to increase the price charged than the service rendered. The advocates of industrial combination look chiefly at its good effects on economy of production. The opponents of industrial combination lay an exaggerated stress upon its evil effects on equity of distribution; and in their zeal to abolish these evils they sometimes propose measures so sweeping that their adoption would cripple productive efficiency. To realize the full benefit of modern industrial processes, and at the same time avoid the abuse of the commercial monopoly with which they are so generally attended, is perhaps the hardest economic problem of the day.

The substitution, on a large scale, of combined for isolated production began about the middle of the last century. The inventions of Arkwright and Hargreaves in spinning, and of Cartwright in weaving, resulted in the substitution of textile factories for domestic spindles and looms. A hundred or a thousand operatives working together under a single management could produce so much more than the same operatives working separately that the complete displacement of the old system by the new was only a question of time. This process received a powerful impetus from Watt's improvements in the industrial use of steam, — improvements which changed the steam-engine from an uncouth pumping-machine to an economical and efficient means of propulsion. Prior to Watt's invention, factories were confined to localities where water-power was available; subsequent to it, they could be advantageously run wherever cheap fuel was at hand. Early in the present century, the possibilities of industrial consolidation were still further increased by the invention of the railroad. In the era of cheap transportation that followed, fuel and raw materials could be brought to the factory from a greater distance than before, and finished products sold over a greater area. The extent of the market was so widened that there was no limit to the size of the mills save that which resulted from difficulty of organization and supervision. The range of articles made in factories increased enormously. The foundry and the tool-shop took the place of the blacksmith and the cutter in many lines of production. Meantime, the railroad itself, which had been such an important means of stimulating consolidation in other lines, became in its own organization and management the most conspicuous instance of such consolidation. Independent wagoners could not compete with it. Independent canal-boat owners, on all but a few of the most advantageous water-lines, were gradually forced out of business. Independent carriers, running trains of their own on the same line of railroad, and paying tolls for the use of the track as they might for the use of a turnpike or a canal, have been a favorite subject of theorists' dreams, but never anything more. Independent lines of parallel railroad have involved such waste in construction and abuse in management that they have given place to consolidated systems of constantly increasing size.

It is thought by some observers that this process is reaching its natural limit, and that the use of electricity instead of steam may result in a reaction. Steam-power offers the greatest economy in concentration. Electricity affords far more possibility of division and diffusion. But the most that we can reasonably expect from this change is a mitigation of existing tendencies rather than a reversal; for over and above the economy of power resulting from centralized industry, there is an economy due to efficiency of organization, which must continue to give

the large producers an advantage. Developments in electricity, like developments in arms, may result in substituting the skirmish line for the massed column, and in giving greater freedom of movement to the component parts of the organization; they can hardly result in substituting small armies for large ones, or in lessening the responsibility and power of the general in command.

On the whole, this concentration of means of production has tended to the diffusion of means of enjoyment.

That it has benefited consumers by cheapening products no one seriously thinks of denying. It was just because it cheapened products that it won its success in displacing the domestic system of manufacture. This point needs no argument. But that it has done corresponding good to the laborers is by no means so universally conceded. Many persons think that the benefit of the changes has gone to the rich rather than to the poor; that if a man has wealth he can buy more products for his money, but that if he has no wealth he loses by the competition of machinery more than he gains by the cheapening of the products of such machinery; in short, that the laborer has not received a fair share in the advantages of modern consolidated enterprise.

In spite of its prevalence this view is far from being well founded. Direct statistics of wages show that the general tendency has been toward increase of pay of the laborer, and still greater increase in the purchasing power of what he receives. Even more conclusive than these statistics are the facts derived from an examination of piece prices. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in a somewhat celebrated comparison of the accounts of certain cotton factories in 1840 and 1884, shows that the piece prices paid to labor in the latter year bear a far higher ratio to the amounts set aside for dividends than was the case at the earlier period; and that, too, though the number of the looms and spindles had vastly increased, while the number of operatives had remained stationary. The piece prices paid for labor per yard, on the goods chosen for comparison, had, it is true, fallen from 1.82 cents in 1840 to 1.18 cents in 1884. But the superior efficiency of labor in spinning and weaving had allowed the laborers to make their output per hour more than three times as great in 1884 as it had been in 1840; so that they had at once reduced their hours of labor nearly twenty per cent, and increased their day's wages more than sixty per cent. Meantime, the capitalist had been forced to reduce his profit per unit of product as fast as the quantity of output increased, and, in spite of all improvements of method, had to content himself with the same valuation of his plant in 1884 that it had borne in 1840.

But to those who distrust statistics — and such persons are by no means few in number or contemptible in intellect — we can bring another line of facts which tend to the same conclusion. In what lines of industry are the wages lowest and the abuses greatest? Is it in those where modern methods have been most extensively employed, and where machinery with its attendant concentration of power has made the most progress, or is it in those whose methods are survivals from an earlier stage of industrial order? To this question there can be but one answer. The lowest wages, the most unsanitary conditions, the grossest abuses and oppressions, are not to be found in factories, but in tenement-house industries. It is among the cigar-makers or among the workers in certain branches of the ready-made clothing trade that these matters are at their worst. Yet it is just here that the conditions of employment are most like those which prevailed in earlier industrial periods. The sufferers under the sweating system are not, as is so often charged, the victims of the present industrial order; they are the victims of a survival of past labor conditions into an age which has become familiar with better ones.

The idea that modern consolidated capital and modern machinery tend to compete with labor and displace it is based on a radically wrong conception. Modern machinery is commonly spoken of as "labor-saving;" it is really not so much labor-saving as product-making. It does not, as a rule, enable the community to get the old amount of service with diminished labor; rather, it enables the community to get a vastly increased service with increased labor. Take the example of the railroad. We speak of it as a cheap means of transportation. Yet, for the amount of traffic *per capita* which fifty years ago went over our highroads, the railroad would be about the most expensive means of transportation that could possibly be devised. The cost of interest and maintenance on a good railroad per year is greater than the total cost of transportation on any of the old turnpikes; the amount of wages paid by the railroad company for track repairs alone is probably greater than the compensation which all carriers ever received on any wagon-road. But the railroad company, by developing its traffic, can impose a much smaller fraction of these expenses upon each shipment, and thus make the cost per ton or per passenger less, even when the cost per year is greater.

From this state of facts, which is not confined to railroads, but is characteristic of modern consolidated industries, two important consequences follow. In the first place, the supposed reduction in the demand for labor is a myth. There may be a change of direction of labor, which results in the reduction of demand and lowering of wages at certain times or in certain lines of acquired skill; but the general effect, other things being equal, is to put money wages up rather than down. In the second place, the machinery can be made profitable only by increased use of its products; and this cannot be attained except by creating a popular sale, by putting them within the reach of the laborer instead of confining their use to the capitalist. It is the plain man rather than the wealthy man for whom articles of consumption have been cheapened. The railroad car is the plain man's carriage. The factory is the plain man's purveyor. Modern methods of production and distribution have not cheapened the luxuries of the rich: champagne and yachts show no tendency to fall in price. They have cheapened the comforts available for rich and poor alike. Masses of capital can be made profitable only by mass consumption; mass consumption must come from the masses, and not from the classes. So great is the importance of this truth that any unmassing of industry due to the increased use of electricity may readily involve a danger to the wage-earners; for it will increase the chance of their becoming purveyors to the rich instead of purveyors to one another.

Up to the present time, investments of capital in machinery, on however large a scale, have tended to create an increased demand for the services of the laborer as a producer, and a yet more conspicuously increased competition for his purchases as a consumer. Not by chance, but by industrial necessity, have the accumulations of wealth in the form of capital, which seemed at first sight so adverse to labor, given the wage-earners as a body an increased share in the public income, and a still more largely increased share in the public enjoyment.

We have thus far considered combinations of capital as organized for the purpose of securing economy in production. But this is not the dominant motive in all such organizations. Many are arranged with the view of securing a monopoly of commercial power in their respective lines rather than a gain in productive power; to limit output rather than to enhance it, to raise prices instead of lowering them. Such attempts at monopoly are by no means a new thing.

They have been made by producers and merchants of every age. But there are certain special conditions which render such combinations to-day stronger and more defensible than they generally have been in the past, and which make the problem of repressing their abuses correspondingly more difficult.

To begin with, the technical gain from concentration of power is so great that a concern which is large enough to employ its labor with the best economy will often be large enough to supply the whole body of consumers in a particular line. In such cases, competition involves duplication of plant and of the expenses attendant upon its maintenance, with no possible advantage in service to the public, — sometimes even with an actual disadvantage. Especially is this true of distributive services. Two telephone exchanges in the same city cannot do their work for the public as well as one. Under these conditions, the effort to realize full economy of production subjects the community to the dangers of monopoly; the effort to legislate against monopoly, so far as it is effective, condemns the public to the burden of uneconomical methods of production and distribution.

Even where technical conditions give room for several independent plants in the same line of industry, the relative smallness of their number increases the pressure for some sort of joint agency which shall enable them to act in harmony in their purchases and sales. It is not that the intensity of competition becomes less when there are few competitors; it is rather that such competition, when it acts at all, becomes so intense as to entail a loss on all that take part in it. Each competitor arranges his price scale, not by the cost of doing his own business, but by the cost of stealing business from his neighbor. He makes competitive rates which will barely pay the direct cost, in wages and materials, of making the goods or rendering the services immediately involved, and which leave no adequate sum to pay the interest on fixed capital, or even the expense of its maintenance. It has become a well-recognized principle of political economy that charges on fixed capital do not for the moment, at any rate, form an element in a competitive price. But such cut-throat competition cannot be maintained at all points without financial ruin. It must be suspended either at some places or at some times. If it exists at some places, and not at others, we have discrimination, — sometimes in favor of the city against the country, sometimes in favor of the large customer against the small customer, sometimes in favor of the sharper against the honest man. If it exists at some times, and not at others, we have wide fluctuations which interfere with stability of business arrangement, and are only a shade less disastrous in their effect than the discrimination already described. The advocates of combination say that such competition is worse than no competition at all. They claim that in substituting combination for competition as a means of fixing prices they are serving the interests of the consumer and of the laborer no less than of the investor, — the consumer by steadiness of price, the laborer by steadiness of wages and of employment. They repel the idea that such combination will be used to raise prices to an exorbitant figure; saying that it is for the interest of the owner of a large concern to make large sales, and that to make large sales he must make low prices, competition or no competition. They lay stress on the fact that the most successful combinations, like the Standard Oil Company, have adopted a policy of lowering prices rather than of raising them; and say that the reverse policy is suicidal, not only from failure to sell the monopolized product, but from the certainty of calling new competitors into being.

The method of combination will vary

according to circumstances. If an agreement upon a joint schedule of prices is enough to prevent suicidal competition, this is the simplest means to adopt. But if sales are made through agents, such a price schedule is quite certain to be "cut" in a manner that no amount of effort on the part of the principals can wholly avoid. In such cases, in order to prevent suspicion of foul play, recourse is had to a "pool" or division of traffic; under which the irregularities of an agent hurt his own company more than its competitors, because they do not enable it to increase its share of the total business. If a pool is rendered inoperative by the unfriendly attitude of the law, recourse is had to yet closer forms of combination. A few years ago, the trust agreement was a favorite legal device to secure this end. Shareholders in competing concerns put their stock into the hands of a common board of trustees, receiving in return certificates which gave them a right to all the earnings of the property, but not to the voting power which the stock itself enjoyed. This power was retained by the board of trustees. The device caught the public attention to such a degree that all combinations, of whatever form, are popularly known as trusts; but this very attention proved fatal, for trusts were made the target of so much special legislation that few, if any, have continued to exist till the present time. Most of the so-called trusts are large corporations organized for the purpose of holding stock of all the different concerns in a single line of industry, and thus consolidating their managements under one head. The larger the capital required to operate an independent plant economically, the easier will it be to accomplish this object; for the number of old concerns to be united will be fewer, and the difficulty of starting a new outside competition correspondingly greater.

Thus do the defenders of industrial monopoly represent it as something inevitable, and at the same time generally beneficial. Its opponents tell a different story. They claim that the description thus given emphasizes possible good, and ignores actual evil; that in practice the evil will generally be found to outweigh the good; and that if combinations are to be regarded as inevitable, they must be subjected to methods of control which will render them less liable to abuse their powers and less able to disregard the rights of others. Even if it be true that their permanent interests are nearly coincident with those of the public, it is still more conspicuously true that they are managed with a view to temporary interests rather than permanent ones. The managers of a monopoly may claim that they are making profits by reducing expenses of production, but in nine cases out of ten some of their methods will be less legitimate than this. They will try to put prices up. They will try to put wages down. They will seek to exploit old methods instead of making the new experiments and applying the new processes which the existence of competition would force upon them. They will use their organized wealth as a means of influencing legislation; demoralizing our politics, and threatening to subvert the principles upon which our government was founded.

The field covered by these charges is so wide that it is impossible properly to examine the evidence within the limits of this article. Especially is this true with regard to the effects on prices and wages. At first glance, it might seem as though the facts given earlier in the article, concerning the reduction in prices and increase of wages in recent years, were sufficient to disprove the charges on these points. But the opponents of monopoly say that these advantages are the result of the earlier stage of the process of industrial combination, before it had reached the point of commercial monopoly. They insist that when an industry passes from the first of these

stages to the second, we generally see an increase in price and a curtailment of production.

This is quite true, but it proves less than might at first sight appear. For the times preceding the formation of such monopolies are almost always times of abnormally low prices which could not last indefinitely. In the absence of combination, some of the competing concerns would be forced out of existence, and prices would be raised by the natural shortage of supply, a process which might readily prove more lasting in its results than the artificial curtailment of productions by a pool or a trust. On the other hand, it must be granted, even by the most zealous defender of such combinations, that a new-formed monopoly is apt to use its power to make much higher prices than a far-sighted view of the situation would warrant, and thus to encourage the investment of new capital in the same line; inviting a repetition of the very evils which it was designed to correct.

The tendency of monopoly to retard the introduction of industrial improvements is, in the opinion of the present writer, a more serious thing than its tendency to allow unfair rates. This aspect of the matter has hardly received proper attention. We have been so accustomed to think of competition as a regulator of prices that we have lost sight of its equally important function as a stimulus to efficiency. Wherever competition is absent, there is a disposition to rest content with old methods, not to say slack ones. In spite of notable exceptions this is clearly the rule. Especially is it true of those organizations whose monopoly has legal recognition and protection. It was most marked in the case of mediæval guilds in their later stages of development. The monopoly which their members enjoyed was so abused as to stand in the way of industrial progress, until the cry for its abolition became too powerful to resist. The same sort of abuse has been seen sometimes in recent monopolies of capital. The French railroads may serve as a noticeable instance. The government of France was so impressed with the evils due to unnecessary duplication of companies in England, and with the gain that might result from a systematic arrangement of lines, that it gave a few great companies a monopoly of railroad construction and operation in their respective districts. The result has been that much-needed railroads have remained for years unbuilt, that salutary reductions in rates have been delayed, and that the evil effects of combination have been more conspicuous than the good ones. Similar instances of over-conservatism might easily be found nearer home, in those industries where a combination has enjoyed patent rights broad enough to protect it against the possibility of outside competition for a term of years; or where the power of an organization to protect itself against home competition has been reinforced by an unduly high tariff against its foreign competitors. And it is in precisely these cases that the danger of political corruption becomes greatest. If a monopoly finds its power and its profit depending upon favorable legislation rather than upon its superior efficiency in serving the consumers, it will tend to devote more attention to politics and less to business. Each year of such dependence makes the chance of emancipation more remote, and the liability to the use of questionable or corrupt methods greater, than it was before.

Enough has been said on both sides to show the difficulty of passing judgment on the absolute merits or demerits of modern industrial monopoly. It is a somewhat easier as well as a much more important task to examine the relative merits of the different methods of control which have been suggested.

These methods may be grouped under five heads: (1) Direct Prohibition,

(2) State Ownership, (3) Limitation of Profits, (4) Control of Prices, (5) Enforced Publicity.

Of direct prohibition, it is enough to say that it has been persistently tried, and has had very little success. State laws, and even national laws, against monopoly exist in plenty. The majority of them are dead letters. A few have affected the form of combination adopted; but even these have not made any substantial change in the process or in its results. The Interstate Commerce Law has prohibited railroad pools; in so doing it has simply driven the railroads to adopt other devices for securing the end to which pooling was a means. The legislation of the years 1891 and 1892 led to the dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust; but the Standard Oil Companies have continued to be managed with undiminished unity of aim and centralization of power. In spite of all the present agitation for anti-trust laws, there seems no reason to believe that legislation of 1897 will succeed on lines where statutes of previous years have so signally failed.

State ownership of industry is urged on such a variety of grounds that it would require a separate article, or series of articles, to discuss them all. But on the ground of industrial efficiency and public service, it has not, on the whole, shown itself equal to private ownership. On the question of relative rates there is perhaps room for a good deal of argument on both sides, but on the question of industrial progress there is no comparison between the two systems. All the great inventions of modern times — the steam-engine, the steamship, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone — have been developed and introduced by private enterprise. Where such inventions were concerned with the means of destroying life, governments have sometimes improved their efficiency; where they were concerned with preserving life and making it tolerable, governments have been content to follow private companies at a distance. At a time when the majority of governments owned railroads, the air-brake, the interlocking system, and all the other methods incident to the safe handling of fast train service were developed by private enterprise, and were reluctantly introduced, years afterward, by government officials, who found it much easier to avoid running modern trains than to acquaint themselves with the improvements which they involved. In short, government ownership seems to intensify those very evils which we have characterized as the most dangerous consequences of private monopoly. Nor would it appear that it lessens the political corruption with which such organized monopoly is attended. Where such corruption exists, state ownership substitutes one ring for two; making it easier to keep the evil secret, and correspondingly harder to do any real work in uprooting it.

Limitation of profits has not proved a successful method of dealing with monopolies. It is easy for a company to reduce its profits to the prescribed minimum by diminishing its efficiency and economy instead of by reducing its rates. We have seen how great is the danger of slack service when the stimulus of competition is removed. Limitation of profits enhances this danger by removing the stimulus of self-interest also. It has been more fully tried in England than in the United States; it is most unqualifiedly condemned by English officials like Lord Farrer, who have had the fullest chance to watch its effects.

Control of prices has worked better than limitation of profits. In fact, it sometimes seems like a necessity. We cannot allow a monopolist to kill all his neighbors for the sake of proving the unwisdom of such a policy to himself. Where the conduct of monopolies has been short-sighted and extortionate, as in the case of railroad rates at non-competitive Western points immediately

after the war, the public has been apt to resort to this remedy. But it is by no means a satisfactory one. In the first place, such rates are very often made too low; and the reduction of service that follows proves a worse evil than the extortion in charge that preceded. This was conspicuously true in the case just quoted. Again, even if the public authorities do their best to make fair rates, the difficulties in determining what is fair, or how far their decisions can continue in force amid the ever changing industrial conditions, constitute a serious bar against their utility. This is especially true in the attempts to regulate prices paid labor, which are sometimes made by boards of arbitration. However fair the theoretical basis of such an award, its practical enforcement is difficult in the extreme. If it be urged that the monopolist is himself subject to the same uncertainty, the answer is that he is experimenting with his own property, and thus has a freer hand to take chances of success, as well as a fuller responsibility to bring the lessons of failure home and indicate better lines of policy for the future.

Where this responsibility for the future can be brought home to the managers of corporate enterprise, it furnishes a better means of control than any of the methods hitherto considered. If, as was indicated at the outset, the permanent interests of the capitalist coincide pretty closely with those of his customers or employers, any agency which shall give force to those permanent interests points the way to a solution desirable for all parties. Where the short-sighted policy is due to corrupt interests within the corporation, which knowingly antagonize the real interests of the investors, it may be restricted by enforced publicity of accounts, or by better laws governing responsibility of directors. The former lessens the opportunity for abuse, the latter lessens the motive. Where the short-sighted policy is pursued in good faith, a better understanding may be promoted by commissions like those in whose development Massachusetts has taken the lead, or perhaps still more effectively by the highest class of judicial decisions. Such agencies serve to create an intelligent public sentiment on matters of business, and one that can be developed in no other way.

It is a slow process to educate a community to the point where we can rely on rational egoism to subserve public good; but the community which has attained that result, in any department of life, possesses an inestimable advantage. Thanks to the decisions of the courts, supplemented by the influence of a few great writers like Adam Smith, we have pretty nearly reached this stage of development in competitive business. In monopolized business we have not done so. Our capitalists have learned to look a day or a month ahead, but not always a year or a decade. It is when we take it in this connection that we see the full significance of the problem of industrial combination at the present day. It marks a critical phase in the education which a community must undergo to fit itself for the increasingly difficult problems of industrial freedom. If we resort to systems of prescribed rates, we defer this education to a day when it may be a harder process than it is now. If we resort to state ownership, we abandon the hope of such education altogether, and pass from the traditional lines of development of England and America to those of France or Germany. But if we can meet the evils of the present crisis by the creation of a more enlightened public sentiment, we shall be handling the problems of our day as our fathers handled those of their day, and shall leave our children the legacy of a freedom enlarged rather than impaired by the magnitude of the burdens imposed upon it.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE JUGGLER.

VI.

THE Cove was no longer silent. Akin to the cadence of the echo, one with the ethereal essence of the sighing and lapsing of the mountain stream, the distant choiring of the congregation in the unseen "church-house" seemed some indigenous voice of the wilderness, so sylvan, so plaintive, so replete with subtle solemn intimations, was the sound. The juggler did not at once distinguish it. Then it came anew with more definite meaning, and it smote upon his quivering, lacerated sensibilities. Not that in the sophisticated life which he had quitted he had valued the Sunday sermons, or cared for the house of the Lord, save architecturally; but he had loved the Sunday singing; the great swelling diapason of the organ was wont to stir his very heart-strings; and while he appreciated the scope and the value of the standard compositions of sacred music, he was always keen and critically alert to hear any new thing, with due allowance for the lower level. And should the consecrated hour prove heavy to his spirits, did not his seat near the door, his hat at hand, his quick, noiseless, deft step, provide amply for his retreat? With the realization of the loss of his life, his home, poignantly renewed by the vibrations of the long, tremulous tones, he would fain turn back now; but the idea of the tedious solitude on the ledge of the river-bank, his heavy thoughts, the dread of the protestations and urgency of Mrs. Sims, constrained him. So he listened to the solemn rise and fall of the hymning in the Cove, rising and falling with the wind, with a new sense of aghast trouble fixed upon him, as if some spectral thing had revealed itself in the wilderness as he walked unwary.

Now and then, as they wended along amongst the great boles of the trees, with a narrow brook splashing and foaming in the deep rocky gully at one side of the red clay road, or losing itself in the densities of the laurel pressing so close on either hand, he caught in sudden turns through gaps in the foliage glimpses of the winding way further on and of Euphemia's rose-hued dress. She too was making indifferent speed, despite the nimbleness of those "stout little brogans" that could cover the ground so fast when the will nerved them. Once he saw her standing in an open space and looking over the levels of the Cove still far below. Her pink bonnet was on her head now, its flaring brim pushed far back, and revealing that Pompadour-like effect of her fair hair which he so much admired, and here and there the large loose curls straying on her shoulder. With the short waist of her dress, and the long, straight, limp skirt, the picture-like suggestion was so complete that he had not one throb of that repulsion which ignorance and coarse surroundings occasioned his dilettante exactingness. He looked at her with a kindling eye, a new and alert interest. He began to seek to divine her mental processes. Why was she so reluctant? why did she hesitate? It could not be that the prospect of the dull droning of the preacher affrighted her; she was not wont to seek her ease, and he knew instinctively that her Spartan endurance would enable her to listen as long as the longest-winded of the saints could hold forth. Were her lips moving? He could not be sure at the distance. Was she saying again, "Ef he speaks so agin afore 'em all, I dunno *how* I kin abide it"?

He wondered who "he" could be. He wondered how Euphemia should have mustered the feeling to care. She seemed to him not complex, like other women. Her character was built of two elements,

kindred and of the nature of complement one to the other, — pride and the love of power, the desire to rule. He thought her possessed of as much coquetry at eighteen as her grandmother at eighty-five. And who was this "he" who brought that look of sweet solicitude, almost a quiver, to her lips?

"I should like to knock 'him' down," he said, humoring to himself the theory of his pretended infatuation.

She turned suddenly, holding up her head with a look of determination, and went on as before.

Far afield might Pride seem, to be sure, in the humble ways of these few settlers in the wilderness, yet here he was in full panoply, to walk, almost visibly, alongside the simple mountain maiden, to enter even the church with her, and to take his seat beside her on one of the rude benches, already crowded.

Her mother and the juggler were later still. The diurnal aspect of the little gray unpainted building in the midst of the green shadows of the great forests, with the widespreading boughs of the trees interlacing above its roof, was not familiar to Royce, who had been here only after dark on the evening of his memorable entertainment. The array of yokes of oxen, of wagons, of saddle-horses hitched to the trees, had been noisily invisible in the blackness, on that occasion. The group of youths hanging about the sacred edifice outside had their prototypes in the Sunday curbstone gatherings everywhere, and he at once identified their species. A vague haze of dust pervaded the interior; it gave a certain aspect of unreality to the ranks of intent figures on the benches, as if they were of the immaterial populace of dreams. A slant of the rich-hued sunlight fell athwart the room in a broad bar of a dully glamourous effect, showing a thousand shifting motes floating in the ethereal medium. A kindred tint glowed in the folds of a yellow bandanna handkerchief swinging from one of the dark brown beams, and served to advertise its loss by some worshiper at the last meeting. Not so cheerful was another waif from past congregations, — a baby's white knitted woolen hood; it looked like the scalp of this shorn lamb of the flock, and was vaguely suggestive of prowling wolves. On the platform were three or four preachers who were participating in the exercises of the day. Two had an agricultural aspect rather than that of laborers in a spiritual vineyard, clad in brown jeans with rough cowhide boots, massive of form, dogmatic of countenance, and evidently well fed and pampered to the verge of arrogance; they were tilted back in their splint-bottomed chairs, chewing hard on their quids of tobacco, and wearing a certain easy, capable, confident mien as of an assurance of heavenly matters and a burly enjoyment of worldly prominence. They listened to a hymn which the third — whom Royce recognized as old Parson Greenought — was "lining out," as he stood at the table, with a kind of corroborative air as became past masters in all spiritual craft. They had traveled the road their colleague sought to point out in metre, and were not to be surprised at any of its long-ago-surmounted obstacles. At the end of every couplet, each of them, while still seated, burst into song with such patent disregard of the pitch of the other, the whole congregation blaring after, that the juggler quaked and winced as he sat among the men, — the women being carefully segregated on the other side of the church, — and had much ado to set his teeth and avoid wry faces. The fourth minister was not singing. He sat with his head bowed in his hand, his elbow supported by the arm of his chair, as if lost in silent prayer. The juggler watched his every motion as for deliverance from the surging waves of sound, with that rancorous independence of unison, which floated around him, for he divined that this was the orator of the day. This young man lifted

his face expectantly after a time, — a keen, thin, pale face, with black hair and dark gray eyes, and an absorbed ascetic expression. But Parson Greenought still "lined out" the sacred poetry, hobbling as to metre, and often without connection and bereft of meaning; and with a wide opening of the mouth and a toss of the head, the two musically disposed pastors resolutely led the singing, and the congregation chorused tumultuously. It was in some sort discipline for Brother Absalom Tynes to be obliged to sit in silence and wait, while stanza followed stanza and theme was added to theme in the multifarious petition psalmodically preferred. The words were on his lips; his heart burned for utterance; he quivered with the very thought of his pent-up message. He was of that pernicious class of young preachers who have gone into the vineyard betimes, and with a determination to convert the world, as it were, single-handed. Nothing but time and Satan can moderate their enthusiasms; but time and Satan may be trusted. Too much zeal,—misdirected, young, unseemly, foolish, — Brother Tynes had been given to understand, was his great fault, his besetting sin; it would do more harm than good, and he had been admonished to pray against it. Perhaps the exhibition of it grated on his elder *confrères* as an unintentional rebuke, beneath which they secretly smarted, remembering a time long ago — but of short duration, it may be — when they too had been fired with wild enthusiasm and were full of mad projects, and went about turning every stone and wearying even the godly with the name of the Lord. So, to use the phrase of the politicians, they "paired off" with Satan, as it were; forgetting that zeal is like gunpowder, once damped, forever damaged, and that their own had caught no spark from any chance contiguous fire this many a long day.

That singing praises to the Lord should be a means of "putting down" Brother Tynes savors of the incongruous; but few human motives are less complex than those which animated Parson Greenought as he combined the edification of the congregation, the melody of worship, and the reduction of the pride of the pulpit orator, whose fame already extended beyond Etowah, and even to Tanglefoot Cove. The science of "putting down" any available subject is capable of utilizing and amalgamating unpromising elements, and as Parson Greenought cast up his eyes while he sang, and preserved a certain sanctimonious swaying of the body to and fro with the rhythm of the hymn he "lined out," the triumph of "simultaning" these several discordant mental processes cost him no conscious effort and scarcely a realized impulse.

The juggler looked about him with a sort of averse curiosity; the traits of ignorant people appealed in no respect to his somewhat finical prepossessions. Among his various knacks and talents was no pictorial facility, nor the perception of the picturesque as a mental attitude. He resented the assumption of special piety in the postures and facial expression here and there noticeable in the congregation; he could have singled out those religionists whom he fancied thus vying with one another. One broad-shouldered and stalwart young man was given to particularly conspicuous demonstrations of godliness, exemplified chiefly in sudden startling "A-a-a-mens" sonorously interpolated into the reading, a breathy, raucous blare of song as he lifted up his voice, — inexpressibly off the key, — and a sanctimonious awkward pose of the head with half-shut eyes. The juggler could have trounced this saint with hearty good will, for no other reason than that the man took pleasure in showing how religious he was! Only Mrs. Sims exhibited no outward token of her happy estate as a "perfesser," but her salvation was considered a very doubtful matter, and even her having "found peace" problematical, since she did not believe in special judgments alighting on the mis-

taken or the unconverted, and had even surmised that the Lord would find out a way to excuse "them that had set on the mourners' bench" in vain. "Ef you hev jes' started out," she would say to those unfortunate wights whom the members were allowed to persecute with advice and exhortation as they cowered vainly before the throne of grace, "don't *you* be 'feard. The Lord will meet ye more 'n halfway. Ef ye don't see him, 't ain't because he ain't thar. Jes' start out. That 's all!"

But Parson Greenought had warned her to forbear these promissory pledges of so easy a salvation. For he wanted sinners all to gaze on that lake of brimstone and fire which none but him could so successfully navigate; and now and again he had his triumph when some wretch in agonies of terror would screech out that he or she was "so happy! so happy!" since to be "happy" by main force, so to speak, was the alternative offered to the prospect of weltering there forever. So Jane Ann Sims held her peace, and preserved a fat and placid solemnity of countenance, and sang aloud in such wheezy audacity that the juggler could hear her breathe across the church.

Only one countenance was doubtful, wistful, its muscles not adjusted to the discerning gaze of the congregation. Euphemia Sims sat near a window, the tempered light on the soft contours of her face. The flaring pink sunbonnet framed the rising mass of fair hair; she gazed absently down at the floor; her delicate young shoulders were outlined upon the masses of green leaves fluttering above the sill hard by. Her look so riveted Royce's attention that he sought to decipher it. What did she fear? There was a suggestion of wounded pride, most appealing in its incongruity with her normal calm, or hardness, or unresponsiveness, or whatever he might choose to call the nullity of that habitual untranslated expression. Why was she so grave, so sad? The sudden lifting of her long lashes and the intent fixing of her eyes directed his attention to the pulpit, and there he perceived that Brother Tynes was standing at last, beginning to elucidate his text. The juggler, relieved of the torture of the singing, braced his nerves for the torture of the sermon. Here he might have had a recourse in the facility of abstracting his mind. He had sat through many a sermon in this unreceptive state. He had cast up accounts, preserving a duality of identity in the secular activity of his mental faculties and the sabbatical decorum of his face and listening attitude. Between firstly and secondly he had once chased down a vagrant three cents, — an error which had cost him fifteen hours of labor out of regular working time, — without which he could not balance his accounts. Once — it was during the Christmas holidays — he had utilized the peroration of a long and searching discourse by the bishop of the diocese to evolve certain new and effective figures for the german which he was to lead the next evening, and he had always esteemed that hour a most fruitful occasion. And again, during a special sermon to young men, he evolved a little air, hardly more than a repetitious phrase, forever turning and coiling and doubling on itself, to which he adapted the words of a dainty chansonnette of a celebrated French poet; and so French was the air that he was good enough, whenever he sang it, to ascribe the music to an equally celebrated Gallic composer, — for this was one of his little secrets with himself, — and he loved to hear the respectful laudations which this evoked, and he and his sleeve had many a quiet laugh over it. He had sat under the sound of the gospel all his life, and he was as thorough a pagan as any savage. But alack! his was not the only deaf ear in the congregation — more 's the pity! and while we send missionaries to China and the slums of our own great cities, our civilized heathen of the upper classes are out of reach.

It was perhaps because he now had no thought that would let him be friends with it — no sedulously conserved accounts, no *bizarreries* of the german to devise, no inspiration of melody in mind (the psalmody of Etowah Cove was enough to strike the music in him dumb for evermore) — that he followed the direction of Euphemia's gaze and composed himself to listen.

He encountered a sudden and absolute surprise. The sermon was one of those examples of a fiery natural eloquence which sometimes serve to show to the postulant of culture how endowment may begin at the point where training leaves off. The rapt silence of Brother Tynes's audience and their kindling faces attested the reciprocal fervors of his enthusiasms. He was awkward and unlettered, with uncouth gestures and an uncultivated voice, but there burned like a white fire in his pale, thin face a faith, an adoration, an exultation, which transfigured it. He had a fine and lofty ideal in the midst of the contortions of his ignorance, which he called doctrines, and presently he spoke only and in proteanwise of the mystery and the mercy of Redeeming Love. The idea of reward, of punishment, of the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, did not seem to enter into his scheme of salvation. He sought to grasp the realization of an infinite sacrificial love, and he called upon his people to fall on their faces, with their faces in the dust, before the sacred marvel of the Atonement. The text "He first loved us" sounded out frequently like a clarion call. Its simple cogency seemed to need no argument. How could the politic and mercenary motives of securing exemption from pain or the purchase of pleasure enter herein? That phase of striking a fair bargain, so controlling to sordid human nature, was for the moment preposterous. Many a one of his simple hearers knew the joy of unrequited labor for love's sweet sake, of self-denial, of being hungry or tired or cold, in sacrificial content. More than one ignorant mother could hardly have given a reason why the crippled child or the ailing one should be the dearest, when its nurture could rouse no expectation that it might live to work for her sake. More than one gray-haired son loved and honored the paralytic troublous old dotard in the warmest corner of the fireside all the more for his helplessness and the toil for his sake. Love makes duty dear. Love makes service light. In some one phase or other they all knew that love is for love's own sake.

And this was all that he demanded in the great prophetic name of Christ even from the dread heights of Calvary, "My son, give me thine heart."

Now and again sobs punctuated the discourse. Before there was any call for mourners to approach the bench, an old white-headed man, who had resisted many an appeal on behalf of his soul, rose and shambled forward; others silently joined him where he sat looking at them over his shoulder, very conscious, a trifle crestfallen, if not ashamed, thus to be forced from the stanch defenses which he had defiantly held through many a siege. The assisting ministers occasionally cleared their throats and shifted their crossed legs, with the expression of countenance which might be interpreted as deprecation of the factitious excitements of a sensational sermon.

Euphemia Sims hearkened with a face of perfect decorum and superficial receptiveness. In her heart, rather than in her mind, she missed the true interpretation of the discourse. It did not seem to her so wonderful that she should be of a degree of importance to merit salvation. To be sure, in the sense of sharing original sin she supposed she was a sinner, — born so. But her life was ordered on a line of rectitude. Who kept so clean a house, who wove and milked and cooked and sewed so diligently, as she? Who led for years the spelling-class in this very house, whose brown walls might tell

of her orthographic triumphs? And she had got her religion, too, and had even shouted one day, albeit a quavering, half-hearted hosanna. So she looked on with the calm post-graduate manner at the gathering penitents at the mourners' bench. She too had passed through the preliminary stages of spiritual culture, and had taken her degree.

The juggler, as he listened, repeatedly felt that cold thrill which he was wont to associate with a certain effect on his critical faculties. Only a high degree of excellence in whatever line appealing to them was capable of eliciting it. He had experienced it in this degree hitherto only in the pleasurable suspense and excitement, so intense as to be almost pain, in the dress circle of some crowded playhouse, before some unimagined *coup de théâtre* or some masterpiece in the science of histrionism.

The orator was approaching his climax. To so great a height had he risen that it seemed as if his utmost power could not reach beyond; every moment tingled with the expectation that the next word must herald a collapse, when, suddenly throwing himself on his knees, he cried, "Lead us in prayer, Brother Haines, — lead us in prayer to the foot of the cross!"

There was a startled movement among his colleagues of the pulpit, charged with the prosaic suggestion that if they could they would deny Brother Haines — apparently a layman and seated among the people — the opportunity of thus publicly approaching the throne of grace; but the congregation already had crowded upon their knees, and a suppliant voice, pitched on a different key, rose into the stillness.

Euphemia Sims sat for a moment as if she were turned to stone. A light both of pain and of anger was in her eyes. Her lips were stern and compressed. She felt her blood beating hard in her temples. Then she remembered the exacting decorums of the exercise, gathered her trim pink skirts about her, softly knelt down, and Pride knelt down beside her.

She hardly heard the voice of Brother Owen Haines at first, as she put her dimpled elbows on the hard bench and held her head between her hands, so tumultuous were the surging pulses of shame and fear and anxiety, and of love, too, in a way. And then it asserted itself upon her senses, although she was conscious first merely of tones, rich, mellow, of delicate modulations and lingering vibrations, — differing infinitely from the clear, incisive, somewhat harsh utterances of the preacher; but at last words came gradually to her comprehension.

Commonplace words enough, to be sure, to excite so poignant a torture of agonized expectation in that heart, beating as one with Pride's, but presently too oft repeated. Now and again a raucously cleared throat amongst the row of kneeling ministers told of a nervous stress of anxiety as to these verbal stumblings and inadequacies. Sometimes a sentence was definitely broken, subject and predicate hopelessly disjointed. Sometimes a clause barely suggested the thought in the brain, an irremediable solution of continuity in its expression. More than once occurred a painful pause, in which the heads of certain regenerate sinners, easily falling again under mundane influences or the control of Satan, turned alertly from the prayerful attitudes still conserved by their bodies to covertly survey the spellbound suppliant. Like unto these was the juggler. He had, on the first summons to prayer, decorously assumed that half-crouching posture common to devotionally disposed men, which intimates to the surrounding spectators the fact of a certain polite subduement of mind and body to divine worship. Then, remembering suddenly the character of mountaineer which he designed to assimilate, he plumped down on his knees — for the first time in many a long day — like the rest. And if in the ensuing ex-

citements his mind did not match his lowly attitude, the juggler is not the only man who has ever been upon his knees with no prayer in his heart or in the words on his lips. Taking license from the stir near at hand, he too shifted his posture that his furtive glance might command a view of the man thus deputed to pray.

The suppliant was among the congregation, but his face, as he knelt in an open space near the pulpit, was irradiated by the slant of the sunset glow. Beheld above the benches and the kneeling congregation, it had a singularly detached effect, — it was like the painting of a head; all else was canceled. For a moment, the juggler, his eyes growing intent and grave as he gazed, could not account for a sense of familiarity with it, of having seen it often before. Then, with a reminiscence of dim religious surroundings, of tempered radiance streaming through translucent mediums, of flecks of deep rich tints, — red and blue and purple and amber, always with emitted undertones of light, — he realized its association with church windows, with the heights of clearstory twilight, with catharine-wheels luminous in dark transepts, with trifoliated symbols in chancel arches. It might have seemed the idealizing glamour of the sunset in the rapt devotional expression, a study for a seraph's face; in truth, one could hardly desire a more fitting presentment of the angelic type. The fair hair, not gold even under the heightening sunlight, lay in gentle infantile curves along the broad forehead; as it fell to the shoulder it showed tendencies to heavy undulations that were scarcely curls or ringlets, and that grew diaphanous and cloudy toward their fibrous verges. The large languid blue eyes had long dark lashes, and the pathetic fervors, the adoration, the entreaty of their expression moved sundry covert glances to a twinkle of laughter; for this surpassed in some humorous sort the liberal limits assigned to the outward show of devotion in Etowah Cove. None of its other denizens ever looked like that, saint or sinner! It was a subtle and complex expression, and, being incomprehensible, it struck most of the observers as simply funny. The high cheekbones and the pale unrounded cheek might have impressed an artist as of somewhat too attenuated an effect to suggest the enjoyment of the eternal bliss of heaven, but they added to the extreme spirituality of the eyes, and the congruous but delicate irregular nose and full lips made the face unusual and individual.

An odd face for the butt of a coarse joke. The congregation, still kneeling, stirred with a ripple of silent laughter. Here and there, as the glances of curious worshipers, looking furtively over the shoulder, encountered one another, a gleam of caustic comment or deprecating amusement was exchanged; and once a newly caught saint, not yet having wholly dropped the manners and quirks of the Old Man, from force of habit winked, wrinkled his nose, and grinned. For the halting supplication, still offered in that melting melody of intonation, had passed from its disconnected plea for mercy, for the conversion of sinners, for the guidance of the congregation, and had boldly entered on a personal and unique petition, a prayer for the power to preach the gospel. The day of miracles, the learned say, is past. Even the illiterate congregation in Etowah Cove expected none to be wrought in its midst. And surely only the hand of God could touch that faltering tongue to the full expression of the thought that trembled impotently upon it. What subtle unimagined rift was it between the mind and the word, what breach in their mysterious telegraphy! Elsewhere the phenomenon exists: the silent poet, whose metre beats in certain dumb fervors of the pulse; the painter, whose picture glows only upon the retina of the mind's eye; or those, unhappily not quiescent, who blurt and blunder as did Owen Haines in his in-

coherent monologue to Almighty God. But he was the single example in the experience of Etowah Cove, and to the literal-minded saints the spectacle of a man bent upon preaching the gospel, and yet so ill fitted for the task that he could scarce put a half dozen words into a faltering sentence, moved them now to mirth and now to wrath, according to the preponderance of merry or ascetic religionists in the assembly. Again and again, whenever an opportunity was vouchsafed, Owen Haines, with his illumined face and passionate appealing voice, publicly besought of God in the congregations of worshipers — where he felt prayer must most surely prevail, with the pulse and the heart and the word of all his world to bear him company to the throne of grace — the power to preach the gospel, in such phrase, such few repetitious disjointed words, *disjecta membra* of supplication, with so flagrant a display of hopeless incapacity, that it became almost the scandal of the meetings, and there had been a tacit agreement among the ministers who were to conduct the revival that he should not be called upon. The exhibition of his eloquent burning face and his halting words, his faith and its open reiterated denial, was not deemed edifying; and indeed it had latterly begun to affect the gravity of certain members of the congregation of whose conversion the leaders had had great hopes.

"He hev got ter fight that thar question out alone," said old man Greenought in indignation. "I won't gin him nare 'nother 'Amen.' He an' his tomfool wantin' ter preach the gorspel whenst he can't pray a 'spectable prayer is a puffick blemish on the divine service; it 's fairly makin' game o' serious things, — his prayin' fur the power, — an' I dunno what the Lord is a-goin' ter do about it, but *I* ain't a-goin' ter lend *my* ear nare 'nother time."

It was this choleric gentleman who at last half rose from his knees, and with a peremptory jerk of his thumb toward the failing sunlight brought Haines's aspiring spirit back to earth. He had gone far on the wings of those poor words, he had flown high. His thought so possessed him that he did not realize what slight tincture of it his speech distilled for those who heard him. The ministerial thumb jerking a warning of the flight of time, a certain covert jeer in the bent half-covered faces of those about him, brought the realization to him that this prayer was like so many others, voiced only in the throbs of his heart. The light was dying out of his face, the sunset glow had quitted him; no fine illumined countenance now he bore, as of one who looks on some transcendent vision; a broken, disciplined face, quiet and humbled and so patient! He broke off suddenly to say "Amen," for he sacrificed no connection, — he hardly knew whither he was rambling, — and the congregation scrambled noisily to their feet, eager for dispersing.

"What did you-uns call on him fur, ennyhow?" said old Greenought bluffly to Absalom Tynes. He had somewhat of a swaggering manner as he came up close to the thin, pallid young man. He took great joy in all the militant tropes descriptive of the Christian estate, and with the more liberty suited his secular manner to his ministerial rhetoric. Since he waged so brisk a warfare against Sin and Satan, he often seemed about to turn his weapons, as if to keep his hand in, against his unoffending fellow man.

Absalom Tynes did not flinch. "I called on him," he said a trifle drearily, for the fire of his exaltation, too, was quenched in that pathetic and ineffectual "prayin' for the power," "kase ez I war a-preachin' the word I knowed he war a-followin' me, an' I 'lowed I hed got him ter the p'int whar surely he mought lift up his heart. I 'lowed the Lord mought take pity on him ez longs ter serve him, an' so touch his lips an' gin him the gift o' a tongue o' fire. I

can't sense it, somehow, — I don't onderstand it."

"I do," Brother Greenought capably averred. "The Lord 's put him in the place whar he wants him, an' he 'll be made ter stay thar, — jes' a-persistin' in prayin' fur the power!"

"Thar ain't no lock an' key on prayer ez I knows on," responded the other a trifle testily. "A man kin pray fur what he wills."

"Yes, an' he kin do without it, too, unless the Lord wills. Fight the devices o' Satan, an' don't git ter be a beggar at the throne fur gratifyin' yer own yearthly quirks. Prayin' an' a-prayin' fur the power! The power 's a gift, my brother, a free gift, an' no man will git it by baigin' an' baigin' an' teasin' fur it."

He strode off, feeling that he had had the best of the discussion. He was discerning enough to be conscious that, despite his belligerencies, he was often inferior to his youthful confrère in the rhetoric of the pulpit, and he relished the more worsting him in argument, thus proving the superiority of his judgment and solid reasoning capacities.

Outside the door a group of loiterers still lingered. The juggler's prudential motives had collapsed utterly in the prospect of Mrs. Sims's society in the long walk home. He looked about him in the desperate hope of diversion, in which Euphemia and the curiosity she had newly excited were factors. But he was fain to be content with his elderly companion, for as Euphemia's rose-hued dress blossomed in the portal against the dark brown background of the interior he noticed that Owen Haines was standing at the foot of the steps evidently awaiting her. He gave her no greeting, but walked beside her as if his companionship were a matter of course.

"Warn't that a plumb special sermon?" he said enthusiastically, turning his candid eyes upon her. "'Pears like ter me 't war the best, the meltin'est, the searchin'est discourse I ever hear."

There was a measure of contempt in her face. She would not have admitted that she thought herself too good for the need of salvation, but the theme with all its cognate elements was palling. She replied with a definite note of sarcasm in her voice. "The bes'? Waal, I hev hearn ye say that time an' time agin. The sermons air *all* the bes', 'cordin' ter you-uns."

"Yes," he admitted drearily, "ef I lose my soul, 't won't be bekase I ain't hed the bes' chance fur salvation. I hev sot under a power o' good an' discernin' sermons in my time."

The seraphic suggestions of his face, now that he was recalled to earth, were little marked, and presently totally merged when he clapped his big broad-brimmed hat upon that mass of cloudy, fine-fibred fair hair. The irreverent juggler could have laughed at the swiftness and completeness of the transition. Haines still wore that dreamy, far-away look which, however, with mundane associations and modern garb, is apt to intimate an unpurposeful nature and a lack of energy rather than any lofty ideals and high resolves. The perfect chiseling and contour of his countenance and its refined intimations were still patent to the discerning observer; but without the preconceived idea drawn from the head, with the soul revealed for one rapt moment through its facial expression, — picture-like, dissevered from the suggestion of body in the church, — he would hardly have perceived the embodiment of a higher type in the young mountaineer. Thus it is that only the outer man is known of men, and that ethereal essence of thought and emotion, the real identity, is a stranger upon earth and foreign from the beginning.

Royce, greedily snatching at the very straws of abstraction, watched the young couple as they strolled slowly along the red clay road. The slouching, thin, languid figure of the tall youth, the ill-fitting suit of brown jeans hanging so loosely

from his narrow shoulders, the big white hat, all appealed to him with a pleasant sense of incongruity as the accoutrement of this object of mistaken identity, when a golden harp and a white robe and a sweep of wings would better have become the first glimpse caught in the church. Now and again, mechanically, involuntarily, Euphemia looked furtively back over her shoulder at Royce. With all that surging pulse of pride in her heart she was strangely bereft of her wonted assurance. It would never have occurred to her, in her normal sphere of thought and action, to refer aught that concerned her to the judgment, the problematic opinion of another. But although she gave him so slight thought, although she could not definitely gauge its objects and interests, she had not been unnoting of that subtle pervasive mockery which characterized the juggler's habit of mind. Until now, however, she had not cared at what nor at whom the "game-maker" laughed, how loud, how long. The laughter of folly cannot serve to mock good substantial common sense which affords no purchase for ridicule; it rebounds only upon the mocker. She apprehended naught in herself, her home, her parents, the Cove, deserving of scorn or sneers. Her pride was proof against this. It was because she herself deemed her lover ridiculous that she winced from Royce's imagined laugh now, as she had shrunk from the greetings, the mere observation, of the rest of the congregation. But this mockery was of the intimate fireside circle. For Royce would go home with them, and bring it in his laugh, his glance; nay, she would be conscious of it even in his silent recollection. She felt she had no refuge from it. She told herself that it was because she loved Haines that she deprecated mockery as unworthy of him, that she would fain shield him from the sneers of those not half so good as he. She would rather have him eat out his heart in silence than besiege the throne of grace in any manner not calculated to inspire respect and admiration in those who heard his words addressed to the Almighty. As to the Deity, the goal of all these petitions, she never once thought of their spiritual effect, the possibility of an answer. She esteemed the prayer as in the nature of a public speech, a public exhibition, which, glorious in success, is contemptible in its failure in proportion to the number of witnesses and the scope of the effort. How could Owen Haines pray for the power to preach, when there was Absalom Tynes looking on so vainglorious and grand, and esteeming himself the most "servigrous" exhorter that ever vaunted his own godliness by implication in the fervor with which he called sinners to repentance? How could Owen Haines seek so openly, so painfully, so terribly insistently, as a privilege, a boon, as an answer to all his prayers, as a sign from the heavens, as a token of salvation, as the price of his life, that capacity which was possessed so conspicuously, without a word of prayer, without a moment of spiritual wrestling, without a conscious effort, by Absalom Tynes?

"I 'd content myself with the power ter plough," she said to herself.

Then, in a pause, as he fell into retrospective thought, she said aloud, — her voice not ringing true as was its wont, but with a certain tremulous vibration, — "'Pears like ter me, ez ye hain't been gin the power arter sech a sight o' prayer, 't would be better ter stop baigin' an' pesterin' the Lord 'bout'n it."

There was a moment's silence, during which the little roadside rill flung out on the air the rudiments of a song, — a high crystalline tremor, a whispering undertone, a comprehensive surging splash as of all its miniature currents resolved into one chord *con tutta forza*, and so to whispering and tentative tinklings again. He had turned his clear long-lashed blue eyes upon her, and she saw the reproach in them. That courage in the feminine heart which dares do violence to its own tender fibres urged her.

"I hev tole ye that afore," she added sternly.

He was still silent. So sacred was that disregarded petition of his that, despite the publicity of its preferment, its free unrestrained fervors, he could hardly discuss it, even with her.

"Ye hain't hed no advices from the Lord," she argued. "Ye hev been prayin' fur the power constant, ever since ye got religion, an' the Lord don't take no notice o' ye."

A shadow was on his face, pain in his eyes. Any one more merciful than the proud woman who loved him, and who would fain have conserved his pride, might have pitied the sudden revulsion from the enthusiastic pleasure in the sacred theme so late upon his lip and firing his eye — which she accounted merely the triumphs of Absalom Tynes — to this abasement and sorrow and prescient despair.

"I kin wait on his will," he said humbly.

"Waal, ye better wait in silence," Euphemia declared, near to the brink of tears, — angry and wounded and scornful tears.

"'Ask an' ye shall receive, seek an' ye shall find,'" he quoted pertinently, with that upbraiding look in his eyes which hurt her for his sake, and which she resented for her own.

"How long! how long!" she cried impetuously. "Will ye spen' yer life askin' fur what 's denied ye, seekin' fur what 's hidden from ye? The Lord 's got nuthin' fur ye, Owen, an' by this time ye oughter hev sensed that."

"Then I kin pray fur the grace ter take denial from his hands like a rich gift," he declared, his face kindling with an illumined, uplifted look.

"Oh, yer prayin' an prayin'! I 'm plumb wore out with it!" she cried, stopping still in the road; then realizing the advance of the others she walked on hastily, and with the affectation of a careless gesture she took off her bonnet and swung it debonairly by the string, lest any emotional crisis be inferred from her abrupt halt. "Owen Haines," she said, with sudden inspiration, "ye air deceived by Satan. Ye ain't wantin' the power ter preach the gospel ter advance the kingdom. Ye want the power ter prance ez prideful ez a peacock in the pul-*pit*, like Absalom Tynes an' them other men what air cuttin' sech a dash afore the yearth ez keeps 'em from keerin' much *how* the nangels in heaven air weepin' over 'em."

He recoiled from this thrust, for, however his charity might seek to ignore the fact, however his simplicity might fail to discern it, his involuntary intuition made him well aware that "prancing ez prideful ez a peacock" was not altogether foreign to the pulpit here or elsewhere, and that undue vainglory must needs wait on special proficiency. She felt that she struck hard in imputing to him a motive of which he knew himself to be incapable. Perhaps he would have pleased her better had he combined his religious fervors with any intention so practical, so remunerative, so satisfying to the earthly sentiment of one not too good to live in this world.

It was eminently in keeping with that phase of his character which she most contemned that he should, with his cheek still flushed, with a surging tide of repudiation of this baseness, with his eyes wincing and narrowing as from a blow, burst out in vehement defense, not of himself and his motives, but of Absalom Tynes.

She would hardly listen. "I hev hearn ye afore on Absalom Tynes, an' I don't want ter hear no mo'. I know what I know. Tell me thar ain't no pride in the pul-*pit*, — a-readin' an' a-talkin' an' a-preachin' so glib an' percise, an' showin' off so gran' afore the wimmin-folks, an' a-singin' so full-mouthed an' loud, an' bein' the biggest man thar; fur Satan, though he often gits his club-foot on the pul-*pit* stairs, ain't never been knowed

ter step up! Ye tell me that ain't true 'bout some, ef not that precious deedie o' yourn, Absalom Tynes?"

"Euphemia," he said sternly in his turn, and her heart was full at the tone of his voice, "I dunno what ails you-uns; ye 'pear so — so — diff'unt — so" — He hesitated; his words were not wont to be ready.

"So diff'unt from what? From you-uns? I reckon so! Ef I war ter drap dead this minit, nuthin', nuthin' could hev made me act like you-uns, prayin' an' prayin' fur the power ter preach — whenst — whenst — Owen Haines, ye ain't even got the power ter pray! The Lord denies ye that — even the power ter ax so ez — ter be fitten fur *folks* ter hear!"

"The Lord kin hear, Euphemy; he reads the secret thoughts."

"Let yourn be secret, then!" cried Euphemia. "Fur the folks air listenin' too ter the thoughts which the Lord kin hear 'thout the need o' words — listenin' an' — an', Owen Haines, laffin'!" She choked back a sob, as her eyes filled and the tears ran out on her scarlet cheek. With a stealthy gesture she wiped them away with the curtain of her pink sunbonnet, carrying herself very stiffly lest some unconsidered turn of the head betray her rush of emotion to the other church-goers loitering behind. When she lifted her eyes, the flow of tears all stanched, her sobs curbed, she beheld his eyes fixed sorrowfully upon her.

"D' ye 'low I dunno that, Euphemy?" he said, his voice trembling. "D' ye 'low I don't see 'em an' hear 'em too when I 'm nigh the Amen?"

Her tears burst out anew when she remembered that the "Amen" was often said for him by the presiding minister, with such final significance of intonation, ostentatiously rising the while from the kneeling posture, as to fix perforce a period to this prolix incoherency of "prayin' fur the power."

"Ye don't *feel* it," she said, very cautiously sobbing, for since her grief would not be denied, she indulged it under strict guard, — "ye don't *feel* it! But me, — it cuts me like a knife!"

"Why, Phemie," he said softly, walking closer to her side, — noticing which she moved nearer the verge of the stream, that she might keep the distance between them exactly the same as before, not that she wished to repel him, but that the demonstration might escape the notice of those who followed, — "'pears ter me like ye ought n't ter keer, fur mebbe I 'll be visited with a outpourin' o' the sperit, an' be 'lowed ter work fur my Lord like I wanter do."

She turned and looked at him, when they had reached the top of a sort of promontory that jutted out over a leafy sea of the budding forests on the levels of the Cove below. The whole world of the spring was a-blooming. Even the tulip-trees, with their splendid dignity of height and imposing girth, seeming well able to spare garlands, wore to their topmost sprays myriads of red and yellow bells swaying in the breeze. The azaleas were all ablow, and a flowering vine, the merest groundling, but decked with delicate white corymbs, lay across the path. The view of the sinking sun was intercepted by the great purple range, heavy and lowering of shadow and sombre of hue, but through the gap toward the west, as if glimpsed through some massive gate, was visible a splendid irradiation overspreading the yellow-green valley and the blue mountains beyond; so vividly azure was this tint that the color seemed to share the vernal impulse and glowed with unparalleled radiance, like some embellishment of the spring which the grosser seasons of the year might not compass. From below, where the beetling rock overhung a wilderness of rhododendron, voices came up on the soft air. The others of the party had taken the short cut. She heard her mother's wheeze, the juggler's low mellow voice, her father's irritable response, and she realized that

for one more moment she might speak without interruption.

"The Lord 's got nuthin' fur ye," she averred vehemently; "he don't need yer preachin' an' he don't listen ter yer prayers. Ye hev come ter be the laffin'-stock o' the meetin' an' the jye o' the game-makers o' the Cove. An' ef — ef ye don't gin it up — I — I — ye 'll hev ter gin me up — one or t'other — me or that."

He was not slow now. He understood her in a flash. The covert grin, the scornful titter, the zestful wink, — she cared more for these small demonstrations of the unthinkingly merry or the censorious scoffer than for him or the problematic work that his Master might send him the grace to do. Nevertheless, he steadied himself to put this into words that he might make sure beyond peradventure. He had taken off his hat. The wind was blowing back the masses of his fine curling fair hair from his broad low brow. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes alight and intense. He held his head slightly forward. "I must gin you up, or gin up prayin' fur the power ter preach?"

"In public — 'fore the folks — I mean; in the church-house or at camp-meetin'. Oh, I can't marry a man gin over ter sech afore the congregations! But ye kin go off yander in the woods or on the mountings, an' pray, ef so minded, till the skies fall, for all I 'm keerin'."

"Ye mind kase people laff," he said slowly.

"Ef people laff at me kase I be foolish, I mind it. Ef people laff at me kase *they* air fools, they air welcome ter thar laffin' an' thar folly too.' This discrimination was plain. But as he still looked dreamy and dazed, she made the application for him. "Ye can't preach; ye can't pray; ye make a idjit o' yerself tryin'. I can't marry no sech man 'thout ye gin up prayin' 'fore folks."

"Ye think mo' o' folks 'n the Lord?" Haines demanded, with a touch of that ministerial asperity expert in imputing sin.

But so widely diffused are the principles of Christianity that the well-grounded layman can rarely be silenced even by a minister with a call, much less poor uncommissioned tongue-tied Owen Haines.

"The Lord makes allowances which people can't an' won't," she retorted. "He hears the thought an' the sigh, an' even the voice of a tear."

"He does! He does!" cried Owen Haines, fired by the very suggestion, his face, his eyes, his lips aflame. "An' may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth an' my right hand be withered an' forget its cunning, may agues an' anguish rack my body an' may my mind dwindle ter the sense of a brute beastis, ef ever I promise ter put bonds on prayer or eschew the hope of my heart in the house of God. I 'll pray fur the power — I 'll pray fur the power ter preach till I lose the gift o' speech — till I kin say no word but 'the power! — the power! — the power'!"

Euphemia cowered before the enthusiasm her chance phrase had conjured up. She had not, in a certain sense, doubted the sincerity of her lover's religious fervor. She secretly and unconsciously doubted the validity of any spiritual life. She could not postulate the sacrificial temperament. She could not realize how he would have embraced any votive opportunity. He was of the type akin to the anchorite, the monastic recluse, — who in default of aught else offers the kernel of life, if not its empty shell, — even the martyr. For he had within him that fiery exaltation which might have held him stanch at the stake, and lifted his voice in triumphant psalmody above the roar of the flames. But although he had had his spiritual sufferings of denial, and floutings, and painful patience, and hope that played the juggler with despair, he had anticipated no ordeal like this. He looked in her eyes for some token of relenting, his own full of tears above the hardly quenched

brightness of his fervor of faith, a quiver on his lips.

Her face was set and stern. With a realization how deeply the fantasy had struck roots in his nature, she perceived that she must needs share it or flee it. She was hardly aware of what she did mechanically, but as she painstakingly tied the pink strings of her bonnet under her dimpled chin it was with an air of finality, of taking leave. She was not unconscious of a certain pathetic appeal in his life, seemingly unnoted by God, yet for God's service, and rejected by love. But she thought that if he pitied himself without avail she need not reproach herself to pity him more. And truly she had scant pity to spare. And so he stood there and said "Farewell" as in a dream, and as in a dream she left him.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY.

After negotiations which had been pending for nearly two years, the general Arbitration Treaty between the United States and Great Britain was signed on the 11th of January by Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote, representing the two countries concerned; and on the following day the document was sent by President Cleveland to the Senate for ratification. The provisions of this important treaty may be summarized as follows: —

It is expected that differences arising between the two countries will ordinarily admit of settlement by the customary methods of diplomacy. It is only with cases where such customary methods fail that the provisions of the present treaty are concerned; and the parties hereby agree to submit all such cases to arbitration after the manner herein provided.

The "questions in difference" that are liable to arise are arranged in three grades or classes: (1) small pecuniary claims; (2) large pecuniary claims, and others not involving questions of territory; (3) territorial claims. For each of these grades there is to be a special method of settlement.

First, "all pecuniary claims or groups of claims, which in the aggregate do not exceed $500,000 in amount and do not involve the determination of territorial claims," shall be decided by a tribunal constituted as follows: "Each party shall nominate one arbitrator, who shall be a jurist of repute, and the two arbitrators so nominated shall, within two months of their nomination, select an umpire. In the event of their failing to do so within the limit of time, the umpire shall be appointed by agreement between the members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in Great Britain." In case these persons fail to agree upon an umpire within three months, the King of Sweden and Norway shall appoint one. Among public personages of unquestionable dignity and importance, this sovereign is as likely as any to be free from bias against either the United States or Great Britain; but should either party object to him, they may adopt a substitute, if they can agree upon one. It does not seem likely that the failure to select an umpire would often reach the stage where an appeal to the Swedish King would be necessary. The umpire, when and however appointed, shall be president of the tribunal of three, and the award of a majority of the members shall be final. Under these provisions, it may be expected that all petty claims can be disposed of without unreasonable delay, and with

as little risk of unfairness as one would find in any court whatever.

Secondly, "all pecuniary claims or groups of claims exceeding $500,000, and all other matters in respect whereof either of the parties shall have rights against the other, under the treaty or otherwise, provided they do not involve territorial claims," shall be dealt with as follows: Such claims must be submitted to the tribunal of three, as above described, and its award, if unanimous, shall be final. If the award is not unanimous, either party may demand a review of it, but such demand must be made within six months from the date of the award. In such case, the appellate tribunal shall consist of five jurists of repute, no one of whom has been a member of the tribunal of three whose award is to be reviewed. Of these five jurists, two shall be selected by each party, and these four shall agree upon their umpire within three months after their nomination. In case of their failure, the umpire shall be selected (as in the former case) by the members of the Supreme Court and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and if these do not agree within three months, the selection shall be left (as before) to the King of Sweden and Norway. The umpire, when selected, shall preside. The award of the tribunal of three shall be reviewed by this tribunal of five, and the award of a majority of the five shall be final.

Thirdly, "any controversy involving the determination of territorial claims shall be submitted to a tribunal of six members," three of whom shall be judges of the Supreme Court or of Circuit Courts, to be nominated by the President of the United States. The other three shall be members of the highest British court or members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to be nominated by the Queen. "Their award by a majority of not less than five to one shall be final. If there is less than the prescribed majority, the award shall also be final, unless either party within three months protests that the award is erroneous. If the award is protested, or if the members of the tribunal are equally divided, there shall be no recourse to hostile measures of any description until the mediation of one or more friendly powers shall have been invited by one or the other party." It is also provided that "where one of the United States or a British colony is specially concerned, the President or Queen may make a judicial officer of the state or colony an arbitrator."

In some cases, a question may be removed from the jurisdiction of the tribunal of three or the tribunal of five, and transferred to that of the tribunal of six. If, prior to the close of the hearing of the claim before the lower tribunal, it shall be decided by the tribunal, upon the motion of either party, that the determination of the claim necessarily involves a decision of some "disputed question of principle of grave general importance, affecting the national rights of such party as distinct from its private rights, of which it is merely an international representative," then the jurisdiction of the lower tribunal over the claim shall at once cease, and it shall be dealt with by the tribunal of six.

With regard to territorial claims, a special article defines them as including not only all claims to territory, but also "all other claims involving questions of servitude, rights of navigation, access to fisheries, and all rights and interests necessary to control the enjoyment of either's territory."

The treaty is to remain in force for five years from the date at which it becomes operative, and "until a year after either party shall have notified the other of its wish to terminate it."

The first impression which one gets from reading the treaty is that it is strictly defined and limited in its appli-

cation. Yet when duly considered, it seems to cover all chances of controversy that are likely to arise between the United States and Great Britain. Under such a treaty as this, nearly all the questions at issue between the two countries since 1783 might have been satisfactorily adjusted: the payment of private debts to British creditors, the relinquishment of the frontier posts by British garrisons, the northeastern boundary, the partition of the Oregon territory, the questions concerning the Newfoundland fisheries, the navigation of the Great Lakes, the catching of seals in Bering Sea, the difference of opinion over the San Juan boundary, etc. Possibly some of the old questions growing out of the African slave-trade might have been brought within its purview, but that is now of small consequence, since no issues of that sort are likely ever to rise again. Differences attending the future construction of a Nicaragua canal, regarded as an easement or a servitude possibly affecting vested rights, might, under a liberal interpretation, be dealt with; and one may suppose that the Venezuela question is meant to be covered, since it relates to territorial claims in which, though they may not obviously concern the United States either immediately or remotely, our government has with unexpected emphasis declared itself interested.

On the other hand, one does not seem to find in the treaty any provision which would have covered two or three of the most serious questions that have ever been in dispute between the United States and Great Britain. One of these questions, concerning the right of search and the impressment of seamen, was conspicuous among the causes of the ill-considered and deplorable War of 1812. But it may be presumed, with strong probability, that no difficulty of that kind can again arise between these two powers. The affair of the Trent in 1861 seems also to be a kind of case not provided for. But that affair, most creditably settled at a moment of fierce irritation and under aggravating circumstances, was settled in such wise as to establish a great principle which will make it extremely difficult for such a case to occur again. As for the Alabama Claims, they could apparently have been adjusted under the present treaty, as large pecuniary claims involving international principles of grave general importance.

On the whole, there seems to be small likelihood of any dispute arising between this country and Great Britain which cannot be amicably settled, with reasonable promptness, under the provisions of this new Arbitration Treaty. One chief desideratum in any such instrument is to secure impartiality in the arbitrating tribunals, and here the arrangements made in our treaty will doubtless yield as good results as can ever be achieved through mere arrangements. In such matters, the best of machinery is of less consequence than the human nature by which the machinery is to be worked. Impartiality, not only real but conspicuous and unmistakable, is the prime requisite in a court of arbitration. Its life and health can be sustained only in an atmosphere of untainted and unsuspected integrity. Yet in an age which does not yet fully comprehend the villainy of such maxims as "Our country, right or wrong," gross partisanship is not easy to eliminate from human nature. Even austere judges, taken from a Supreme Court, have sometimes shown themselves to be men of like passions with ourselves. It would need but few awards made on the "eight to seven" principle, as in the Electoral Commission of 1877, to make our arbitrating tribunal the laughing-stock of the world, and to set back for a generation or two the hand upon the timepiece of civilization.

A general experience, however, justifies us in hoping much better things from the group of international tribu-

nals contemplated in our present treaty. There is no doubt that the good work is undertaken in entire good faith by both nations; both earnestly wish to make international arbitration successful, and there is little fear that the importance of fair dealing will be overlooked or undervalued. If the present proceedings result in the establishment of a tribunal whose integrity and impartiality shall win the permanent confidence of British and Americans alike, it will be an immense achievement, fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. For the first time the substitution of international lawsuits for warfare will have been systematically begun by two of the leading nations of the world; and an event which admits of such a description cannot be without many consequences, enduring and profound.

For observe that the interest of the present treaty lies not so much in the fact that it provides for arbitration as in the fact that it aims at making arbitration the regular and permanent method of settling international disputes. In due proportion to the gravity of the problem is the modest caution with which it is approached. The treaty merely asks to be tried on its merits, and only for five years at that. Only for such a brief period is the most vociferous Jingo in the United States Senate or elsewhere asked to put a curb upon his sanguinary propensities, and see what will happen. Nay, if we really prefer war to peace; if, like the giant in the nursery tale, we are thirsting for a draught of British blood, neither this nor any other treaty could long restrain us. As Hosea Biglow truly observes,

> "The right to be a cussed fool
> Is safe from all devices human."

It has been rumored that some Senators will vote against the treaty, in order to show their spite against President Cleveland and Mr. Olney. If the treaty should fail of confirmation through such a cause, it would be no more than has happened before. Members of the Sapsea family have sat in other chambers than those of the Capitol at Washington. But, as a rule, good causes have not long been hindered through such pettiness, and should the treaty thus fail for the moment, it would not be ruined, but only delayed. In any event, it is not likely to be long in acquiring its five years' lease of life. If during that time nothing should occur to discredit it, even should no cases arise to call it into operation, its purpose is so much in harmony with the most enlightened spirit of the age that it is pretty sure to be renewed. Should cases arise under it, the machinery which it provides is confessedly provisional and tentative, and upon renewal can be modified in such wise as may seem desirable. Other human institutions have been moulded by experience, and so, doubtless, it will be with international courts of arbitration.

The working of the tribunals created by the present treaty will be carefully watched by other nations than the two parties directly concerned, and should it achieve any notable success it will furnish a precedent likely to be imitated. The removal of any source of irritation at all comparable to the Alabama Claims would be, of course, a success of the first magnitude; great good, with far-reaching consequences, might be wrought by a much smaller one. Probably few readers are aware of the extent to which the arbitration at Geneva in 1872 has already served as a precedent for the peaceful solution of international difficulties.[1] Already the moral effect of that event has

[1] The following list of instances within a period of twelve years is cited from an able article by Professor Pasquale Fiore, of the University of Naples, in the International Journal of Ethics, October, 1896: —

Arbitration by the Emperor of Austria between Great Britain and Nicaragua, 1881.

A mixed commission to arbitrate between France and Chili, 1882.

Arbitration by the President of the French

been such as to suggest that it may hereafter be commemorated as the illustrious herald of a new era. The Geneva event was brought about by a treaty specially framed for the purpose, and might thus be regarded as exceptional or extraordinary in its nature. Still greater, then, would be the moral effect of a similar success achieved by a tribunal created under the provisions of a permanent treaty.

It may be urged that arbitration cannot often succeed in dealing with difficulties so formidable as those connected with the Alabama Claims. The questions hitherto settled by arbitration have for the most part been of minor importance, in which "national honor" has not been at stake, and the bestial impulse to tear and bruise, which so many light-headed persons mistake for patriotism, has not been aroused. The London Spectator tells us that if the United States should ever repeat the Mason and Slidell incident, or should feel insulted by the speech of some British prime minister, there would be war, no matter how loudly the lawyers in both countries might appeal to the Arbitration Treaty. The two illustrations cited are not happy ones, since from both may be deduced reasons why war is not likely to ensue. The Mason and Slidell incident was a most impressive illustration of the value of delay and discussion in calming popular excitement. The principle of international law which the United States violated on that occasion was a principle for which the United States had long and earnestly contended against the opposition of Great Britain. A very brief discussion of the affair in the American press made this clear to every one, and there was no caviling when our government disowned the act and surrendered the prisoners with the noble frankness which characterized President Lincoln's way of doing things. What chiefly tended to hinder or prevent such a happy termination of the affair was the unnecessary arrogance of Lord Palmerston's government in making its demand of us. What chiefly favored it was the absence of an ocean telegraph, affording the delay needful for sober second thought. I remember hearing people say at the time that the breaking of the first Atlantic cable in 1858 had thus turned out to be a blessing in disguise! Now, should any incident as irritating as the Trent affair occur in future, the Arbitration Treaty can be made to furnish the delay which the absence of an ocean cable once necessitated; and I have enough respect for English-speaking people on both sides of the water to believe that in such case they will behave sensibly, and not like silly duelists. So, too, as regards "feeling insulted" by the speech of a prime minister, there is a recent historic instance to the point. Our British cousins may have had reason to feel insulted by some expressions in Pre-

Republic between the Netherlands and the Republic of San Domingo, 1882.

Arbitration by Pope Leo XIII. between Germany and Spain; affair of the Caroline Islands, 1885.

The commission to arbitrate between the Argentine Republic and Brazil, 1886.

Arbitration by Spain between Colombia and Venezuela, 1887.

Arbitration by the minister of Spain at Bogotá between Italy and Colombia, 1887.

Arbitration by President Cleveland between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, 1888.

Arbitration by the Queen of Spain between Peru and Ecuador, 1888.

Arbitration by Baron Lambermont between England and Germany; affair of Lamoo, 1888.

Arbitration by the Czar of Russia between France and the Netherlands; affair of the boundaries of Guinea, 1888.

Arbitration by Sir Edward Momson between Denmark and Sweden, 1888.

Compromise between the United States and Venezuela, 1890.

Compromise between Germany, the United States, and Great Britain; affair of Terranova, 1891.

Arbitration by Switzerland between England, the United States, and Portugal; affair of the railroads at Delagoa Bay, 1891.

Arbitration between Great Britain and the United States relating to the question of the delimitation of territorial power in Bering Sea, 1893.

sident Cleveland's message of December, 1895, but they took the matter very quietly. Had the boot been on the other leg, a few pupils of Elijah Pogram might have indulged in Barmecide suppers of gore, but there the affair would probably have ended. The reason is that deliberate public opinion in both countries feels sure that nothing is to be gained, and much is to be lost, by fighting. Under such conditions, the growing moral sentiment which condemns most warfare as wicked has a chance to assert itself. Thus the delay which allows deliberate public opinion to be brought to bear upon irritating incidents is a great advantage; and the mere existence of a permanent arbitration treaty tends toward insuring such delay.

People who prefer civilized and gentlemanlike methods of settling disputes to the savage and ruffianlike business of burning and slaughtering are sometimes stigmatized by silly writers as "sentimentalists." In the deliberate public opinion which has come to be so strong a force in preventing war between the United States and Great Britain, sentiment has as yet probably no great place; but it is hoped and believed that it will by and by have much more. In the days of Alexander Hamilton there was very little love for the Federal Union in any part of this country; it was accepted as a disagreeable necessity. But his policy brought into existence a powerful group of selfish interests binding men more and more closely to the Union, and more so at the North than at the South. When Webster made his reply to Hayne, there was a growing sentiment of Union for him to appeal to, and stronger at the North than at the South. When the Civil War came, that sentiment was strong enough to sadden the heart of many a Southerner whose sense of duty made him a secessionist; at the North it had waxed so powerful that men were ready to die for it, as the Mussulman for his Prophet or the Cavalier for his King. Thus sentiment can quickly and sturdily grow when favored by habits of thought originally dictated by self-interest. Obviously a state of things in favor of which a strong sentiment is once enlisted has its chances of permanence greatly increased. I therefore hope and believe that in the deliberate public opinion above mentioned, sentiment will by and by have a larger place than it has at present. As feelings of dislike between the peoples of two countries are always unintelligent and churlish, so feelings of friendship are sure to be broadening and refining. The abiding sentiment of Scotchmen toward England was for many centuries immeasurably more rancorous than any Yankee schoolboy ever gave vent to on the Fourth of July. There is no reason why the advent of the twenty-first century should not find the friendship between the United States and Great Britain quite as strong as that between Scotland and England to-day. Toward so desirable a consummation a permanent policy of arbitration must surely tend.

The fact that deliberate public opinion in both countries can be counted upon as strongly adverse to war is the principal fact which makes such a permanent policy feasible. It is our only sufficient guarantee that the awards of the international tribunal will be respected. These considerations need to be borne in mind if we try to speculate upon the probable influence upon other nations of a successful system of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. Upon the continent of Europe a considerable interest seems already to have been felt in the treaty, and, as I observed above, its working is sure to be carefully watched; for the states of Europe are suffering acutely from the apparent necessity of keeping perpetually prepared for war, and any expedient that holds out the slightest chance of relief from such a burden cannot fail to attract earnest attention.

The peoples of Europe are not unfamiliar with the principles of arbitration. Indeed, like many other good things which have loomed up conspicuously in recent times, arbitration can be traced back to the ancient Greeks, for whom it occasionally mitigated the evils attendant upon frequent warfare between their city-states. Among the Italian republics of the Middle Ages, disputes were sometimes submitted to the arbitration of learned professors in the universities at Bologna and other towns. But such methods could not prevail over the ruder fashions of Europe north of the Alps. As mediæval Italy was the industrial and commercial centre of the world, so in our days it is the nations most completely devoted to industry and commerce, the English-speaking nations, that are foremost in bringing into practice the methods of arbitration. The settlement of the Alabama Claims is the most brilliant instance on record, and we have already cited examples of the readiness of sundry nations, great and small, to imitate it. Such examples, even when concerned with questions of minor importance, are to some extent an indication of the growing conviction that war, and the unceasing preparations for it, are becoming insupportable burdens.

It is the steadily increasing complication of industrial life, and the heightened standard of living that has come therewith, that are making men, year by year, more unwilling to endure the burdens entailed by war. In the Middle Ages, human life was made hideous by famine, pestilence, perennial warfare, and such bloody superstitions as the belief in witchcraft; but men contrived to endure it, because they had no experience of anything better, and could not even form a conception of relief save such as the Church afforded. Deluges of war, fraught with horrors which stagger our powers of conception, swept at brief intervals over every part of the continent of Europe, and the intervals were mostly filled with petty waspish raids that brought robbery and murder home to everybody's door; while honest industry, penned up within walled towns, was glad of such precarious immunity as stout battlements eked out by blackmail could be made to afford. Fighting was incessant and ubiquitous. The change wrought in six centuries has been amazing, and it has been chiefly due to industrial development. Private warfare has been extinguished, famine and pestilence seldom occur in civilized countries, mental habits nurtured by science have banished the witches, the land is covered with cheerful homesteads, and the achievement of success in life through devotion to industrial pursuits has become general. Wars have greatly diminished in frequency, in length, and in the amount of misery needlessly inflicted. We have thus learned how pleasant life can become under peaceful conditions, and we are determined as far as possible to prolong such conditions. We have no notion of submitting to misery like that of the Middle Ages; on the contrary, we have got rid of so much of it that we mean to go on and get rid of the whole. Such is the general feeling among civilized men. It may safely be said not only that no nation in Christendom wishes to go to war, but also that the nations are few which would not make a considerable sacrifice of interests and feelings rather than incur its calamities. For reasons such as these the states of Continental Europe are showing an increasing disposition to submit questions to arbitration, and in view of this situation the fullest measure of success for our Arbitration Treaty is to be desired, for the sake of its moral effect.

The method at present in vogue on the continent of Europe for averting warfare is the excessively cumbrous expedient of keeping up great armaments in time of peace. The origin of this expedient may be traced back to the *levée en masse* to which revolutionary France

resorted in the agonies of self-defense in 1792. The levée en masse proved to be a far more formidable engine of warfare than the small standing armies with which Europe had long been familiar; and so, after the old military system of Prussia had been overthrown in 1806, the reforms of Stein and Scharnhorst introduced the principle of the levée en masse into times of peace, dividing the male population into classes which could be kept in training, and might be successively called to the field as soon as military exigencies should demand it. The prodigious strength which Prussia could put forth under this system was revealed in 1866 and 1870, and since then similar methods have become universally adopted, so that the commencement of a general European war to-day would doubtless find several millions of men under arms. The progress of invention is at the same time daily improving projectiles on the one hand, and fortifications on the other; we may perhaps hope that some of us will live long enough to see what will happen when a ball is fired with irresistible momentum against an impenetrable wall! To keep up with the progress of invention enormous sums are expended on military engines, while each nation endeavors to avert war by making such a show of strength as will deter other nations from attacking it. A mania for increasing armaments has thus been produced, and although this state of things is far less destructive and demoralizing than actual war, it lays a burden upon Europe which is fast becoming intolerable. For the modern development of industry has given rise to problems that press for solution, and no satisfactory solution can be reached in the midst of this monstrous armed peace. Competition has reached a point where no nation can afford to divert a considerable percentage of its population from industrial pursuits. Each nation, in order to maintain its rank in the world, is called upon to devote its utmost energies to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. Moreover, the economic disturbances due to the withdrawal of so many men from the work of production are closely connected with the discontent which finds vent in the wild schemes of socialists, communists, and anarchists. There is no other way of beginning the work of social redemption but by a general disarmament; and this opinion has for some years been gaining strength in Europe. It is commonly felt that in one way or another the state of armed peace will have to be abandoned. The next few years will probably strengthen this feeling.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution of Great Britain in 1880, I argued that the contrast between the United States, with a population quite freed from the demands of militarism, and the continent of Europe, with its enormous armaments useless for productive purposes, could not long be maintained; that American competition would soon come to press so severely upon Europe as to compel a disarmament, and in this way the swords would get beaten into ploughshares. American competition is less effective than it might be, owing to our absurd tariffs and vicious currency, but its tendency has undoubtedly been in the direction indicated. I suspect, however, that the process will be less simple. Within the last twenty years the operations of production and distribution have been assuming colossal proportions. Syndicates, trusts, and other huge combinations of capital have begun carrying on business upon a scale heretofore unprecedented. Already we see symptoms that such combinations are to include partners in various parts of the earth. Business, in short, is becoming more and more international; and under such circumstances the era of general disarmament is likely to be hastened. In the long run peace has no other friend so powerful as commerce.

While every successful resort to arbi-

tration is to be welcomed as a step toward facilitating disarmament, it seems probable that institutions of somewhat broader scope than courts of arbitration will be required for the settlement of many complex international questions. In the European congresses which have assembled from time to time to deal with peculiar exigencies, we have the precedent for such more regular and permanent institutions. An example of what is meant was furnished by the Congress of Paris in 1856, when it dealt summarily with the whole group of vexed questions relating to the rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents upon the ocean, and put an end to the chaos of two centuries by establishing an international code relating to piracy, blockades, and seizures in times of naval war. This code has been respected by maritime powers and enforced by the world's public opinion, and its establishment was a memorable incident in the advance of civilization. Now, such work as the Congress of Paris did can be done in future by other congresses, but it is work of broader scope than has hitherto been undertaken by courts of arbitration. I am inclined to think that both these institutions — the International Congress and the tribunal of arbitration — are destined to survive, with very considerable increase in power and dignity, in the political society of the future, long after disarmament has become an accomplished fact.

About the time that a small party of Englishmen at Jamestown were laying the first foundation stones of the United States, one of the greatest kings and one of the greatest ministers of modern times were deeply engaged in what they called the Great Design, a scheme for a European Confederation. The plan of Henry IV. of France and the Duke of Sully contemplated a federal republic of Christendom, comprising six hereditary crowns (France, England, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Lombardy), five elective crowns (the Empire, the Papacy, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland), and four republics (Venice, the small Italian states, Switzerland, and the Netherlands). There was to be a federal government in three branches, legislative, executive, judicial; a federal army of about three hundred thousand men, and a powerful federal fleet. The purpose of the federation was to put an end once and forever to wars, both civil and international. Probably the two great statesmen were not sanguine as to the immediate success of their Great Design, and doubtless none knew better than they that it would cost at least one mighty war to establish it. But there is a largeness of view about the scheme that is refreshing to meet in a world of arid and narrow commonplaces. With all their breadth of vision, however, Henry and Sully would surely have been amazed had they been told that the handful of half-starved Englishmen at Jamestown were inaugurating a political and social development that in course of time would contribute powerfully toward the success of something like their Great Design.

In human affairs a period of three centuries is a brief one, and the progress already made in the direction toward which the two great Frenchmen were looking is significant and prophetic. The vast armaments now maintained on the continent of Europe cannot possibly endure. Economic necessities will put an end to them before many years. But disarmament, apparently, can only proceed *pari passu* with the establishment of peaceful methods of settling international questions. The machinery for this will probably be found in the further development of two institutions that have already come into existence, the International Congress and the Court of Arbitration. The existence of these institutions, which is now occasional, will tend to become permanent: the former will deal preferably with the establishment of general principles, the latter

with their judicial application to special cases. As European congresses meet now upon extraordinary occasions, so once it was with the congresses of the American colonies, such as the New York Congress of 1690 and the Albany Congress of 1754 for concerting measures against New France, and the New York Congress of 1765 for protesting against the Stamp Act. Then came the Continental Congress of 1774, which circumstances kept in existence for fifteen years, until a political revolution reached its consummation in replacing it by a completely organized federal government. In 1754 the possibility of a permanent federation of American states was derided as an idle dream of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Hutchinson. Very little love was lost between the people of different colonies, and when the crisis came on, after 1783, the majority hated and dreaded a permanent Federal Union, and accepted it *only as the alternative to something worse*, namely, anarchy and civil war. In like manner, it may be surmised as not improbable that in course of time the occasions for summoning European congresses will recur with increasing frequency until the functions which they are called upon to discharge will convert them into a permanent institution. Such a development, combined with the increased employment of arbitration, must ultimately tend toward the creation of a Federal Union in Europe. The fact that such a result will be hated and dreaded by many people, perhaps by the great majority, need not prevent its being accepted and acquiesced in *as the alternative to something worse*, namely, the indefinite continuance of the system of vast armaments.

By the time when such a result comes clearly within sight, it will very likely have been made evident that the policy of isolation which our country has wisely pursued for the century past cannot be maintained perpetually. When Washington wrote his Farewell Address, the danger of our getting dragged into the mighty struggle then raging in Europe was a real and serious danger, against which we needed to be solemnly warned. Since then times have changed, and they are changing still. From a nation scarcely stronger than Portugal, we have become equal to the strongest. Railways, telegraphs, and international industries are making every part of the world the neighbor of every other part. To preserve a policy of isolation will not always be possible, nor will it be desirable. Situations will arise (if they have not already arisen) in which such moral weight as the United States can exert will be called for. The pacification of Europe, therefore, is not an affair that is foreign to our interests. In that, as in every other aspect of the Christian policy of "peace on earth and good will to men," we are most deeply concerned; and every incident, like the present Arbitration Treaty, that promises to advance us even by one step toward the sublime result, it is our solemn duty to welcome and encourage by all the means within our power.

John Fiske.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XI.

March 2. The truth of the difference of quality between the business man and the scholar was quickly brought home to me. On the last evening of my visit, Mr. Blodgett revealed the reason for his latest kindness. "I got you here," he explained, "to look you over and see what you were fit for, thinking I might work you in somewhere. No," he continued, as he saw the questioning hopefulness on my face, "you would n't do in business. You 've got a sight too much conscience and sympathy, and a sight too little drive. All business is getting the best of somebody else, and you 're the kind of chap who 'd let a fellow up just because you 'd got him down." Seeing the sadness in my face, for I knew too well he had fathomed me, he added kindly, "Don't get chicken-hearted over what I say. It 's easy enough to outwit a man; the hard thing is not to do it. I 'd go out of the trade to-morrow, if it were n't for the boss and Agnes, for I get tired of the meanness of the whole thing. But they want to cut a figure, and that is n't to be done in this town for nothing. I 'll find something for you yet that shan't make you sell your heart and your soul as well as your time."

I was too full of my love and my purpose, however, for this to discourage me. The moment my determination to remain in New York was made, I wrote to Jastrow, Humzel, and others of my German friends, telling them that for business reasons I had decided to be known as Rudolph Hartzmann, and asking if they would stretch friendship so far as to give me letters in that name to such American publishers and editors as they knew. Excepting Jastrow, they all responded with introductions so flattering that I was almost ashamed to present them, and he wrote me that he had not offered my books for sale, and begged me to reconsider my refusal of the professorship. He even offered, if I would accept the appointment, to divide with me his tuition fees, and suggested that his own advancing years were a pledge that his position would erelong be vacant for me to step into. It almost broke my heart to have to write him that I could not accept his generous offer. In July I received a second letter from him, most touching in its attempt to keep back the grief he felt, but yielding to my determination. He sent me many good introductions, and submitted a bid for my library from a bookseller; but knowing the books to be worth at least double the offer, I held the sale in abeyance.

My first six months in New York disheartened me greatly, though now I know that I succeeded far better than I could have expected to do, in the dullness of the summer. My work was the proof-reading of my book of travel in its varying polyglots, seeing through the press English versions of my two text-books, and writing a third in both English and German. Furthermore, my letters of introduction had made me known to a number of the professors of Columbia College, and by their influence I received an appointment to deliver a course of lectures on race movements the following winter; so I prepared my notes in this leisure time. But this work was far too little to fill my time, and I wrote all kinds of editorials, essays, and reviews, fairly wearing out the editors of the various magazines and newspapers with my frequent calls and articles. Finally I attempted to sell my books to several libraries; but though the tomes and the price both tempted several, none had the money to spend on such a collection.

My book of travel was published in September, was praised by the reviews, and at once sprang into a good sale for a work of that class; for Europe is interested in whatever bears on her cancer growth, commonly called the Eastern question. Since Europeans approved the book, Americans at once bought and discussed it; to prove, I suppose, that as a nation we are no longer tainted with provincialism, — as if that very subservience to transatlantic opinion were not the best proof that the virus still works within us. It was issued anonymously, through the fear that if I put my pseudonym on the title-page it might lead to inquiry about the author which would reveal his identity with Donald Maitland, for whom I only wished oblivion. As a result the question of authorship was much mooted, some declaring a well-known Oxford professor to be the man, others ascribing the volume to a famous German traveler, and Humzel being named by some; but most of the reviews suggested that it was the work of an Eastern savant.

You cannot tell what a delight it was to me to learn, at our first meeting in the autumn, that you had read my book. I went in November to the Lenox Library to verify a date, and found you there. I could not help interrupting your reading for a moment, — I had so longed for a glimpse and a word, — and you took my intrusion in good part. I drew a book and pretended to read, merely to veil my covert watching of you; and when you rose to go, I asked permission to walk with you.

"Your notebook suggests that you are a writer by profession, Dr. Hartzmann?" you surmised.

"Yes."

"And you have to come to America for material?"

"I have come to America permanently."

"How unusual!"

"In what respect?"

"For a European writer to come to New York to do more than lecture about himself, have his vanity and purse fed, and return home to write a book about us that we alone read."

I laughed, and said, "You make me very glad that I am the exception to the rule."

"I presume more would make the venture if they found the atmosphere less uncongenial. New York as a whole is so absorbed in the task of trans-shipping the products of the busiest nations of two continents that everything is ranked as secondary that does not subserve that end: and the Muses starve."

"I suppose New York is not the best of places in which to live by art or letters, if compared with London or Paris; yet if a man can do what the world wants done, he can earn a livelihood here."

"But he cannot gain the great prizes that alone are worth the winning, I fear. I have noticed that American writers only reach American audiences, while European authors not merely win attention at home, but have vogue and sale here. The London or Paris label is quite as effective in New York or Chicago in selling books as in selling clothes."

"I suppose cultivated Europe is as heedless of the newer peoples as the peoples of the Orient are of those of the Occident. Yet I think that if as good work were turned out in this country as in the Old World, the place of its production would not seriously militate against its success."

"And have you found it so?"

"Nothing I have yet written in this country merits Continental attention."

"I hope you have succeeded to your own satisfaction?"

"It may amuse you to know that though I had many good letters of introduction to editors in this country, I could not get a single article accepted till some friends of mine in Asia came to my aid."

"You speak in riddles."

"Perhaps you remember reading, last August, of an outbreak of some tribes in the Hindoo Kush? Those hill peoples are in a state of perennial ferment, and usually Europe pays no attention to their bellicose proceedings; but luckily for me, the English premier, at that particular moment, was holding his unwilling Parliament together in an attempt to pass something, and finding it intractable in that matter, he cleverly used this outbreak to divert attention and excite enthusiasm. Rising in the House of Commons, he virtually charged the outbreak to Russian machination against the beloved Emir, and pledged the nation to support that civilized humanitarian against the barbaric despot of Russia. At once the papers were full of unintelligible cablegrams telling of the doings in those faraway mountains; and my hurriedly written editorials and articles, which nevertheless showed some comprehension of the geography and people, were snapped up avidly, and from that time I have found papers or periodicals glad to print what I write."

You laughed, and said, "How strangely the world is tied together in these days, that the speech of an English prime minister about some Asian septs should give a German author *entrée* to New York editorial sanctums!"

"The cables have done more in aid of the brotherhood of man than all the efforts of the missionaries."

"I thought you were a conservative, and disapproved of modern innovations."

"With innovators, yes."

"Then the Levantine does not entirely disapprove of our Hesperian city?"

"My knowledge of New York is about as deep," I answered, smiling, "as my Eastern blood."

"Only skin-deep," you said.

"Just sufficient for a disguise."

"As long as you are silent, yes."

"Is my English so unmistakable?"

"Not your tongue, but your thought. Of course your vicinage, costume, and complexion made me for a moment accept your joke of nationality, at that first meeting, but before you had spoken half your defense of the older races I felt sure that you were not a product of one of them."

"Why was that?"

"Because it is only Christians who recognize and speak for the rights of other peoples."

"You forget that the religion of Buddha is toleration. We Christians preach the doctrine, but practice extermination, forgiving our enemies after killing them," I said. "I do not think we differ much in works from even El Mahdi."

"Would El Mahdi ever have spoken for other races?"

"You know the weak spot in my armor, Miss Walton," I was obliged to confess.

"That is due to you, Dr. Hartzmann. What you said that night interested me so deeply that I have been reading up about the Eastern races and problems. I wonder if you have seen this new book of travel, The Debatable Lands between the East and West?"

"Yes," I assented, thinking that twenty readings in manuscript and proof entitled me to make the claim.

"You will be amused to hear that, when reading it, I thought of you as the probable writer, not merely because it begins in the Altai range and ends at Tangier, but as well because some of the ideas resemble yours. Mr. Whitely, however, tells me he has private information that Professor Humzel is the author. Do you know him?"

"He was my professor of history at Leipzig."

"That accounts for the agreement in thought. You admire the book?"

"I think it is a conscientious attempt to describe what the author saw."

"Ah, it is much more than that!" you exclaimed. "At a dinner in London, this autumn, I sat next Lord ——,

a member of the Indian Council, and he told me he considered it a far more brilliant book than Kinglake's Eothen."

I knew I had no right to continue this subject, but I could not help asking, "You liked it?"

"Very much. It seems to me a deep and philosophic study of present and future problems, besides being a vivid picture of most interesting countries and peoples. It made me long to be a nomad myself, and wander as the author did. The thought of three years of such life, of such freedom, seems to stir in me all the inherited tendency to prowl that we women supposedly get from Mother Sphinx."

"Civilization steals nature and compounds the theft with art."

"Tell me about Professor Humzel," you went on, "for I know I should like him, merely from the way he writes. One always pictures the German professor as a dried-up mind in a dried-up body, but one is conscious of real flesh and blood in this book. He is a young man, I'm sure."

"Sixty-two."

"He has a young heart, then," you asserted. "Is he as interesting to talk with as he makes himself in his book?"

"Professor Humzel is very silent."

"The people who have something to say are usually so," you sighed.

"A drum must be empty to make a noise," I said, smiling, "and perhaps the converse is true."

I cannot say what there was in that walk which cheered me so, except your praise of my book, — sweeter far though that was than the world's kindly opinion; yet over and above that, in our brief interchange of words, I was made conscious that there was sympathy between us, — a sympathy so positive that something like our old-time friendship seemed beginning. And the thought made me so happy that for a time my troubles were almost forgotten.

Dear love, good-night.

XII.

March 3. Fate seemed determined that our lives should be closely connected. In December Mr. Blodgett wrote asking me to call at his office, and he was already smiling when his boy passed me through the door at which so many had to tarry.

"There are a good many kinds of fools," was his welcoming remark, "but one of the commonest is the brand who think because they can do one thing well, they ought to be able to do the exact opposite. I've known men who could grow rich out of brewing beer, who kept themselves poor through thinking they knew all about horses; I've known women who queened it in parlors, who went to smash because they believed themselves inspired actresses; I've sat here in this office thirty years, and grown rich through the belief of clergymen, doctors, merchants, farmers, — the whole box and dice, — that they were heaven-born financiers, and could play us Wall Street men even at our own game. Whatever else you do in this world, doctor, don't think that because you can talk a dozen languages, they fit you to be a successful mute."

"When you are in this mood, Mr. Blodgett, I can be nothing else," I remarked, as he paused a moment for breath.

"Alexander Whitely," he went on, smiling, "probably knows more about petroleum and kerosene than any other man in the world, and he's made himself rich by his knowledge. But it does n't satisfy him to be on the top of his own heap; he wants to get on the top of some other fellow's. In short, he has an itch to be something he is n't, and the darned fool's gone and bought a daily newspaper with the idea that he is going to be a great editor!"

"His lamp of genius will not go out for want of oil," I remarked.

"For a moment he showed one glimmer of sense: he came to me for advice," said Mr. Blodgett in evident enjoyment. "I told him to get an A 1 business manager, to make you chief editor, let you pick your staff, and then blow in all the money you and the business end asked for, and never go inside the building himself. It was too good sense for him, for he 's daft with the idea of showing the world how to edit a paper. But my advice simmered down to this: if you want to be his private secretary, at four thousand a year, and pretend to revise his editorials, but really write them for him, I think you can have the position. Of course he is to think he writes the rubbish."

"A Voltaire in miniature," I laughed.

"A what?"

"The great Frederic thought himself a poet, and induced Voltaire to come and be his literary counselor. The latter showed a bundle of manuscripts to some one and said, 'See all this dirty linen of the king's he has sent me to wash.'"

"That was one for his nibs," chuckled Mr. Blodgett. "But you must n't make such speeches as that of Whitely."

"In spite of my many tongues, I can be mute."

"Do you think I have n't seen that? And I 've seen something more, which is that you always give a dollar's worth of work for seventy-five cents of wages. Now, Whitely 's a hard man, and if you made the terms with him he 'd be sure to get the better of you. So I 've arranged to have him meet you here, and I 'm going to see fair play. I 've told him you won't do it for less than four thousand, and he 'll not get you a cent cheaper. The work will be very light."

"The work is easy," I assented, "but is it honest?"

"Seems to me we had better leave that to Whitely to settle."

"And is Mr. Whitely an honest man?"

Mr. Blodgett smiled as he looked at me, and said, "Whitely would n't steal a red-hot stove unless it had handles. But he probably thinks this all right. Few people know how much successful men use other men's brains. Here 's a report on a Southern railroad by an expert in my employ. I 've never even been over the road, yet I 'll sign my name to the report as if it was my work. Now, in oil Whitely hires all kinds of men to do different things for him, and he gets whatever credit follows; and I suppose he thinks that if he pays you to write editorials, they are as much his as any other thing he buys."

"He must be conscious of a distinction."

"That 's his lookout, if he is. Don't start in to keep other people's consciences in order, doctor, for it 's the hardest-worked and poorest-paid trade in the world."

When Mr. Whitely arrived, Mr. Blodgett was as good as his word, taking the matter practically out of my hands, and letting me sit a passive and amused spectator of the contest between the two shrewd men, who dropped all thought of personal friendship while they discussed the matter. Mr. Blodgett won, and made the further stipulation that since Mr. Whitely intended to be at the office only in the afternoon, I might be equally privileged as to my hours of attendance. His forethought and kindness did more, for his last speech to Mr. Whitely was, "Then it 's understood that the doctor writes your letters and revises your editorials, but nothing else." And as soon as we were alone he said, "Remember that, or before you know it he 'll be screwing you to death. Don't you write anything extra for him unless there 's extra pay. Now, don't waste my time by thanks in business hours, but come in to-night to dinner, so as to let the boss and Agnes congratulate you."

My employment began the first of the year, at which time the paper came into

the hands of its new proprietor; and it amuses me to recall him as he sat at his desk that first day, thrumming it nervously, and trying to dictate an editorial on The Outlook for the New Year. A more hopeless bit of writing I have seldom read, and four times it was rewritten as I built it into shape.

The man has no more sense of form than he has of English. Even worse, he is almost without ideas. It has become his invariable custom to say to me suavely, as he takes his seat at his desk about two o'clock, "Dr. Hartzmann, possibly you can suggest a good subject for me to write about to-day?" And when I propose one, he continues: "That is satisfactory. Jot down what you think I had better say, while I run over my mail." An hour later I lay the typewritten sheets before him, and, after reading them with the most evident pleasure, he puts his initials at the top and sends the editorial out to the managing editor; to have a second pleasure when, after two hours, the galley slips of proof come back to him.

Fortunately for me, he cares no more for politics than I do, and thus saves me from the necessity of studying and mastering that shifting quicksand against which beat the tides of men, ebbing as private greed obtains the mastery, and flowing in those curious revulsions of selfishly altruistic public spirit called patriotism. Except for this subject his taste is catholic, and his foible is to pose as omniscient. "I wish new subjects, — something, if possible, that intellectual people do not know about," — is his constant command; and nothing delights him more than an editorial on a subject of which he has never heard. Speaking only his mother tongue, he has an inordinate desire for foreign words, and will say, "A quotation in another language gives an editorial page an air of culture which I desire my paper to have." Our composing-room, I imagine, is the only one in New York which has Greek type, and if I gave him the smallest encouragement he would buy fonts of Sanskrit and Hebrew characters. He always makes me teach him how to pronounce the sentences, catching them with a wonderful parrot-like facility. Usually he carries clippings of the last half dozen editorials with him, and his delight is to make an opportunity to read one aloud, prefaced by the announcement that he is the writer. Sometimes, indeed, he cannot contain his pleasure over the articles till their appearance in type, and I repeatedly hear him say to a visitor, "If you have ten minutes to spare, let me read you this editorial I have just written for to-morrow's issue."

At first, in spite of Mr. Blodgett's explanation, I thought this real dishonesty, and despised not merely him, but myself as well for aiding in such trickery. As I grow to know him better, however, I find he is not cozening the public so much as imposing on himself. The man has a fervent and untrained imagination, which has never, in the practicalities of oil, had a safety-valve. As a result, it has rioted in dreams of which he is the hero, until it has brought him to the point of thinking his wildest fancies quite possible realities. His self-faith is so great that his imagination sets no limit to his powers, and thus he can believe everything of himself. I have heard him tell what he would do under given circumstances, and, with my knowledge of him, I know he is conceiving himself to be actually doing what he describes. Thus, in a smaller sense, he really imagines that he writes the editorials, and even reads them to Mr. Blodgett, apparently unconscious that there can be the slightest question of authorship in the latter's mind.

With this singular weakness the man is yet a strong one. His capacity to judge and manage men or facts is truly marvelous. He rules his paper as he rules everything, with the firmest hand, and not a man in his employ but knows

who is master. Within a year he turned the journal into a great earner of money, and in the business office they have to confess that it is all his work, ignorant as he is to this day of the details. He knows by instinct where money should be spent, and where it should be scrimped. Yet with all this business shrewdness he cares not half so much that his investment is paying him twenty per cent as that people are talking about his ability as an editor, and my only influence over him to this day is the praise my editorials have won him.

Perhaps the most singular quality of his nature is his heedlessness of individual opinion, and his dread of it in mass. He is so absolutely self-centred — every thought directed inward — that he never tries to make the individual like him, yet he craves intensely the world's esteem. He longs for notoriety, and even stoops to an almost daily mention of himself in his paper, taking endless pains to get his name into other journals as well. Even his philanthropy, for which the world admires him, is used for this purpose. Ridiculous as it may seem, the most grating task I have to do is the writing of the fulsome press dispatches which he invariably sends out whenever he makes one of his gifts. He writes, too, to his fellow editors, asking them to comment on the largess; and since he makes it a point to cultivate the pleasantest relations with his *confrères*, they give him good measure, though with many a smile and wink among themselves when they get together.

How curiously diverse the same man is to different people! To the world Mr. Whitely is a man of great business ability, of wide knowledge, of great benevolence, and of fine manners. I do not wonder, Maizie, that he imposes on you; for though you have discernment, yet you are not of a suspicious nature, and his acting is so wonderful and his manner so frank, through his own unconsciousness of his self-deceit, that not a dozen people dream the man is other than he seems. You might, perhaps, in spite of his taciturnity, have discovered his charlatan pretense of learning if you had been born inquisitive, but you take his writings for the measure of his intellect, and have no more reason to suspect that his skillful reservations are the refuge of a sciolist than that my silence covers such little erudition as I have.

Why I can do naught else but sit here and wail over the past I do not understand. Until a month ago I was working every evening till far into the night, but now, try as I may, I can no longer force myself to my task. I should think it was physical exhaustion, were it not that I can write out this stale record of what I know so well. I suppose it is mental discouragement at my slight progress in reducing that crushing debt, and, even more, my sadness at the thought of you as his wife.

Good-night, my darling. May happiness be yours.

XIII.

March 4. My impressions of that first winter in New York are curiously dim except for the extreme loneliness of my life, which, after my close companionship with my father for so many years, seemed at times almost unbearable. Indeed, I doubt if I could have borne the long hours of solitude and toil but for my occasional glimpses of you. I should think myself fatuous in claiming that you influence me physically, — that I am conscious of a material glow, ecstasy, thrill, call it what you please, when with you, — if I had not once heard Agnes say that she always felt, when you were in the room, as if she had been drinking champagne; showing that I am not the only one you can thus affect.

My pleasantest recollection is of our long talk in my employer's study; and strangely enough, it was my books which gained it for me. Mr. Whitely, when

I first came into his service, had just endowed a free library in one of the Western cities where some of his oil interests centred, and I suggested to him the purchase of my books as a further gift to his hobby. The suggestion did not meet with his approval, — I fear because there was not the self-advertising in it that there is in a money gift, — but after a week he told me that he might buy the collection to furnish his editorial study. "I plan," he said, "to make my office attractive, and then have informal literary receptions once a week. I shall therefore require some books, and as your library should be marked by breadth and depth of learning, I presume it will serve my purpose."

"There are quite a number of Eastern manuscripts," I told him, "and few of the works are in languages that can be read by the average New Yorker."

"That gives the suggestion of scholarship which I wish," he said.

We easily came to terms under these circumstances, and I cannot tell you how happy I was to find myself once more surrounded by my books. As soon as they were in place and the study was handsomely furnished, my employer issued cards; and though he had nothing in common with the literary and artistic set, the mere fact that he controlled the columns of a great paper brought them all flocking to his afternoons. It is a case of mutual cultivation, and I am sick of being told to write puffs of books and pictures. Even foreigners do not seem above this log-rolling, and toady to the great editor. And yet we think Johnson mean-spirited for standing at Chesterfield's door! It humiliates me to see writers and artists stooping so low merely to get notices that are worthless in a critical sense, and doubly am I degraded that mine is the pen that aids in this contemptible chicane.

You, Mrs. Blodgett, and Agnes came to one of these afternoons, and made me happy, not alone by your presence, but by an insinuated reproof, which meant, I thought, that you had become enough interested in me to care what I did. You expressed surprise at my being there, and so I explained to you that I had become Mr. Whitely's secretary.

"And is your work congenial?" you asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, and said, "Civilized man cannot live without dining."

"But you told me you were making a living. Is not a crust with independence and a chance to make a name better than such work?"

"If one is free, yes. But if one must earn money?"

"I had somehow fixed it in my mind that you were *en garçon*. One's fancies are sometimes very ridiculous. Who said that a woman's intuitions were what she had when she was wrong?"

"Some man, of course," I laughed. "And you were right in supposing me a bachelor."

"How little people really know about one another," you said, "and yet we talk of the realism of life! I believe it is only in fiction that we get it."

"Napoleon said, 'Take away history and give me a novel: I wish the truth!' Certainly, our present romance writers attempt it."

"Only to prove that truth is not art."

"How so?"

"To photograph life in literature is no more art than a reproduction of our street sounds would be music."

"Painting and sculpture are copying."

"And the closer the copy, the less the art."

"Then you would define art as" —

"The vivifying of work with the personality of the workman."

"That is not very far from Saadi's thought that art is never produced without love."

"I have to confess that you quote an author of whom I had never even heard till I read The Debatable Lands. The

extracts printed there made me think he must be one of the great philosopher poets of the world. Yet there is no copy of his works at the Lenox."

"There are copies of all his writings here."

"I think I shall disobey Polonius by trying to be a borrower," you said, and turning to Mr. Whitely, you asked, "Do you ever lend your books?"

"To lend to you would be a pleasure, and give added value to the volume," said Mr. Whitely, joining us. "Take anything you wish."

"Thank you so much. Will you let me see what you have of Saadi, so that I may take my choice?"

"You were speaking of" — hemmed Mr. Whitely.

"Saadi."

"Ah, yes. Dr. Hartzmann knows where it is."

When I had led the way to the proper shelf, you selected the Gulistan, opened it, and then laughed. "You have the best protection against borrowers. I envy both of you the ability to read him in the original, but it is beyond me."

"As you read Latin, you can read Gentius' translation of the Bostan," I said, taking the book down.

"How do you know that I can read Latin?" you asked.

I faltered for a moment, too much taken aback to think what to reply, and fortunately Mr. Whitely interposed quickly, "Miss Walton's reputation for learning is so well recognized that knowledge of Latin is taken for granted."

Taking advantage of the compliment, I suggested, "Perhaps you will care less to read the poet if I quote a stanza of his:

'Seek truth from life, and not from books,
O fool!
Look at the sky to find the stars, not in the pool.'"

"You only make me the more eager," you said, running over the pages.

"The book is worth reading," asserted Mr. Whitely.

"How good that is!" you appealed to him, laying your finger on lines to the effect that a dozen poor men will sleep in peace on a straw heap, while the greatest empire is too narrow for two kings.

"Very," answered my employer, after looking at the text with a critical air. If you could only have enjoyed the joke with me!

Suddenly, as I watched you, you became pale, and glancing down to learn the cause, I saw a manuscript note in my father's handwriting on the margin of the page.

"Mr. Whitely," you asked huskily, "how did you get this book?"

Had you looked at me you would have seen one paler than yourself, as I stood there expecting the axe to fall. Oh, the relief when Mr. Whitely replied, "I bought it in Germany"!

You closed the volume, saying, "I do not think I will ask the loan, after all. He seems an author one ought to own."

"I hoped you would add an association to the book," urged Mr. Whitely.

"Thank you," you replied gravely, "but so old a volume can hardly be lacking in association. I think we must be going."

I took you down to the carriage, and Mrs. Blodgett kindly offered me the fourth seat. You were absolutely silent in the drive up-town, and I was scarcely less so as I tried to read your thoughts. What feelings had that scrap of writing stirred in you?

I have often since then recalled our parting words that afternoon, and wondered if I allowed a mere scruple — a cobweb that a stronger man would have brushed aside without a second thought — to wreck my life. If I had taken what you offered? Perhaps the time might have come when I could have told you of my trick, and you would have forgiven it. Perhaps —

You said to me graciously, when we separated at your door, "I shall be very

happy, Dr. Hartzmann, if you will come to see me."

I flushed with pleasure, for I felt it was not a privilege you gave to many. But even as I hesitated for words with which to thank you, I realized that I had no moral right to gain your hospitality by means of my false name; and when I spoke it was to respond, "I thank you for the favor most deeply, Miss Walton, but I am too busy a man for social calls."

Oh, my darling, if you had known what those few words cost me, and the struggle I had to keep my voice steady as I spoke them! For I knew you could only take them to mean that I declined your friendship. Hide my shame as I might try to do, I could not escape its pains. God keep you from such suffering, Maizie, and good-night.

XIV.

March 5. Though I committed the rudeness of refusing to call, you never, in our subsequent intercourse, varied your manner by the slightest shade, treating me always with a courtesy I ill deserved. After such a rebuff, it is true, you were too self-respecting to offer me again any favor tending to a better acquaintance, but otherwise you bore yourself towards me as you did towards the thousand other men whom you were obliged to meet.

Your life as a social favorite, and mine as a literary hack, gave little opportunity for our seeing each other, yet we met far more frequently than would have seemed possible. Occasionally I found you at the Blodgetts', though not as often as our informal footing in that household had led me to hope; for you were in such social demand that your morning hours were the time you usually took to run in upon them. But now and then we lunched or dined there, and Mrs. Blodgett little dreamed how willingly I obeyed her positive command that I was to come to every one of her afternoons when Agnes told me that you were to help receive and pour tea. Little I had of your attention, for you were a magnet to many, but I could stand near you and could watch and listen, and that was happiness.

A cause of meeting more discordant to me was furnished by my employer. I wrote for him an editorial on the folk-leit basis of the Wagner trilogy, which I suppose he sent or read to you; for it resulted in a box party to attend the series, and I was asked to be one of the guests. "Nothing like having your books of reference under your arm," was Mr. Whitely's way of telling me for what purpose I was wanted; and I presume that was, in truth, the light in which he viewed me. Though I scorned such service, the mere fact that you were to be there was enough to make me accept. How low love can bring a man if his spirit is once mastered by it!

I would have sunk far deeper, I believe, to obtain what I earned, for there were delightful moments of mutually absorbing discussions, only too quickly interrupted by Mr. Whitely or others of the party breaking in on our conversation. What was equal happiness to me was the association of you in my mind with the noblest of music. I can never hear certain movements of those operas without your image coming before me as clearly as if I saw your reflection in a mirror. And from that time one of my keenest pleasures has been to beg tickets from the musical critic of our staff, whenever one of the trilogy is to be given, and sit through the opera dreaming of those hours. I could write here every word you said, but what especially impressed itself upon my memory was something called out by the fate of Brunhilde. As we stood in the lobby waiting for the carriages, at the end of Die Walküre, you withdrew a little, as if still feeling the beauty and tragedy of

the last act too deeply to take part in the chit-chat with which the rest of the party beguiled the time. I drew near you, but, respecting your mood, was silent too, until you finally broke the pause by saying, "I do not know whether it is Wagner's music or because Brunhilde appeals to me, but I always feel that I have suffered as she does. It almost makes me believe in metempsychosis."

"Is it so much consciousness of a past, Miss Walton," I suggested, "as prescience of the future? Woman's story is so unvaryingly that of self-sacrifice for love that I should suppose Brunhilde's fate would appeal to the sex as a prophecy rather than as a memory."

"Her punishment could have been far worse."

"Left a defenseless prey to the first comer?"

"But surrounded by fire, so that the first comer must be a brave man."

"Do you value courage so highly?"

"Yes. The truly brave, I think, cannot be mean, and without meanness there must be honor. I almost envy Brunhilde her walls of fire, which put to absolute proof any man who sought her. By what can we to-day test courage and honor?"

"There is as much as ever, Miss Walton. Is it no gain that courage has become moral rather than physical?"

"Is it no loss that of all the men I know, there is not one of whom I can say with certainty, 'He is a brave man'?"

Our numbers were called at this point, and the conversation was never continued. Every word you had said recalled to me my former friend, and I understood your repugnance for anything cowardly.

At the last of these operas, by another perverse joke of Dame Fortune, who seems to have so many laughs at my expense, I was introduced to the chaperon, "Mrs. Polhemus." Looking up, I found myself facing my mother, — thus learning of her marriage. I cannot tell you how strangely I felt as I made my bow. She was as handsome as ever, it seemed to me, and the smooth rich olive complexion seemed to have given her an undying youth. For a moment I feared recognition, but the difference was too great between the pallid stooping boy of fifteen she had last seen in Paris and the straight bronzed man of twenty-seven. She was magnificently dressed and glittered with diamonds, which instantly brought to my mind the face of my father as I kissed him last. Was it the strong connection of contrast, or was it a quirk of my brain?

This chance meeting had a sequel that pains me to this day. Dining the next evening at the Blodgetts' with you and your uncle, the latter spoke of my mother's diamonds. Mrs. Blodgett said, with a laugh, "Now that she has made a rich marriage she may pay up the money her first husband stole from Maizie."

"She could have done that years ago if she had cared to," sneered Mr. Walton.

Your eyes were lowered, and you still kept them so as you replied, "I would not accept the money from Mrs. Polhemus."

In my suffering I sat rigid and speechless, wincing inwardly at each blow of the lash, when Mr. Blodgett, with a kindness I can never reward or even acknowledge, said, "I believe it was his wife's extravagance which made William Maitland a bankrupt and an embezzler. Till his marriage with her he was a man of simple habits and of unquestioned business honesty, but he was caught by her looks, just as Polhemus has been. In those first years he could deny her nothing, and when the disillusionment came he was too deep in to prevent the wreck."

"You 've been revising your views a bit," retorted Mr. Walton. "I never expected to hear you justify any of that family."

"Perhaps I have reason to," replied Mr. Blodgett.

"I don't believe any of those Maitlands have the least honesty!" exclaimed Agnes. "How I hate them!"

"It is not a subject of which I like to speak," you said, still with lowered eyes, "but it is only right to say that some one — I suppose the son — is beginning to pay back the debt."

"Pay back the money, Maizie!" ejaculated Mr. Walton. "Why have n't you told me of it?"

"It did not seem necessary," you answered.

"I 'm sure it 's a trick," asserted Agnes. "He 's probably trying to worm his way back to your friendship, to get something more out of you."

"How much" — began Mr. Walton; but you interrupted him there by saying, "I would rather not talk about it."

The subject was changed at once, but when we were smoking, Mr. Walton asked, "Blodgett, do you know anything about that Maitland affair?"

"A little," replied the host.

"The debt really is being paid?"

"Yes."

"And you don't know by whom?"

"So Maizie tells me."

"Has she made no attempt to find out?"

"When the first payment was made she came to me for advice."

"Well?" asked Mr. Walton eagerly.

"She got it," said Mr. Blodgett.

"What did she do?" persisted Mr. Walton.

Mr. Blodgett was silent for a moment, and then responded, "The exact opposite of what I advised. Do you know, Walton, you and I remind me of the warm-hearted elephant who tried to hatch the ostrich eggs by sitting on them."

"In what respect?"

"We decided that we must break up Maizie's love of the Maitlands for her own good."

"Well?"

"Well, we made the whole thing so mean to her that finally we did break something. Then, manlike, we were satisfied. What was it we broke?"

"Nonsense!" growled Mr. Walton, sipping his wine.

Mr. Blodgett laughed slightly. "That 's rather a good name for it," he assented; "but the trouble is, Walton, that nonsense is a very big part of every woman's life. You 'll never get me to fool with it again."

I often ponder over those three brief remarks of yours, and of what you said to me last autumn, in our ride, trying to learn, if possible, what your feeling is towards us. Can you, despite all that has intervened, still feel any tenderness and love for my father and me? Perhaps it was best that you were silent; if you had spoken of him with contempt, I think — I know you would not, my darling, for you loved him once, and that, to you, would be reason enough to be merciful to the dead, however sinning.

Dear love, good-night.

Paul Leicester Ford.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

ESSAYS.

Cousin Anthony and I, Some Views of Ours about Divers Matters and Various Aspects of Life, by Edward Sandford Martin. (Scribners.) It is a common lament that the writing of essays is a lost art, especially in America; and it is a common belief that the writers without signatures, for the last pages of magazines, are the writers least worthy of consideration. Yet here is a volume of admirable little essays which, if we mistake not, have in many instances first seen the light in close proximity to magazine advertisements. Nevertheless, they are clever, wise, and true. Their writer has observed our contemporary life with shrewdness and justice, and talks most entertainingly of our weaknesses and virtues. He has breathed the spirit of modernity, and, putting a fair value upon its advantages, feels also the losses we shall suffer if we permit ourselves to lose some of the older things. The book is likely to render a double service to those who read it; for after enjoying the pleasure which it is sure to afford them, they will turn yet again, if they are of the judicious, to Mr. Martin's earlier and almost equally readable book of essays, Windfalls of Observation. — Eighteenth Century Vignettes, Third Series, by Austin Dobson. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) On the title-page of this volume Mr. Dobson prints a couplet from the highly characteristic lines, By Way of Prologue, which stand before the fourteen little essays of the book: —

> "For detail, detail, most I care.
> Ce superflu, si nécessaire!"

Any reader of the first and second series of Vignettes will remember them well, and will feel the fitness of the emphasis the author has put upon these two lines. Old magazines and pamphlets, random notes, personal and bibliographical, in memoirs of the last century, chance allusions to this, that, and the other thing, are the materials in which he deals; he weaves them together with the skill of one who has long known "the joy of the working," and his finished products are small tapestries on which the scenes and the people of old London are pictured with a clearness which often evades a larger handiwork. — Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., published several months ago in The Atlantic three essays on The American Pessimist, The American Idealist, and The American Out of Doors; he has added four papers, and brought the whole into a volume entitled Types of American Character. (Macmillan.) The book is not only the suggestive work of a good observer and reflector, but also a sign of the growing interest in the differentiation of Americans. It marks not so much the self-conscious age as the age when a student is released from the constraint which has rested on most thinkers. Why should not the human naturalist study types of the species nearest to him? — There is no obvious unity in the group of essays which Mr Howells collects under the broad title of Impressions and Experiences (Harpers), yet there is a contrast in the volume which, to one interested in the writer, is rather expressive. The first paper, The Country Printer, is a delightful reminiscence of Mr. Howells's boyhood; the second, that grimly humorous Police Report, which shows his attitude toward the subjects of low life when he was only a novelist looking on; the third, I Talk of Dreams, a whimsical foray into the shadows of real life; the sixth, The Closing of the Hotel, a felicitous sketch of public sociability. The remaining four papers are the curiously futile efforts of a humane humorist not only to sketch the sordid, but to bring to bear a vague economic philosophy to account for conditions and to suggest remedies. We must except the Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver, which by its subjective character is no less sympathetic, but much more intelligible and interpretative. — Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) This volume of essays reveals no extraordinary powers of penetration, but it is appreciative of its various themes and generally readable. A good little distinction is drawn at one point between humor and sense of humor, for which latter, we are well reminded, the English language needs a single word; and throughout the book there is the interest which always attaches itself to the critical work of a maker of fiction.

The opportunity to compare theory and practice is prized no less highly in letters than in life. If we care more for the best stories by Mr. Matthews than for his criticisms, it is as it should be, for is not creation the higher faculty, and the exercise of it the thing that is best worth while? — The Evergreen, a Northern Seasonal; The Book of Winter. (Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, Edinburgh; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) With this, its fourth number, a remarkable quarterly ends its career. The editors' way of saying it is that "the loosely grouped initiatives of this first venture have now to separate, to develop apart for a season." The Celticists, we read, will "listen alone to the elemental voices," yet it appears that The Interpreter, a new mouthpiece, will soon begin to speak for the Evergreen confraternity.

ARCHITECTURE.

A Text-Book of the History of Architecture, by A. D. F. Hamlin. (Longmans.) This work is one of the series of College Histories of Art, prepared under the editorship of Dr. Van Dyke. It is essentially a textbook, covering the whole history of architecture within a compass of four hundred and forty closely printed pages. Such a condensation gives to the work somewhat the character of a *catalogue raisonné;* but Professor Hamlin has brought to the task the experience of a trained instructor, and, by lucid arrangement, intelligent comment, and a good sense of proportion, has succeeded in presenting his subject in a manner at once intelligible and interesting. Each chapter is preceded by a bibliography, and is subdivided into sections treating of history, of constructional characteristics, of decoration, etc., followed by brief descriptions of examples, with critical estimates. It is thus not merely a book of reference, but an orderly historical treatise, — the product of a full mind which knows the art of being concise without obscurity. The copious illustrations are for the most part photographic reproductions, accompanied by well-executed plans and diagrams. The necessity of a comprehensive work of this sort has been long felt, and Professor Hamlin, with his wide experience in the architectural department of Columbia College, is admirably equipped to meet it. — European Architecture, a Historical Study, by Russell Sturgis. (Macmillan.) The new scientific study of the evolution of the styles has thrown such fresh light upon architectural history, and there have been so many archæological revelations within the last twenty years, that all preceding works on this fascinating subject have become more or less doubtful authority, and the old classifications have been found in some important respects arbitrary and unreasonable. Mr. Sturgis's study is based upon these safer and more scientific lines, and has therefore a distinct *raison d'être.* Because it deals with essential principles rather than with external phenomena, the transitions of architecture are made to assume a new significance, and to appear no longer unaccountable and accidental, but as reasonable as the transitions in the intellectual or moral growth of mankind. Under this treatment the subject necessarily takes upon itself a new unity, and as such must appeal more successfully to all intelligent minds. Mr. Sturgis makes good use of the obvious advantages gained in surveying the broad European field from an American and consequently from an unprejudiced point of view, and he is enabled from this vantage-ground to show without bias not only the general development of architectural forms throughout Christendom, but the local distinctions created by the social, political, and moral conditions of each nation. This of course adds greatly to the intelligibility and interest of the story. It seems a pity, however, that in taking so comprehensive a survey his scheme should exclude two large and important branches of Byzantine art: the one extending northward and taking definite shape ultimately in the style of Russia; and the other southward, to become the styles of Arabia and northern Africa. The Western extension, with its far more important results in Christian architecture, is treated as adequately as his limits would permit. The illustrations are abundant and by no means hackneyed or commonplace, the index is full, and the whole work, in plan and execution, in breadth of view and thoroughness of knowledge, is a credit to American scholarship. It is easy to criticise, for its inclusions or its exclusions, so brief a summary of so great a theme, but on the whole we are not likely soon to have an exposition so impartial, so philosophical, and so clear. — Architecture for

General Readers, a Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design, with a Historical Sketch, by H. Heathcote Statham. (Imported by Scribners.) The professed object of this book is to persuade the general reader to bestow some thought upon the meaning and raison d'être of architecture, rather than to regard it merely as the history of a succession of various buildings in various styles. Two thirds of this work are devoted to a popular demonstration of the principles involved in the evolution of architecture from construction, and to an explanation of the growth of distinctive architectural systems or styles ; only one third is occupied by an historical sketch, which includes a glimpse of Indian and Saracenic forms as well as Christian, following a brief study of Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and Byzantine art. This portion of the book, though excellent in its way, is inferior in value to that concerned with the principles of the art, because one cannot elsewhere find these principles set forth in a manner so intelligible to the general reader. Mr. Statham, as editor of the London Builder, one of the oldest and most celebrated of architectural publications, has had a long and intimate connection with the literary side of the art, and makes an excellent use of his experience in this new exposition. The illustrations, which are all by his own hand, are in every respect an illumination of the text, and the comparative views exhibited in the twelve full-page plates are especially clever in selection and arrangement.

FICTION.

Meg McIntyre's Raffle, and Other Stories, by Alvan F. Sanborn. (Copeland & Day.) The pathos and tragedy of the poorest city life are portrayed with a ghastly reality in these tales. They make their appeal as documents, horribly human, rather than as pieces of fiction. Nothing is set down with a perceptible wish to make things seem better, or indeed other, than they are. Episodes in the Career of Shuffles, a Lodging-House Bum, take up a considerable portion of the volume, and in their showing of all that is worst and best in a man purely "degenerate" by birth and circumstance are fairly typical of the skill and value of Mr. Sanborn's work. The short opening tale, from which the volume takes its name, stands apart as a strange sort of tenement-house idyl. When another Irish vaudeville song is wanted, here is the prose from which it may be made. — Tales of Fantasy and Fact, by Brander Matthews. (Harpers.) This is a collection of stories, some of which have appeared previously in magazines and some in newspapers, as is explained in the Confidential Postscript at the end of the volume. The author does not seem quite on familiar ground in the first four stories of fantasy, and though the idea is often original, he fails in leaving the impression he strives to produce. The Kinetoscope of Time is perhaps the best of these. Here the well-known characters that have been already immortalized by other hands pass before our vision once more, illuminated by the magic-lantern Mr. Matthews flashes upon them. The Twinkling of an Eye is the most noticeable of the tales of fact, and it has become pretty generally known as the winner of the second prize offered by a newspaper, some time ago, for the best detective story. — In The Quest of the Golden Girl, a romance by Richard Le Gallienne (John Lane), we follow the adventures of a latter-day troubadour in search of his ideal bride. The subject is entirely congenial to the author, and all his happiest characteristics are conspicuous. The fantastic tale is full of poetry and fancy, and on laying the volume down we confess that the key of Arcadia is in the possession of this writer with the Greek soul and the artist's touch. We should feel surfeited with sweetness after a steady diet of Le Gallienne, — man cannot live on roses and honey alone, — but in this prosaic age it is peculiarly refreshing to find a writer who extracts the essence of poetry from life, and discards the rest as mere dross. There are the usual few things we wish Mr. Le Gallienne had not said, or had said differently, things which show him at his worst as a vulgar poseur, but these rare discords are quite forgotten in the pastoral beauty and harmony of the whole. — In Buncombe County, by Maria Louise Pool (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), is an informally written little sketch of Southern sordidness and squalor, laid among the beautiful North Carolina mountains, where we are given to understand that every prospect pleases, and not only man is vile, but women and children surpass their male relations in degra-

dation. It is an unpretentious account of the impressions and experiences of two "Yankee" girls visiting a Southern friend, but if the story were condensed into half its present bulk it would be read with more enjoyment, and we should not miss the vein of forced humor which runs through the book and blinds us to a genuine liveliness of description often found in its pages. — A far more ambitious production by the same author is In the First Person (Harpers), which deals by turns with simple New England folk and a company of far from simple opera-singers. In describing the evolution of a farmer's daughter into a prima donna there is too much dwelling on unimportant detail, and a lack of selection is shown all the way through. If the sketchy and impressionistic touch which we find in the last pages were more in evidence in the first part of the volume, we should be less wearied by the village Trilby's many vicissitudes with amatory tenors, jealous rivals in art, and uncomprehending parents. — Jack, by Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Laura Ensor. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) The characters in this tragic tale of a boy's childhood and youth are so distinctively French that it is difficult for the Anglo-Saxon mind to conceive of their actual existence when presented in an English form, and there is no denying that the book loses by translation. But Laura Ensor has done her work most satisfactorily, and has kept the French atmosphere and characteristics as far as it was possible to do so. Those who are to be condoled with on not reading French are to be congratulated on having a modern masterpiece presented to them in a form which preserves the spirit, if not the letter, of Daudet. — Virgin Soil, translated from the Russian of Ivan Turgenev by Constance Garnett. (Macmillan.) This was the last of Turgenev's great novels, and this latest translation is more satisfactory than the one which was made some twenty years ago from the French Terres Vierges, as being nearer the original. The novel is of interest to the general reader, having much of human as well as political concern; and if the many-syllabled Russian names could only be put into as good English as the rest of the book, we should have no complaint to bring against the smoothness of the whole.

BOOKS OF AND FOR THE YOUNG.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has a familiar. How else can we explain his ability to read the mind of horses and smaller cattle? The charm of The Story of Aaron (Houghton) lies much in the crossing and recrossing of the belt which stretches between the natural and the supernatural, but always he is human, sympathetic, at home with unsophisticated children, darkies, and the animals which stupid people call dumb. — W. V., Her Book, and Various Verses, by William Canton. (Stone & Kimball.) The author of that exquisite little tale of the Seen and the Unseen, The Invisible Playmate, appears here as the recorder of the daily life and conversation of his altogether delightful five-year-old daughter; telling of her birthday, a movable and frequently recurring feast, her friend Littlejohn, and her bedtime; sketching vividly, delicately, and veraciously one of the most charming child-portraits we have seen for many a day. W. V. is much more interesting than the verses of Her Book, though these are not without their attraction for child-lovers; or than the Various Verses at the end of the volume, though these at times show genuine poetic feeling. — Songs for Little People, by Norman Gale. (Constable, Westminster; Macmillan, New York.) A tolerably large proportion of these songs are really for the fathers and mothers, or elder brothers and sisters of little people; indeed, the book might be divided into songs for and songs of children. The verses of both sorts are vivacious and pleasing, and will be likely to prove more than passing favorites. The volume is profusely and often very happily illustrated by Helen Stratton, who also furnishes a charming cover design. — In Childhood's Country, by Louise Chandler Moulton. Pictured by Ethel Reed. (Copeland & Day.) Mrs. Moulton has not been so fortunate as Mr. Gale in her illustrator, — or shall we say picturer? — in whose drawings affectation is carried to the verge of grotesqueness or burlesque, the art of the poster as here exemplified being peculiarly out of harmony with the graceful verse. — Sonny, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (The Century Co.) The hero of this little tale, which is not for children, is a small boy, who brings himself up, even in the matter of choosing his pastors and teachers, and its liveliness is comic rather than humorous.

The narrator, Sonny's doting father, uses a form of speech which we suppose must be called "dialect," though it seems only an exceedingly disagreeable and illiterate misuse of English. Such as it is, it goes far towards concealing whatever merits the book may possess. — From the same writer we have Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, and Other Tales (Harpers), a collection of bright and pleasing stories, sufficiently varied in subjects, but all apparently of Louisiana, and with of course a liberal admixture of negro characters. — The Long Walls, an American Boy's Adventures in Greece, by Elbridge S. Brooks and John Alden. (Putnams.) A spirited, well-told story of some exciting experiences of archæologists in the field, the setting and the Greek characters being studies at first hand. The authors have been exceptionally successful in combining instruction and entertainment, and the accuracy of their work, where it may be said to be founded on fact, is worthy of all praise; but we wish the Grecian atmosphere had had an ameliorating influence on the American Boy's speech. Being a well-born New Yorker, he can hardly converse in "dialect," but his persistent slanginess is, under the circumstances, quite as irritating. — Stories from English History, from the Lord Protector to Victoria, by the Rev. A. J. Church, M. A. (Macmillan.) The third and concluding volume of an excellent series, showing all the good qualities of its predecessors, — a wise selection of topics, an easy but always dignified style, condensation without dryness, and, we may add, competent knowledge, the last by no means a uniform characteristic of writers of children's histories. — Pierrette, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) A tale ostensibly of Paris, but, despite its careful bits of local color, really of no particular city. Indeed, Pierrette, the charming little lace-worker her mother, Père Michel, and the amusingly naïve sinner and penitent Monsieur Le Page are all denizens of a not highly vitalized portion of story-book land. Their history, it should be said, is refined in tone and not unreadable. — Fairy Starlight and the Dolls, by Elizabeth S. Blakeley. Illustrated by Lucy F. Perkins. (McClurg.) The cheerful history of a little girl's excursions into doll-land and her various experiences there, so vividly and pleasantly told that it will be sure to entertain all the small mothers of dolls who make the acquaintance of the adventurous Bianca and her family. — A Virginia Cavalier, by Molly Elliot Seawell (Harpers), is the title under which George Washington as a youth is presented to us. Some of the incidents of his boyhood and early manhood are told in a picturesque way, and the spirit and manners of the time are well shown forth. Mature readers nowadays prefer to take truth and fiction in separate doses, and though this narrative is by no means an unpleasing combination of the two, it is especially adapted for young readers who have been taught by history to consider Washington an inhuman prig, and who are now taught by fiction to consider him a human being. — The Century Book of Famous Americans, by Elbridge S. Brooks (The Century Co.), is a generous-paged, profusely illustrated narrative, in the form of imaginary walks and talks, treating of persons and incidents in Boston, Quincy, Plymouth, Marshfield, New York, Philadelphia, Richmond, Charlottesville, Washington, Chicago, and other places, all bearing witness to patriotism. The machinery creaks a little, but the wheels go round and the young people are carried along in brisk fashion. The book is in the right line, for it fixes attention on persons rather than on material prosperity.

SCIENCE.

At last we have the first volume of what is to be a complete illustrated flora of northeastern North America. Students of botany and all who are in any way interested in our native plants have long wanted such a book as this, and it would be hard to imagine anything more generally satisfactory than this promises to be. The full title of the volume is An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions, from Newfoundland to the Parallel of the Southern Boundary of Virginia, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the 102d Meridian, by Nathaniel Lord Britton, Ph. D., and Hon. Addison Brown. In three volumes. Vol. I. Ophioglossaceæ to Aizoaceæ, Ferns to Carpet-Weed. (Scribners.) It is, of course, eminently scientific in conception and treatment, and it must be regarded as in many ways authoritative, though it will doubtless not receive the unqualified approval of the more conservative — and perhaps less progressive — school of bota-

nists, for it surely marks an advance in the science. The thorough revision of nomenclature, the adoption of trinomials for subspecific forms or "varieties," the use of the "natural" system of classification, beginning with the lowest and most generalized forms and working up to the highest or most specialized, — all this is in the line of advancement, and these reforms, which have worked so well for ornithology and other zoölogical sciences, cannot fail to accomplish as much for botany. No doubt beginners will miss the keys which assist them in Gray's Manual, but for such persons it would be hard to overestimate the value of the figures, of which there is one for every species. While these figures are not all equally good, they are generally remarkably successful, all things considered. And here we may venture to express the hope that the second edition, which is sure to be demanded soon, will give us better representations of many of the oak leaves. It is sometimes hard to say what form of leaf is typical of a given species of oak, but one would be safe in saying that some of the forms in the book are not representative, in spite of the fact that they are not impossible, and perhaps not very unusual.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Professor George P. Fisher follows up his History of the Christian Church with a History of Christian Doctrine (Scribners), in which he traces the rise, growth, and fixation of Christian dogma. He dissents from the German critics in so far as their conclusions tend to throw doubt on the trustworthiness of the gospel record, or to magnify the extent to which the real teaching of Jesus was changed in being formulated at Alexandria with the aid of current Greek philosophy. His aim is, however, to be thoroughly impartial, to be "objective;" that is, to exhibit the actual historical record in freedom from all sectarian bias. He brings learning to his task, and the book will be specially welcome to those conservatives who are repelled by the theological drift of Harnack's standard work, and yet want a history which shall take into account the results of recent German criticism. In the history of dogma is incorporated a history of Christian doctrine which is brought down to most recent times. The book also includes a consideration of the effects which the doctrines of modern philosophy and science have had upon Christian theology, both in the opinions of the philosophers and scientists themselves, from Descartes and Bacon to Hamilton and Huxley, and in the opinions of the theologians, from Butler and Paley to Martineau and Romanes. The scheme is a good one, but there is a lack of proportion in the emphasis. — Samuel Harris, another Yale professor, follows up his Philosophical Basis of Theism with a treatise entitled God, the Creator and Lord of All. (Scribners.) In the former work he aimed to prove man's capacity to know God, and the line of argumentation developed in it is presupposed in the present volumes, in which he would define: (1) God as he is in himself, and also as he is in his relations to the universe and especially to man; and (2) the universe, and especially man, in their relations to God. He would show that "God is the only absolute Spirit," and what this really means (omnipotence, omnipresence, etc.); that he is the "Creator" of all, and here the genesis narrative is explained and defended; and finally, that he is "Lord of all in providential and moral government" of the world created by him. In a word, Professor Harris has written a complete treatise on dogmatic, or, as he prefers to call it, doctrinal theology. There is presupposed in the argumentation not only religion "with its spontaneous beliefs," the existence of God and the reality of his various revelations of himself, but also the belief "in the reality of his revelation of himself in his action in human history, developing his kingdom and culminating in Christ and the Holy Spirit, the God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself as recorded in the Bible; and continued through all generations in the Holy Spirit." The author can be accused of liberalism only in so far as he adopts the theory (advocated, for that matter, in all ages, and even by Calvin) of the progressive nature of revelation, and by this means explains certain inadequacies of the record. One who has known the stress of doubt will scarcely find enough common ground between himself and his guide to serve as a point of departure. A doubter is in fact never helped save by one who has doubted more profoundly than he himself has. — The Child and Childhood in Folk-Thought, by Alex-

ander Francis Chamberlain. (Macmillan.) The aim of the book is to show what the "primitive" child did and said, and how he was regarded as a factor in the family and in society at large, and to point out the survival of some of these early child activities in modern times; and in general to trace the influence of the "child idea" in the progress of civilization. Dr. Chamberlain has succeeded in emphasizing the fact that the children of "primitive man" were not "mere animals" (who ever thought they were?); that they were loved, worshiped, wondered at, and misunderstood, just as their modern representatives are; and that they have exerted a great influence upon "language, religion, society, and the arts." But just what this influence is, where it begins to be felt, and how it acts in the process of development is not brought out. The author stands in apparent helplessness before the facts he has collected. — The Sense of Beauty, by George Santayana. (Scribners.) How comes it that we perceive beauty? What is the common element in beautiful things? How do we form our ideal or ideals, and with them compare given objects? These questions, which the present volume seeks to answer, have been asked, in one form or another, ever since the dawn of reflection itself. The philosophy of art, more even than the philosophy of conduct, has resisted the modern tendency to seek purely natural explanations of all things, and to assume that a thing is accounted for by tracing its historical origin. The moral law comes to us with a command, and therefore, at least at first sight, *seems* to have its source in something beyond ourselves, and thus to admit of an "objective" treatment. But our judgment of beauty is so thoroughly self-inspired that the very proposal to "give an objective account of the nature and origin of beauty" seems paradoxical. It is like seeking such an account of the soul itself. Beauty is defined as "pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing," "pleasure objectified." Does not this definition include too much? Although undoubtedly beauty is "pleasure objectified," is all "pleasure objectified" beauty? We fail to see that our author has made his definition good. His treatise abounds in acute psychological observations and careful analyses. But when all is said, it is essentially an æsthetic account of æsthetics, the effort of an artist to give an account of the nature of artistic values. One must not expect to find a philosophy of art here evolved. That would indeed have been impossible in a writer for whom feeling is the ultimate factor, who traces duty to dread, and holds that "our whole intellectual life has its only justification in its connection with our pleasures and pains." The book is not a treatise on the canons of taste: it is a consideration of our matter-of-fact æsthetic judgments from the standpoint of descriptive psychology.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

The increase of bazaars in the commercial world is hardly more striking than the multiplying of encyclopædias in the world of books. If all the latter were as good as Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities, we might well delight in the tendency. Merely to examine such a volume is enough to make a middle-aged man feel that he was born too early. Far be it from us to speak slightingly of Lempriere or of the Smith-Anthon-Drisler combination; but here is a work which we may praise without offense to our old friends. It is more than its title claims. It is a real thesaurus of biography, mythology, geography, antiquities, literature, language, and history, with good bibliographies and a host of illustrations. Its scope is broad enough to include sketches of the chief Christian Fathers, and the most eminent classical scholars, philologists, and archæologists down to the present century, and to take note of the discoveries made by such recent investigators as Dörpfeld and Lanciani. The editor, Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, has been aided by more than a score of well-known scholars, including a few Englishmen and Germans, but mostly Americans. A word should be said for the cross-references, which are unusually numerous, and seem to leave the student in no danger of failing to find ready access to all the contents of this encyclopædia of classical lore. — Dictionary of Quotations (English), by Lieut.-Col. Philip Hugh Dalbiac, M. P. (Sonnenschein, London; Macmillan, New York.) Those who are so unfortunate as not to have access to Bartlett's invaluable work, — unrivaled in its completeness, thoroughness, and even in its arrangement, — and so can avoid com-

parisons, will find this dictionary a commendably accurate and fairly full compilation. It is rigidly confined to English and American writers (the English Bible being, naturally, an exception), and it is intended that a volume devoted to the classics, and one to the modern Continental authors, shall follow. The quotations are arranged alphabetically, and indexes of subjects and authors are given. A dozen American writers, including *Fitzgeorge* Halleck, are represented, Emerson and Longfellow most frequently. A number of quotations from the younger living writers are given, in this respect the book being exceptionally up to date, — though these excerpts, it must be owned, have not always crystallized into familiar quotations. — Quotations for Occasions, compiled by Katharine B. Wood. (The Century Co.) Miss Wood is the first compiler of a volume of quotations for menus, programmes, invitations, etc., and she has done her work so well that it would be somewhat venturesome for any literary delver to try to better it. Shakespeare, of course, is most largely drawn upon, but the lesser Elizabethans contribute their portion, as do a host of writers, great and small, down to our own day. A dinner is followed through all its courses, and every sort of festivity is awarded its share of quotations; the latest of all, bicycle meets, receiving five or six pages of happy conceits, generally dating from the seventeenth century. Miss Wood says that her book is to create rather than supply a want, but it will surely at once be welcomed by the givers or managers of feasts, who have sought painfully, with more or less ill success, for what is to be found here in variety and abundance for the asking. — A Manual of Greek Antiquities, by Percy Gardner, M. A., Litt. D., and Frank Byron Jevons, M. A., Litt. D. (Scribners.) A book that has come to fill an actual vacancy, and which is, fortunately for the many students who will make use of it, the work of men not only of profound scholarship, but of distinct literary ability as well. It is difficult to conceive of more information being crowded into seven hundred pages, but from first to last the manual is easily readable, often it is exceedingly interesting; and even those who come to it merely to extract grains of desired knowledge from an authoritative textbook will find themselves returning to it as readers. Professor Gardner has written the first five books, devoted to The Surroundings of Greek Life, Religion and Mythology, Cultus, The Course of Life, and Commerce, while Dr. Jevons treats Constitutional and Legal Antiquities, Slavery, War, and The Theatre. There is a good index, but not so exhaustive a one as a book of such importance deserves and needs. Illustrations are not numerous; indeed, the authors state that limits of space compelled a sparing use of them, and they refer students to Anderson's edition of Schreiber's Atlas as an admirable companion to their volume. Though not arranged in dictionary form, the orderly grouping of the topics makes the work one to refer to quite as much as one to read. — A Handbook of Greek Sculpture, by Ernest Arthur Gardner, M. A. (Macmillan.) The first volume of a series of handbooks of archæology and antiquities, edited by Professor Percy Gardner and Professor Kelsey, and a more admirable beginning for such a series could hardly be desired. It contains the introduction to its subject and its history to the time of Phidias, so that a second part, whose early publication is announced, is needed to complete the work. The author, formerly director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, can write as a master, and not merely as an intelligent compiler, and his thoroughly scholarly and scientific method seems to make his book only the more interesting and readable. The volume is liberally and well illustrated. — A new and inexpensive edition of Murray's Manual of Mythology has been brought out by David McKay, Philadelphia. The editor claims to have revised the work on the basis of the twentieth edition of Petiscus, and he has also followed Bulfinch, with somewhat less skill, in embodying illustrative extracts from the poets in the text. Some new pictures are also added. That the author of this popular book is cognizant of these changes is nowhere stated. — History of English Literature from the Fourteenth Century to the Death of Surrey, by Bernhard Ten Brink. Edited by Dr. Alois Brandl. Translated from the German by L. Dora Schmitz. Vol. II. Part II. (Holt.) Regret mingles with pleasure as we read these masterly pages; for this is the last volume which we may expect from the indefatigable scholarship of Ten Brink. The very minuteness and evenness of treat-

ment make the book a little colorless and dry, but it is easily the most trustworthy account yet given of the beginnings of the English renaissance. It is curious to compare the method of Ten Brink with that of Jusserand, the other foreign explorer in our wide country of letters. The brilliant pages of the Frenchman lead us spellbound past a succession of vivid pictures, to large generalizations and inferences. They form in themselves an addition to literature. The detailed and moderate accuracy of Ten Brink produces simply a comment on literature. His book is good for reference, not for reading, while the student who can supply his own imagination finds in it an invaluable aid. But where are the English-speaking interpreters of our great English story?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Backwoods Philosopher.

THE philosophic mind must have a theory. Though the man may live in ignorance, he will make an effort to understand the universe.

In the town where I sojourn in summer, one fourth of the signatures to the mortgages on file in the clerk's office are made with a cross. An earnest, industrious man, intelligent in many things, but knowing almost nothing of books or figures, is the philosopher of the neighborhood. Years ago he took up the idea that there is some profound connection between numbers and the sounds of languages. He believes the sounds are based upon numbers; and he believes that our alphabet of twenty-six letters is based upon the nine digits. To prove his theory, he numbers the letters of the alphabet as they stand in the usual order, and then proceeds to apply the numbers to words. Thus, the word *second* (the sixtieth part of a minute) is presented as an example, showing how the words relating to time conform to his theory. We are asked to notice that *s* is the nineteenth letter of the alphabet, *e* the fifth letter, *c* the third, *o* the fifteenth, *n* the fourteenth, and *d* the fourth. If now we add these numbers, we have $19+5+3+15+14+4=60$. And that is because there are sixty seconds in a minute. "Do you see that?"

In the same way the word *day* $(4+1+25)$ counts thirty. And that is because there are thirty days in a month. "Is that clear?"

Again, the word *week* $(23+5+5+11)$ counts forty-four. That is because there are four weeks in a month. The doubling of the four (44) is merely emphatic. "Is that satisfactory?"

Again, there are four weeks in a month, and as the week is forty-four we get for the month four, forty-four (4, 44); that is to say, three fours in line. If now we add these three fours $(4+4+4)$ we get twelve. And that is because there are twelve months in the year. "Is that conclusive?"

Here the philosopher's demonstration becomes hazy, but he still pursues it with great earnestness, citing many examples in his determination to subdue the universe to his theory. He scales the heavens and speaks of the great sun-clock of time, and uses many high-sounding phrases. A point in this part of his theory will illustrate: —

The letter *M* is the great meridian of sound and of time, because it is the middle letter of the alphabet. Its number is thirteen, and that number is therefore the great meridian, reckoning on the scale of sound and on the scale of time. If now we start in the sky, directly in the zenith, and strike our meridian downward, we cut the earth through its diameter and pass down to the sky below. We thus get four places of contact, where the meridian cuts the sky and the earth; that is, the sky above, the upper surface of the earth, the lower surface of the earth, and the sky below. We may term these four cuttings four meridians. And four meridians (four times thirteen) make fifty-two. And that is because there are fifty-two weeks in the year. "Is not this, as seen on the face of the great sun-clock of time, conclusive?"

But the philosopher does not limit the application of his theory to the terms relating to time. He applies it to many subjects. Governed only by the rules of circumbendibus, his method is extremely

flexible: it is as unlimited as the countless changes that numbers can be made to produce. He finds a very rich field in history. The names of ancient kings are made to agree with the dates when they were living and reigning. But above all else the great names and events of the Bible are "figured out," and the book is proved to be true by his system. It is interesting to see and hear the philosopher in meetings held for religious purposes, as he expounds the story of the Ark, showing that it was not made of common wood, but of prophetic timber. "Bear with me, brethren," he pleads, as his friends become restive and seem about to stop him. He has been sternly dealt with, but will not be silenced. Year by year he proceeds with the development of his philosophy. He persists in calling any number that can be divided by two a square, and any number that can be divided by three a cube, and misuses terms to such an extent that his neighbors do not understand him. But years do not abate his zeal. He feels that deep down at the foundations of the universe there is an agreement between the nine digits and the twenty-six letters which must be recognized. He demands as a right that his system shall be taught in the schools, as the foundation of all the sciences. He is finding more and more hints of wonderful meanings in the names of the heavenly bodies and the "cubes and squares" of the flexible process by which he "solves them." There is to his mind some meaning not yet known in that "peculiar word 'cubit,'" because of its relation to the word "cube," and he regards with interest that strange "island they call Cuba."

It has been facetiously suggested that this philosopher's view explains how it is that so much difficulty is experienced in bringing about a reform in spelling. It is not easy to change that which is mortised into the foundations of the universe.

Wanted, an Hibernacle.

— In some far past of the race did not human beings hibernate, like so many of their humbler brethren in fur and feathers? I only know that with the first pronounced chill of the season, while the blurred sun, low down in the southern heavens, seems preparing, as Sir Thomas Browne hath it, to make "but winter arches," I have an indubitable warning, which goes to the proverbial "marrow of my bones," that it is time for me to find my winter cell, my cosy dormitory. But alas, I have lost it! Nor can I obtain a guide so skillful that he will be able to rediscover it for me. And I cannot fail to regret my loss every succeeding year, as I feel my numbed senses sinking "lethewards" in the first blunt onset of cold weather. Would it be any wonder if I envied the wiser and more provident folk who have canceled out of the season's problem all the zero digits, and who are now reposing, with no care for the morrow and no experience of present storm and stress in the outer world? I know that the toad has been cosily ensconced these many weeks past; the woodchuck, I have reason to believe, has shut his door and retired, at least till Candlemas Day; I see where the winged sphinx of our midsummer evening dream (or some congener of the greater moth family) has hung her thick gray felt hammock upon the willow, like the overground burial of certain Indian tribes; then, also, there are the ferruled stems of the golden — now silver — rod, in each one of whose woody globes reposes a plump sleeper; yes, though a grub, it is wiser than I, since nature having intended it should sleep away the cold season, it has complied. But I, who am not able to combat the drowsiness which I feel creeping over my activities, I alone have been remiss in my preparations: hence my advertisement in the present issue of "wants."

FROM SLEEP TO WAKING.

'T is Curfew of the Year, when falls and fades the maple's leafy fire.
'T is Midnight of the Year, when streams beneath a fretted roof retire.
It is the Small Hours of the Year, when none of all that sleep will wake,
Howe'er the legion storms of heaven their deep and hidden fastness shake.
It is the Dark Hour ere the Dawn, when, through the growing rifts of sleep,
The wistful-eyed and moaning dreams of other days begin to peep.
But when, amid the softening rain, aloft, so mellow and so clear,
The first flute of the robin sounds, it is the Daybreak of the Year!

The Felicity of the Blunder.

— Teachers will agree with me that reading students' themes is weary work. Still, one is occasionally cheered by blunders amusing enough to compensate for the labor of plodding through reams of manuscripts. If a sufficient number of these were collected

and classified, perhaps some light might be thrown on the way in which the mind appropriates new words, for many of them involve a misapprehension of the exact meaning of some unfamiliar term. Thus, the young men who wrote that "Mrs. Browning was spiritual and atmospheric," that "Browning's plays were very interesting and ought to be dramatized," that "Rossetti was characterized by pungent ideal sympathy," and that "Meredith was deep on the outside," may have ideas, but they have an imperfectly assimilated vocabulary. Our earliest poet never received a more flattering appreciation than from the one who wrote, "Chaucer has absolutely no contemporaries." Blunders resulting from misquotation are common. One man referred to Wordsworth's ode as "The Ode on Intimations of Immorality felt in Childhood," and another spoke of Washington as "First in war, next in peace, and last in the hearts of his countrymen." But by far the greater number of "bulls" comes under the class in which ideas incongruous but apparently similar are brought into the same sentence as if they were of equal importance. If this were consciously done, we might call the result wit. "The peasant was elevated by gunpowder to a level with the knight." "De Quincey's mother was a stately woman, moving in the best society but with her feet on the Rock of Ages." "Rossetti wrote a number of sonnets and put them in his wife's coffin; they were called the 'House of Wife.'" "Marion and his gorrillas pervaded the swamps of South Carolina, looking for vengeance." "Shelley lived in the clouds and was struck by lightning." "The Puritans did not come here to fish, but to worship God." "The early Germans had no word for what we term a carbuncle, but the pain experienced from stepping on one was so great that a forcible term had to be borrowed from the Latin." "Shelley tried to penetrate the ruling principle of life, but it easily eluded him." "King Charles did not realize that anything important had taken place till he was executed." "Keats was born in London: it is a great thing to be born in London, but it is a greater thing to be born at all."

In Venice.

— We had brought down with us into Italy from Dresden the remembrance of a certain picture that hangs in one of the smaller cabinets of the gallery there, opposite the long-haired, pink-smocked boy of Pinturicchio, — a picture, namely, by Cima da Conegliano, of the Virgin ascending the steps to the Temple. The clearness of the coloring, the brightness of its light, had been notable, together with the careful painting of the steps the Virgin is mounting, of the high wooden bird-cage standing on the lowest one of them, and of the white portico in the background. It may have been the recollection of this picture, of the gentle gravity of the Virgin, or again the pleasant cadence of Cima's name that led us, my friend and myself, during our first days in Venice, to seek out in the Academy and the several churches other pictures that are said to have been painted by him. We went very often across the city in our gondola, through the narrow side-canals that are shady even on a fine morning because of the height of the houses on either side, to the remote church of the Madonna del Orto where there is, in a dark corner, a picture by Cima of John the Baptist standing in the midst of four saints, within a crumbling and circular-shaped marble arbor. Between the pillars that form the arbor, and are cut in a Renaissance pattern, is to be seen a distant hill with a turreted wall running along its side and a village of towers encircling its base, — a landscape that lends a kind of worldly charm to the otherwise extremely serious picture. And always as we lingered before Cima's Madonnas, or before a bright-colored picture representing Tobias holding a fish in his hand and walking over a hill in company with the archangel Raphael, the same green landscape attracted us, painted in behind the figures, and composed, we were told, of the mountains that edge northern Italy, until one day we were impelled to go and see for ourselves this country with which we had become so strangely familiar in the Venetian galleries.

The way from Venice to Conegliano led through a continuous stretch of vineyards and broad-topped hedges, from the midst of which, after an hour's journey, we shot out suddenly into a wide plain bordered far away to the north by a line of hazy blue hills covered with sunlight. It was at high noon that the train, making a sharp curve in the plain, reached Conegliano; and the

town we discovered to be nothing else than a half-circle of crookedly built houses closing around the foot of a hill, — the very hill, in fact, that we had set out to find, peaked, with a yellow brick wall winding up its side, and on top a small, square-towered castle, near which two cypress-trees stood like wands against the sky.

There was, however, a certain difficulty in making our way to the hill, since the streets were full of men and women holding a market, and bawling to one another over the backs of their cattle or across the tall baskets of figs. Halfway from the station we reached a rambling inn with flapping awnings, behind which several men were sitting at round-topped iron tables reading journals and drinking liqueur. Inside we got some luncheon in a bare room with a high ceiling, where a group of persons talked noisily behind us, and there came to sit on the opposite side of the table a maid-servant with a dull face and dark eyes, who stared at us and devoured her macaroni and grapes fitfully. Afterward, walking along under the arcades at the side of the stone-paved street that curved about with the hill, we lost the din of the market, and came very soon upon the Duomo, a bare, yellow-faced, and ugly church, set in closely between the houses. An old man, the sacristan, who had been reading out of a large book on the other side of the street, came across with a bronze key in his hand to unlock the doors. Going before us into the church, he led the way, his heels clicking repeatedly against the stone pavement as he went, to the high altar at the back, above which the picture hung on a blank space of wall. With some muttered praise he pulled back the crimson curtain from before the Madonna, and then seated himself stiffly in one of the stalls to continue his reading. We were grateful enough at being left to ourselves to look at the picture that is said to be the most remarkable of all Cima's works. Our attention was drawn almost immediately from the simpled-faced Madonna to the saints, two women with curling yellow hair, who stand on either side of her throne, and embody in themselves the worldliness and extreme joy in life and all splendors that is characteristically Venetian. A certain robustness and ample beauty of form there was about them, a stateliness of bearing suggestive of the women of those later painters, Palma Vecchio and Sebastiano del Piombo.

And again we remarked the landscape of the background, whose vivid sky and clear air were in part made actual to us when, on leaving the church, we returned to the town and began trying to find a pathway up the hill. We had attempted several passages that led nowhere save into the midst of a group of shrill voiced-women, or up a flight of steps to an old house with faded frescoes on its façade, before we came finally to the light-colored wall that wound along the hillside. In its shelter we climbed up, growing nevertheless very weary under the hot sunshine before we reached the summit. Here the wall came to an end by running round the peak of the hill until it met itself, shutting in a space of uneven grass together with the castle and black cypress-trees. The castle was closed and barred, and the place deserted, except by an old man who sat, bent over his stick, on the edge of a well, never noticing our coming, and by some children who ran back and forth across the grass with their dog at their heels.

We remained there through the long afternoon, leaning against the wall and looking out over the Venetian plain that stretched dimly, in the bright light, across to the horizon, or, on the other hand, toward the mountains at the north. It was all curiously suggestive of the different landscapes we knew, of those backgrounds with which the various Venetian painters were used to decorate their pictures. The distant blues, the heavy-topped trees, seemed but the setting for a Holy Family of the Bonifazios, or for the Sante Conversazione — the groups of saints, shepherds, and sacred persons — that Palma Vecchio liked to gather, for no especial purpose, indeed, in a pleasant hilly country, at the foot of a tree near which a flock of sheep were feeding. And before all we observed, in the brown smooth slopes of the hills, in an occasional ruined castle or a wooden tower with a slanting roof breaking down into scaffolding at the back, certain suggestions of *the Venetian Pastoral.* We remembered then that there was in this part of Venetia, no more than an hour's journey distant, an altarpiece of Giorgione's, and, recalling copies of it that displayed behind the Madonna and saints a marvelous effect of dim distance, we determined to go on in the late afternoon to Castelfranco.

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DOMINANT FORCES IN WESTERN LIFE.

The Old Northwest is a name which tells of the vestiges which the march of settlement across the American continent has left behind it. The New Northwest fronts the watery labyrinth of Puget Sound and awaits its destiny upon the Pacific. The Old Northwest, the historic Northwest Territory, is now the new middle region of the United States. A century ago it was a wilderness, broken only by a few French settlements and the straggling American hamlets along the Ohio and its tributaries, while on the shore of Lake Erie Moses Cleaveland had just led a handful of men to the Connecticut Reserve. To-day it is the keystone of the American Commonwealth. Since 1860 the centre of population of the United States has rested within its limits, and the centre of manufacturing in the nation lies eight miles from President McKinley's Ohio home. Of the seven men who have been elected to the presidency of the United States since 1860, six have come from the Old Northwest, and the seventh came from the kindred region of western New York. The congressional Representatives from these five States of the Old Northwest already outnumber those from the old Middle States, and are three times as numerous as those from New England.

The elements that have contributed to the civilization of this region are therefore well worth consideration. To know the States that make up the Old Northwest — Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin — one must understand their social origins.

Eldest in this sisterhood was Ohio. New England gave the formative impulses to this State by the part which the Ohio Company played in securing the Ordinance of 1787, and at Marietta and Cleveland Massachusetts and Connecticut planted enduring centres of Puritan influence. During the same period New Jersey and Pennsylvania sent their colonists to the Symmes Purchase, in which Cincinnati was the rallying-point, while Virginians sought the military bounty lands in the region of Chillicothe. The Middle States and the South, with their democratic ideas, constituted the dominant element in Ohio politics in this early part of her history. This dominance is shown by the nativity of the members of the Ohio legislature elected in 1820: New England furnished nine Senators and sixteen Representatives, chiefly from Connecticut; New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, seventeen Senators and twenty-one Representatives, mostly from Pennsylvania; while the South furnished nine Senators and twenty-seven Representatives, of whom the majority came from Virginia. Five of the Representatives were natives of Ireland, presumably Scotch-Irishmen. In the Ohio Senate, therefore, the Middle States had as many representatives as had New England and the South together, while the Southern men slightly outnumbered the Middle State men in the Assembly. Together, the emigrants

from the Democratic South and middle region outnumbered the Federalist New Englanders three to one. Although Ohio is popularly considered a child of New England, it is clear that in these formative years of her statehood the commonwealth was dominated by other forces.

By the close of this early period, in 1820, the settlement in Ohio had covered more or less fully all except the northwest corner of the State, and Indiana's formative period was well started. Here as in Ohio there was a large Southern element. But while the Southern stream that flowed into Ohio had its sources in Virginia, the main current that sought Indiana came from North Carolina; and these settlers were for the most part from the humbler classes. In the settlement of Indiana from the South two separate elements are distinguishable: the Quaker migration from North Carolina, moved chiefly because of anti-slavery convictions; the "poor white" stream, made up in part of restless hunters and thriftless pioneers moving without definite ambitions, and in part of other classes, such as former overseers, migrating to the new country with definite purpose of improving their fortunes.

These elements constituted well-marked features in the Southern contribution to Indiana, and they explain why she has been named the Hoosier State; but it should by no means be thought that all of the Southern immigrants came under these classes, nor that these have been the normal elements in the development of the Indiana of to-day. In the Northwest, where interstate migration has been so continuous and widespread, the lack of typical state peculiarities is obvious, and the student of society, like the traveler, is tempted, in his effort to distinguish the community from its neighbors, to exaggerate the odd and exceptional elements which give a particular flavor to the State. Indiana has suffered somewhat from this tendency; but it is undoubted that these peculiarities of origin left deep and abiding influences upon the State. In 1820 her settlement was chiefly in the southern counties, where Southern and Middle State influence was dominant. Her two United States Senators were Virginians by birth, while her Representative was from Pennsylvania. The Southern element continued so powerful that one student of Indiana origins has estimated that in 1850 one third of the population of the State were native Carolinians and their children in the first generation. Not until a few years before the Civil War did the Northern current exert a decisive influence upon Indiana. She had no such lake ports as had her sister States, and extension of settlement into the State from ports like Chicago was interrupted by the marshy area of the northwestern part of Indiana. Add to this the geological fact that the limestone formations and the best soils ran in nearly perpendicular belts northward from the Ohio, and it will be seen how circumstances combined to diminish Northern and to facilitate Southern influences in this State prior to the railroad development.

In Illinois, also, the current of migration was at first preponderantly Southern, but the settlers were less often from the Atlantic coast. Kentucky and Tennessee were generous contributors, but many of the distinguished leaders came from Virginia, and it is worthy of note that in 1820 the two United States Senators of Illinois were of Maryland ancestry, while her Representative was of Kentucky origin. The swarms of land-seekers between 1820 and 1830 ascended the Illinois River, and spread out between that river and the Mississippi. It was in this period that Abraham Lincoln's father, who had come from Kentucky to Indiana, again left his log cabin and traveled by ox-team with his family to the popular Illinois county of Sangamon. Here Lincoln split his famous rails to fence their land, and grew up under the influences of this

migration of the Southern pioneers to the prairies. They were not predominantly of the planter class, and the fierce contest in 1824 over the proposition to open Illinois to slavery was won for freedom by a narrow majority.

Looking at the three States, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, prior to 1850, we perceive how important was the voice of the South here, and we can the more easily understand the early affiliation of the Northwest with her sister States to the south on the Western waters. It was not without reason that the proposal of the Missouri Compromise came from Illinois, and it was a natural enthusiasm with which these States followed Henry Clay in the war policy of 1812. The combination of the South, the western portion of the Middle States, and the Mississippi Valley gave the ascendency to the democratic ideals of the followers of Jefferson, and left New England a weakened and isolated section for nearly half a century. Many of the most characteristic elements in American life in the first part of the century were due to this relationship between the South and the trans-Alleghany region. But even thus early the Northwest had revealed strong predilections for the Northern economic ideals as against the peculiar institution of the South, and this tendency grew with the increase of New England immigration.

The northern two in this sisterhood of Northwestern States were the first to be entered by the French, but latest by the English settlers. Why Michigan was not occupied by New York men at an earlier period is at first sight not easy to understand. Perhaps the adverse reports of surveyors who visited the interior of the State, the partial geographical isolation, and the unprogressive character of the French settlers account for the tardy occupation of the area. Certain it is that while the southern tier of States was sought by swarms of settlers, Wisconsin and Michigan still echoed to Canadian boating-songs, and voyageurs paddled their birch canoes along the streams of the wilderness to traffic with the savages. Great Britain maintained the dominant position until after the War of 1812, and the real centre of authority was in Canada.

But after the digging of the Erie canal, settlement began to turn into Michigan. Between 1830 and 1840 the population of the State leaped from 31,000 to 212,000, in the face of the fact that the heavy debt of the State and the crisis of 1837 turned from her borders many of the thrifty, debt-hating Germans. The vast majority of the settlers were New Yorkers. Michigan is distinctly a child of the Empire State. Canadians, both French and English, continued to come as the lumber interests of the region increased. By 1850 Michigan contained nearly 400,000 inhabitants, who occupied the southern half of the State.

But she now found an active competitor for settlement in Wisconsin. In this region two forces had attracted the earlier inhabitants. The fur-trading posts of Green Bay, Prairie du Chien, and Milwaukee constituted one element, in which the French influence was continued. The lead region of the southwest corner of the State formed the centre of attraction for Illinois and Southern pioneers. The soldiers who followed Black Hawk's trail in 1832 reported the richness of the soil, and an era of immigration followed. To the port of Milwaukee came a combined migration from western New York and New England, and spread along the southern tier of prairie counties until it met the Southern settlers in the lead region. Many of the early political contests in the State were connected, as in Ohio and Illinois, with the antagonisms between the sections thus brought together in a limited area.

The other element in the formation of Wisconsin was that of the Germans, then just entering upon their vast immigration to the United States. Wis-

consin was free from debt; she made a constitution of exceptional liberality to foreigners, and instead of treasuring her school lands or using them for internal improvements, she sold them for almost nothing to attract immigration. The result was that the prudent Germans, who loved light taxes and cheap hard-wood lands, turned toward Wisconsin, — another *Völkerwanderung*. From Milwaukee as a centre they spread north along the shore of Lake Michigan, and later into northern central Wisconsin, following the area of the hard-wood forests. So considerable were their numbers that such an economist as Roscher wrote of the feasibility of making Wisconsin a German State. "They can plant the vine on the hills," cried Franz Löher in 1847, "and drink with happy song and dance; they can have German schools and universities, German literature and art, German science and philosophy, German courts and assemblies; in short, they can form a German State, in which the German language shall be as much the popular and official language as the English is now, and in which the German spirit shall rule." By 1860 the German-born were sixteen per cent of the population of the State. But the New York and New England stream proved even more broad and steady in its flow in these years before the war. Wisconsin's population rose from 30,000 in 1840 to 300,000 in 1850.

The New England element that entered this State is probably typical of the same element in Wisconsin's neighboring States, and demands notice. It came for the most part, not from the seaboard of Massachusetts, which has so frequently represented New England to the popular apprehension. A large element in this stock was the product of the migration that ascended the valleys of Connecticut and central Massachusetts through the hills into Vermont and New York, — a pioneer folk almost from the time of their origin. The Vermont colonists decidedly outnumbered those of Massachusetts in both Michigan and Wisconsin, and were far more numerous in other Northwestern States than the population of Vermont warranted. Together with this current came the settlers from western New York. These were generally descendants of this same pioneer New England stock, continuing into a remoter West the movement that had brought their parents to New York. The combined current from New England and New York thus constituted a distinctly modified New England stock, and was clearly the dominant native element in Michigan and Wisconsin.

The decade of the forties was also the period of Iowa's rapid increase. Although not politically a part of the Old Northwest, in history she is closely related to that region. Her growth was by no means so rapid as was Wisconsin's, for the proportion of foreign immigration was less. Whereas in 1850 more than one third of Wisconsin's population was foreign-born, the proportion for Iowa was not much over one tenth. The main body of her people came from the Middle States, and Illinois and Ohio; but Southern elements were well represented, particularly among her political leaders.

The middle of the century was the turning-point in the transfer of control in the Northwest. Below the line of the old national turnpike, marked by the cities of Columbus, Indianapolis, Vandalia, and St. Louis, the counties had acquired a stability of settlement; and partly because of the Southern element, partly because of a natural tendency of new communities toward Jacksonian ideals, these counties were preponderantly Democratic. But the Southern migration had turned to the cotton areas of the Southwest, and the development of railroads and canals had broken the historic commercial ascendency of the Mississippi River; New Orleans was yielding

the sceptre to New York. The tide of migration from the North poured along these newly opened channels, and occupied the less settled counties above the national turnpike. In cities like Columbus and Indianapolis, where the two currents had run side by side, the combined elements were most clearly marked, but in the Northwest as a whole a varied population had been formed. This region seemed to represent and understand the various parts of the Union. It was this aspect which Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, urged in Congress when he made his notable speech in favor of the admission of Iowa. He pleaded the mission of the Northwest as the mediator between the sections and the unifying agency in the nation, with such power and pathos as to thrill even John Quincy Adams.

But there are some issues which cannot be settled by compromise, tendencies one of which must conquer the other. Such an issue the slave power raised, and raised too late for support in the upper half of the Mississippi Basin. The Northern and the Southern elements found themselves in opposition to each other. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," said Abraham Lincoln, a Northern leader of Southern origin. Douglas, a leader of the Southern forces, though coming from New England, declared his indifference whether slavery were voted up or down in the Western Territories. The historic debates between these two champions reveal the complex conditions in the Northwest, and take on a new meaning when considered in the light of this contest between the Northern and the Southern elements. The State that had been so potent for compromise was at last the battle-ground itself, and the places selected for the various debates of Lincoln and Douglas marked the strongholds and the outposts of the antagonistic forces.

At this time the kinship of western New York and the dominant element in the Northwest was clearly revealed. Speaking for the anti-slavery forces at Madison, Wisconsin, in 1860, Seward said: "The Northwest is by no means so small as you may think it. I speak to you because I feel that I am, and during all my mature life have been, one of you. Although of New York, I am still a citizen of the Northwest. The Northwest extends eastward to the base of the Alleghany Mountains, and does not all of western New York lie westward of the Alleghany Mountains? Whence comes all the inspiration of free soil which spreads itself with such cheerful voices over all these plains? Why, from New York westward of the Alleghany Mountains. The people before me, — who are you but New York men, while you are men of the Northwest?" In the Civil War, western New York and the Northwest were powerful in the forum and in the field. The names of Lincoln, Chase, Seward, Sherman, and Grant suffice to illustrate this power. A million soldiers came from the States that the Ordinance, passed by Southern votes, had devoted to freedom.

This was the first grave time of trial for the Northwest, and it did much eventually to give to the region a homogeneity and self-consciousness. But at the close of the war the region was still agricultural, only half developed; still breaking ground in northern forests; still receiving contributions of peoples which radically modified the social organism, and undergoing economic changes almost revolutionary in their rapidity and extent. The changes since the war are of more social importance, in many respects, than those in the years commonly referred to as the formative period. As a result, the Northwest finds herself again between contending forces, sharing the interests of East and West, as once before those of North and South, and forced to give her voice on issues of equal significance for the destiny of the republic.

In these transforming years since 1860, Ohio, finding the magician's talis-

man that revealed the treasury of mineral wealth, gas, and petroleum beneath her fields, has leaped to a front rank among the manufacturing States of the Union. Potential on the Great Lakes by reason of her ports of Toledo and Cleveland, tapping the Ohio River artery of trade at Cincinnati, and closely connected with all the vast material development of the upper waters of this river in western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, Ohio has become distinctly a part of the eastern social organism, much like the State of Pennsylvania. The complexity of her origin still persists. Ohio has no preponderant social centre; her multiplicity of colleges and universities bears tribute to the diversity of the elements that have made the State. One third of her people are of foreign parentage (one or both parents foreign-born), and the city of Cincinnati has been deeply affected by the German stock, while Cleveland strongly reflects the influence of the New England element. That influence is still very palpable, but it is New England in the presence of natural gas, iron, and coal, New England shaped by blast and forge. The Middle State ideals will dominate Ohio's future.

Bucolic Indiana, too, within the last decade has come into the possession of gas-fields and has increased the exploitation of her coals until she seems destined to share in the industrial type represented by Ohio. Cities have risen, like a dream, on the sites of country villages. But Indiana has a much smaller proportion of foreign element than any other State of the Old Northwest, and it is the Southern element that still differentiates her from her sisters. While Ohio's political leaders still attest the Puritan migration, Indiana's clasp hands with the leaders from the South.

The Southern elements continue also to reveal themselves in the Democratic southwestern counties of Illinois, grouped like a broad delta of the Illinois River, while northern Illinois holds a larger proportion of descendants of the Middle States and New England. About one half her population is of foreign parentage, in which the Germans, Irish, and Scandinavians furnish the largest elements. She is a great agricultural State and a great manufacturing State, the connecting link between the Mississippi and the Great Lakes. Her metropolis, Chicago, is the very type of Northwestern development for good and for evil. It is an epitome of her composite nationality. A recent writer, analyzing the school census of Chicago, points out that "only two cities in the German Empire, Berlin and Hamburg, have a greater German population than Chicago; only two in Sweden, Stockholm and Göteborg, have more Swedes; and only two in Norway, Christiania and Bergen, have more Norwegians;" while the Irish, Polish, Bohemian, and Dutch elements are also largely represented. But in spite of her rapidity of growth and her complex elements, Chicago stands as the representative of the will-power and genius for action of the Middle West, and the State of Illinois will be the battle-ground for social and economic ideals for the next generation.

Michigan is two States. The northern peninsula is cut off from the southern physically, industrially, and in the history of settlement. It would seem that her natural destiny was with Wisconsin, or some possible new State embracing the iron and copper, forest and shipping areas of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota on Lake Superior. The lower peninsula of Michigan is the daughter of New York, for over twelve per cent of Michigan's present population were born in that State, and her traits are those of the parent State. Over half her population is of foreign parentage, of which Canada and England together have furnished one half, while the Germans outnumber any other single foreign element. The State has undergone a steady industrial development, exploiting her northern

mines and forests, developing her lumber interests with Saginaw as the centre, raising fruits along the lake shore counties, and producing grain in the middle trough of counties running from Saginaw Bay to the south of Lake Michigan. Her state university has been her peculiar glory, furnishing the first model for the state university, and it is the educational contribution of the Northwest to the nation.

Wisconsin's future is dependent upon the influence of the large proportion of her population of foreign parentage, for nearly three fourths of her inhabitants are of that class. She thus has a smaller percentage of native population than any other of the States formed from the Old Northwest. Of this foreign element the Germans constitute by far the largest part, with the Scandinavians second. Her American population born outside of Wisconsin comes chiefly from New York. In contrast with the Ohio River States, she lacks the Southern element. Her greater foreign population and her dairy interests contrast with Michigan's Canadian and English elements and fruit culture. Her relations are more Western than Michigan's by reason of her connection with the Mississippi and the prairie States. Her foreign element is slightly less than is Minnesota's, and in the latter State the Scandinavians take the place held by the Germans in Wisconsin. The facility with which the Scandinavians catch the spirit of Western America and assimilate with their neighbors is much greater than is the case with the Germans, so that Wisconsin seems to offer opportunity for non-English influence in a greater degree than her sister on the west. While Minnesota's economic development has heretofore been closely dependent on the wheat-producing prairies, the opening of the iron-fields of the Mesaba and Vermilion ranges, together with the development of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior, and the prospective achievement of a deep-water communication with the Atlantic, seems to offer to that State a new and imperial industrial destiny. Between this stupendous economic future to the northwest and the colossal growth of Chicago on the southeast Wisconsin seems likely to become a middle agricultural area, developing particularly into a great dairy State. She is powerfully affected by the conservative tendencies of her German element in times of political agitation and of proposals of social change, but is lacking in initiative.

Some of the social modifications in this State are more or less typical of important processes at work among the neighboring States of the Old Northwest. In the north, the men who built up the lumber interests of the State, who founded a mill town surrounded by the stumps of the pine forests which they exploited for the prairie markets, have acquired wealth and political power. The spacious and well-appointed home of the town-builder may now be seen in many a northern community, in a group of less pretentious homes of operatives and tradesmen, the social distinctions between them emphasized by the difference in nationality. A few years before, this captain of industry was perhaps actively engaged in the task of seeking the best "forties" or directing the operations of his log-drivers. His wife and daughters make extensive visits to Europe, his sons go to some university, and he himself is likely to acquire political position, or to devote his energies to saving the town from industrial decline, as the timber is cut away, by transforming it into a manufacturing centre for more finished products. Still others continue their activity among the forests of the south. This social history of the timber areas of Wisconsin has left clear indications in the development of the peculiar political leadership in the northern portion of the State.

In the southern and middle counties

of the State, the original settlement of the native American pioneer farmer, a tendency is showing itself to divide the farms and to sell to thrifty Germans, or to cultivate the soil by tenants, while the farmer retires to live in the neighboring village, and perhaps to organize creameries and develop a dairy business. The result is that a replacement of nationalities is in progress. Townships and even counties once dominated by the native American farmers of New York extraction are now possessed by Germans or other European nationalities. Large portions of the retail trades of the towns are also passing into German hands, while the native element seeks the cities, the professions, or mercantile enterprises of larger character. The non-native element shows distinct tendencies to dwell in groups. One of the most striking illustrations of this fact is the community of New Glarus, in Wisconsin, formed by a carefully organized migration from Glarus in Switzerland, aided by the canton itself. For some years this community was a miniature Swiss canton in social organization and customs, but of late it has become increasingly assimilated to the American type, and has left an impress by transforming the county in which it is from a grain-raising to a dairy region.

From Milwaukee as a centre, the influence of the Germans upon the social customs and ideals of Wisconsin has been marked. Milwaukee has many of the aspects of a German city, and has furnished a stronghold of resistance to native American efforts to enact rigid temperance legislation, laws regulative of parochial schools, and similar attempts to bend the German type to the social ideals of the pioneer American stock. In the last presidential election, the German area of the State deserted the Democratic party, and its opposition to free silver was a decisive factor in the overwhelming victory of the Republicans in Wisconsin. With all the evidence of the persistence of the influence of this nationality, it is nevertheless clear that each decade marks an increased assimilation and homogeneity in the State; but the result is a compromise, and not a conquest by either element.

The States of the Old Northwest gave to McKinley a plurality of over 367,000 out of a total vote of about 3,734,000. New England and the Middle States together gave him a plurality of 979,000 in about the same vote, while the farther West gave to Bryan a decisive net plurality. It thus appears that the Old Northwest occupied the position of a political middle region between East and West. The significance of this position is manifest when it is recalled that this section is the child of the East and the mother of the Populistic West.

The occupation of the Western prairies was determined by forces similar to those which settled the Old Northwest. In the decade before the war, Minnesota succeeded to the place held by Wisconsin as the Mecca of settlers in the prior decade. To Wisconsin and New York she owes the largest proportion of her native settlers born outside of the State. Kansas and Nebraska were settled most rapidly in the decade following the war, and had a large proportion of soldiers in their American immigrants. Illinois and Ohio together furnished about one third of the native settlers of these States, but the element coming from Southern States was stronger in Kansas than in Nebraska. Both these States have an exceptionally large proportion of native whites as compared with their neighbors among the prairie States. Kansas, for example, has a percentage of persons of foreign parentage to total population of about twenty-six, while Nebraska has about forty-two, Iowa forty-three, South Dakota sixty, Wisconsin seventy-three, Minnesota seventy-five, and North Dakota seventy-nine. North Dakota's development was greatest in the decade prior to 1890. Her native stock came

in largest numbers from Wisconsin, with New York, Minnesota, and Iowa next in order. The growth of South Dakota occupied the two decades prior to the last census, and she has recruited her native element from Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, and New York. In consequence of the migration from the States of the Old Northwest to the virgin soils of these prairie States many counties in the parent States show a considerable decline in growth in the last census decade. There is significance in the fact that, with the exception of Iowa, these prairie States, the colonies of the Old Northwest, gave Bryan votes in the last election in the ratio of their proportion of persons of native parentage. North Dakota, with the heaviest foreign element, was carried for McKinley, while South Dakota, with a much smaller foreign vote, went for Bryan. Kansas and Nebraska rank with Ohio in their native percentage, and they were the centre of prairie Populism. Of course there were other important local economic and political explanations for this ratio, but it seems to have a basis of real meaning. Certain it is that the leaders of the silver movement came from the native element furnished by the Old Northwest. The original Populists in the Kansas legislature of 1891 were born in different States as follows: in Ohio, twelve; Indiana, six; Illinois, five; New York, four; Pennsylvania, two; Connecticut, Vermont, and Maine, one each, — making a total, for the Northern current, of thirty-two. Of the remaining eighteen, thirteen were from the South, and one each from Kansas, Missouri, California, England and Ireland. Nearly all were Methodists and former Republicans.[1]

Looking at the silver movement more largely, we find that of the Kansas delegation in the Fifty-Fourth Congress, one was born in Kansas, and the rest in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Maine. All of the Nebraska delegation in the House came from the Old Northwest or from Iowa. The biographies of the two Representatives from the State of Washington tell an interesting story. These men came as children to the pine woods of Wisconsin, took up public lands, and worked on the farm and in the pineries. One passed on to a homestead in Nebraska before settling in Washington. Thus they kept one stage ahead of the social transformations of the West. This is the usual training of the Western politicians. If the reader would see a picture of the representative Kansan Populist, let him examine the family portraits of the Ohio farmer in the middle of this century.

In a word, the Populist is the American farmer who has kept in advance of the economic and social transformations that have overtaken those who remained behind. While, doubtless, investigation into the ancestry of the Populists and silver men who came to the prairies from the Old Northwest would show some proportion of Southern origin, yet the centre of discontent seems to have been among the men of the New England and western New York current. If New England looks with care at these men, she may recognize in them the familiar lineaments of the embattled farmers who fired the shot heard round the world. The continuous advance of this pioneer stock from New England has preserved for us the older type of the pioneer of frontier New England. I do not overlook the powerful transforming influences of the wilderness operating on this stock ever since it left the earlier frontier farms to follow up the valleys of western Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, into western New York, into Ohio, into Iowa, and out to the arid plains of western Kansas and Nebraska; nor do I overlook the peculiar industrial conditions of the prairie States. But I desire to insist upon the other truth, also,

[1] For this information I am indebted to Professor F. W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas.

that these westward immigrants, keeping for generations in advance of the transforming industrial and social forces that have wrought so vast a revolution in the older regions of the East which they left, could not but preserve important aspects of the older farmer type. In the arid West these pioneers have halted and have turned to perceive an altered nation and changed social ideals. They see the sharp contrast between their traditional idea of America, as the land of opportunity, the land of the self-made man, free from class distinctions and from the power of wealth, and the existing America, so unlike the earlier ideal. If we follow back the line of march of the Puritan farmer, we shall see how responsive he has always been to *isms*, and how persistently he has resisted encroachments on his ideals of individual opportunity and democracy. He is the prophet of the "higher law" in "bleeding Kansas" before the Civil War. He is the prohibitionist of Iowa and Wisconsin, crying out against German customs as an invasion of his traditional ideals. He is the granger of Wisconsin, passing restrictive railroad legislation. He is the abolitionist, the anti-mason, the Millerite, the woman suffragist, the Spiritualist, the adherent of Joseph Smith, of western New York. Follow him to his New England home in the days of Shays's rebellion, paper money, stay and tender laws, and land banks. The radicals among these New England farmers hated lawyers and capitalists. "I would not trust them," said Abraham White, in the ratification convention of Massachusetts, in 1788, "though every one of them should be a Moses." "These lawyers," cried Amos Singletary, "and men of learning and moneyed men that talk so finely and gloss over matters so smoothly to make us poor illiterate people swallow the pill, expect to get into Congress themselves! They mean to get all the money into their hands, and then they will swallow up all us little folk, like the Leviathan, Mr. President; yea, just as the whale swallowed up Jonah."

If the voice of Mary Ellen Lease sounds raucous to the New England man to-day, while it is sweet music in the ears of the Kansas farmer, let him ponder the utterances of these frontier farmers in the days of the Revolution; and if he is still doubtful of this spiritual kinship, let him read the words of the levelers and sectaries of Cromwell's army.

The story of the political leaders who remained in the place of their birth and shared its economic changes differs from the story of those who by moving to the West continued on a new area the old social type. In the throng of Scotch-Irish pioneers that entered the uplands of the Carolinas in the second quarter of the eighteenth century were the ancestors of Calhoun and of Andrew Jackson. Remaining in this region, Calhoun shared the transformations of the South Carolina interior. He saw it change from the area of the pioneer farmers to an area of great planters raising cotton by slave labor. This explains the transformation of the nationalist and protectionist Calhoun of 1816 into the state-sovereignty and free-trade Calhoun. Jackson, on the other hand, left the region while it was still a frontier, shared the frontier life of Tennessee, and reflected the democracy and nationalism of his people. Henry Clay lived long enough in the kindred State of Kentucky to see it pass from a frontier to a settled community, and his views on slavery reflected the transitional history of that State. Lincoln, on the other hand, born in Kentucky in 1809, while the State was still under frontier conditions, migrated in 1816 to Indiana, and in 1830 to Illinois. The pioneer influences of his community did much to shape his life, and the development of the raw frontiersman into the statesman was not unlike the development of his

own State. Political leaders who experienced the later growth of the Northwest, like Garfield, Hayes, Harrison, and McKinley, show clearly the continued transformations of the section. But in the days when the Northwest was still in the gristle, she sent her sons into the newer West to continue the views of life and the policies of the half-frontier area they had left. And to-day, the Northwest, standing between her ancestral connections in the East and her children in the West, partly like the East, partly like the West, finds herself in a position strangely like that in the days of the slavery struggle, when her origins presented to her a "divided duty." But these issues are not put with the same imperious "Which?" as were the issues of freedom or slavery.

Looking at the Northwest as a whole, one sees that, in the character of its industries and in the elements of its population, it is identified on the east with the zone of States including the middle region and New England. Cotton culture and the negro make a clear line of division between the Old Northwest and the South. And yet in important historical ideals — in the movement of expansion, in the persistence of agricultural interests, in impulsiveness, in imperialistic ways of looking at the American destiny, in hero-worship, in the newness of its present social structure — the Old Northwest has much in common with the South and the Far West.

Behind her is the old pioneer past of simple democratic conditions, and freedom of opportunity for all men. Before her is a superb industrial development, the brilliancy of success as evinced in a vast population, aggregate wealth, and sectional power.

Frederick J. Turner.

MARK TWAIN AS AN INTERPRETER OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

Mark Twain, as we all prefer to call the writer whose real name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens has still a less familiar sound in our ears, was born in the town of Florida, in Missouri, on the 30th of November, 1835. His father, who belonged to a Virginian family, had moved there only a little time before from Tennessee, where, like his prototype in The Gilded Age, he owned much land. But it was in Hannibal, then "a loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding Mississippi River town," now "a flourishing little city," to which the family presently removed, that Mark Twain spent those boyhood days of which Tom Sawyer is the diverting chronicle. It was not a very attractive place. "The morality" — the quotation is from a gentle criticism by Mr. Howells — "was the morality of a slaveholding community, fierce, arrogant, one-sided; the religion was Calvinism in various phases, with its predestinate aristocracy of saints and its rabble of hopeless sinners. His [Twain's] people, like the rest, were slaveholders, but his father, like so many other slaveholders, abhorred slavery, — silently, as he must in such a time and place." The home of the Clemenses was — to quote from an ephemeral biography by Mr. Will Clemens — "a two-story brick, with a large tree in front;" and in the village, in a "dingy" office, the furniture of which was "a dry-goods box, three or four rude stools, and a puncheon bench," the head of the family, "a stern, unbending man," held court as justice of the peace.

Amid these surroundings, which were

curiously American, if not especially apt to nourish literary genius, Mark Twain, "a good-hearted boy," says his mother, but one who, although "a great boy for history," could never be persuaded to go to school, spent a boyhood which, it appears, was "a series of mischievous adventures." When he was twelve years old his father died, and the circumstances of his mother were such that he had to go to work as printer's apprentice in the office of the Hannibal Weekly Courier. "I can see," he said once at a printers' banquet in New York, "that printing-office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse-bills on the walls; its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was never considered soiled until it could stand alone." For three years he worked in this delectable establishment, and then, at the age of fifteen, ran away from home, apparently without a penny of money. Until he was twenty or thereabouts he seems to have wandered through the eastern half of the country as a tramp printer. Then suddenly changing his vocation, he became a pilot on the Mississippi River. Five years later, the railroads and the Civil War having made piloting an impossible occupation, he enlisted as a three months' volunteer in the Confederate army, and was captured, but succeeded in escaping from the tobacco warehouse in St. Louis where he was held prisoner. He fled to the West, the West of Bret Harte, swarming with adventurers, with whom the fashionable ornaments of the day were "an eight-inch revolver, an Arkansas toothpick, and jack-boots." As miner, journalist, and lecturer he led a rough and impecunious life in Nevada and California, until in 1867 he published his first book, The Jumping Frog of Calaveras, and sailed by way of Panama to New York. A little later he found the opportunity to go to Europe and the Holy Land as a newspaper correspondent, and so obtained the material for his Innocents Abroad. After many difficulties and with much misgiving, the book was finally published. The next morning, Mark Twain, then thirty-four years old, awoke like Byron to find himself famous.

There is no need to pursue his career further. Brief and incomplete as the sketch is, it is long enough to explain much in his writings. The horrid little town, with its poverty of intellectual life, its complete barrenness of all the means for æsthetic cultivation, is hardly the place in which to expect the birth of a refined literary genius. There is a deal of truth in Mr. Barrie's remark that "nothing that happens after we are twelve matters very much." And these early years, impressionable as a photographic plate, were those which supplied him with the vivid memories upon which he based his strongest works, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. One piece of singular good fortune was indeed his: by his home flowed the mighty Mississippi. The river was the one thing which he knew in all his early days that could appeal to his imagination and uplift it. Its fascination was upon all the boys in the village. They had passing ambitions, he says, — such, for example, as that "if they lived and were good, God would permit them to become pirates;" but the one unchanging desire of their hearts was to be "steamboat men." Any one who can remember his boyhood can easily understand how their young thoughts were always of the river, which, huge and sombre, flowed out of the land of mystery, by their commonplace doors, into the land of promise, and how they envied the river-men to whom both lands were as familiar as the streets of Hannibal. Poor lads, they doubtless found out in after-life that the river touched neither of these enchanting countries, but simply flowed on, not bored only because it was an insensate thing, past thousands of doors little if any less tedious than their own! But fact is unimportant in

the training of a sensitive imagination, and the influence of the river upon that of Mark Twain can hardly be exaggerated. Nor is it difficult to comprehend how it is that through whichever of his books the Mississippi flows, it fills them with a certain portion of its power and beauty. To it is owing all that in his work which is large and fine and eloquent. The river is what makes Huckleberry Finn his most vivid story, and Life on the Mississippi his most impressive autobiographic narrative.

Unfortunately, there was nothing else in the boy's early surroundings which could help him to become a literary artist, for the river, however it might dominate and uplift his imagination, could not teach him the most delicate and beautiful art of writing well. For that the child must at least have books, good works of the imagination, from which he may unconsciously learn the modest secret of good taste, the value of the apt word, the mysteries of the rise and fall of the rhythm of lovely prose. When one recalls the lack of æsthetic advantages which was so plentiful in his boyhood, in that "loafing, out-at-elbows, down-at-the-heels, slaveholding" village, in his wandering, unprosperous youth in cis-Mississippi printing-offices, and in his impecunious journalistic young manhood in the rough and lawless West, one cannot wonder that he is so imperfectly an artist. He has a rude native gift for firm and vigorous narration. He has, too, an inborn eloquence which sometimes rises superior to his faulty periods, and at its best carries the critical reader out of the mood of fastidious objection. But his style, — which he has improved steadily, — even when correct, is technically without distinction.

He fails no less in the handling of large masses of composition: he is singularly devoid of any aptitude for construction. The narrative in which incidents of about an even value succeed each other is the highest variety of literary form in which he has attained good measure of success. Such are Huckleberry Finn, and that picturesque failure as an historical novel, The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. Such, still more frankly, are his earlier successes, Roughing It, Innocents Abroad, and Life on the Mississippi. And in spite of highly colored incidents thrown in at the end with a delusive air of forming the climax which denotes a plot, Tom Sawyer, also, and The Connecticut Yankee belong in the same group. The Gilded Age, The Prince and the Pauper, and Pudd'nhead Wilson are more pretentious; but it is from the passages wherein the author, forgetful of weaving the incidents into a pattern, is content to chronicle them with a broidery of his own shrewd and humorous thought that they have their merit.

No, he is not a great or a skillful writer. The influences of his early years were not such as would make him one. What a disadvantage they were to him may be illustrated by contrasting him, for a moment, with another American writer, — like him, a humorist. That other had little, if any, more natural power, — perhaps not so much; he had his greatest successes, as Mark Twain had his more popular ones, in the form of the humorous, half-dramatic monologue; but as he had the best training of intellect and taste, he attained a firm place among the semi-great who alone as yet form the most distinguished group of American authors. That writer is Dr. Holmes.

Neither is Mark Twain — bold as the assertion may seem — a great humorist or a great wit. The soul of a jest is immortal. If it defies definition and analysis, experience seems to show that when it leaves its envelope of words standing cold and insignificant, dead upon the page, it usually does so only for the brief space which must elapse before its next incarnation. If the soul of one's grandam may haply inhabit a bird, the soul of the dear lady's favorite jest may more than haply inhabit a sentence — none too

sprightly, one may fear — in the corner of the latest comic paper. Rarely indeed is that perfectly crystallized phrase created which can withstand, like a diamond, the wear and tear of time, and eternally imprison the bright sparkle of wit that it contains. In other words, the special incongruities of circumstance change, and the jests change with them: only that humor lives which is expressed in perfect, limpid phrases that take no color from temporary things. Wit lives on from age to age when given form by such a masterly cutter of sentences as La Rochefoucauld; humor survives when embodied in some unchanging type of character such as that to which Cervantes gave the finest time-resisting form. La Rochefoucauld may be considered the type of the great wit, Cervantes the type of the great humorist. Mark Twain has shaken the sides of the round world with laughter; but after all, has he, in the mass of his writings, uttered any witticism which touches intimately, much less radiantly expresses, some eternal truth of life? Has he ever created any character bearing so plainly a lasting relationship to human nature that it will live on to be hailed brother by future men? Unless indeed some of the clever sayings of Pudd'nhead Wilson have greater depth and reach of meaning than they now seem to have, the answer to the first question is plainly "No." Not many of Mark Twain's witticisms will appear in the Familiar Quotations of the coming century. The answer to the second question is perhaps susceptible of a moment's debate. But probably not more than two characters will rise in the memory of any one who may wish to answer it otherwise than also by a "No." These will be Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. And surely Tom Sawyer is only one presentment more of the general idea — boy — added to the thousands which any one familiar with the commercial industry of writing books for boys can name only too readily. Quite in the line of Mark Twain's variation of the standard type, and its superior as a human portrait, stands the Bad Boy of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Huck, however, is not so easily brushed aside. He is at his best, not in the book which wears for title the name of his chief youthful friend, but in the astonishing volume which is named after himself. For he, the best of Mark Twain's creations, has the good fortune — which is not that of the best character of many an author — of being the hero of his originator's best book. In that wild, youthful, impossible Odyssey, the record of his voyage on a frail raft down the strong Mississippi, he assumes in a manner epic proportions. Still, if a sensitive and candid reader were somewhat carefully to analyze his impressions, perhaps these are the conclusions at which, with a tempered enthusiasm, he would ultimately arrive: that Huck gains in apparent stature by being kept clear of taller rivals in the centre of the stage; that he gains enormously in picturesqueness through his surroundings, — the incredibly fantastic scamps who impose themselves upon him, and who, by contrast, make him seem so honest; the childlike negro whom he befriends, and who, by contrast, makes him seem so much more the man; the wild and solemn and beautiful stretches of the huge river, which make him seem, by contrast, so pitiful a waif; that the story is, a few exceptions granted, a tale of what happened to him rather than of what he did, and consequently is not a presentation of character, is not dramatic. What Huck really is, the sensitive and candid reader would conclude, is simply the usual vagabond boy, with his expected shrewdness and cunning, his rags, his sharp humor, his practical philosophy. The only difference between him and his type would be found in his essential honesty, his strong and struggling moral nature, so notably Anglo-Saxon. The most delightful thing in the portrait, from the point of view of character-

drawing, would be seen to be the interminable debate and puzzle in which he is, to reconcile his respect for the law that declares him a criminal for aiding a runaway slave and his instinctive honest perception that his ward is a man, not a chattel. If the literary critic had a field-book, like the botanist, — may he some day be so lucky! — in which to trace any unfamiliar specimen, he would find, if engaged in the present search, his finger fall at last upon some such line as this: "Huckleberry Finn: species, *Gavroche*. Locally found in the Mississippi Valley, in the United States, and by some authorities erected" — such is the word of the men of science! — "into a separate variety."

Now, if Mark Twain has neither uttered memorable witticisms nor created any finely humorous character, it will not be as a great humorist that he will survive. Nor is the reason for his failure hard to find. His lack of mastery of form, his constant offense against taste, is, of course, a large part of it, but not all. The humor which finds in him its chief source of expression is that of a shifting and evanescent semi-civilization, the humor of new men in new circumstances in a suddenly developing country, wherein the ups and downs of life, immensely exaggerated both in speed and in span, made a grotesque appeal to the sense of incongruity of a naturally humorous people. The society of the West is not yet settled into its final form, as that of the East may be considered to be; but already it, and we who know it, have traveled far from the possibility of appreciating fully its special humor. A few years more, and most of its fun will seem to all, as it seems to many now, the merest extravagance, as hard to understand as the spirit which prompted the gargoyle on the mediæval church. A humor based upon the transient conditions of such a life can hardly be more permanent than the life itself.

Not in the technical sense a skillful writer, not a good novelist or story-teller, not a great wit or a great humorist, Mark Twain occupies a strangely conspicuous position in the world of contemporary letters. He has long been accepted of the people, never of the critics. Although his name is a household word in all places where the English language is spoken, and in many where it is not, he has never been accorded any serious critical notice. There have been, indeed, in various magazines, a few articles — mostly of no critical intention or pretension — about him, but almost the only fact which looks like a recognition of him as a real author, and not as an inconsequential buffoon, is the publication, now going forward, by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of a uniform edition of his complete works. Yet a general sense of his importance may be found existing even among the critical who neglect him, and some natural, mild wonder why it has never found expression. The critics, with the disdain that comes easily to men, perhaps a bit ostentatiously preoccupied with what is earnest in thought and artistic in form, have let him write and win an unregarded popularity. The circus clown were as likely to attract the attention of the dramatic critic as Mark Twain that of the serious reviewers. But his enormous vogue should have won the notice of some inquiring mind, and led its possessor to ask if his popularity had not some deeper cause than the love of the crowd for the antics of one who professionally wears the cap and bells. If deeper cause there be, it may well prove something which throws light upon American life and character. Perhaps it were as well to attribute the popularity of Abraham Lincoln to his jokes as to ascribe that of Mark Twain to his extravagant foolery. In the conventional sense, Mark Twain is no more a literary artist than, in the conventional sense, Lincoln was a gentleman. But in spite of lack of polish Lincoln was great: may not Mark Twain,

the writer, in spite of his crude literary manners, be great, also? The mere possibility ought to be enough in itself to secure him sympathetic and thoughtful consideration.

Criticism is always concerned with the man behind the book. Veiled as the questioning may be, its object is always to determine if the personality of the author is one which has value, æsthetic or other, for the world. If an author is not able to justify himself on æsthetic grounds, criticism requires him to supply other and good ones. If he is not an artist, he can have no value for any intelligent human being except through his personality.

The remark is too sweeping: he can have a value for the student. And Mark Twain has this value abundantly. He has recorded the life of certain southwestern portions of our country, at one fleeting stage of their development, better than it is possible it will ever be done again. From his superficially frivolous pages much can be learned of the causes of the fierce family feuds which prevailed there, of lynching, of the effects of slavery. Under the humorist in Mark Twain lies the keen observer, the serious man, the ardent reformer, and he took note of all that was evil in the life he knew and proclaimed it indignantly to the world. His tenacious memory for detail, his microscopic imagination, and his real interest in the serious side of life make his pictures of the crude society in which he was born both absolutely accurate and surprisingly comprehensive. His writings cannot be neglected by any one who wishes to know that life, and it is one which is in many respects highly important for us to understand. But it is not for his historical value that an author is popular. To point to that of Mark Twain is not to account for his acceptance by the multitude. That must rest somehow on his character.

Like Dr. Holmes, Mark Twain belongs to the race of literary egotists. The narrations which are his best work are almost entirely autobiographic. Roughing It relates his experiences in the West. Innocents Abroad sets forth his own peculiarly American view of Europe. Life on the Mississippi is very Twain, and naught else. Tom Sawyer is less real than Huckleberry Finn, because — one cannot doubt — he is less the young Clemens than is Huck. Indeed, the rule may be laid down that the interest of Mark Twain's books is in direct proportion to the amount of autobiographic matter in them. What he is gifted to express is plainly himself, his own thoughts, feelings, experiences. That was the gift of Dr. Holmes, also, and where the personality was so engaging, the taste so perfect, the success was easy to understand. But if one were to be told that another writer, born with a smaller gift of invention and with as little trace of constructive imagination, and having only such education as he might be able to pick up in a youth spent among rough surroundings, would take the same literary form and win an even greater popularity, he would scoff at the mere idea. Nevertheless this is what Mr. Clemens has done. This remarkable achievement is strong evidence of the charm of his character.

Perhaps it is possible to discover in what that charm consists. The comparison between Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain which was suggested a little while ago doubtless appeared fantastical enough. But after all, is not the feeling of kinship which the people had with the statesman the same which they have with the writer? There is certainly no way to a nation's heart more nearly direct than to make it feel that you are of one flesh and blood with it. It loves to see itself literally personified in the executive chair; it likes best that writer who thoroughly expresses its own ideas, gives form to its own moral and mental nature. That is

always the secret of success, — the one thing in common between popularly successful mediocrities and popularly successful great men.

Such is the conclusion that has been reached by the editors of our most popular periodicals; the working theory by following which they have attained success. Such, again, is the conclusion that those writers who would be popular have arrived at after studying the works of writers who are popular. They have ever discovered the painful if flattering fact that they are not as common men are, and that therefore they cannot effectually appeal to the public taste. If lack of likeness and consequent lack of sympathy are indeed the secret of scant sales, then the average man should be the most popular writer. An eccentric friend of mine wholly accepts this doleful doctrine. Whatever is widely liked must, he says, appeal to the general public, which is a vulgar body with crude tastes, and, generally speaking, anything which satisfies it is bad. He therefore carefully avoids all greatly popular books, — and it must be confessed he escapes in this way the reading of an intolerable deal of writing which, charitably speaking, is not choice. He admits, however, that he misses some excellent authors, and the admission implies that the public does occasionally enjoy good literary work. He explains this by saying that the good book is liked for other than literary reasons. If it is conceivable that the master of a superb literary style should have, for instance, the mental and moral equipment of the late E. P. Roe, my friend avers that the crowd would read him in spite of his style. Mr. Henry James finds it easy to be artistic, The Duchess found it easy to be popular; Mr. Kipling finds it easy to be both. In other words, the great writer is one who to generous artistic and intellectual gifts adds the further good fortune of being the type of a multitude. In the field of politics, the same theory will explain the common success among us of mediocrities, the very great success of some really great men like Lincoln. The same theory explains the vogue of Mark Twain.

If one were to summon his vague recollections of the figure set forth as that of the typical American by such various authorities as the playwright, the caricaturist, the story-teller, and the novelist, there would gradually emerge from the haze a certain quite definite figure of a man. Let us recall, quite at random, a few memories. There is the shrewd, humorous, resourceful, ill-bred Senator as played by Mr. Crane. There is Uncle Sam as he is shown us in the comic press. There is the American in Mr. Kipling's ballad of the Imperial Rescript, whose ideal is a house of his own,

> "With gas and water connections, and steam-heat through to the top."

There is the ready and scheming Fulkerson in Mr. Howells's Hazard of New Fortunes, who thinks of literature as a hardware dealer thinks of nails. There is his counterpart, Pinkerton, in Stevenson's romance, The Wrecker. There is the uncouth Lincoln as he appears in Mr. Herndon's Life. These figures which chance to come to mind blend easily — do they not? — into a sort of composite personality, a shrewd, ready, practical, irreverent, humorous, uncultivated man, who is apt to jeer at art and the civilization of Europe, but for whom you have, nevertheless, a large affection and a high respect, partly because he has, to a striking degree, such excellent qualities as essential seriousness of character, self-reliance, courage, kindliness, honesty and simplicity of heart, the domestic virtues; and still more, perhaps, because you are a good American yourself, and know him to be the man you would like to be were good manners and cultivation added to him. This is, after all, the type among the many that we recognize as American which is most generally found throughout the United States. It is a type with which, indeed, the American

people are a little too well satisfied. Our public is too apt to be to his virtues very kind, and very blind to his faults, — a course of conduct admirable to adopt toward your friend, but not toward yourself if you aim to improve. And is it not this type which Mark Twain is continually drawing? Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are certainly the typical American in little. Is not the view of Europe expressed in Innocents Abroad that of the same humorous, irreverent, uncultivated man? The Connecticut Yankee who went to King Arthur's court would undoubtedly have preferred to any castle in England that house in America

> "With gas and water connections, and steam-heat through to the top."

Pudd'nhead Wilson and the pilots in Life on the Mississippi conform perfectly to the type. They are all Americans, — raw, if you will, but real, native, typical. Essentially they and the others are one and the same man always. Now, let the reader recall that Mark Twain's work is almost wholly autobiographic, and he will at once perceive the obvious corollary: this man, this typical American, is Mark Twain himself.

His life has been typically American. There is something delightfully national in that "two-story brick with a large tree in front" in which it had its beginnings. To attain fame and fortune is supposed to be the special privilege of the poor, self-educated American boy. American versatility, which has been our doubtful boast, is strikingly exemplified in this man's variety of occupation, — printer, pilot, private secretary, miner, reporter, lecturer, inventor (that is especially American!), author, publisher. It all recalls the biographies — not likely, one may guess, to be written in the future as they have been in the past — of the From the Towpath to the White House sort. It is American through and through. Having lived this life, how could Mark Twain fail to go straight to the hearts of his countrymen, attracting them to himself at first through their sense of humor, holding them afterwards through their sense of kinship? If a man can thoroughly express the individuality of a nation, he may fairly be called great. We may lament the artist lost, but we may rejoice in the man. He has drawn the national type, interpreted the national character. For that service we may be grateful. And he has taught unobtrusively, but none the less powerfully, the virtues of common sense and honest manliness. If it comes to a choice, these are better than refinement.

Charles Miner Thompson.

THE NOMINATING SYSTEM.

It would hardly be possible to write a better description of the actual machinery of our nominating system than Mr. James Bryce's in his American Commonwealth. In what I am about to say of it, therefore, I shall take for granted that the reader is familiar with it, or has abundant means of making himself acquainted with its working. Every American has either practical or theoretical knowledge of the process by which we select men for office. There are probably few Americans who have not either participated in it, or been exhorted to do so by writers on political morality. In fact, presence at the primary meetings, under the general name of "attending to his political duties," has been much preached as the chief political duty of the busy man who does not otherwise take an active part in politics. It used to be held more strongly than it is now that

if a man had taken part in a primary, he might always with a good conscience vote for the candidate whom the primary and its resulting conventions presented to him. The primary has gradually assumed in our system the air of a scheme or device on which the republic rests. Of course it has differed in its character and composition in different parts of the country, but under whatever name, for at least half a century it has been treated by most political philosophers, as well as by practical politicians, as the fundamental fact of our politics, indifference to which on the part of the intelligent is the cause of nearly all our woes. For some years, in many of the discussions which abuses have excited, writers have been apt to ascribe, especially in the cities, the particular trouble under consideration to the refusal of respectable citizens to take part in the primaries. This refusal has even been more dwelt on than the abstention at elections, which this class have practiced on a large scale. Yet the primary meeting, as the source of the nominating convention, is a novelty in democracy. It is, strictly speaking, simply part of a new system of selecting candidates for office, as such is evidently an experiment, and is not necessarily a part of the democratic scheme of government. It is of the essence of the democratic system that the majority shall decide who shall hold and administer the various administrative and legislative offices, but the mode of choosing candidates for these offices is a matter which democracy leaves completely open. Nomination is the offer to the people of the services of certain persons. But the democratic principle does not define the manner in which these persons shall be picked out.

Accordingly, almost every kind of nomination for office has prevailed in democratic countries. The earliest and most natural is the one which has for the most part been in use in small democracies, — the selection for places of dignity or responsibility of persons eminent in the eyes of their fellow citizens for what is called "social station;" that is, generally acknowledged superiority of some kind, in private life. This is the plan to which nearly all communities resort in their more primitive and simpler stage. They single out men who have in some satisfactory manner raised themselves above their fellows, and have become what is called "distinguished." These are supposed to have a kind of moral right to offices which impose responsibility. In this stage, and in this stage only, is it true that the office, as the saying is, seeks the man, not the man the office. The agreement of his fellow citizens that he is the person the place or the work demands is a kind of recognition which the great man waits for, as most agreeable to him. This system prevailed in the beginning in all the small democracies of Greece and of Switzerland. And we have a suggestion as to the manner of nominations in New England in the early days in the account by Gordon, the historian, of the life of Samuel Adams, the New England agitator, where he says that in 1724 Adams's father "and about twenty others, one or two from the north end of the town where all ship business was carried on, used to meet, make a caucus, and lay their plans for introducing certain persons to places of trust and power."

In the next stage the candidate does not wait for this recognition; he offers himself for the place or honor. Both recognition and honor are desired, and he therefore nominates himself; that is, he calls public attention to his own fitness, and sets forth with what fidelity and efficiency he would perform the duties which the office might devolve on him. In a small democracy, this, as a rule, is all that is necessary. Having heard what the rival candidates, if there are rivals, have to say for themselves, the voters make their choice. The elec-

tion comes quickly, if not immediately, after the nomination. People are supposed to be able to form a prompt judgment on the matter in hand. There may be intrigues in the candidate's behalf, but what we call the "canvass," or long process of persuasion, is not necessary and does not exist.

As the number of voters grows larger, the candidate is not left wholly to his own merits, or exertions, or reputation. A committee is appointed to look after his interests, and a canvass begins, for which the committee make arrangements. The members go themselves among the electors, or employ others to do so, to make sure, first, that the electors will vote for somebody, and then that this somebody is their own man. The nature of the arguments employed in his favor has probably never varied since the practice of electing candidates began. They are the arguments by which the voter is most likely to be influenced, no matter of what kind. It was through the canvass that the great and powerful first learned to conciliate the poor and lowly, and from the earliest times the various modes employed to cajole them have been a favorite subject of satirists. The first large democracy with which we have any acquaintance was that of England in the eighteenth century. Elections had been held before that time and the democratic spirit had prevailed in them, but it was only in the eighteenth century that they became really an important instrument of government, and the wealthy began to think it worth their while to use their money to influence the result. The contests were generally between landed proprietors and their connections, and the intrusion of a man like Burke into politics, on the ground of mere eloquence or ability, was a rare incident. Very soon elections began to determine the fate of ministries and influence the complexion of the House of Commons. Persuasion by argument was largely abandoned for bribery, and the use of the mob of non-electors for purposes of violence and intimidation became common. It was only in great cities, like London and Bristol, that men like Burke and Wilkes were able to displace the men of property or high connections, and we have in Burke's address to the electors of Bristol probably the first specimen of a real argumentation from a candidate to the voters of a large constituency, without appeals to some sort of prejudice.

In America, the old method of the candidacy of local magnates, selected for the purpose by other men like themselves, their neighbors and friends, seems to have prevailed long after the settlement of the country. The practice of the English counties was preserved; that is, the selection by some people of influence — sometimes in New England the clergy — of a good person to send to the legislature or to fill any other elective office. In all the colonies, and for some years in all the States, offices were reserved naturally for men of local mark generally created by property and social position. In all small communities, it is property which gives most distinction. In fact, from the fall of the Roman Empire almost to our time, the world was governed by property, and property was mainly land, and was associated in the popular mind, to a degree which we now find it difficult to understand, with political power and prominence. A landless man was held to have no "stake in the country," and therefore to have no right to manage public affairs. "Broad acres" became a synonym for wealth, and a natural title to political authority and confidence. This idea prevailed in the settlement of America, and found expression in large grants of land in several of the colonies. Probably nothing did as much to democratize America as the abundance of land and the ease of its acquisition. People began to perceive that a large landowner was not necessarily a great man, and the idea of government by

landholders, which had held possession of the world for a thousand years, was killed by the perception. Of course this dispossession of the landholder was aided by the growth of personal property, through the progress of trade, commerce, and invention. The freeholder has never stood as high in politics as he did during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Thereafter realty had to contend with personalty for influence in government.

America thus came out of the Revolution with the old and, one may say, human plan of treating some kind of previous social distinction, already known to the voters, as giving a title to nomination for office. The neighbors met and talked over the proper persons to fill certain places, and the ministers and persons in office gave advice. This is, as I have said, the human plan, which has always had recognition in business. Commercial agents and persons charged with trusts were always chosen in this way. Personal knowledge of the man by those holding the power of appointment was considered necessary. It seemed difficult, in small communities, to think of any other way. That a man was fit for office who was not already raised above his fellows, either by character or by the possession of property, was an unfamiliar idea. Nearly all the Revolutionary leaders were men of this kind. The signers of the Declaration of Independence and the drafters of the Constitution were all local notables. They were marked out for their work by some sort of prominence in their own homes. For nearly fifty years after the new government had been set up, nominees were known to everybody. Even nominees for the presidency were suggested by Congress, as state officers were in like manner suggested by the legislatures, the members of which were generally the men most prominent in their own localities. Why legislators had this weight and were allowed to assume this function may be conjectured from the size of the vote. In 1792 the vote for the governor of New York was only about 16,000, but by 1824 it had risen to 83,000. The growth of population diminished the number of well-known men, and the congressional caucus, which was simply a private meeting for the purpose of talking over common affairs, took on itself, not unnaturally, the duty of suggesting to the constituencies the names of candidates for the presidency. This practice appears to have begun as early as 1796, and by 1800 it had become so overbearing that the presidential electors provided for by the Constitution virtually ceased to have power or authority.

But the constituencies rapidly grew restless under congressional dictation. In 1808, a summons issued by Senator Bradley, of Vermont, "in pursuance of the power vested in him as president of the late convention of the Republican members of both Houses of Congress," was violently resented by Mr. Gray, a Virginia member, who "took the earliest opportunity to declare his abhorrence of the usurpation of power declared to be vested in him (Bradley), of his mandatory style and the object contemplated," and claimed for "the people" the right of "selecting persons to fill the important offices." In 1800, when a few members met and pledged themselves to use their influence in support of Jefferson, they were denounced as a "Jacobinical conclave,"[1] an expression for which the publisher was brought to the bar of the Senate. The congressional caucus, however, continued for twenty years to do the work of nomination, though with increasing hesitation and timidity, and amidst growing discontent with its action. The Clintonian platform in New York in 1812 declared "its opposition to nomination of chief magistrates by congressional caucus, as well because such practices are the exer-

[1] Niles's Register, December, 1823.

cise of undelegated authority, as of their repugnance to the freedom of elections." The caucus tried to defend itself by proclaiming that its members met only in their individual capacity, and that its nominations were simply suggestions. The attendance on it, also, by individual members of the party, was fitful. Meetings seldom contained more than two thirds of those who might have been present.

The first suggestion of a nominating convention seems to have come from the New York American, which in 1822 proposed a general convention of Republican delegates to assemble in Washington a few months before election day, and nominate a candidate for the presidency. "Coming immediately from their constituents," it said, "they would bring with them the sense of the people, and they would express that sense without being influenced by motives that might sway the representatives in Congress, who during the sessions at the seat of government may be supposed, without derogation to their purity, to have formed personal attachments and party combinations which would render them less fit for the important duty." It will thus be seen that the convention was expected to be a body which, like the constitutional conventions and the Hartford convention, would meet to discuss, without foregone conclusions or pledges. After this, nomination by the congressional caucuses passed out of use. As late as 1823–24 the friends of Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, tried to call a congressional caucus for his nomination; but very few members attended, and the project failed. Nomination by the state legislatures then began, as a recommendation or mark of local commendation, in cases where there was not a general agreement on a particular man, owing to his eminence in the party. The use of the nominating convention is ascribed by Alexander Johnston to the fact that "the new politicians, whom the rising democratic spirit and the extension of the suffrage were together bringing to the front, were determined to try the issue with the old party leaders in a new form." [1] In short, the voters wished to have a share in the work of choosing the candidates whom they were to elect. Social knowledge of these had ceased. It was no longer possible to presume on it. The United States had entered on a new era in its politics.

The establishment and growth of the nominating convention, in truth, constitute the capital fact of modern democracy in America. Of no other political phenomenon has the influence on the government and on the character of public men been so powerful. It is effecting a change in our political manners of which there is no parallel. But there is nothing in American history, of the progress and consequences of which there appears to have been so little prescience. There is no mention or allusion, either in Tocqueville or in any of our early writers, to its probable or possible effect. One finds no allusion to it in any of the commentators on the Constitution, early or late. The fact seems to be that its tendencies were hidden from the country during the reign of men of influence in our politics, such as Clay and Webster and Calhoun, by their own overwhelming importance, and subsequently by the absorbing political interest developed among all classes by the anti-slavery contest. This interest, it may be said, forced foregone conclusions on the conventions. Their work was done before they met, by public sentiment. They simply registered decrees already issued. It is since the war that the real working of the convention has been made manifest, and the vastness and complication of the machinery necessary for its production have become fully understood.

It was made necessary in the beginning, as I have said, by the size of the

[1] Cyclopædia of Political Science: article, Nominating Conventions.

population. We were making the first attempt in the history of the world to govern a very large population by universal suffrage, and the previous modes of nominating candidates for office either by personal knowledge or by the recommendation of notables had broken down. The people had grown too numerous to have personal knowledge of candidates, and they were too democratic to accept the recommendation of any one claiming superior powers of discrimination. A system of nomination in which every one could take some part seemed to have been made necessary by the circumstances of the country, and the elected convention seemed the fairest and easiest. Indeed, it was hard then, as it is now, to conceive of any other.

Another fact speedily appeared, and that was that universal suffrage was made more difficult, as a political agency, through the mere growth of society. When it was first established, the electors were a small body who were animated by great eagerness to vote. In nearly all discussions about the suffrage, in the early part of the century, it was taken for granted that a great number of electors would feel the same eagerness to exercise it, as a few. The strong desire of the excluded masses to make their will known in this way was the fundamental assumption of what was called radical politics. It does not appear to have entered any one's head that there would ever be difficulty in getting the bulk of the electors to come to the polls. There were many fears about the bad influence of their vote on the government, but there were no fears that they would not immediately and fully exercise the privilege conferred on them. In like manner, the canvass, as we call it, or the work of persuading them to vote in a particular way, did not seem likely to be arduous. Their number not being great, it was supposed they could be easily reached by influential speakers whose opinions had weight. There was no trouble, for instance, in getting at the 16,000 of the State of New York in 1792 except the trouble of traveling, which really gave electioneering a gravity in those days of which we now know nothing. A man who comes by an express train to talk to us cannot seem as serious an apostle as the man who comes by stage or on horseback. His place, in our day, is only inadequately filled by the swarm of young orators whom each party lets loose at the opening of a political campaign, who are rarely known to the body of the electors, and are listened to with the lukewarm attention which is all that a man who has not already made his mark can claim.

As the number of electors increased, too, the mere machinery of elections became more complicated. The early practice of *viva voce* voting, which was simple and natural in the days when each man either was entitled to vote as he pleased or owed his vote to somebody else, threw a large part of the trouble on the voter. But the ballot, which was well known in the ancient world, and was adopted by most of the American colonies, as numbers grew, threw greatly enlarged responsibility on governments. The provision of ballots and their distribution, and the enactment of precautions against fraud, which is much easier with ballots than in viva voce voting, made elections more complicated than they were in earlier days.

All this helped to increase the importance of the nominating convention. The work of finding candidates to please this growing multitude, and of making it seem worth their while to participate in the contest, became more and more heavy. One result of this work was to raise the value of party in the popular estimation. It was soon discovered that party spirit was a great assistance in managing large bodies of voters. For one thing, it greatly diminished the active work of canvassing. It was found, as voters increased in number, that the work of per-

suading or influencing was much lightened by party fidelity. To have a party, and be accustomed to act with it, helps the great body of voters in modern times in making up their minds what to do at elections, and in fact what to do in any matter of common concern with others. It is only the few who have firm opinions about anything but their own affairs. About public affairs the majority need the strengthening influence of agreement with others, — a fact of human nature in which, probably, party takes it rise. There is a certain feeling of pride and of strength and importance in belonging to an organized body of any sort, whether a regiment, a club, or a union, as we see in the multitude of associations which spring up in a free country, and which the mass of men love to join. As soon as you have secured a man's devotion to his party, either through respect for its principles, or through pride in its action on some great occasion, or through admiration of its leaders, or through liking for that portion of it with which he comes in contact, the task of getting him to support its platform or candidates is greatly lightened. Indeed, argument ceases to be necessary. A presumption that the party is always right, even when it seems to him, at the first blush, wrong, arises in his mind. He becomes what is known as "a lifelong Democrat" or "a lifelong Republican;" that is, a Democrat or a Republican who does not need to be convinced at every election, but who, having been satisfied early in life that his party was the best party, remains convinced, no matter how the platform may at first run counter to his beliefs, or how much he may disapprove of the candidates. In this way, large numbers of persons who have not time or head for politics remain always confirmed and unshakable conservatives or radicals.

This is interesting as throwing some light on the nature and origin of what is called "loyalty," — a feeling of attachment to a ruler in virtue of his office that was unknown to the ancient world, but has played a prominent part in the politics of the mediæval and modern world. Loyalty does not really depend upon the character of a ruler, but upon his filling a certain office through hereditary title. The prince still remains entitled to as much devotion as the follower is capable of, no matter what the royal conduct may be. To meet the chance of his behaving badly the fiction of bad advisers was invented, and grew into the ministerial responsibility of limited monarchies. The king can do no wrong except through the suggestions of bad men, whose removal from his councils restores the power of his natural inclination to do right. The transfer of this feeling of loyalty to party has been accomplished within the present century in the American democracy. There is no doubt that in the early days of the government what is called "party spirit" ran high, but it consisted mainly in abhorrence or detestation of the principles of the other party, rather than in devotion to or admiration of one's own. That the party had not become the power it now is we see from the ease and swiftness with which both the Federalist and Whig parties disappeared under the influence of mistakes or adversity. The history of both Whigs and Democrats at a later period, however, shows that the feeling of party devotion was rapidly growing. Down to the outbreak of the war, the number of those who were hereditary Whigs or hereditary Democrats — that is, Whigs or Democrats because their fathers were, just like the old Jacobites in England or the Legitimists in France — was large. Men told you how they were brought up to admire Jackson or admire Clay, and were therefore under a sort of romantic obligation to vote the Democratic ticket or the Whig ticket, and to approve of measures fathered by either of the parties. After the war, the Republican party, which had really taken the place of the Whig party, came out of

the conflict with claims on popular confidence and gratitude for which there is no parallel in political history except those of the English Whigs after the Revolution of 1688. It had saved from an immense disaster a great number of things which the nation valued, and there followed from this a strong presumption of its wisdom and virtue. It consequently retains the devotion of a large body of the nation in spite of errors or mishaps; but so does the Democratic party; men vote both tickets in large bodies, without reference to measures or men, under the influence of simple party loyalty. Even in the government of cities, when affairs in no way connected with national politics are under discussion, it is found very difficult to get them considered from any but the federal party point of view. Men vote as Democrats or as Republicans about the police or the gas or the mayor, and can give no reason except that this is what they have always done.

Now, this party loyalty, this confidence that one's own party is the best party to have power, is the basis of the present mode of management, and the origin of what is called "the machine." It is the confidence of the managers that they may rely on loyalty to the party to secure votes, however weak may be their title, which makes the machine possible. The machine consists of one or a dozen men in each county or district, charged with the duty of seeing that party loyalty is kept alive under all circumstances, of seeing that all persons entitled to vote do vote in a certain way, and of protecting them against the influence of hostile arguments, or it may be of giving them a taste of these advantages of loyalty at once, by promises of employment, or of advertising, or of cash, or of custom, or of patronage. The machine, therefore, is constantly working against and discrediting discussion, either of men or of measures. Loyalty does not discuss; it acts, and it has a certain contempt for the balancing of arguments. Given party loyalty and the nominating convention, and the creation of the machine becomes easy.

But in creating the machine a beginning is made with the primary. The hypothesis that one's own party is always the best party rests on another hypothesis: that in every district the primary is attended by all those who have a right to attend it, and that they take part in its proceedings. The falsehood of this assumption is notorious. A fair sample of what may or does happen in the cities was afforded by an examination made by twenty-five leading Republicans into the conduct of the Republican primaries in New York in 1895. It was thereby shown that frauds in the proceedings were practiced on a very great scale; that large numbers of persons voted at the primaries who had no right to do so; and that an enrollment secured in this way was, the investigators said, unworthy of "serious attention." That this happens continuously in the great cities there is no reason to doubt. But exposures of this kind are made only occasionally, because exposures come from internal dissensions, the quarrels of two factions within the party. These differences rarely arise about measures. They are generally caused by disputes about offices. As long as there is no disagreement on this point, little is revealed about the constitution or procedure of the primaries in the cities. In the case here cited, although the frauds were brought to light after an elaborate investigation, nothing was ever done to punish them or prevent their having effect. The delegates thus elected took part in the presidential nomination almost without remonstrance.

But the attendance of persons who have no right to vote at primaries is not more remarkable or frequent than the non-attendance of those who have the right. In the cities the proportion of the actual vote cast to the total enrollment is rarely over one third. In the

country the same thing happens. From inquiries I have made of competent authorities, it would appear that even in New England the attendance of the voters at the party primaries is very small. A competent observer writes from New Hampshire: —

"I would say that, in my judgment, the attendance upon the primaries at our biennial elections in —— averages from one third to one half of the voters. In the country towns, where the vote has been close in recent years, I think the same proportion might prevail; but in towns where the majority is strong, one way or the other, I do not believe that over ten per cent of the voters attend; and in the cities, while the proportion is quite large, the greater portion of those who do attend are the 'heelers' and rabble that are dragged in and driven in and bought in, in order to secure nominations for candidates. I think very few of the substantial, intelligent, well-to-do citizens attend the caucuses in the city. A better class attend those in the towns;" that is, in the country.

Another, a leading editor in Vermont, writes that he thinks the Republican caucuses are attended by "numbers sufficiently large to make them adequately representative of party judgment, in the farming communities as well as in the large towns and cities." But he acknowledges that there is a machine, and that it has often to be fought, and that it is more frequently defeated than triumphant. In spite of an overthrow in 1889, he says: "It got itself patched up again for the election of 1896, was beaten at the primaries after a red-hot canvass, but, grown more unscrupulous and desperate by its previous defeats, its candidate found in a convention that was perilously near an even division his opportunity — and I believe that he improved it, and that, for the first time in my knowledge of Vermont politics, money, used as corruptly as Tammany is said to use it to accomplish its purposes, decided the issue of the convention; and scores of others believe as I do."

Concerning Massachusetts, a careful observer writes me: —

"In lack of any definite information regarding the attendance at the caucuses in Massachusetts towns, the nearest matter to the point is what I remember of a debate in the House of Representatives in 1895 upon the caucus bill, one of whose provisions was that the caucus should be open for at least thirty minutes. It was then represented, and not denied, in behalf of the towns, that there was no need of such a provision for them, that the attendance was usually small, and that the business was transacted by voice vote in a few minutes. Anything which I can recall of my own observation is to the same effect, and there is no doubt that the statements represented the general truth, whatever exceptions may arise occasionally."

From Pennsylvania, I hear from a very good authority the following: —

"Replying to your letter, I can say, from interviews with prominent politicians here and from the country districts, that the proportion of voters in the country districts who attend the primary elections is about fifty per cent of the total vote of the majority party, and less than ten per cent of the minority party. In many districts where there is no contest the primary election is scarcely more than a formality, and in some districts only a corporal's guard of voters turn out. I think fifty per cent would be a fair average where there is interest in the result."

It is hardly necessary to say that the result would not differ materially in other parts of the country. What one hears even from the States possessing the best reputation for pure politics is that there is a machine; that it is constantly and tirelessly at work; that a large part of the energy of good citizens is expended in opposing it or preventing its having its way at elections; and that this energy

is generally displayed spasmodically, and only when the machine becomes too confident of its own power and attempts something unusually objectionable. A Maine newspaper of good standing, the Lewiston Journal, sums up the whole matter as follows: —

"Until the caucus is reformed thousands of the more intelligent voters will stay away from the primaries; for, having gone to them repeatedly to find them under the control of a mob, or under the manipulation of those who have no regard for an honest reflection of party judgment, voters get disgusted with the entire caucus system and stay away from the caucus altogether, occasionally rebuking it by cutting and slashing the ticket at the polls. We have had samples of these mob caucuses in more than one Maine city; and even in cities where there is a more orderly caucus, the system of balloting pell-mell, without registration, gives great opportunity for fraud by giving the ballot to men who never voted at all, or who rarely vote except for immediate revenue. Now that we have the Australian ballot in the general election, the demand for the reform of the caucus is more than ever imperative."

I have selected most of these examples from New England, because it is the part of the country in which American political customs have arisen, and in which the most serious view has always been taken of politics. New York and Pennsylvania may be said to represent more distinctly than any other part of the country what America is to be hereafter in the matter of wealth and population, and complexity of interests, and the growth of great cities. The cities are everywhere gaining on the country in number of inhabitants; that is, the population is becoming more and more urban, and we may therefore conclude that the smaller towns, as they grow, will become more and more assimilated in political manners and customs to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and will exercise a controlling influence on the government. To check this prospective preponderance, the recently amended Constitution of New York contains a provision that what is to be the Greater New York shall never contribute more than half the members of the Senate. So that the difficulty of securing the attendance of voters at the primaries, in so far as it is affected by numbers, is likely to increase rather than diminish, and the importance of party loyalty to the managers of parties is likely to grow, providing the present system of nomination continues.

This failure on the part of the bulk of the voters to attend the primaries for the purpose of participating in the choice of candidates appears to be due to causes not foreseen by the earlier Democrats. One is the decreased interest in politics caused by increased individual activity and complexity of private affairs. The contrast between the world at the beginning of this century and the world in our day consists not less in increase of population than in increase in the number of occupations, in facilities for making money, and in ease of moving from place to place. It is simply impossible, considering the limits of human powers, for a man living in 1897 to feel the same interest in the working of the machinery of his political party as the man living in 1817. The demands of other things on his attention are infinitely greater; so are his opportunities of improving his condition; so is the area over which he may extend his activity. The whole world, one may say, is his field. Literature, science, art, invention, philanthropy, make drafts on his attention of which his great-grandfather never dreamed. A good illustration of this change in the world's outlook may be found in Pepys's Diary. When Pepys, living in the latter part of the seventeenth century, met friends, they were apt to adjourn to a tavern and sing songs together or to one another. This meant

scarcity of topics of conversation. Their world was a very small one, in which few things occurred worth talking about. At that time, attendance on political primaries would have been a distraction as well as a duty, and the merits of candidates would have been discussed with keen zest. In our day, song-singing to one another, among men, would be looked on as an extremely silly and uninteresting practice. To the agricultural communities which composed the civilized world at the beginning of this century it would not have seemed so. In brief, private affairs have assumed, in these later days, an importance as compared to public affairs which our forefathers never could have anticipated. This state of things is causing everywhere a demand for government without trouble, or with very little trouble. The demand for good and enlightened government is as great as ever, but the desire for simple government, which can be carried on without drawing largely on the time and attention of the private citizen, is greater than ever. Government was never so much considered as a means to an end, and not as an end in itself, as it is to-day, — a mode of looking at it which goes far to explain the success of "the man on horseback," or dictator, in troubled communities.

From the time of the Reformation until about 1830, men were mainly occupied upon political freedom; the great concern of our day is domestic comfort, what is called success in life, or, in other words, pecuniary independence. We are mainly interested in this. We are eager that all should enjoy it, even the poor. Our questions are social questions. Political liberty has passed into the category of natural and usual things, like railroad traveling. We are now troubled about lodgings, diet, reading-rooms, old age, pensions, and the "living wage." Consequently, there has for a long while been a decreasing interest in politics, except on great occasions, on the part of the busy, active, intelligent portion of the community. This tendency has been strengthened in our country by the slow or imperfect action of the vote on the conduct of public affairs. It is not exciting to vote in November for a congressman who will have no influence on legislation or administration for over a year. This is the arrangement of an older world, and one very different from ours. This is also true of the election of legislators or executive officers. One election is as much as the bulk of citizens in the great centres of industry and population are willing to give time to. The number of abstentions from the polls among the intelligent classes in cities is very great. But the mere selection of candidates under our present system involves two elections, a double demand on time and attention. Experience has shown that the average citizen will not answer this demand. The effect of his vote on a result which is not final is too uncertain to interest him. He dismisses from his mind the whole process of selection, and falls back upon loyalty to his party as a sufficient guide in ordinary times. It is only at periods of great excitement or great party excess, such as 1860 or 1884, that he troubles himself about, or rises in revolt against, the choice of candidates.

The result of this is that the work of choosing party candidates through the nominating machinery has fallen, as it were naturally, into the hands of an idle class, which either loves political intrigue or does not look further in politics than salaried offices, and a large portion of which consists of men who either have failed in life or have never had any regular occupation. In their hands the work of nomination has been reduced to a sort of game, of considerable complication, beginning with the holding of primaries, either fraudulent or very thinly attended, and conducted solely with the view of turning out a result secretly determined beforehand, either by a small knot of persons termed

"the machine," or by a single person known as "the boss," who directs the whole operation. The object of the primaries is no longer to express the will of the party, but to secure for certain designated persons the support of party loyalty. The process is based on the confidence of those who conduct it that, whatever the result may be, the voters will accept it, for the sake of the party. The consequence is that the objections made originally to nomination by Congress or by the legislatures — that the nominators are self-constituted, and that the bulk of the party is not consulted — are fully applicable to the present mode of nomination. We have come back, under much more unfavorable conditions, to the earlier system, with more than all its faults.

It is a dangerous thing to attempt to describe causes in politics; that is, to say exactly to what particular cause any political phenomenon is due. In truth, it may be said that nothing in politics has only one cause. Everything is due to a composition or combination of causes. The utmost we can aver is that, of the several agencies which bring a thing about, one has been unusually powerful. What we call the machine, for instance, has undoubtedly affected public life and political manners unfavorably; but then the machine could hardly have grown to its present proportions without public apathy; and public apathy, in turn, is due partly to the machine, and partly to the size of the masses which have to be handled and must be persuaded before any direct effort can be produced. So we find ourselves almost in a vicious circle in accounting for any of the leading features of our democracy. Government is, undoubtedly, the product of the national character, but, on the other hand, it does much to mould the national character. The machine has assumed functions which have to be discharged by somebody, but in discharging them it produces indifference or dislike of the work among the rest of the community. The machine does not persuade. It acts, it arranges, it provides candidates and platforms, but it rather discourages persuasion. It does not support its candidates by arguments, but by appeals to party loyalty. The voter is asked to support this or that candidate, not on account of his principles or character, but because he is the party candidate. But there is nothing in a democracy so important as persuasion. That this work should be well done, and done continuously, is one of the conditions of healthy national life. Indeed, it may be called the heart of democracy, which sends the blood through all the national arteries. As soon as it ceases, circulation becomes languid or intermittent, the political institutions of a country become anæmic, and a dictator, or single ruler of some sort, appears in the distance.

The machine undertakes the work of providing the voter with candidates and getting him to come to the polls, but it does not undertake the previous process of keeping him informed about the rights and wrongs of public questions. It undertakes, if I may say so, to keep party spirit, but not public spirit, alive. It does not attempt any regular work of public instruction. In fact, it discourages discussion, and presents for leadership men clever in management rather than men clever in oratory, men skillful in a certain kind of intrigue for the party benefit rather than men skillful in propagating ideas of any kind. To this change in the type of the public men I venture to ascribe the frequency of what are called "crazes," of late years; that is, the sudden seizure of the popular mind by enthusiasm for some extravagant idea, or some scheme opposed to human experience and unwarranted by human knowledge. This disappears after a while before what is called "a campaign of education." A campaign of education, such as we have

had to carry on against the greenback movement of 1875, or the excessive tariff of 1890, or the silver craze of 1896, is in reality an attempt to do in a few months, under stress of some pressing danger, the work of persuasion or instruction which should be constantly going on. This constant persuasion or instruction must be a condition of all safe and successful democracy, and to be carried on fruitfully should be carried on by public men. In the English democracy, one of the most wholesome signs of the times is the incessant appearance, both before and during the meeting of Parliament, of public men on the stump. In fact, addressing his constituents on all the leading questions of the day, home and foreign, is as much a part of an English leading politician's functions as sitting in his place in the legislature during the session. It is part, and a most important part, of popular education. The discontinuance of this practice among us is one of the bad signs of our times. There are but few of our public men who ever address an audience except during some exciting canvass, and they then deal mainly in generalities, such as praise of their own party or denunciations of the other. Thorough discussion of distinct measures or events from all points of view, such as the discussions of the currency question which took place during the campaign of education in 1896, is very rare, almost unknown.

It may be said that this work is done by our press, but nothing could be further from the truth. There are but few newspapers which are conducted by men equipped for such work, and there are but few editors, however well equipped, who undertake it; nor does the public expect it of them. The ephemeral and superficial character of the newspaper is so deeply impressed on the popular American mind that the editor who attempts anything of the kind may almost be said to face a hostile or an indifferent audience. Even if the newspapers do it, they cannot do it with the authority of a speaker actively engaged in the work of legislation. The work of newspapers is really most effective when it consists in enforcing or spreading the views of distinguished public men, — always supposing that such men have the weight and authority they ought to have. The virtual disappearance of these men from our political arena is comparatively recent. If I said that it commenced with the appearance and growth of the machine, I should not be far wrong. There are plenty of men living who in earlier days did not make up their minds about any public question without hearing from Webster, or Clay, or Calhoun, or Silas Wright, or Marcy, or Seward; and they never had to wait very long. These leaders spoke on the question, either in Congress or on the platform, with a distinctness, reasonableness, and thoughtfulness which make the collected speeches of such men as Calhoun and Webster, even to-day, very valuable fountains of information and suggestion. I myself can remember the time when the opinion of his party in New York was not fully formed until William H. Seward had said his say; when the business of the newspapers was mainly to comment upon and enforce his views; and when the nearest approach we had to a boss was a devoted follower of an eminent public man, steadily engaged in spreading his fame and pushing his political fortunes.

Now, what is the reason of this change, of the disappearance of this class of men from public life, and of the comparative silence of those we have left? In answering this question I bear in mind the caution I have already expressed against giving only one cause for political effects; but I can myself make no analysis of American political manners which does not prove that the control of all entrance to public life by the boss and the machine is the chief reason why we are cut off from political

instruction by people actually engaged in the work of government. There is no term of politics more frequently used than the term "responsibility," but the popular notion of its meaning is very vague. Men in office live under two kinds of responsibility. One is the theoretical responsibility, under all political constitutions, of officials to the people who elect them and pay them. But the other, and the one far more strongly felt, is responsibility to those from whom they get the permission to contend for the prizes of public life. These, and not the people, are their real masters. It is they who permit them to enter on the public stage; it is they who can dismiss them or close their political career. The one is a vague, theoretical, or literary responsibility; the other is real, practical, and constantly present to every office-holder's mind. The boss and the machine hold the keys to all our leading offices. It is they who say whether a man shall even be allowed to compete for public favor. It is they who decide whether a second term in office shall be accorded to him, whether his career in public life shall be closed or continued. This question, as he knows well, is determined by considerations which have little to do with the real value of his public services. It is determined by secret rules of distribution in the matter of offices, of which every boss has a code. Whether the man shall have a nomination depends largely, not on his exposition of political doctrine or on his advocacy of certain measures, but on his services as an instrumentality for the division of patronage; for it is with patronage simply, and but rarely with measures of policy, that the boss occupies himself. It is he who decides what kind of office one who wishes to enter public life shall hold; whether he shall be a state legislator or congressman, a superintendent of insurance or the governor of a State. I have a case in mind where a man of some ability was ordered by the boss to resign his seat in Congress in order to become a city treasurer, and the order was immediately obeyed. It is to the boss that such a man has to render an account of his official career. It is the boss whom he has to please by his votes and speeches. It is the boss whose dissatisfaction may ruin him.

This power of the boss, too, is rendered all the more effective by our custom of insisting upon the candidate's residence in the particular district or locality which he seeks to represent. In France and England all constituencies can choose their representatives among all the politicians in the kingdom, no matter where they live. It is thus nearly impossible for the dissatisfaction of one constituency to exclude a man from political life. If he offends or fails to satisfy one, he can, if a man of distinction, almost certainly find another. If he quarrels with one local boss or caucus, some other is generally glad to take him up. But with us a quarrel with the boss of his residence or home is fatal to a politician's prospects. This residential qualification is the one thing needed to make the boss's power over him complete.

Thus I am forced to the conclusion that it is this real responsibility to the boss and the caucus, and not to the public, which accounts for the disappearance of distinguished men from public life, and for the decline of instructive political oratory. The inducement to public speaking is a desire to affect the opinion of those who have real power over a man's career. There are probably few men who would undertake it for the mere purpose of showing that they have something to say. They speak to increase their influence with the public; to prove their fidelity as public servants; to insure a continuance of public confidence in them, and thus to insure their continuance in the official positions they occupy. When the public has ceased to possess any power over their political

career, when their renomination no longer depends upon public favor, the necessity of conciliating or impressing the public is naturally less felt, if felt at all. The boss controls every office in the principal States. He does not unite these offices in his own person, as Augustus or Tiberius did, but he designates the persons who are to hold them, and they accept his dicta with increasing docility. It is, therefore, not surprising that the boss's wishes, his idiosyncrasies, his standards of political efficiency and duty, and not those of the public, should be constantly present to the candidate's mind; that he should seek most of all to please the boss. For oratory the boss has no use or admiration. His ideal of a public man is one who votes right, but does not talk, while the public has but little taste for or interest in the man who does not put himself in frequent and interesting communication with it. I dare say there are few in New York to-day who know the names of more than one or two of the Representatives in Congress from the city. The man in office feels but one responsibility; for no man can serve two masters, and the power which gave him his place and can take it away is the master he seeks to serve, and in the ways the master prefers.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the effect of this on the tone of public life. But there is one point connected with the making of what is called "tone" which ought not to be passed without mention, and that is the necessity, for its maintenance, of complete publicity as to the reasons for which a man gets office. There is nothing more necessary for the maintenance of what I may call political health than that all the world should know why a certain man gets a certain place. The distribution of place for secret reasons is one of the worst abuses of despotism, and the possibility of its return among us used to be dwelt on with a certain terror by the earlier commentators on the Constitution. Of course, I speak only of the larger and more responsible places concerning which public curiosity is excited. If these are even partially filled by men who do not appear to have reached them by what Burke called "manly arts," — that is, by public services or openly ascertained qualifications, — the effect on tone is very rapid and very marked; for tone consists not more in self-respect than in respect for those with whom one has to act. All attainment of public places by secret favor or intrigue, and the sudden appearance in responsible positions, for reasons unknown to the community, of men of patent unfitness, naturally lowers in their own estimation all the rest of the body to which they belong.

It is hardly within my plan to speak of remedies, and yet no discussion even of the tendencies of our nominating system would be adequate which did not make some attempt to say whether any substitute for it can be provided. I do not conceal my belief that the present system is the great canker of American institutions. I do not believe it can be long practiced without changing the structure of the government. It is accustoming the less intelligent class to what is really a new form, and is reducing the more intelligent to the despair of helplessness, and yet the maintenance intact of any government depends largely on popular habit and confidence. No constitution can retain its vigorous vitality which exists on paper simply; it must also be rooted in popular customs and ideas. The type of statesmanship which a democratic constitution calls for must be carefully preserved, and so must the orthodox sources of distinction. Any growing willingness to be content with inferior men has to be combated; the old ideals must be upheld. We must, as Emerson says, "obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime." But when we come to speak of substitutes, we are met at the outset by the difficulty that the persons to be reformed are in the posses-

sion of power, and are thoroughly satisfied with the present system. They predominate in Congress and in most of the legislatures in the country, and would resist vigorously any attempt at change. People seeking something different at their hands would be likely to meet with the same reception as the European democrats who, after the downfall of Napoleon, sought constitutions at the hands of despotic monarchs. The class called the politicians have the strongest interest in the maintenance of the existing state of things. Moreover, the elected convention has effected such a lodgment in our political manners that any attempt at change would possibly be met with a good deal of popular indifference or dislike.

But in considering remedies we have of course to take note of the evils to be remedied. The primary meeting is defective: first, in that the party voters attend it in only very small numbers, and consequently it has ceased to express the party will, or expresses it only very inadequately; second, in that, as we know it at present, it offers no obstacles to the carrying out of arrangements made secretly and beforehand by the boss or managers. The delegates to be elected are generally decided on before the primary meets, and they are rarely persons who represent the intelligence or morality of the party. Any sufficient remedy, therefore, would either furnish inducements to voters to attend the party primaries, or furnish some substitute for the primaries, or in some way prevent such secret selections as are now made by the boss in advance of the meeting.

Dr. Clarke, of Oswego, who has labored on this question for a great many years, and has produced a plan of reform which he has in vain tried to get embodied in legislation, proposes to overcome the difficulty of popular indolence and indifference by dividing the voters into small district constituencies, of the same size as regards numbers, and drawn by lot from the total number of registered voters. These small constituencies, say of one hundred apiece, are each to choose an electoral delegate, and the assembly of all these delegates is, in a city, to elect the mayor or other elective officers. This is in effect, as far as the size of the constituencies is concerned, really the present system in a rougher shape. Each district is treated as a separate entity, and controlled by "a leader," who generally gets his living by holding some inferior public place, and keeps the voters of his party in discipline and order. The difference comes when Dr. Clarke proceeds to choose the "electoral delegates." The machine insists on designating them beforehand, and prescribing for whom they shall vote in any election in which they may take part. Dr. Clarke would conceal them from the machine by selecting them by lot, like jurymen, and making their services compulsory. The plan then has the two great merits of diminishing the size of the constituencies in an orderly manner, and of concealing from the boss the delegates who would be chosen. But the difficulty of its adoption lies not only in the latter fact, but also in the fact that it obscures or hinders the direct action, through party organization, of the free popular will which the masses still fondly believe to be within their reach and which they strongly desire. Its adaptation to our system of government, too, is therefore not so simple.

Another of the great difficulties of party primaries is the difficulty of determining who has a right to vote at them. The present mode of nominating assumes that a man always belongs to the same party, and always votes its ticket under all circumstances. Consequently, the usual qualification for a party voter is having voted the party presidential ticket at the previous election. But he may not have done so, for various reasons that no longer have any force; or he

may since then have changed his mind, and may honestly desire to change his party. Party belongings are matters of opinion. We can only know from a man's own statement to which party he really belongs, and it is against public policy to throw obstacles in the way of any citizen's going freely from one party to another. It is through this possibility of change that public opinion acts on government. Yet in our nominating system we treat party as a permanent status, the loss of which excludes a man from all share in the work of nomination. For instance, unless I voted for Blaine in 1884 I could not participate in the selection of Harrison in 1888, and unless I voted for Cleveland in 1888 I should have been incompetent to aid in selecting him as the party candidate in 1892. So that in devising any reform the existence and utility of parties have to be acknowledged, and means have to be provided for recognizing a genuine party man and for the protection of primary meetings or conventions against bogus voters. I have not heard of any such practical available test, and the invention of one, as long as people insist on government through party, will be difficult.

The only mode of escape from this difficulty as yet devised is what is called "independent voting;" that is, refusal to belong to any party, and free passage from one to another, as the circumstances may seem to require. But this necessarily involves the abandonment of any share in the work of selecting party candidates, and shuts the voter up to choice between two on whose nomination he has had no influence. Moreover, it takes out of each party, if it is to be effective, a large body of the most thoughtful and patriotic of the voters; that is, of persons who still retain a keen sense of the fact that party is an instrument, not an end, and whose aid would be most valuable in raising the character of nominations. I do not think I err in saying that the power of the machine and of the boss over nominations has increased *pari passu* with the growth of independent voting. Each party, in getting rid of its more mutinous or recalcitrant members, solidifies the power of the machine, makes insurrection less frequent, and renders "kicking," as it is called, more odious. It weeds out of the party management, too, the element most sensitive to public opinion, and most anxious to secure the approbation of the more thoughtful class of the community. What remains is composed of men hardened against criticism, indifferent to all approbation or disapprobation but that of their own fellows, and knowing little of any political virtue except that of fidelity to party friends. In the State of New York, which may be said to be the arena in which all political tendencies first show themselves, this has been strikingly true. In no other State is the independent vote so powerful and active as in New York, and in none is the machine so audacious or so insensible to warning. The overthrow of one party by this vote seems only to suggest imitation to the other. Each follows closely the very ways which have brought ruin on its predecessor, so that the independent vote is brought almost to the end of its resources. It can punish one party only by putting the other in power, and this party takes care that the condition of things which brought on the punishment shall continue unchanged, and even finds means to negotiate with the other for a division of patronage.

"Independent voting" then has clearly ceased to be a remedy. Something better has still to be found. The most popular remedy is throwing the protection of law around the caucus or primary meeting, and making frauds in its composition or in the conduct of the proceedings criminal offenses. This, it is true, would prevent such cheating as took place in New York in 1895, but it would not secure a larger attendance of the

voters, which is the chief need of the primary meeting. The meeting would still fail to represent the bulk of the party, though the law might make those who were present more decorous. And as assuredly as the attendance continued to be small, it would be controlled and its proceedings be prearranged by those who had personal interest in being present. Legalization would not overcome the reluctance of indolent or busy voters to take part in a proceeding which was not conclusive, and in which any opposition to a programme previously arranged by active party managers would make them unpopular, and expose them to discussions to which they would feel unequal. It would prevent gross frauds on the spot and make attendance safe and orderly, but it would do nothing towards making the primary a full representative of party opinion and feeling. In other words, it would still continue to grind out results carefully prepared by the boss, and the art of politics would continue to be taught to our youth, not as the art of government, but as the art of "getting delegates."

Is the situation then hopeless? Are we tied up inexorably simply to a choice of evils? I think not. It seems to me that the nomination of candidates is another of the problems of democracy, which are never seriously attacked without prolonged perception and discussion of their importance. One of these was the formation of the federal government; another was the abolition of slavery; another was the reform of the civil service. Every one of them looked hopeless in the beginning; but the solution came, in each case, through the popular determination to find some better way. In all ages this has been one of the democratic characteristics. It is the only régime in which there is no disposition to stagnate. It may improve or it may deteriorate, but it is an incessant movement, and has a passion for experiments, some of which end badly, but those which have behind them the general human instinctive longing for efficiency are apt to succeed in the end.

The first condition of the successful removal of an abuse is its general recognition as actual. After this comes search for something to take its place. I think, from what I observe in the press, that this recognition has come, or is coming very rapidly, and that we shall before long see the beginning, at least, of the search. In some States, already, legislation for the reform of the primary is under consideration. In Michigan, a bill now in the legislature purposes to abolish nominating conventions and compel the primaries to nominate, which would strike a serious blow at the power of the boss, if voters could be got to attend.

E. L. Godkin.

AN ARCHER IN THE CHEROKEE HILLS.

Once upon a day — it was just at the welding-point, where spring is brazed upon summer with a sudden luminous, aromatic heat — I had a tent beside a bass-brook. The angling was good for two or three miles, up stream or down, while all about in the wood, practically speaking untouched of axe or saw, the birds and squirrels offered every delight known to the shooter in a longbow, the lover of nature, the man who has inside of him a remnant of sweet savagery. But I was somewhat unhappy.

An accident — the snapping short in twain of my only weapon — had badly crippled my resources; for when the upper limb of my bow broke, just at full draw, as I was aiming upon a fine male summer duck, a gorgeous target indeed, there ended the better half of my sport. Moreover, when the piece sprang off with a keen crack, it gave me a blow across the head not so much milder than a Hibernian policeman deals when a street-corner fight is on. And there, quite alone, I stood, both bereft and belabored, — all on account of a machine-made bow with a flaw in its wood aggravated by two years' lack of adequate seasoning.

There can be little to say, at the best, upon a matter of despair. An outing is rarely flexible or ductile. You have seven or fourteen days, no more, at the command of delight: those days are infinitely precious; you must compress into them a multitudinous realization of all the pleasures accumulated during perhaps a whole year of anticipatory longing — and your bow breaks on the second morning of your golden vacation, leaving you gaping at space twenty miles deep in a lonely forest!

I held one piece of the faithless weapon in my left hand; the other piece lay on the ground at my boot-toes. Meantime, the gayly penciled wood-duck — which is also called summer duck, as I have said — did not fly, but swam in a small circle on the brook's cheerful water, eying me askance. Inwardly, very deep, something belonging to my temperament exploded, sending a blaze through blood and brain, making a fierce light by which I chose my epithets; but the subtlest of these could not mend the bow. It would have been partial compensation had the duck but taken to wing; for its evident willingness, even anxiety, to be shot at was now like an insult unbearable. And when at last, frightened by my raging voice, it did fly away, twinkling between the plane-trees above the brook, it left me in no mood for the congratulations offered by an officious blue jay.

Probably most men and all women have enough common sense to comprehend why, my sylvan archery thus abruptly ended, the joys of the fishing-tackle fell stale. What you lose is ever the very thing upon which all other things depended for the leaven of delectability. Striding back to my tent in melodramatic indignation, I was further worried by three young squirrels, toothsome to look at, hanging low on the bole of a big tulip-tree. Nature appears to have a sense of humor, vast, profound, immitigable. I could not keep from laughing somewhat hysterically at what my predicament suggested. There is something, indeed, positively ludicrous in the picture of an archer out shooting in the wild-wood without a bow!

> "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
> Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu
> Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
> Fusce, pharetra."

As a master of archery, I have doubts whether Horace knew how to nock an arrow or loose a string; his adventure

with the wolf in the Sabine wood may seem to have that weight dear in the estimation of schoolmen, — likely enough! — but the practical archer brings even to Latin verse a sense of that grin supposable to the countenance of a fierce beast, *quale portentum*, the like not elsewhere to be found, when it concluded to run from an unarmed poet. But then Horace was singing of a girl by the name of Lalage — the wolf did right. To escape from a bard big with a love-song is the first law of nature.

Still, it was in a doleful mood that I reached my tent and sought philosophy in a pipe abetted by the seventh idyl of Theocritus. Know that my pipe was French brier-root, with but one stop, and that for tobacco, not bucolic wind. I like perhaps overwell to read about pastoral tootings, yet as a concrete fact I prefer a frog to a flute; his noise is the better, and his flesh, when broiled upon a bed of hickory coals, is ambrosial. You will dress the game thus: skin his hinder legs and loins, whack them off, wash them in the brook; be quick and lay some bruised cress thereon, vigorously rubbing it for a minute; then wash again, salt, pepper, insert a clove; then to the coals for a hot, crisp broiling, while your palate trembles for joy and while a cardinal grosbeak sings in the haw bush yonder.

This particular idyl, the Thalysia, is to Theocritus what the Ode to a Nightingale is to Keats, — evidently the song he takes closest into favor. Reading it in a wild-wood gives just the light for safe criticism, as reading the Ode under a lamp in the library best reveals what Keats imprisoned in his immortal phrasing. Where and when has an outing been described so perfectly and with such fitting enthusiasm as in this golden idyl of Cos? How does Theocritus manage to make one feel the very dust of the country road under one's eager feet, with an abounding youthful sense of hurrying on toward the distant farm, where amid loaded orchards, beside the fountain, Demeter's feast is spread? Like all true poets, he was a boy, his genius had heyday in it; he would rather play than work. There he gets sympathy universal by touching the core of truancy in us all.

And what direct, unhindered vision he lets fall upon his simple little drama! The shepherd fellow they meet, he of the tawny goat-hide dress, with a fine friendly smile on his face, stands forth alive, full-blooded, a trifle rank as befits one fresh from cheese-making, but he is a poet with a manuscript in his pocket which he aches to read. Alas! poets are built so. Theocritus, too, is prepared in like manner for any chance of mouthing his latest song. It is not in the record, but I suspect that both of his companions, Eucritus and Amyntas, had a few verses hidden somewhere about their clothes. And there in the highway at noontide, while even the lizard dozed on the stone wall and the larks were hiding from the heat, they stood and spouted their melodious Greek, doubtless perspiring freely, especially Lycidas, wrapped in his shaggy he-goat hide! After that they parted; Theocritus and his two chums going on to the harvest feast, Lycidas disappearing leftward down a road toward Pyxa.

Now again the pebbles clinked and hummed under their hurrying shoes; far behind them fell the tomb of Brasilas. The fair Amyntas showed the fairer for the flush of exercise, and all three together tumbled down when they at last reached the farm, stretching their tired young limbs on a fragrant bed of leaves. Ah, but how delightful the feel of such a couch under the poplars and elms, beside the bubbling well! Cicadas in sunburnt coats rasped away at their shrill tunes amid the dusky foliage overhead; in the distant thorn thicket something lilted softly; finches and larks and doves were at full cry, while golden insects whirled above the shining water.

Summer was kissing Autumn; the seasons were blending their riches, loading the air with fruity and winy odors, while some jugs, sealed up four years agone, were opened for the feast. Delicious!

Now, if anything could have consoled me in the matter of my broken bow, this reading was just it; and yet when I heard the gray squirrels barking in the hickories over beyond the brook, I flung down Theocritus with a thump; there was no comfort for me. Out of the brook's prettiest dimple, right there before my tent, up leaped a twelve-inch bass, making a fine liquid note as he broke the surface. What of it? The one thing I wanted was my bow. Perhaps if I had broken my fly-rod desire would have been reversed: the bow might have appealed to me in vain while the squirrels scampered and chattered.

Partly by accident, yet more by the fine instinct of a mountaineer who bore me to the spot, I had camped in a most charming place. From the tent's door to the brook the distance was three jumps of a hare, so that, sitting there, I heard the lulling swash of small waves among polished stones, — a very good noise to sleep with, going through a dream so fittingly, disturbing it (as a soft wind stirs drowsy summer foliage) only to deepen or brighten it. All around the wood was old, stately, primeval, filled with tender gloom, permeated with gratefully musty odors. Blue mountains notched the sky, wherever a glimpse of distance could be had, with iris tints on vagrant fleece-clouds above, while down the rocky slopes masses of pine and jack-oak boscage alternated without any distinct lines of separation. A furlong or more beyond the brook one of those indefinite mountain roads meandered toward some obscure goal. Along it, at rare intervals, an ox-cart clattered. I could hear the driver's petulant voice. Each going-by interested me, for I was expecting Claude to join me, coming direct from home.

To make a short story long, he did arrive on the following morning, a right cheerful apparition, trudging over from the road, loaded like a pack-mule, but singing gayly: —

> "Should like to play my way
> Through the starry fields to heaven,
> As the slugging centre-rush
> Of a football eleven!"

He was an undergraduate, clean, doughty, pink-and-white, looking as if just forth from the baths of the gymnasium. Not in the least an archer, but untiring with bass-tackle, he eyed the stream knowingly while crossing it on a log blown bridgewise over from bank to bank long ago. He wore the very smile of Lycidas. And the first thing he unpacked was a magnificent yew bow, sent me by a friend in London; next out came a sheaf of hunting-arrows ready for the string. That bow was, as it still is, a thing of beauty. Yonder it now stands in a corner of my library bookshelves, with two others, also gifts from English archers. Yet I bought each of them at a startling price; for be it known that a yew bow from London, valued at £11 10s., is held in the New York Custom House pending the time in which a draft for enormous duties must be sent. But the beautiful, the super-excellent weapon is cheap at any price, — hand-made, unbreakable with just usage, unchangeable, growing springier, sweeter of cast, more valuable, every day, like a violin of Cremona.

Not long ago I read a newspaper man's very detailed description of how to make a good longbow, but with his first paragraph he spoiled his science, as a duffer always must. "Hickory," he said, "hickory is the best wood for a bow." You should see a true archer smile at that; for a hickory bow is a heavy, sluggish, worthless stick, about as resilient as putty. The same journalist fetched out once again that sear fable of amazing feats of archery done by our Western savages. In fact, the Indian is not, and never was, even a fairly good

bowman, albeit at short range he could hit a buffalo somewhere between brisket and hip with his rudimentary arrows. And his bow! — it is no more to be compared to the symmetrical weapon turned out by a London bowyer than a tom-tom is to a Spanish guitar. It is, indeed, an abomination of both material and craftsmanship.

May I tell the history of my best bow, the dark one nearest the wall? Plaything, the newspaper wise man named the like, in comparison with a five-foot *bois d'arc* (he called it hickory) segment of a hogshead-hoop, hight a bow, in the hand of a half-naked Sioux buck! It came from a yew-tree of Spain to the London workshop, a billet in the rough, but to be split out with care; and not a flaw in it. The bowyer scrutinized it with the connoisseur's knowing eye, found it perfect, laid it up to season. And for five years, — dream of it! — for five long years that billet passed from stage to stage, slowly hand-worked into a bow; then yet another year it was tested and polished before I could have it. From the strongly wrought horn nock-tips to the green plush handle midway between, it is a comfort to look upon; you might well call it a sonnet in wood. A hickory bow, indeed! and an Indian archer! With this yew, at eighty yards, I shot nine out of eleven arrows through a gourd eight inches in diameter.

My delight now spilled over; I clutched the bow, snatched it out of Claude's hands, as if some enchantment might whisk it away before I could absolutely realize it. How evenly it flexed from tip to tip, save where the handle stiffened it! I laid my ear to the taut string and thrummed out Diana's hunting-note, or was it the yew-tree's song brought from the windy hills of old Spain? Just above the handle shone a plate of mother-of-pearl set in the wood for the arrows to slide upon. A goodly sprinkle of gray in my hair; still, was a boy ever happier? But that summer duck —

Claude went his way with rod and creel, while I set off over a hill-spur to intercept the brook far above, where amid water-weeds and grass-tufts it flowed in desultory windings from pool to pool. On the way I must try the new bow and fresh hunting-shafts at knots on logs, low-hanging sprays of foliage, or whatever offered a mark. Light in hand, as a bow must be, sweet of cast, with that indescribable energy possessed by yew, it made shooting a matter of high satisfaction, like that of poetry when we read Anacreon's fragments or Shelley's odes; only there is an added physical romance in the act of archery out in an ancient wood. If you should hear the windlike sough and the keen stroke of a blunt-headed arrow, you would have a sense of a glad new force in the air, — or an old one called forth again.

In those hills of Cherokee Georgia the wild flowers take what time pleases them for blooming. Violets, larger than I have seen elsewhere, painted sky-blue spaces on the slopes; yellowroot, purple geranium, and all the sweet gush of spring's veins made a flow of delicate colors beside lichen-frilled rocks, or decorated the buttressed roots of the trees. I remember taking for target a tuft of wild pink, my arrow knocking the blooms into a dust of rosy tints that floated a moment, then went out like an extinguished light.

On thinly wooded ridge-tops birds are always few, but descending toward watered lands you find them in greater number, till in the thickets fringing the brooks they sing distractingly in every avian key, fighting the while, or rushing in pursuit of what to fill their crops withal; a bedlam of phrases, a delirium of color and motion. This is true more particularly where you cross the path of migration earlier in the spring, at a time when clouds of oscines are passing northward toward their immemorial nesting-places.

The sylvan archer, taking his too scant and infrequent outing, is more or less a pot-hunter, partly from necessity, somewhat by yielding to the strong clutch of temptation. He must not be criticised by tender-minded persons who never felt the old sweet ancestral savage emotion churning their blood, when a November frost, proclaiming the quail and partridge, sent a whistling shaft of nipping wind over the stubble; rather let a sympathizing sportsman do the weighing of motives and the reckoning of values. For my part, being deep in the wilderness where the word "trespass" is obsolete, when I am hungry for bird-flesh, let the bird beware, as the worm and butterfly must beware of the bird, as the wren must dodge the shrike.

While yet the sun was low in the east, a dewy chill lingering in the mountain air, I reached the little marshy flats bordering my brook two miles above the tent. Here I had expected to surprise a wood-duck or two in the puddles of water which were surrounded with rims of tall grass. Not a feather, not a wagging, brilliant head, not a webbed foot, however, was there, — only a small bittern, lank as a toothpick, flew up before me; so I stole down-stream beyond the flats, and just in the edge of the wood up flashed a woodcock like a dull yellowish blaze. I marked his flight to where he went down; but I could not find him. He must have run far.

The banks of the stream rose higher as I passed on into a forest of scattered oaks, where broomsedge in thin wisps dotted the stony ground. Here meadowlarks, two or three pairs, appeared to be nesting, while aloft in the treetops rang the woodpecker hammers, like the rapping of carpenters heard far away. At a place on a bluff of the bank a thicket of haw bushes hung over the water. Behind this I crept, foreseeing that from its cover I could have a long look down-stream over a straight, quiet reach of silver on which my duck might be disporting.

Sneaking upon game, as we archers call this crafty method of outwitting wary birds, is a cat's art, in which light stepping and the very poetry of skulking are chief elements. Such pursuit is its own reward; for, hit or miss, when at last the shot is sped, you have done a difficult thing in coming within bow range of a bird born to the business of seeing you first. On hands and knees I slipped through that dense, fragrant bosket, till I could peep forth over the water, holding in my left hand the bow, in my right a steel-pointed, red-feathered arrow carefully selected.

And there indeed was the duck, close in by the bank, but down-stream too far. I must get nearer, at least forty paces nearer, to feel reasonably sure of a fair shot at a target so small; but how, seeing that I should have to break cover and trust only to chance objects for masking myself? Nearer yet to the ground I shrank, going now serpent fashion, wriggling from tree to sedge-tuft, from rock to weed-fringe, all the time gazing at the duck, taking swift advantage of its every moment of inattention. I had chosen a little dogwood-tree, with low-hanging boughs, for my station to shoot from, albeit the foliage was thin, scarcely cover at all; and when I reached it, the thing was how to get upon my feet all unseen.

Even this I accomplished by slow stages, a great strain to nerves and muscles, — rising as the hand of a clock moves, rigidly, imperceptibly. Now the duck was preening a gay wing, sitting at a half-turn upon the water not ten feet from the bank; the distance was fifty-five paces, a slightly plunging shot through a rift in the dogwood foliage. I stood a moment to feel my circulation right itself; then I drew. And it was a shot of great beauty, although bloodless, even featherless. The arrow fell barely short, with a bright splash, piercing the shallow water, so that it stood fixed aslant in the clay bottom, its three carmine vanes quivering like the wings of a

dragonfly. But the duck, — it spat one rasping quack, its feathers all stood up separately; then it flew as if shot from a mortar, a shimmering rocket between the dusky trees.

For an hour or more I lay under the dogwood resting, enjoying the incident just closed, while two mocking-birds beyond the brook fluted an amœbean sketch, a cardinal grosbeak joining in now and again with its jubilant whistle. In the opposite bank a pair of belted kingfishers had their nest-hole, about which they hovered at intervals, diving into it once or twice. A pewee flycatcher amused me for a while. He had lit on a piece of driftwood protruding from the water, from which perch he darted in every direction to take insects on the wing, always returning to the same place. A meek, solemn little bird, with a sad falsetto voice; he probably killed fifty gnats while I watched him work. And what a monster those tiny things must have thought him! In his crop he held a whole army of them. He is one of my best companions, coming to me in the loneliest places of the woods, from the far north even to the Gulf coast islands; always the same demure, feeble-looking dwarf, half stupid, yet strangely agile.

It is worth while, I dare say, to be idyllic one fortnight out of the whole rushing, grinding, practical year. An hour like that under the dogwood-tree gives to the ancient centre of one's life a bath of primitive freshness, with a nameless shock, dreamy, pervading, reminiscent. How clear the water's flow! And yonder arrow fixed in the current, gently wagging, its feathers a glowing red flower on a pale polished stem, communicates with the archer lying here; tells him of innumerable joys caught far and away by streams, meadow-lands, willow thickets, mangrove islands, and along the breezy coast-haunts of plover, the home of the pelican, the lonely sand beaches between the sea and the everglades — the story beams as it unfolds.

But I must trudge on, even wade in to get my arrow; for it is a good one of its sort, having the "solid" flight, that best evidence of high art in the fletcher's shop. Standing half knee-deep in the chill water, I had just plucked up the shaft, when far off down-stream a glint caught my eye. It was such a ray as a green flag leaf darts when wind and sun strike it together; but it was in the air midway between the water and the overhanging boughs. Ha! the duck coming back! Claude, as he went whipping along, had flushed it in a pool down below, as I correctly surmised, doing me a good turn by one of those charming accidents upon which optimism dines sumptuously.

Some day when your opportunity arrives, please observe the flight of a wood-duck coming head on into your eyes; for there is something delicately finished, so to speak, in the picture it offers, a trembling sketch in half-tints, driving along like a cloud-wisp in a gale, or a gay fairy yacht at utmost speed, listing sharply to this side and that. For a moment or two you may see it apparently nearly level with your eyes; but with its approach it seems to lift rapidly, showing its under parts more and more, its shimmering breast, its backward-pointing feet, its short tail. Before you are master of yourself, you staring duffer, the scudding bird has whisked overhead, — gone like a shooting star. And you forgot that you were out for game and had a weapon, did you?

Not so with the sylvan archer trained from boyhood in the school of sudden chances. The unexpected is always met halfway, bluff for bluff, with all that promptness and imperturbable nerve can do; otherwise the archer would be a forlorn tramp in the wilderness, his larder empty, his spirit sour. Up went my bow-arm, the arrow's nock jumped to the string, the bow bent until the cool steel shaft-point kissed my left forefinger knuckle. Then in my head a flash of

mathematics, a nice intricate problem of highest calculus was solved to fix my aim just adequately ahead of, and apparently above, the hurtling target. How long would it be going, this updrawn missile, from the bowstring to the point where it would cut the duck's line of flight? And meantime how far would the duck fly? You see the difficulty! A wink of time in which to solve it.

Correct habit is the secret of great shooting. When Horace A. Ford, the master bowman of modern England, did his wonderful target practice, it was always at one or another of three accurately measured ranges, so that he had but three points of aim to fix in his memory; moreover, his targets were motionless. But think of the sylvan archer's infinitely varied predicaments, his sliding scale of distances, situations, objects; and then contemplate a flying duck. The wonder of wing-shooting with the bow affects me as curiously now, after years of performance sufficiently pleasant, as when the first bird fell to my shot in the flush of vigorous boyhood. It seems a sort of guesswork, touched with both science and romance, reduced to the mechanical accuracy of habit; yet I always know, at the moment the arrow quits the string, whether my shot will hit or miss.

The shot of which I am now telling is one of the rubricated and gold-lettered records of my archery, an event serving as a perfect standard of reference. I let go the arrow cleanly, so that it sped like a bee, and it met the duck's breastbone at the fork, stopped the flight in a puff of down and feathers, just as Claude came in sight round the stream's distant turn. He saw it all. Before the duck could fall straight down to the water, off went the young man's cap with a wild flourish of approbation, while he gave his class yell and danced in the silver current, his fly-rod quivering limberly.

We two met a little farther down, where we compared bag and creel. He had three small bass against my male wood-duck. Of them all together we could make a dinner not to be surpassed in the best restaurant, considering what other good things we had at the tent. Hunger smacks its sensuous lips in the wilderness, winks a greedy eye at anything cookable. Ah, but the savor of a spitted bird must be great when it can follow one five hundred miles and hold fast for almost ten years! "Sed alba non sine Coo;" the white, sweet wine of freedom must have done its part, while all around the wood-thrushes, those pipers of the golden reed, filled the air's most lonesome deeps with their phrases.

Culture's sips are grateful to the taste; one feels how the world needs the presence of refinement more and more; but freedom, even savage liberty, must be preserved as a thoft-fellow who will pull the boat of life lustily enough when culture sickens or shirks. I am conscious of my own need; this greedy glance I turn upon the few unshorn nooks of mountain, fen-land, shore waste, forest, is not a mere affectation; the thing I long for is freshness, the smell of a lonely wood at twilight, the break of day with dew and birds, where nature has not been lopped and repaired beyond recognition. It is medicine, it is cheer, recreation, a return to the authentic standard, this draught of what my distant ancestors drank, from morning till night, all the days of their lives.

And now that my yew had come, the mere shooting-desire burned rapidly down; for the best of sylvan archery is to stray and loiter, bow in hand, to and fro and round about, with imagination for company, spying upon the birds at their nesting, the plants at their blooming or fruiting or seeding, while exercise brings a glow to limb and countenance. To play as a child plays, — there is true recreation, with no person anear to curl a lip at you, but with enormous Mother Nature coddling you, encouraging you, for a whole fortnight. Yet I shot a great deal, shot till my arms ached; the woods will

remember me by the arrow-scars on bole and bough, high up, low down, where the blunt piles struck off the bark with whacks that rang clear and far.

It was during this outing that I made a careful study of the cardinal grosbeak. There were many in the haw thickets, where they had nests full of young, one brood taking wing before I broke up camp. The nest of this bird is seldom built high; usually the place chosen for it is a crotch, or a point where several small boughs converge, well hidden by foliage. And what fighters the little red cocks are! They pounce with fury upon every other bird coming near the nest, striking with wings and beak, scolding raucously meantime. The cardinal's cry, or song, is a loud, defiant, boisterous phrase whistled in the major key, filling a whole wood with cheerfulness. It sounds to me like "wheep-ear, wheep-ear, wheep-ear, wheep!" given in a shrill yet mellow fife-tone. The red feathers of the cock are dazzling, but the little hen shows only a tinge of dull carmine on her sober grayish plumage.

I got into a row with a pair of cardinals one morning, the whole proceeding on their part showing shameless ingratitude. Hearing some blue jays making a great noise in a wild plum thicket not far from the tent, I took up my bow and went to see what was the matter for such a hubbub. A mob of jays had surrounded a little hawk which I soon discovered in the middle of a plum-tree, where he sat quite still, evidently afraid. He saw me, however, and made a dash to break the line of his enemies; but he could not go far, they worried him so. I ran forward under cover of some low foliage, presently reaching a point from which I could shoot at short range, and brought him down. Now the jays turned tail and flew away. But it had chanced that I shot from very close beside a cardinal's nest; indeed, my right elbow jostled it at the recoil of the bow. Then came trouble. Both redbirds assaulted me, pouncing at me with vicious beak-snappings, almost striking me in the face. They seemed not to account it anything that I had slain the marauder who would have made a meal upon one of them or their tender nestlings. Such is avian gratitude.

After a certain period spent in the woods, sometimes three days, sometimes three weeks, the romance of it cloys, falls stale. I am as eager to get back to my desk as I was to go away from it. I have eaten enough ambrosia; give me once more the solid diet of work-a-day life. But I bring back with me from the lonely places something, I know not what, like a smack of wild honey, that sweetens my memory for a year, or until another outing comes round. And so, taking leave of the notes from which this sketch is drawn, I fling one of them back over my shoulder, a Parthian shaft whizzing from a thicket beyond Tuccoa and Tallulah. Here it is: —

"*May* 19. Made a pretty shot this morning. It was from behind a rock on a hillside. Shot across a ravine and hit a young hare. The rock was in a thicket of blackberry and other bushes. As I stepped in the hare bolted out, ran down into the ravine and up the other side to a point opposite. It was a tangled place to shoot from; but I dared not move for fear of losing the main chance. Let drive, the briers tearing the back of my bow-hand. Centre drop. Clipped him behind the ears. *Le pauvre lapin*, I have already eaten him!"

Maurice Thompson.

"THE SONG O' STEAM."

"I 'm sick of all their quirks an' turns — the
loves an' doves they dream —
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing
the Song o' Steam ! "
RUDYARD KIPLING, *McAndrew's Hymn.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Kipling has furnished the text, this brief paper is in no way intended as a criticism or even as an examination of his verse. That he has in various places expressed more or less distinctly a sentiment similar to that which he here puts into the mouth of McAndrew is for the moment of less consequence than the fact that many moderns share the feeling with him. Often vaguely phrased and doubtless vaguely felt, but not infrequently explicitly held and stated, the opinion becomes more common every day that the poetry of the future is to be the poetry of science and invention, of steam and electricity, of microbes and bacteria; in short, of the triumphs of the intellect of man. The inquiry into such a theory is naturally one of intense interest; and while only the future can settle the question, speculation upon it has much fascination, and is not without value from the light which it may cast upon the nature and conditions of literary art.

I.

To understand what material is adapted to poetic use, it is necessary to have some definite idea what poetry is and what is its function. To endeavor to define either within the limits of a magazine article is almost certainly to appear dogmatic, from lack of space to justify conclusions. The risk must be to some extent faced for the sake of having at least an established point of departure; although nothing more need be attempted than to give a working rather than a completely philosophical definition.

Like all art, poetry is essentially an attempt to convey emotion. Whatever form and whatever material it employs, whatever appeal it makes to the intellect or to the imagination, all are but means to this chief end of arousing the feelings.

The proposition has the air of a truism. Nobody is likely to contend that it is the office of poetry to convey information, while didactic poems have at least done so much as to establish the conviction that it is not the mission of verse to moralize. It is necessary to examine our definition a little, however, from the difficulty of being sure just what is meant in it by "emotion." The interpretation given to this word and the limits which are thus set to the boundaries of the art of poetry may determine the whole question which we have to consider.

The term "emotion" may be so extended in meaning as to include all human feeling which is secondary to sensation; but a single thought makes it clear that there is somewhere a division between feelings which are and those which are not suited to poetic treatment. The division may be made according to the importance of a given sentiment. The feelings of a child with a cake or an apple are genuine, and very likely intense; yet the issue involved is so trivial, when measured by the great realities of life, as to make infant emotions unworthy of high poetic treatment. We do not seriously receive as poetry Thackeray's gay little verse in The Rose and the Ring: —

"Oh, what fun to have a plum bun!
How I wish it never were done!"

Distinction may also be made in accordance with the nearness of given sensations to normal human experiences. The sentiments of a man in fantastically unreal surroundings, for instance, do not as a rule seize the imagination of the reader. The emotional experiences of Thalaba are hardly nearer to sane humanity than

the delightful extravagancies of Alice in Wonderland. That this obstacle may be overcome has been triumphantly proved by Shakespeare and Coleridge, not to mention others; but it remains a difficulty, even in the hands of a master. Emotion, again, may be found well or ill adapted to poetic treatment according to its possible or probable universality. The thing which all men may have experienced, as love, or fear, or pain, or hope, commends itself instantly as a subject peculiarly adapted for use in an attempt to arouse the imagination.[1] Finally, perhaps most important of all, is the question whether the emotion is personal and individual. Man goes to literature to learn what are the possibilities of life as they concern individual existence. He may be interested in general conclusions, but he is moved only by the revelation of the inner life of some single human being. The sentiments and passions of masses can be effectively used in poetry only as interpreted and made vital by the experiences and feelings of a single being. Broadly speaking, the more serious an emotion, the more sanely and universally human, the more individual and personal, the better it is adapted to poetic embodiment.

The nature of the subject with which poetry must deal will of necessity determine the sort of material which is to be used in expressing it. The conditions just laid down should help to a clearer understanding of what may or may not be properly and advantageously used by the poet. As the object of the singer is to convey emotion, he must deal chiefly with suggestion. Facts may be stated, but feelings must be evoked. Material is or is not poetic in so far as it will arouse the mind of the reader to create for itself, and thus incite it to realize for itself emotional possibilities. The test of the value of material is, then, its power to suggest the sentiments which come within the domain of the poet.

Of course there are degrees in all things, and often material which does not perfectly fulfill the conditions laid down may, by the skill of the poet, be brought into use not ineffectively. These conditions are so fundamental, however, that, whether they are recognized or not, they will govern the success of work; and in the matter of poetic material a poet approaches the ideal in proportion as that material is of a nature to arouse emotions dignified, human, sane, universal, and individual.

II.

The question practically before us is, whether there is any sound basis for the traditional or conventional feeling that science and utilitarian means and methods are not adapted to use in poetry. Although there is in modern times much demand — for the most part from laymen — for the introduction into song of machinery and science, singers have still kept largely to the old ways and employed the old means. It is not unfair to add, moreover, that departures from established ways have not as a rule been conspicuously successful in the few instances in which they have been tried. The question is, How far is this poetic conservatism justified, and how far is it simply a slavish adherence to outworn tradition?

If we are correct in the conditions which we have laid down as essential to the fitness of poetic material, the answer to this question is to be arrived at by seeing how far modern inventions fulfill these conditions.

In examinations of this sort concrete examples are often most helpful; and it is possible to get some light by so simple a contrast as that between sword and

[1] Of course distinction is to be made between what is not poetic and what appeals to the illuminated few. Here the question is of emotional experiences depending not upon outward conditions, but upon inner characteristics; not upon human capabilities, but upon high imaginative development, acute sensibilities, and acute perceptions.

gun. Despite the fact that by long and too often unmeaning use the mention of a sword has become thoroughly hackneyed; notwithstanding, too, that the actual use of the sword has largely disappeared from modern warfare; enormous as is the influence of the gun in our present civilization, and great the part it plays in peace and war alike, yet the mention of the sword continues to be more likely to inspire poetic feeling and to arouse the imagination than any allusion to the gun, no matter how adroit. Used sometimes with effect as a general symbol, a sort of background as it were, the gun remains obstinately unpoetic when it comes to the particular, or to exalted moods. Perhaps genius sufficiently great could touch the imagination by a picture of a hero raising his gun to shoot down at long range his deadly foe, but at present this appears a literary feat so difficult as to be impossible. The mere mention, on the contrary, of the bold warrior's taking his sword in hand to fight for right and life awakens instant response. The difference is not caused by popular experience. More of the readers addressed are likely to have handled a gun than a sword, but probably most have never meddled with either. The difference of effect lies, I believe, in the intense individualism of the use of the sword. The actual peril of the man who fights with a gun may be greater than that of him who uses the sword; yet in arousing the imagination the peril of the former is less effective, because it is in a sense so much more remote and uncertain. There is always a feeling, moreover, that he who wars at a distance may to some extent count upon happy chance, while in a hand-to-hand encounter danger is unavoidable. The reader instinctively kindles at the thought of the instant, immediate, personal peril of the man fighting breast to breast with the sword, while the idea of the sharpshooter firing upon an enemy from afar gives no such sensation.

If the analysis of the matter were carried further, it might bring us to the fact that instant, close danger appeals to universal experience. Every man knows in some degree what it is to stand face to face with fear, and even a sluggish imagination is able to carry this experience forward to some more or less adequate realization of the quivering emotion of deadly sword-play; while most men feel that the use of a gun is at least not inconsistent with shelter and comparative safety. Here and throughout something is to be allowed to conventional use. We have become accustomed to the sword as a symbol, and to some extent accept it from habit. Aside from this, however, there is a constant difference in the emotional power of steel and of firearms as an incitement to emotion. For instance, what would be the effect of the well-known line "the avenging sword unsheathe," if for "sword" were substituted "gun"?

The contrast between a boat and a steamer also illustrates this point well. In a boat or a vessel, the oars, the sails, the rudder, are all personal, instant, handled directly by living men. If there is danger, it is met closely, face to face; the sailor feels the brunt of the sea and the wind on his very forehead, in his very bosom. The intellect is perfectly aware that the peril on the sea, if not so great to the steamer as to the ship, is yet enough to command sympathy and arouse compassion; yet the sense of personal contact between man and nature brings it about that sailing craft touch the imagination naturally and surely, while the steamer is to the fancy mechanical, impersonal, unemotional.

Instances are easily multiplied. One has but to contrast the horse with the locomotive, the sickle with the steam-reaper, the distaff with the spinning-jenny, to feel that it is practically impossible to produce the same quickening of the imagination by means of the one class of objects as by means of the other.

The problem is not a new one, and it is not difficult to conceive that it may have presented itself to the mind of thoughtful men when the printing-press came to dispute sovereignty with the pen. Compared with modern machines, the early press was personal, and hence it has been possible to use allusions to it with some success in modern verse. Compared, however, with the pen which it supplanted, even the hand-press is remote, mechanical, and consequently unemotional. The result is that even today, though penny-a-liners and rhymers of what might be called celluloid verse have constantly employed the image of the old monkish scribe writing with loving patience in his cell, it is possible still for a poet to evoke an emotional response by the same means, while no genius has succeeded in making poetic the press of our time, wonderful and all-powerful engine though it is.

To take yet one case more, if the poet has to deal with an unjust execution, the penalty which a noble man pays for fidelity to a high cause, he may heighten greatly his effect by picturing the block or the fiery stake. If a martyr, no matter how illustrious, were to be "electrocuted," what could the poet do with the fact in his song? He would dwell upon the nobility of the death, but even the barest mention of the method would suggest ideas so unpoetic as to imperil if not to destroy the whole effect. The poetic atmosphere would be entirely dissipated by the suggestion of mechanical appliances, the strength of currents, and kindred ideas. At the block, moreover, the condemned has a certain freedom which allows him to preserve his personal dignity; while in the electric-chair he is so swathed in bonds that the coward and the hero appear as if on the same unworthy level. The brave man cannot there by his bearing distinguish himself from the veriest craven. The fact of martyrdom, of self-sacrifice, is always inspiring; but circumstances may easily obscure the significance of this fact. The death of a martyr, by whatever means, is in itself proper material for poetry; but it is evident that the method of that death may be entirely the reverse.

III.

In what we have been saying we have been considering the nature of the emotions aroused; but the fundamental question is whether given material will or will not arouse these. The essential object of art being to communicate and to create feeling, it follows that whatever appeals more strongly to the intellect than to the emotions is in so far unfitted for artistic use. However much poetry may make the reader think, it fails unless it make him feel more. A mathematical problem may give pleasure, but this enjoyment is unæsthetic because it is so completely dependent upon the understanding; and between imaginative enjoyment and intellectual delight it is necessary to draw the line with much distinctness.

The action upon the mind of intellectual suggestion, and the effect of emotional suggestion, it is easy to see, are essentially different. The one produces perception and admiration; the other, participation and sympathy. We comprehend and admire that which is addressed to the understanding; we share and we thrill with that which touches the sensibility. Intellectual enjoyment demands intellectual comprehension in direct proportion to its intensity. We are able to experience it only so far as we understand it. Admiration of scientific achievement may be keen, but it can hardly be passionate. The suggestion of the triumphs of the mind of man makes us think rather than feel; and the result is inevitably unæsthetic. It is not even the office of art to excite intellectual processes save as these induce emotion, and it is hopeless to attempt to use as artistic material that which is primarily to be appreciated by the thought only.

The achievements of the age in science and mechanics are so tremendous that they may well cause a man to catch his breath with amazement and almost with awe. If it is possible to embody this general effect, this spirit of wonder and reverence, there is no question that "the song o' steam" may fulfill the most exacting conditions of art, and that the telegraph, the steam-engine, and the dynamo may prove most effective material in the hands of the poet. The specific details of inventions are manifestly too intellectual to be of use æsthetically, but one would think that this splendid exultation in the conquests of human knowledge could be so used in art as to be triumphantly successful.

The first practical danger in the endeavor to convey this general effect is the difficulty of separating it from the consideration of particular means. The moment that there enters a consideration of methods, of mechanics, of cost, or of scientific principles, the mind of the reader takes control of the imagination, and the poem turns to prose on his hands. One of the most fascinating books imaginable from an intellectual point of view is Darwin's Descent of Man; but the idea of making poetry of even this masterpiece of science is obviously absurd. To use common parlance, it is addressed to the head, and not to the heart; and therefore it must remain prose to the end of the chapter. A cyclopean engine, storming a great ship through the waves and the winds of the tempest-swept Atlantic, holding in its care the treasure and the lives of hundreds, bearing joy or sorrow with the impartiality and the implacability of fate, is a superbly impressive thing in the abstract. If we try to press home this idea upon the reader quickened to the sensitively receptive poetic mood, his mind is almost inevitably seized with curiosity in regard to details of construction, and is benumbed by the consciousness that this gigantic power is but a machine, unknowing, irresponsible, unresponsive.

It is my own belief, I may remark in passing, that the division of power and will is detrimental, if not destructive, to imaginative effect. A man and a sword are practically one. The means and the will are so closely united that the sword has no individual existence in the fancy; while in the case of a rifle it is almost as if we had to do with a separate entity. A horse gives himself up so completely to his rider that an effect of unity of will is produced. When it comes to a mighty machine, it is all but impossible for the imagination to blend man and means into one conception. The machine keeps its personality, and the fact that it lacks intelligence leaves it without the power to yield itself up and merge its individuality in that of its master. Since it cannot know that it is a slave, it seems subtly to keep its independence; in virtue of the fact that it has no will to be broken, it remains forever unsubdued. Of course this feeling may be largely personal, and I do not wish to insist upon it. My excuse for mentioning it at all is that it is a possible explanation of the difficulty of blending machine and master which many besides myself must have felt.

It is, then, the general results of great mechanical devices that must be relied upon for poetic effects. Particular details can be comprehended only by experts, and they address themselves to the mind rather than to the feelings. The idea, however, of the effects of modern inventions has in it nothing new *per se.* Our ships fly across the ocean as a shuttle flies through the web of a weaver; the telegraph and the telephone bridge the distance so that friends converse together over half the world; electricity dispels the darkness and achieves a thousand marvels more: yet what is there in any of these things which has not already been discounted and excelled in the fairy-lore of all ages? Generations

have grown thoroughly accustomed to the thought of each marvel as an idea. "But," it is urged, "now it is actual." True, and is therefore the less impressive as an emotional suggestion. That it is actual results in its being surrounded by commonplace suggestions, practical details, vulgar comparisons, the questions of rates of speed, of fares, of relation to travel and traffic, and a host of ideas utterly destructive to æsthetic mood or effect. Superb as are the masterpieces of invention, they yet bring with them in their achievement a sentiment of the odor of the sweat of toil and the scar of the whip of the slave-driver.

IV.

I have remarked already that to arouse the interest of the reader in a mass or in a cause it is necessary to reach him through the medium of the individual. A man is able imaginatively to share the feelings of another where he cannot grasp the consciousness of an army or a party. In the same way, it is possible for readers who themselves have no interest in science or machinery, and no appreciation of these, to be moved by the feeling of a man who is deeply affected by one or the other. It is possible, for instance, for many who are incapable of caring for a machine except as a matter of intellectual interest, to sympathize with the affection of an engineer for his engine. It is true that in such a case sympathy is almost surely less vivid than it would be were the object of affection more generally appreciated. He who is fond of a sword, a dog, a horse, appeals to a common and well-nigh universal sentiment. The reader feels that the engineer is not so much a man in his relations to his love as he is a specialist. The quality of humanity, however, remains constant. The engineer is outside general experience in his choice of object, but he still commands sympathy from the fact that he cares for something. The thing for which he cares is no matter. Sympathy goes out to him as a human being, moved by a universal human sentiment.

It is the sentiment, and not the object, which arouses sympathy and kindles the imagination. No mistake could be more complete than to suppose that in the case just mentioned is to be found any argument in favor of the use of machinery as material for poetry. In McAndrew's Hymn it is the character of the stanch old engineer and his feelings by which the reader is moved. The wonders of the great engine are a hindrance, and not a help, if they are looked at in any way other than through the eyes of McAndrew. The piece succeeds or fails to the degree in which it makes his emotion real and contagious to the reader; and that, too, as emotion pure and simple, quite without regard to what has excited it. In so far as the attention is caught by tail-rod, crank-throws, feeding-pump, and "purrin' dynamoes," — finely suggestive as is the epithet in this last, — the emotional effect is weakened at the expense of the intellectual.

A poem of this sort succeeds, moreover, not only in proportion as it keeps the emotional superior to the intellectual, but in proportion as it makes the reader realize how general is the character of the feelings embodied. In this especial case, for instance, there is danger from the fact that the reader is constantly aware that the love of a man for a machine has in it an element of the unusual and peculiar, and that it is actually to be shared only by those who have lived in similar contact with machinery. McAndrew's enthusiasm is founded upon an experience rather far removed from ordinary human life. If we appreciate the devout fervor of the old man, we are moved; but we should be more readily moved if the object of his reverent emotion were a sleeping child, a frothing torrent, or the sun-flushed crest of Mont Blanc. In either case, however, it is the man, and not the machine. The song

which Mr. Kipling sings is what he has named it. It is not "the song o' steam," but the hymn of McAndrew. We are touched, if at all, not by the mighty engine, but by the emotion with which the old man regards it. It is the human, personal emotion which is poetic. It is not the triumph of mind over the forces of nature, but man's uplifting in contemplating that triumph.

V.

With intellectual triumphs, then, art has small concern. It may deal with the emotions which these cause. "The song o' steam" is a contradiction of terms, if it is taken literally. Poetry may embody the feelings which are aroused in man by the contemplation of the triumph of human skill over natural forces; but these feelings must be expressed in the language of poetry, and not in that of science. They must be embodied in symbols which appeal not to the understanding so much as to the imagination.

As an actual fact, the rider dashing madly along on jet-black steed may be hurrying to market to get the best price on a flock of sheep or a crop of cabbages; while the dull-looking man, well booted and well gloved, who is sitting prosaically in a smoking-car, may be bound on an errand of the most chivalrous daring. Yet the rider excites the imagination, and the other does not. Philistines cite instances of this sort to prove that art is a sham and inconsistent. The truth is that what appeals to the feelings is the suggestion of daring, of peril, of emotional possibilities in the wild-looking horseman, — suggestion which is entirely lacking in the conventional passenger by rail. The suggestion is genuine; it calls up the idea of what is genuine. That it is not in harmony with actual circumstances is of no consequence. In the case of either traveler we are moved by what we know; and it is nothing to the point that there is seeming discrepancy between this and facts which we cannot know. Indeed, if we did know, there would be no difference. The wild rider would remain the symbol of danger, of adventure, of emotion and passion; while the passenger by rail would suggest only commonplace associations.

So, when all is said, the fact remains that whatever we may know about the power, the wonder, the greatness in construction and in effect, of the machine, it will to the end remain the symbol of ideas thoroughly unpoetic. Mechanical and scientific devices, no matter how ingenious, how wonderful, how efficient, are so closely and inevitably connected with ideas utilitarian, practical, and at best intellectual, that it is practically impossible to employ them successfully in an appeal to the imagination. Nor need this be cause for regret. Men say continually that the tales are all told, and that the language of art has become hackneyed; yet when the genius comes the old stories become new, and the hackneyed language takes upon it again the freshness of immortal youth.

Arlo Bates.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VI.

THE BIRTH OF A LITERATURE.

"We are looking abroad and back after a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living a high philosophy and faith; so shall we find now, here, the elements, and in our own good souls the fire. Of every storied bay and cliff we will make something infinitely nobler than Salamis or Marathon. This pale Massachusetts sky, this sandy soil and raw wind, all shall nurture us. . . . Unlike all the world before us, our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves."

THE passage above quoted is from the Master of Arts oration of a young scholar — Robert Bartlett, of Plymouth — at the Harvard Commencement exercises of 1839. The original title of the oration was, No Good Possible but shall One Day be Real. Bartlett, who had been the first scholar in his class, and was a tutor in the university, died a few years later, but the prophecy above given attracted much attention, and was printed in an English magazine, — Heraud's Monthly (April, 1840); and when in that same year The Dial began to be published, the very first page of the first number gave as its basis "the strong current of thought and feeling which for a few years past has led many sincere persons in New England to make new demands on literature." It was a foregone conclusion, however, that these new demands could not be fully met by the prophets who first announced them. Prophets only clear the way, and must wait for the slower march of trained though perhaps unprophetic colaborers. A new era of American literature was at hand, but the Transcendental movement of itself could not directly have created it. Neither its organ, The Dial, nor the avowed successor of that magazine, The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, — announced by Theodore Parker as being "The Dial with a beard," — ever achieved a wide circulation. Fortunately, in the natural progress of things a new combination effected itself, and those who, like Holmes, had ridiculed the earlier movement found themselves ready within twenty years to unite with those who, like Emerson, had created it; that first impulse thus forming, by cohesion, a well-defined circle of contributors who held for a time the visible leadership in American letters. That which saved this circle from becoming a clique and a mere mutual admiration society was its fortunate variety of personal temperaments. Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, to name only the six most commonly selected as the representatives of this period, were really so dissimilar in many ways that they could not possibly duplicate one another, — indeed, could not always understand one another; and thus they were absolutely prevented from imposing on Boston anything like the yoke which Christopher North at one time imposed on Edinburgh. This was still more true of others just outside the circle, — Motley, Parkman, Thoreau, — and in this way the essential variety in unity was secured. Then there were other men, almost equally gifted, who touched the circle, or might have touched it but that they belonged to the class of which Emerson says, "Of what use is genius if its focus be a little too short or a little too long?" — Alcott, Ellery Channing, Weiss, Wasson, Brownlee Brown, each of whom bequeathed to posterity only a name, or some striking anecdote or verse, instead of a well-defined fame.

It is an embarrassment, in dealing with any past period of literary history, that we have to look at its participants not merely as they now seem, but as they appeared in their day, and we must cal-

culate their parallax. The men who in those years were actually creating American literature — creating it anew, that is, after the earlier and already subsiding impulse given by Irving and Cooper — do not retain the same relative precedence to which they at first seemed entitled; Emerson and Hawthorne having held their own more indisputably than the rest of the group. Some who distinctly formed a part of the original Atlantic circle have signally failed to develop staying power. It would have scarcely appeared possible, in those days, that the brilliant and popular Whipple, who was at first thought a second Macaulay, should be at the end of the century an almost vanished force, while the eccentric and unsuccessful Thoreau — whom Lowell and even his own neighbors set aside as a mere imitator of Emerson — is still growing in international fame. I remember well that when I endeavored to enlist Judge Hoar, the leading citizen of Concord, in an effort to persuade Miss Thoreau to allow her brother's journals to be printed, he heard me partly through, and then quickly said, "But you have left unsettled the preliminary question, Why should any one care to have Thoreau's journals put in print?" I had to abandon the argument as hopeless. It is also plain from Theodore Parker's correspondence that his estimate of Thoreau was but little higher than Judge Hoar's.

My own relation to this circle was the humble one of a man younger than the rest, brought up under their influence, yet naturally independent, not to say self-willed, and very much inclined to live his own life. I had long before noted with delight in Plutarch the tale of the young Cicero consulting the Delphic oracle, and being there advised to live for himself, and not to take the opinions of others for his guide, — this answer being called by Niebuhr "one of the oracles which might tempt one to believe in the actual inspiration of the goddess." There was not one of these older men whom I had not sometimes felt free to criticise, with the presumption of youth; complaining of Emerson as being inorganic in structure; finding Whittier sometimes crude, Hawthorne bloodless in style, Holmes a trifler, Longfellow occasionally commonplace, Lowell often arrogant. All this criticism was easier because I lived at a distance from Boston. At times, no doubt, I was disposed to fancy myself destined to unite all their virtues and avoid all their faults, while at other moments I felt, more reasonably, that I might be of some use in gathering the scattered crumbs from their table. It is quite certain that I was greatly pleased when I had sent to The Atlantic Monthly my first contribution, Saints and their Bodies, and saw it printed in the fifth number; it being later characterized by Holmes as "an admirable paper," and he also designating me as "a young friend" of his, — a phrase which awakened, I regret to say, some scarcely veiled irreverence on the part of a young fellow at the Worcester Gymnastic Club, of which I was then president. Alas, I was already thirty-three years old, and youth is merciless. Nor can I wonder at the criticism when I recall that the daring boy who made it died a few years after in the Civil War, a brevet brigadier-general, at the age of twenty.

I had previously written an article for The North American Review, another for The Christian Examiner, and three papers in prose for Putnam's Magazine, one of these latter being a description of a trip to Mount Katahdin, written as a *jeu d'esprit* in the assumed character of a lady of the party. A few poems of mine had also been accepted by the last-named periodical; but these had attracted little attention, and the comparative *éclat* attendant on writing for The Atlantic Monthly made it practically, in my case, the beginning of a literary life. I was at once admitted to the Atlantic

Club, an informal dinner of contributors in those days, and at first found it enjoyable. Before this I had belonged to a larger club, — rather short-lived, but including some of the same men, — the Town and Country Club, organized in 1849, at Boston. The earlier club had no dinners; in fact, it erred on the side of asceticism, being formed, as Emerson declared, largely to afford a local habitation and dignified occupation to Mr. Alcott. Had its christening been left to the latter, a rhetorical grandeur would have belonged to its very opening; for he only hesitated whether the "Olympian Club" or the "Pan Club" would be the more suitable designation. Lowell marred the dignity of the former proposal by suggesting the name "Club of Hercules" as a substitute for "Olympian;" and since the admission of women was a vexed question at the outset, Lowell thought the "Patty Pan" quite appropriate. Upon this question, indeed, the enterprise very nearly went to pieces; and Mr. Sanborn has printed in his Life of Alcott a characteristic letter from Emerson to myself, after I had, in order to test the matter, placed the names of Elizabeth Peabody and Mary Lowell Putnam — Lowell's sister, and also well known as a writer — on the nomination book. Emerson himself, with one of those serene and lofty *coups d'état* of which only the saints are capable, took a pen and erased these names, although the question had not yet come up for decision, but was still pending when the erasure was made. Another vexed subject was the admission of colored members, the names of Frederick Douglass and Charles Lenox Remond being proposed. This Lowell strongly favored, but wrote to me that he thought Emerson would vote against it; indeed, Emerson, as he himself admitted to me, was one of that minority of anti-slavery men who confessed to a mild natural color-phobia, controlled only by moral conviction. These names were afterwards withdrawn; but the Town and Country Club died a natural death before the question of admitting women was finally settled.

That matter was not, however, the occasion of the final catastrophe, which was brought on by Falstaff's remediless disease, a consumption of the purse. Ellery Channing said that the very name of the club had been fatal to it; that it promised an impossible alliance between Boston lawyers, who desired only a smoking-room, and, on the other hand, as he declared, a number of country ministers, who expected to be boarded and lodged, and to have their washing done, whenever they came up to the city. In either case, the original assessment of five dollars was clearly too small, and the utter hopelessness of raising any additional amount was soon made manifest. After the club had existed six months, a circular was issued, asking the members to remit, if possible, two dollars each before April 4, 1850, that the debts of the club might be paid, and their fellow members "be relieved from an unequal burden." This sealed the doom of the enterprise, and "the rest is silence." It is now far easier to organize a University Club on a fifty or one hundred dollar basis than it was then to skim the cream of intellectual Boston at five dollars a head. The fine phrase introduced by Mr. Alcott into the constitution, "the economies of the club," proved only too appropriate, as the organization had to be very economical indeed. Its membership, nevertheless, was well chosen and varied. At its four monthly gatherings, the lecturers were Theodore Parker, Henry James the elder, Henry Giles (then eminent as a Shakespeare lecturer), and the Rev. William B. Greene, afterwards colonel of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. Among the hundred or more members, there were well-known lawyers, as Sumner, E. R. Hoar, Hillard, Burlingame, Bemis, and Sewall; and there were clergymen, as Parker, Hedge, W. H. Channing, Hill, Bartol, Frothingham,

and Hale; the only non-Unitarian clergyman being the Rev. John O. Choules, a cheery little English Baptist, who had been round the world with Commodore Vanderbilt in his yacht, and might well feel himself equal to any worldly companionship. The medical profession was represented by Drs. Channing, Bowditch, Howe, and Loring; and the mercantile world by the two brothers Ward, Franklin Haven, William D. Ticknor, and James T. Fields. Art appeared only in John Cheney, the engraver, and literature in the persons of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Whipple. These five authors were contributors to The Atlantic Monthly, and took part in the early dinners of the Atlantic Club.

Holmes, as it appears from his biography, confounded this club, in his later recollections, with its larger coeval, the Saturday Club; but they will be found very clearly discriminated in Longfellow's journals. During the first year of The Atlantic, under Phillips & Sampson's management, there were monthly dinners, in or near Boston, under the generalship of Francis H. Underwood, the office editor, and John C. Wyman, then his assistant. The most notable of these gatherings was undoubtedly that held at the Revere House, on occasion of Mrs. Stowe's projected departure for Europe. It was the only one to which ladies were invited, and the invitation was accepted with a good deal of hesitation by Mrs. Stowe, and with a distinct guarantee that no wine should be furnished for the guests. Other feminine contributors were invited, but for various reasons no ladies appeared except Mrs. Stowe and Miss Harriet Prescott (now Mrs. Spofford), who had already won fame by a story called In a Cellar, the scene of which was laid in Paris, and which was so thoroughly French in all its appointments that it was suspected of being a translation from that language, although much inquiry failed to reveal the supposed original. It may be well to add that the honest young author had so little appreciation of the high compliment thus paid her that she indignantly proposed to withdraw her manuscript in consequence. These two ladies arrived promptly, and the gentlemen were kept waiting, not greatly to their minds, in the hope that other fair contributors would appear. When at last it was decided to proceed without further delay, Dr. Holmes and I were detailed to escort the ladies to the dining-room: he as the head of the party, and I as the only one who knew the younger lady. As we went upstairs the vivacious Autocrat said to me, "Can I venture it? Do you suppose that Mrs. Stowe disapproves of me very much?" — he being then subject to severe criticism from the more conservative theologians. The lady was gracious, however, and seemed glad to be rescued at last from her wearisome waiting. She came downstairs wearing a green wreath, of which Longfellow says in his diary that he "thought it very becoming."

We seated ourselves at table, Mrs. Stowe at Lowell's right, and Miss Prescott at Holmes's, I next to her, Edmund Quincy next to me. Dr. Stowe was at Holmes's left, Whittier at his; and Longfellow, Underwood, John Wyman, and others were present. I said at once to Miss Prescott, "This is a new edition of Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. Begin at the beginning: what did you and Mrs. Stowe talk about for three quarters of an hour?" She answered demurely, "Nothing, except she once asked me what o'clock it was, and I told her I did n't know." There could hardly be a better illustration of that curious mixture of *mauvaise honte* and indifference which often marred the outward manners of that remarkable woman. It is very likely that she had not been introduced to her companion, and perhaps had never heard her name; but imagine any kindly or gracious person of middle age making no effort to relieve the shyness of a young girl stranded with

herself during three quarters of an hour of enforced seclusion!

The modest entertainment proceeded; conversation set in, but there was a visible awkwardness, partly from the presence of two ladies, one of whom was rather silent by reason of youth, and the other by temperament; and, moreover, the thawing influence of wine was wanting. There were probably no men of the party, except Whittier and myself, who did not habitually take it, and various little jokes began to circle *sotto voce* at the table: a suggestion, for instance, from Longfellow, that Miss Prescott might be asked to send down into her Cellar for the wine she had described so well, since Mrs. Stowe would allow none abovestairs. Soon, however, a change came over the aspect of affairs. My neighbor on the right, Edmund Quincy, called a waiter mysteriously, and giving him his glass of water remained tranquilly while it was being replenished. It came back suffused with a rosy hue. Some one else followed his example, and presently the "conscious water" was blushing at various points around the board, although I doubt whether Holmes, with water-drinkers two deep on each side of him, got really his share of the coveted beverage. If he had, it might have modified the course of his talk, for I remember that he devoted himself largely to demonstrating to Dr. Stowe that all swearing doubtless originated in the free use made by the pulpit of sacred words and phrases; while Lowell, at the other end of the table, was maintaining for Mrs. Stowe's benefit that Tom Jones was the best novel ever written. This line of discussion may have been lively, but was not marked by eminent tact; and Whittier told me afterwards that Dr. and Mrs. Stowe both said that while the company at the club was no doubt distinguished, the conversation was by no means what they had been led to expect.

In the minor gatherings of the Atlantic Club I became gradually conscious of a certain monotony. Neither Emerson nor Longfellow nor Whittier was a great talker, and though the conversation was always lively enough, it had too much the character of a dialogue between Holmes and Lowell. Neither of these had received the beneficent discipline of English dining-rooms, where, as I learned long after, one is schooled into self-restraint; and even if I never heard in London any talk that was on the whole so clever, yet in the end the carving is almost as important as the meat. Living in Worcester, I saw little of my fellow contributors except at those dinners, though Emerson frequently lectured in that growing city, and I occasionally at Concord, where I sometimes stayed at his house. It was a delight to be in his study, to finger his few and well-read books; a discipline of humility to have one's modest portmanteau carried upstairs by Plato himself; a joy to see him, relapsed into a happy grandparent, hold a baby on his knee, and wave his playful finger above the little clutching hands, saying joyously, "This boy is a little philosopher; he philosophizes about everything." To Worcester came also Alcott and Thoreau, from time to time; the former to give those mystic monologues which he called conversations, and which were liable to be disturbed and even checked when any other participant appeared, bringing anything but meek interrogatories. Thoreau came to take walks in the woods, or perhaps to Wachusett, with Harrison Blake, his later editor, and with Theophilus Brown, the freshest and most original mind in Worcester, by vocation a tailor, and sending out more sparkles of wit and humor over his measuring-tape and scissors than any one else could extract from Rabelais or Montaigne. Sometimes I joined the party, and found Thoreau a dry humorist, and also a good walker; while Alcott, although he too walked, usually steered for a convenient log in the edge of the first grove, and, seating himself

there, "conversed" once more. It may be that there are men now as quaint and original as were easily accessible in those days; but if so, I wish some one would favor me with a letter of introduction.

It was perhaps an advantage to me, and certainly a great convenience, that I did not begin writing for magazines until I was above thirty. I thus escaped the preliminary ordeal of rejection, a thing which I have indeed encountered but once in respect to prose papers, during my whole literary life. As Lowell, Holmes, and Underwood all heartily approved my early essays, I was tempted to stretch their range wider and try experiments. This was not so much from any changeableness or a wish to be credited with versatility, — a quality which I commonly distrusted and criticised in others, — but because there were so many interesting things to write about; and because I had possibly been rather too much impressed by one of Emerson's perilous maxims as applied to any writer, "If he has hit the mark, let others shatter the target." If my critics agreed that I could write a fairly good historical essay such as A Charge with Prince Rupert, or a good outdoor paper such as A Procession of the Flowers, it seemed better to try my hand at something else. There was no indolence about this; it was simply an eager desire to fill all the parts. Such versatility makes life very enjoyable, but perhaps not so really useful or successful as a career like that of my contemporary, Francis Parkman, who used to be surrounded, even in college, by books of Indian travel and French colonial history, and who kept at work for half a century on his vast theme until he achieved for himself a great literary monument. He was really a specialist before the days of specialism. To adopt a different method, as I did, is to put one's self too much in the position of a celebrated horse once owned by a friend of mine, — a horse which had never won a race, but which was prized as having gained a second place in more races than any other horse in America. Yet it is to be remembered that there is a compensation in all these matters: the most laborious historian is pretty sure to be superseded within thirty years — as it has already been prophesied that even Parkman will be — by the mere accumulation of new material; while the more discursive writer may perchance happen on some felicitous statement that shall rival in immortality Fletcher of Saltoun's one sentence, or the single sonnet of Blanco White.

In 1859 The Atlantic Monthly passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, the junior publisher becoming finally its editor. It was a change of much importance to all its contributors, and greatly affected my own literary life. Lowell had been, of course, an appreciative and a sympathetic editor, yet sometimes dilatory and exasperating. Thus, a paper of mine on Theodore Parker, which should have appeared directly after the death of its subject, was delayed for five months by being accidentally put under a pile of unexamined manuscripts. Lowell had, moreover, some conservative reactions, and my essay Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet? which would now seem very innocent, and probably had a wider circulation than any other magazine article I ever wrote, was not accepted without some shaking of the head, though it was finally given the place of honor in the number. Fields had the advantage over Lowell of being both editor and publisher, so that he had a free hand as to paying for articles. The prices then paid were lower than now, but were raised steadily; and he first introduced the practice of paying for each manuscript on acceptance, though he always lamented that this failed of its end so far as he was individually concerned. His object was to quiet the impatience of those whose contributions were delayed; but he declared that such persons complained more than

ever, saying, "Since you valued my contribution so highly as to pay for it, you surely should print it at once." He had a virtue which I have never known in any other editor or publisher, — that of volunteering to advance money on prospective articles, yet to be written; and he did this more than once to me. I have also known him to increase the amount paid, on finding that an author particularly needed the money, especially if it were the case of a woman. His sympathy with struggling women was always very great; and I think he was the only one in the early Atlantic circle, except Whittier and myself, — with Emerson also, latterly, — who favored woman suffrage. This financial kindliness was a part of his general theory of establishing a staff, in which effort he really succeeded, most of his contributors then writing only for him, — an aim which his successors abandoned, as doubtless became inevitable in view of the rapid multiplication of magazines. Certainly there was something very pleasant about Fields's policy on this point; and perhaps he petted us all rather too much. He had some of the defects of his qualities, — could not help being a little of a flatterer, and sometimes, though not always, evaded the telling of wholesome truths.

I happened to be one of his favorites; he even wished me, at one time, to undertake the whole critical department, which I luckily declined, although it appears by the index that I wrote more largely for the first twenty volumes of the magazine than any other contributor except Lowell and Holmes. Fields was constantly urging me to attempt fiction, and when I somewhat reluctantly followed his advice, he thought better of the result, I believe, than any one else did; for my story of Malbone, especially, he prophesied a fame which the public has not confirmed. Yet he was not indiscriminate in his praise, and suggested some amendments which improved that tale very much. He was capable also of being influenced by argument, and was really the only editor I have ever encountered whose judgment I could move for an instant by any cajoling; editors being, as a rule, a race made of adamant, as they should be. On the other hand, he advised strongly against my writing the Young Folks' History of the United States, which nevertheless turned out incomparably the most successful venture I ever made, having sold to the extent of two hundred thousand copies, and still selling well after twenty years. His practical judgment was thus not infallible, but it came nearer to it than that of any other literary man I have ever known. With all his desire to create a staff, Fields was always eagerly looking out for new talent, and was ever prompt to counsel and encourage. He liked, of course, to know eminent men; and his geese were apt to be swans, yet he was able to discriminate. He organized Dickens's readings, for instance, and went to every one of them, yet confessed frankly that their pathos was a failure; that Little Nell was unreal, and Paul Dombey a tiresome creature whose death was a relief. Fields was really a keen judge of character, and had his own fearless standards. I once asked him which he liked the better personally, Thackeray or Dickens, and he replied, after a moment's reflection, "Dickens, because Thackeray enjoyed telling questionable stories, a thing which Dickens never did."

There has been endless discussion as to the true worth of the literary movement of which the circle of Atlantic writers was the source. By some, no doubt, it has been described with exaggerated claims, and by others with a disapprobation quite as unreasonable. Time alone can decide the precise award; the essential fact is that in this movement American literature was born, or, if not born, — for certainly Irving and Cooper had preceded, — was at least set on its feet. Whether it could not have been better born is a profitless question. This

group of writers was doubtless a local product; but so is every new variety of plum or pear which the gardener finds in his garden. He does not quarrel with it for having made its appearance in some inconvenient corner instead of in the centre, nor does he think it unpardonable that it did not show itself everywhere at once; the thing of importance is that it has arrived. The new literary impulse was indigenous, and, as far as it felt an exotic influence, that force was at any rate not English; it was French, Italian, and above all German, so far as its external factors went. Nothing could be much further from the truth than the late remark of an essayist that Boston is "almost the sole survival upon our soil of a purely English influence." As a matter of fact, the current of thought which between 1816 and 1818 took our whole American educational system away from the English tradition, and substituted the German methods, passed through four young men from New England, who studied together at Göttingen, and who sent back the daring report that while our cisatlantic schools and colleges had nothing to learn from England, — not even from the Oxford and Cambridge of that day, — they had, on the contrary, everything to learn from the German institutions. These men were Cogswell, Everett, Ticknor, and, in a less degree, Bancroft. Three of these went from Harvard College, Everett and Bancroft at the expense of the university; while Ticknor went from Dartmouth. They all brought back to Harvard what they could not find in England, but had gained in Germany; Everett writing to my father in a letter which lies before me (dated June 6, 1818), "There is more teaching and more learning in our American Cambridge than there is in Oxford and Cambridge put together." They laid the foundation for non-English training not only in Boston, but in America, at a time when the very best literary journal in New York, and indeed in this country, was called The Albion, and was English through and through.

It was, in fact, made a temporary reproach to the early Transcendental movement that it was too French or too German, and not English enough; and when George Ripley's library was sold, it proved to be by far the best German library in New England except Theodore Parker's. There was at that time an eager clamoring not only for German, but for French, Italian, and even Swedish literature; then, when the Atlantic circle succeeded to the domain of the Transcendentalists, it had in Longfellow the most accomplished translator of his day; and the Continental influence still went at least side by side with the English, if it did not prevail over it. But behind this question of mere intellectual aliment lay the problem whether we should have a literature of our own; and it was a strength, not a weakness, in these men when they aimed, in the words of young Robert Bartlett, to make us "classic to ourselves." Probably no one who did not live in those days can fully realize what it was to us to have our own aspects of nature, our own historic scenes, our own types of character, our own social problems, brought up and given a prominent place. The mere substitution of bobolink and oriole for lark and nightingale was a delicious novelty. At any rate, for good or evil, the transition was made. If the achievement took on too much flavor of moral earnestness, as is now complained, this may have been inevitable. In hewing down the forest, the axe must have weight as well as edge. In the work that obtruded itself while this literature was being created, — the crushing of American slavery by the strong hand, — it was not found that this moral force had been a thing superfluous. It was not a Bostonian, but a New Yorker (Mr. John Jay Chapman), who lately said of Emerson, "It will not be denied that he sent ten thousand sons to the war."

It is certain, at any rate, that a belief like this, in a literature actually forming before my eyes, was an important part of my happiness during my Worcester life, and that the work growing out of it became by degrees a serious interference with that required by the Free Church, and led me to quit the latter. I had also many other affairs on hand, being, as Mr. Alcott said of me, "a man of tasks;" and all these, while multiplying enjoyment and usefulness, were crowding too much on one another. I interested myself in the new question of a prohibitory liquor law, was for a time secretary of the state committee, and also took a hand — again aided by Martin Stowell — in enforcing the law in Worcester. Experience brought me to the opinion, which I have ever since held, that such a law is useless except under the limitations of local option, so that the moral pressure of each locality may be behind its enforcement.

I have already spoken of continued anti-slavery work in Worcester. I was also deeply interested in the problem of discharged convicts, having in that direction one experience so interesting that I must find room for it. In another town of Massachusetts I had known a young man of most respectable family, who, after a series of skillful burglaries, had been sent to prison on an eight years' sentence. He had there sustained an excellent character, and, after visiting him just before liberation, I had brought him to Worcester, and placed him in a family of worthy English people belonging to the Free Church, who carried on at home a little manufacturing business which he readily learned. Of course they were told his story, and their willingness to take him was the more admirable inasmuch as they had once tried much the same experiment and had been deceived. He behaved perfectly well, yet told me frankly that he used to loiter before jewelers' windows and think how easily he could get possession of the glittering treasures inside. He ultimately married a farmer's daughter in a village near Worcester; he set up a little shop on very scanty capital, but made no effort to eke it out by any dishonorable action; and when the war came he somehow got a lieutenant's commission, but for some reason was never assigned to any regiment, and eventually died of disease. Here was a life saved from further wrong, and by the simplest means; and when, in later life, I attended as a delegate the meetings of prison reformers in Europe, I was firm in the conviction that such things as I have described could be done.

As to parish work, I found plenty of it, and on the whole enjoyed it. My people had almost all come from more conservative religious bodies, and some of the best of them were Spiritualists. Only one of the local clergy would exchange with me, — the exception being, as may be easily believed, Edward Everett Hale, who had not yet migrated to Boston, — but I was gradually brought into amicable relations with many of the others, and had no reason to complain. I was on the school committee until I was dropped, during the Know-Nothing excitement, for defending the right of a Roman Catholic father to decide which version of the Scriptures his child should read in school. Twice I have thus been honorably dismissed from school committees, for the same thing happened again in Newport, Rhode Island, ten years later, in consequence of the part I took in securing the abolition of separate colored schools. In both cases I was reinstated later; being appointed on a special examination committee in Worcester together with a Roman Catholic priest, and on the regular committee in Newport with a colored clergyman; thus "bringing my sheaves with me," as a clever woman said. I had a hand in organizing the great Worcester Public Library, and was one of its early board of trustees, at a time when we little dreamed of its expansion and widespread usefulness.

The old love for natural history survived, and I undertook again the microscopic work which I had begun in Newburyport under the guidance of an accomplished biologist, Dr. Henry C. Perkins. He had also introduced me to the works of Oken and Richard Owen; and I had written for The Christian Examiner (July, 1852) a paper called Man and Nature, given first as a lyceum lecture, which expressed something of that morning glow before sunrise which existed after the views of Goethe and Oken had been made public, but when Darwin's great discoveries were yet to be achieved. In Worcester I did a great deal in the way of field observation, and organized, with Hale and others, the local Natural History Society, one branch of which, the botanical club, still bears my name. I also read many books on anthropology, and wrote for The Atlantic various essays on kindred themes, which were afterwards published in a volume as Out-Door Papers. The preparation for this work gave that "enormity of pleasure," in Wordsworth's phrase, which only the habit of minute and written observation can convey; and I had many happy days, especially in the then unprofaned regions of Lake Quinsigamond. With all this revived the old love of athletic exercises: I was president of a gymnastic club, a skating club, and a cricket club, playing in several match games with the latter. I never actually belonged to a volunteer engine company, such as then existed everywhere, — it is a wonder that I did not, — but was elected an honorary member of Tiger Engine Company Number 6, though unluckily the Tigers engaged in a general fight at their annual meeting, before I could join, and the company was dissolved by the city fathers in consequence; so that this crowning distinction was at the last moment wrested from me.

Thus passed the years, until the Kansas excitement burst upon the nation and opened the way to new experiences.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE VERGE OF TEARS.

THERE was a moment when I could have wept,
Wept from a full heart: all the cords grew tight
That in their orbits move the spheres of sight;
Across my brain the blind sirocco swept;
My throat ached, and a withering palsy crept
Upon my tongue, that then I had not might
To fashion forth a sound, howe'er so slight.
Still and appalled my soul within me kept.

Thou who hast stood upon the verge of tears,
Needs not I tell thee of that desolate bourn,
But only this: when thou shalt reach the verge,
Be thou not other than thy human peers;
Weep then, oh weep! lest tears unshed return,
And be, long afterwards, thy spirit's stinging scourge!

Edith M. Thomas.

MERCURY IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

I.

WITHIN the orbit of Venus circles a planet of which, until lately, even less was known than of Venus herself. Of Venus we knew practically nothing; of this other, less than nothing, what we thought we knew turning out not to have been so. This body, which was thus not only a riddle, but a riddle misguessed, is the planet Mercury.

Nature makes no jumps; but science, our knowledge of nature, does. By one of these, we have come recently into possession of information about Mercury as interesting as regards the planet personally as it is of moment as regards planetary revolution in general; for while it tells us of the present condition of Mercury, it tells us something about the life-history of our solar system.

To most people Mercury is known chiefly as being very difficult to see; and to be seen at all he must be looked for low down in the twilight sky, at certain specified times, during certain equally specified seasons of the year. Seeing him is enhanced by the tradition that the great Copernicus died without ever having done so.

He is, however, not so difficult to detect as this probably true story about Copernicus has led many to suppose. Two impediments to the observation of Mercury stood in Copernicus's way: one, that Copernicus lived very far north; the other, that the mists at the mouth of the Vistula rose nightly to obscure the twilight sky. The latter obstacle is as evident as it made Mercury the reverse; the former will be none the less apparent when we reflect that in northern latitudes the path in which all the major planets travel is greatly bowed to the horizon. In consequence, that path is subject for a long distance from the sun to all those atmospheric disturbances peculiar to the horizon, — disturbances which make observations near it practically impossible; and the farther north, the greater the difficulty.

Fortunately, at certain times and places Mercury is more removed from this all-obliterating influence than he is at others, and at such times he may be very distinctly seen, shortly after sunset, twinkling through the gloaming in the west. The whole difficulty lies in the sky, for the planet himself is much brighter than the background upon which he twinkles would lead one to think. If the observer chance to have a bright star — Arcturus or Altair, for example — in the west at the time, he may note, by comparing the planet with the star, how very much brighter the planet really is than he looks to be. As a matter of fact, Mercury shines with a lustre surpassing that of a first magnitude star, outshining, when projected against an equally illuminated sky, almost every fixed star in the firmament. But to detect Mercury one must be quick, in keeping with the planet's name; for a few minutes suffice to hide him as he settles into the horizon vapors, there to vanish from view, while a few days cause such a change in his distance from the sun as to make him invisible even at his most propitious hour. The best chance of detecting the planet is when he attains his greatest elongation in the early spring, inasmuch as then the ecliptic, or path in or near which all the planets move, has its greatest northerly inclination to the horizon. He is in consequence higher then, for the same distance from the sun, than at any other season, and so is raised out of the low-lying mists and vapors. This height is all important, for a slight difference of background makes every difference in the planet's visibility.

That the ancients detected him we know from records dating from before the Christian era. What is more, they detected that he was a planet; that is, a wandering star, one that moved among the host of heaven. They did not, however, recognize him as one and the same body on both sides of the sun, for they gave him two names, according as he was morning or evening star. The Greeks, for instance, called him Hesperus when he appeared in the west after sunset, and Mercury when he was seen in the east before sunrise. In the case of the Greeks this was but a poetic survival of archaic notions, for the Greeks knew very well — that is, the Greek philosophers did — that both apparitions belonged to one body, and that body an attendant of the sun.

With Copernicus came the recognition that Mercury was a body revolving round the sun inside of the orbit of the earth. So soon as this rectification of the solar system took place, by which the earth was relegated to her true subordinate position in it, the path Mercury pursued became known; for all the facts had been gathered before, and needed only to be arranged, to be understood. It was thus made evident that Mercury was the nearest planet to the sun, and that he revolved about that body in approximately eighty-eight days, in an orbit highly eccentric for a planet. The eccentricity of his ellipse amounts, indeed, to two tenths of his mean distance, so that at certain times he is nearer the sun than at others in the proportion of two to three.

With the invention of the telescope and the progress of science it was learned that he was a small body, with a diameter of something more than three thousand miles. (The earth, it will be remembered, is a little under eight thousand miles through.) And this, curious as it may seem, was all that was positively known of him until within the memory of men still young. Men are yet being brought up on this somewhat meagre knowledge, plus some which is not so; for they are taught to believe that he is a very dense planet, and this with an assurance greater in proportion to the poorness of the text-book they study. Now, a planet's mean density depends upon his mass; and the mass of Mercury is not definitely known. The mass of some of the planets is very well known, — that of Jupiter or Saturn, for example; of all such, in fact, as possess satellites. The reason is that the possession of an attendant enables the mass of the primary to be very well weighed by the motion caused by him in that attendant. But, on the other hand, an unattended planet has nothing to betray his avoirdupois; the disturbances he may cause in passing comets, or the slight swayings he may induce in neighbor planets, alone affording any criterion of his cosmic size. Mercury is singularly ill situated, for he is so small as to produce little effect in either case. From observations of a certain comet, however, that chanced once to come near him, a mass was deduced for him which made his density quite great, greater than that of the earth. The density was really that of the deduction; for the data in the case were known to be of great uncertainty, and a little thought would have shown that general principles pointed the other way.

Common sense is as uncommon in science, unfortunately, as it is in everything else. Now, the prime factor in common sense is the sense of the importance of general principles. The cosmos is but the material manifestation of law; not meaning by this either divine or human laws, but the relations and reactions of things. And these laws, or principles, are perfectly general in their application. None of them ever fails; the appearance of failure being due simply to another's paramount influence. If we apply general principles to the case before us, it is plainly apparent that, whatever mode of genesis we admit for the coming into existence of the planets, the probable den-

sity of the matter composing them must have been approximately the same. We can best conceive this by considering what must have been the tenuity of the parent nebula even when Mercury was born. So much for the probable initial density. The final density assumed by a planet depends not only upon the initial density of the matter composing it, but upon the volume of matter the planet contains; for each particle of this matter attracts every other particle of it, and the greater the whole number of particles in the aggregation, the greater the crushing in of all and the denser the resulting body. The smaller the size of the planet, therefore, the less its density, other things being equal. We see, then, *a priori*, reason for inferring that Mercury cannot be dense.

Determinations of Mercury's mass subsequent to those upon which the usually quoted density of the planet depends have shown themselves more in accord with this a priori inference; the most recent deduction from these same perturbations having greatly reduced the resulting mass of the planet, and with it his density. But even now general principles are a safer guide than any of these particular determinations.

This is one of the points to which I referred as our minus knowledge of Mercury. It is much more far reaching than appears at first sight; for upon the mass of any planet depend that planet's physical characteristics, notably its power to hold an atmosphere, and, with its capability of holding an atmosphere, its ability to sustain life. We shall now see that the capabilities of Mercury in this respect are below the possibilities of life.

The probable mass of Mercury is about .039 of the mass of the earth; his probable diameter, 3100 miles; for he is probably a little larger than supposed. To measure the full disk of Mercury is possible only when he is seen in transit projected on the face of the sun. When he is so seen, the measures made of him are certain to be too small, inasmuch as irradiation always makes a dark object seen against a bright one seem smaller than it is. If we could ever see Mercury full when off the sun, we could strike a mean and deduce a pretty accurate result. But we cannot do this. We are constrained to take as basis his transit measures, but it is absolutely essential that we should add to them a correction.

His probable mass and presumable size give us for his density about .65 of the earth's. Gravity, therefore, at his surface would be about one quarter of hers, and his critical velocity, or the velocity he could just restrain, 2.1 miles a second. Now, from the kinetic theory of gases we see that this velocity falls below that of water vapor, which is 2.5, and just above that of oxygen, which is 2.0, and nitrogen, which is 1.8. Hence Mercury cannot keep water vapor about him, and it is doubtful whether he could hold oxygen or nitrogen. As for the denser vapors, to vaporize these would require a temperature at his surface enormously high and perpetually sustained. We shall see in a moment that the conditions upon the planet's surface are such as to preclude even this possibility. Mercury, therefore, probably has no appreciable atmosphere. We shall find that this deduction is fully sustained by the look of the planet's surface.

II.

Having thus reviewed all we knew, and much that we did not know, but should have known, of the planet, up to within the last few years, we will proceed to the fundamental addition those years have given us. This addition has been the work of two sets of observations: those of Schiaparelli in 1889, and those at Flagstaff, Arizona, last summer.

In 1889 Schiaparelli began observations of the planet, which up to that time had presented to terrestrial observers a disk devoid of markings of any definiteness, a blank sheet upon which no cer-

tain characters were written. But Schiaparelli soon discovered that this lack of expression was no fault of the planet. Markings were found by him on the disk, — perfectly recognizable and delineable ones. As time went by he noticed that these markings slowly shifted in position upon the face of the planet. Minutes and hours, indeed, brought no change of place in them, but days did. Such shift showed that the planet rotated, and furthermore that the rotation was very slow. As he continued his search the period of this rotation was before long disclosed, and a very singular one it turned out to be; for it appeared that, quite unlike the earth, Mercury turned on his axis once only in the course of his circuit about the sun.

It is perhaps supererogatory to remark that the discovery remained largely unappreciated. Schiaparelli communicated it at once to the astronomical world, but scientific men refused to credit it with more than half confidence. We have seen how they had accepted previously the erroneous determinations of Mercury's mass, which recalls the story of the simple old soul and her son Jack when the latter returned from his voyages and poured his tales into her ear. She accepted the mountains of sugar and rivers of wine with perfect composure, but balked at admitting the flying fish. "No, Jack," she said, "you will never make your old mother believe that fish can fly." The astronomical world reminds us in this of what Taine wrote of Prosper Mérimée: he was so resolved not to be taken in that he ended by becoming the dupe of his own distrust. Skepticism in moderation is a beneficial thing, but extreme skepticism betrays extreme ignorance.

Matters rested here until last summer, when the observations which resulted in the following knowledge of the planet were made.

Next to as good air as the observer can get, the most important prerequisite, if he would see anything of Mercury, is that his observations should all be made by day. It will not do to wait for twilight to disclose the planet, as the tremors of the air at very low altitudes blur all detail upon his disk. He must be sought in broad daylight, while he is quite invisible to the naked eye. This is done by pointing the telescope toward his calculated position; if the instrumental adjustments are correct, he appears punctual to the law of gravitation, and looks for all the world like a little moon swimming alone in the vast blue sky.

The first characteristic he presents is pallor. He looks as wan as the moon herself when seen under like circumstances. His disk is of that pale white ashen hue with which we are so familiar in the moon by day. To an observer who observes aright every detail means something. Thus even this pallor is important. We note, to start with, that it is like the aspect of the moon. We next note that if we compare Mercury's disk with that of Venus there is a most marked contrast between the two. While Mercury is pale white, Venus is a brilliant straw-color; and her disk is ever so much brighter, square unit for square unit, than his. Now, when we consider the relative distance of the two bodies from the sun, we see that the contrast should be the other way if the surfaces of the two were alike; for the illumination Mercury receives from the sun in consequence of his proximity is more than two and a half times that which Venus receives; and yet, in spite of this, when both are seen against the same background, the surface of Venus far outshines that of Mercury. To what can this difference be due? A second thought will suggest the answer: Atmosphere. Venus, we know, has an atmosphere; Mercury, we have every reason to believe, has none. An atmosphere would produce just the effect we mark in the case of Venus, a brightening of her disk all over. Mer-

cury, being without such light-reflecting veil, shows as he really is. Here, then, from the surface look of the planet we have corroboration of the deduction from its probable density of its lack of atmosphere. Our moon is like Mercury, devoid of atmosphere, and she like Mercury looks pale. In both the pallor is what the actual surface of a globe of material not unlike our earth should present if bare of atmospheric covering. We shall see this more distinctly by comparing the relative reflecting power of the moon, of Mercury, and of certain known rocks. The moon reflects about .11 of the incident light, sandstone .237, and quartz porphyry .108. We see, then, from consideration of his pallor alone, that we probably look upon the actual surface of the planet, and that that surface is probably rock, sand, or soil, of a color between sandstone and quartz porphyry.

We now come to another point. As Mercury passes from the full to the crescent phase his surface diminishes visibly in lustre. I do not now refer to his loss of light as a whole, but to the loss in brilliancy of the illuminated part, square area for square area. His surface fades out, as it were. Just this fading out occurs with the moon. She too loses lustre as she wanes to a crescent. In the case of the moon, the loss has been attributed, and doubtless correctly, to the mountainous or craterous character of her surface. As the mountain peaks of the crater walls pass toward the sunrise or sunset edge of the disk — the edge which makes the phase — they cast longer and longer shadows, which, indistinguishable as such to the naked eye, result in cutting off just so much of the light, and give the effect of a paling of the surface. Mercury's like behavior may be due to a like cause, and the planet may possess a surface which is covered more or less with mountain ranges or with crater walls.

Thirdly, we may note that with absence of air goes absence of water. Even were there water without air to start with, it could not remain in the absence of air; for as it evaporated to vapor, which in the course of time must happen to all of it, the same conditions which caused the air itself to leave the planet would cause the water vapor to follow suit, and thus eventually leave the planet water-bare.

Thus the absence of air on Mercury precludes the possibility of seas or oceans or rivers there. Furthermore, the absence of water prevents the existence of any vegetation upon the planet. The surface of Mercury is therefore, in all probability, one vast desert.

We will now turn to the markings and see what they disclosed. As soon as the planet was scanned at Flagstaff markings were apparent upon the disk. The markings were dark, very much darker than those of Venus. In consequence, they were proportionally easier to make out. In good air they were remarkably distinct, and even in bad air they were quite recognizable. They were numerous and permanent in place. Curiously enough, they were lines rather than patches. In this they differed noticeably from the moon's markings, which to the naked eye have the look of blotches. The two sets of markings agreed only in being the darker portions of their respective bodies. The patches on the moon, when examined telescopically, have the appearance of having been old sea-bottoms. This may be illusive inference, as it is more than questionable whether the moon ever had the necessary water; but it is certain that the dark patches are the smooth, plain parts of our satellite, while the brighter parts of her are the mountain and crater regions. We may perhaps infer from this that on Mercury, too, the dark areas represent the flatter country.

The first point to chronicle about the markings, because the most general one, is their entire absence of color. The whole disk, like that of Venus, was a chiaroscuro of markings, a picture in black

and white unrelieved by colored tint of any kind. Here we have a telltale appearance, as in the case of Venus; for the absence of color shows the absence of both water and vegetation. We know that did water or vegetation exist on Mercury's surface we could tell it by its tint, for this is precisely what we do with Mars. The hues of Mars are perfectly distinct even across so many millions of miles of space. His vegetation makes itself apparent by its beautiful blue-green tint.

Here, then, we have corroboration from another source of the absence of water on Mercury.

III.

As the markings were so distinct, it was speedily possible to see whether or not they moved across the face of the disk; if motion occurred, it would give the rotation period of the planet, and the position of the axis around which such rotation took place. It was very soon evident that the markings did not change their place from hour to hour, nor perceptibly from day to day. Whenever the observer looked, the same markings appeared in the same positions. Now, as the intervals between the observations were of all lengths from very short to very long ones, no rotation of short period was compatible with such immutability of place.

This showed what the rotation was not. As time went on it became possible to say what the rotation was; for as the edge of the illuminated portion of the planet shifted across the disk in consequence of the planet's revolution in his orbit about the sun, all the markings slowly shifted with it. As I explained in my paper on Venus, this showed immediately that the planet rotated once in the course of his journey round the sun; that is, that his periods of axial rotation and orbital revolution coincided.

But here a very neat little variation appeared in the consecutive appearances of the planet's face, — a variation not visible in the case of Venus. During a portion of his orbital revolution, in a certain part of his path, the markings proceeded to lag behind the place they should have occupied, on the supposition of isochronism of rotation and revolution. The illumination crept faster across the face of the planet than the markings were able to follow. At first sight this will seem to have been conclusive evidence that the rotation period and the orbital one were not the same. As a matter of fact it really proved the reverse, the apparent variation from synchronousness evidencing the absolute synchronism of the two; for the variation was nothing more nor less than the planet's libration in longitude made visible.

Libration in longitude, or the apparent swing of the centre of the disk one way or the other, is the inevitable consequence of eccentricity of orbit. To understand it, we need only consider the planet's motion in its path. If a planet travel in a circle about the sun, its angular change must be the same for equal intervals of time. If, on the other hand, it move in an ellipse, the equality is no longer preserved. For when it is nearest the sun it moves much faster than when far away, being more attracted in the one case than in the other; furthermore, when near, the angle it describes is greater even for the same speed. Doubly fast, therefore, will be its sweep round the sun when it is near, compared with its velocity when it is remote.

Now, Mercury's orbit, unlike Venus's, is, for a planetary orbit, very eccentric, the planet being at times half as far again from the sun as at others. In consequence, when near perihelion Mercury sweeps through six and a third degrees a day; in aphelion he only manages to compass two and three quarters degrees. His rotation on his axis is uniform because of the great momentum of that rotation, and is equal to about four degrees a day. If, therefore, we suppose the planet to start from perihelion, the

angle of revolution will proceed to gain on the angle of rotation, and this gain will continue until the planet has reached that point in his orbit where his angular movement round the sun has so far diminished as just to equal his daily angle of rotation. In the case of Mercury, the equality is brought about 18 days and 9 hours after the date of the planet's passing perihelion. As the angle of revolution has throughout this time been gaining upon the angle of rotation, the difference between them will here be at its greatest, and will amount to the very considerable divergence of twenty-three and two thirds degrees. This has the effect of swinging all the markings to one side through the same number of degrees.

So soon as the above point is passed the conditions will be reversed, the angle of rotation now proceeding to gain on the angle of revolution and slowly catching up with its arrears. When the planet reaches aphelion the loss has all been made up, and the two angles start together again. But as the angular revolution is here least, the angle of rotation continues its gain until, at a point corresponding to the one in the first half of its orbit where the two angular movements were the same, they again become equal, the angular rotation having accumulated its maximum advance, — an advance it then proceeds to lose to equality again at perihelion. There is thus brought about a swing of the planet's face, first one way and then the other, and this is what is known as libration in longitude. In the case of Mercury the whole effect of the swing is forty-seven and a third degrees; twice, that is, twenty-three and two thirds.

Now, it so chances that upon the eastern side of Mercury there are markings which make this libration very strikingly and interestingly evident. When the planet is in his mean position two dark lines are visible cutting off the cusps, — one at a slight distance from the southern pole of the planet, the other nearly the same distance from the northern one. As the libration swings, the markings round these two lines proceed to curve more toward one another, until when the libration has reached about fifteen degrees they are seen to join, forming one continuous band from top to bottom, with bright surface beyond them. After this time the bright area beyond widens. This gives the markings the look of a lyre, the time-honored instrument of the god, from which I have accordingly named the lines.

Mercury, therefore, like Venus, rotates but once during the time he takes to make his circuit of the sun. The phenomena of eternal day on one side of him and of everlasting night on the other, together with all the resulting physical effects of such a state of things upon the body's surface conditions, are the same for both planets except in so far as they are affected by two considerations: the presence of air and lack of libration on Venus, and the lack of air and presence of libration on Mercury; for as Mercury is practically devoid of air, so Venus is practically without libration. Venus's orbit is so nearly circular that from the extreme point of her libratory swing on one side to the extreme point on the other is only a degree and a half, or ninety miles measured along her surface, a debatable territory of day and night not worth debating. Now, both air and libration are needed for change, and each planet wants one or the other of these prerequisites. If Venus had a sensible libration or Mercury a sensible atmosphere, the resulting climatic conditions upon the strips of their surfaces which alone experience the recurrent alternations of sunshine and shade would be most interesting to consider. As it is, the two planets are equally impossibly circumstanced for any resulting effect, inasmuch as the lack of either of the above attributes, air or libration, is fatal.

The isochronism of rotation and revolution which the markings disclose not

only corroborates the physical state of Mercury's surface which the very look of the surface implies ; it explains how such a state of things came about. We saw this in the case of Venus, and precisely the same argument applies to Mercury except in so far as libration affects the latter. But even in the presence of air it seems doubtful if libration could alter the eventual meteorologic conditions ; for any water must of necessity seek the extreme point of the dark side, and leave the debatable strip of territory in the end as arid as the sun-baked portion of the planet. Finally, it is more than likely that Mercury has neither water nor air, and so lacks even the premises to any other conclusion.

Physically, the effects of the libration and of the eccentricity of the planet's orbit are probably nil ; phenomenally, they are rather interesting. Over the three eighths of the surface which are exposed forever to the sun, that body appears to oscillate back and forth through forty-seven degrees of sky, taking 51 days and 5 hours to go from his extreme eastern point to his extreme western one, and then 36 days and 18 hours to get back again, his westward swing being made nearly half as fast again as his eastward one. While the sun is thus oscillating he is changing in apparent size. At his extreme western position he appears as a sun about seven times as large as ours, proportionately bright and hot. From this he increases to nearly ten times in the middle of his motion east, and then decreases to seven times again at his eastern extreme. As he swings back he decreases further to about four times ours in the middle of his path, to increase again to seven times at his western limit and begin over again. The Mercurials, were there any such folk, would thus see in their sun a very palpable negative of their own orbit, as we may express it, projected on the sky.

In the debatable strip of territory the sun would rise and go through a part of this path according to the position of the observer on the strip in question, and then set again at a different rate. To observers on the eastern side of the planet he would rise fast and set slow ; to those on the western, the reverse.

IV.

From what I have here sketched it will be seen that we are now in possession of evidence of the physical condition of Mercury to a not inconsiderable degree of detail. That condition may be summarized as follows : Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, of water, and of vegetation ; consequently incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. His surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from him to be able yet to say. The latter cause is the more probable. Over the greater part of his surface, change, either diurnal or seasonal, is unknown. Three eighths of his surface are steeped in perpetual glare, three eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the planet himself is of a rather corpselike character. Less deterrent, perhaps, is the interest he possesses as a part of the life-history of the solar system ; for tidal friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought him where he is. The machine has run down. Whether he ever supported life upon his surface or not, the power to do so has now forever passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, he is now a dead world. And he was the first thus to reach the end of his evolutionary career, — earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater on him than on her, and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead,

— how long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for a very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, now have finished their course, and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest. They are the only planets that have yet done so. They are the first, but not the last; for the same fate is doubtless in store for all the others, each in its turn. Each foretells it by having already reached a stage in the process almost exactly proportionate to its position. It is not a little curious, indeed, that the several stages should be as precisely represented by the several planets as they are. Our recent knowledge of the condition of Mercury and Venus has made this apparent. These planets have supplied the missing links in the chain of evidence; or rather, it is these that have made something more than missing links, for they stand at one end of the line, and by so doing furnish specimens of the final act in the process, without which the whole process would not have been evident.

As the matter of planetary decrepitude and death turns upon the cessation of planetary rotation, let us compare the rotation periods of the several planets, proceeding outward from the sun. As, however, it is isochronism of axial rotation and orbital revolution that determines this death, and not the actual rotation period, what we must compare is the rotations of the several planets as regards the sun, not as regards space. Represented in tabular form, these periods, planetary days as they are, stand as follows: —

Mercury:	infinity.
Venus:	infinity.
Earth:	24 hours.
Mars:	24 hours, 39½ minutes.
Jupiter:	9 hours, 55 minutes.
Saturn:	10 hours, 14 minutes.
Uranus:	unknown, but probably rapid.
Neptune:	unknown, but probably rapid.

This table is striking. We see from it that the slowing up of planetary rotation is almost precisely timed to the distance of the planet from the sun. We could not possibly expect the accordance to come out closer than it does; for, other things being equal, the size of a planet must certainly affect the speed of its rotation, and the sizes of the planets are very diverse, ranging all the way from the giant Jupiter to Mars the pygmy or to Mercury the dwarf; Jupiter being actually more comparable to the sun itself in size than to Mars or Mercury. Now, as, in spite of such diversity, distance from the sun apparently determines the effect, we see how paramount a factor in the process of planetary decrepitude distance from the sun must be.

No less suggestive are the colors of the several planets. As the planets are commonly observed only by night, the full effect of their contrasting tints escapes recognition. If one have the opportunity of observing them telescopically by day, and avail himself of the chance, he will be surprised to find how striking this contrast is; for daylight brings out the colors in a way one would not suppose possible beforehand. Whatever differences are seen by night are intensified by day. For the four inner planets and the moon these colors are as follows: —

Mercury:	white and black chiaroscuro.
Venus:	straw-color chiaroscuro.
Earth:	ochre and blue-green.
Mars:	rose-ochre and blue-green.
Moon:	white and black chiaroscuro.

It is at once evident from this that Mercury, Venus, and the moon fall into one category, the earth and Mars into another. The former have the hues of death; the latter, of life.

As to the major planets seen by night, Jupiter and Saturn are brick-red between their cloud-belts, while Uranus and Neptune seem to be pale green; but we get so little light from the latter two that we may suspend definite judgment as to their tints.

In both the above classifications — rotation period as regards the sun, and

color — it will be noticed how curiously the planets go in pairs : —

Mercury and Venus :
Rotation, infinitely long ; color, arid.
Earth and Mars :
Rotation, about a day ; color, vegetation.
Jupiter and Saturn :
Rotation, about ten hours ; color, heat glow.
Uranus and Neptune :
Rotation, probably rapid ; color, doubtful.

While this coupling is doubtless fortuitous, the apparent progression underlying it is doubtless not so.

Thus do the several planets combine to give us a consecutive picture of the career of each. Through the telescope we look not only at the present, but back into the past and on into the future. From study of all we can read the main events in the life-history of each ; for each must have passed or must be passing from a formless infancy through a plastic youth to a rigid old age.

In detail, the life of each must differ from that of its neighbor ; for size and distance from the sun would each cause a difference in physical characteristics into which — very interesting as the subject is — we have not space here to go. Suffice it that from the fact that the matter composing the cosmos seems to be of common character, and that physical forces, so far as we know them, must be universal in their application, we can make some deduction as to the conditions prevailing upon each of these globes. On some points we can affirm pretty positively ; on others, as yet, little or nothing. Whether, for example, there be other forms of life in the universe of which we have neither cognizance nor conception, we cannot be sure. But we can say that in certain cases life such as we know it cannot exist. We can affirm with something like certainty that no life like ours can now be possible on either Mercury or Venus. Whatever they may once have been, these two planets are now ghastly parodies of worlds, — globes having the semblance of possible abodes, but being really pitilessly the reverse.

Percival Lowell.

THE LADY AND THE PARSON.

A BIT OF VIRGINIAN HISTORY.

The Lady was a widow, and her husband had been no less superb a person than Alexander Spotswood, lieutenant-governor of her Majesty's colony of Virginia. He had been an aide to Marlborough at Blenheim, and through the great soldier's influence had received from Queen Anne the appointment to do the work for which the governor, the Earl of Orkney, received by far the larger salary — and stayed at home.

Spotsylvania County was named in honor of Spotswood, and there on a "horse shoe peninsular" he built a castle, with its village, church, vast parks, and adjoining estate of forty-five thousand acres. He called it "Germanna," because the Germans whom Queen Anne had sent over were clustered around his estate. On his lands iron ore was abundant, and to him, as the first manufacturer of iron in Virginia, posterity owes no small debt.

Six years after Spotswood's arrival in Virginia his restless spirit longed to penetrate the sealed fastnesses beyond the mountains to the westward, and to find a gateway to new lands through the hills, and a company of gentlemen followed him. We find them halting, at Spotswood's command, to drink the king's health in champagne (Anne's reign had

ended) and to fire a volley in the monarch's honor. After a short distance they stop again to drink the health of the princess in old Burgundy, and that of the rest of the royal family in claret, — nice distinctions of honor, — with fresh firing of volleys. Then the loyal following would have the governor's health. In this manner they proceeded, breaking the monotony of the journey with the hunting of deer, bears, and foxes. Daily the mountains drew nearer, and finally the brave gentlemen stood upon a rugged peak which Spotswood named Mount George in his sovereign's honor, doubtless with much drinking of the royal health. His companions then forced their way up a twin peak near by, and, to their leader's glory, named it Mount Alexander.

To each member of this band Governor Spotswood presented a golden horseshoe set with jewels and inscribed with the motto "Sic juvat transcendere montes," and from that time on they were called "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." Not one of these trophies is known to be now preserved by a Knight's descendant. Here, however, is a letter to show that their memory has not perished: —

St. Julien near Fredericksburg,
February 25, 1841.

Dr. William A. Carruthers:

My dear Sir, — I have received your letter of the 5th inst., and in reply to it can only say that I have seen in the possession of the oldest branch of my family a Golden Horseshoe set with garnets and having inscribed on it a motto, which I always understood was presented to my grandfather as one of many gentlemen who accompanied him across the mountains.

With great respect, yours,
Francis Brooke.

It is not possible that the governor who led this expedition could have been other than a picturesque figure, and his wife, whom he married in 1724, two years after his office was taken from him, through a curious disaffection, must have shone in a strongly reflected light. She herself, indeed, was Lady Butler Braeme, godchild and kinswoman of the Duke of Ormond, and had met her husband at the court of Queen Anne many years before marrying him.

There were four Spotswood children, John and Robert (the former killed by the Indians, a shocking return for the governor's interest in a treacherous nation), Katherine and Dorothea. Katherine was the beauty of the family, and married Bernard Moore, of Chelsea; she was the great-grandmother of Robert E. Lee, and to her death was a defiant Tory, thereby incurring the displeasure of her family. Dorothea married Nathaniel West Dandridge, and was the mother-in-law of Patrick Henry.

At Germanna Governor Spotswood and his lady maintained considerable state and elegance. The place was itself a principality, and in addition to it he had other lands, mines, a house at Williamsburg, a plantation near York, and not a little personal property. He mentions in his will "two cabinets of plate, weighing one thousand and eighty ounces and four pennyweight of silver according to an inventory."

A letter from William Byrd, the exponent of Virginian grace and refinement, gives a pretty glimpse of life at Germanna. He was there in 1732, eight years after the governor had become a Benedict, and wrote: —

"The famous town of Germanna consists of Spotswood's enchanted Castle on one side, and a baker's dozen of tenements on the other. Here I arrived about three o'clock and found Mrs. Spotswood at home, who received her old acquaintance with many a gracious smile.

"I was carried into a room elegantly set off with pier glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd mis-

fortune. Among other favorite animals which cheered the lady's solitude a brace of tame deer ran familiarly about the house; and one of them came to stare at me as a stranger, but unluckily spying his own figure in the glass he made a spring over the tea table that stood under it, and shattered the glass to pieces, and falling back upon the tea table made a terrible fracas among the tea china, but it was worth all the damage to show the moderation and good humour with which she bore the disaster."

In 1740 Governor Spotswood died, and his widow entered, as a possibility, into the list of the persons frequently mentioned in colonial newspapers and manuscript marriage records after this wise: "Mr. —— with Mrs. ——, widow of the late Colonel ——, who is possessed of a fine figure and a handsome fortune." As the mistress of Germanna, with its cabinets of plate, fine furniture, horses and coaches, and outlying lands, Lady Spotswood must have seemed, of all women, a marriageable widow.

In this very year 1740 the "Parson" — the Rev. John Thompson — appears upon the scene as the rector of the church at Germanna. In 1741 Lady Spotswood presented the church with a velvet altar-cloth, and perhaps it was this little olive branch that made the young divine bold enough to aspire to the hand of so exalted a widow; for soon afterwards he began to storm Germanna and its proud mistress, who, strange to say, was not averse to receiving the attentions of a handsome preacher. Indeed, she seems to have gone so far as to give him assurance of her affection. Then arose a protest from kinsfolk and acquaintance: "Could she, Lady Butler Braeme Spotswood, godchild of a duke, who had mingled with lords and ladies, descend to a union with a poor parson, a pensioner of her late husband and herself?"

In the light of these circumstances, it was a good fortune to find in a dusty garret, not long ago, a box of old letters,[1] yellow and crumbling, yet vividly alive with the affairs of the Lady and the Parson. Let us untie the close knot of faded ribbon and see what falls from the package at last unbound.

First we pick up the ancient commission to the ministerial office from Edmund Bishop of London to "the beloved in Christ John Thompson," and a torn bill which tells what John Thompson had to pay for his deacon's and priest's orders. Then there is a sermon by the young clergyman, torn in the fold of the paper. His text is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (yea, perhaps better); and in his own handwriting there is a list of his appointments, namely: "Ye lower Church;" "Ye Court House;" "Ye little Fort church;" "Mt Poney church;" "Buck Run church." One would scarcely suppose he had time for love-making, but his first letter to "Lady Butler Spotswood" is big with suggestion of a mind filled with sentimental as well as religious purpose: —

MADAM, — I send you my servant ye bearer according to promise hoping he will prove useful to you in reaping your harvest or in any other business you may have occasion to put him to. Madam I am extremely sorry to find your thoughts should all of a sudden take such a turn, but this I ascribe more to the malevolent influence of others than to your own generous disposition.

However Dear Madam I hope you will consider my case wth. a passionate affection. Consider I say Dear Madam how ardently I adore you, yt my very life and soul is wraped up in you, yt rather than be deprived of your agreeable person, I would chuse death wth. all its terrors. 'Tis true Madam, you may chuse whether you will make me happy, but in spite of all opposition I shall ever love you most passionately. And upon

[1] These letters are owned by Mr. David S. Forbes, of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

all occasions will shew myself, wth ye profoundest respect, dear Madam

Your most Affectionate Humbl Servant JNO. THOMPSON.

June 20, 1741

P. S. Madam I should have waited of you, but I am necessarily obliged to ride to baptize a child.

The letters seem to prove our suspicion that Lady Spotswood must have first encouraged and then repulsed her lover, and finally have told him in plain English that she was too good for him; for nearly a year after his first epistle he writes again, and the corpulent old letter with its broken red wax seal is the next to be unfolded. The argument it contains is, "A preacher may marry a princess if he choose."

The egoism in the epistle must be condoned if we remember the high stakes for which our lover was playing.

MADAM, — By diligently perusing your letter I see that there is a material argument which I ought to have answered, upon which your strongest objection to completing my happiness seems to depend, viz; that you would incur ye censures of ye world for marrying a person of my station, by which I understand that you think it a diminution of *your honour* and ye *dignity* of *your family* to marry a person in the station of a Clergyman.

Now if I can make it appear that the ministerial office is an employment in its nature ye most honorable, and in its effects ye most beneficial to mankind I hope your objections will immediately vanish, yt you will keep me no longer in suspense and misery but consummate my happiness.

I make no doubt, Madam, but yt you will readily grant, yt no man can be employed in work more honorable than what immediately relates to the King of Kings and Lord of lords, and to ye salvation of souls immortal in their nature, and redeemed by ye blood of ye Son of God.

The powers committed to their care cannot be exercised by ye greatest princes of earth, and it is the same work in kind, and ye same in ye design of it with yt of ye blessed angels, who are ministering spirits for those who shall be heirs of salvation. It is the same business yt ye Son of God discharged when he condescended to dwell among men which engages men in ye greatest acts of *doing good* in turning Sinners from the errors of their ways, and by all wise and prudent means in gaining souls unto God. And the faithful and diligent discharge of this holy function give a title to ye highest degree of glory in the next world, for they that be wise shall shine as ye brightness of ye firmament forever.

The Greeks accounted the priesthood with equal dignity with kingship, which is taken notice of by Aristotle in several places in his politicks. Among the Latins we have a testimony from Virgil yt at ye same time Aeneas was both priest and king. Nay Moses who was prince of Israel before Aaron was consecrated officiated as priest in the solemn sacrifice, by which ye covenant with Israel was confirmed.

And ye primitive Christians always expressed a mighty value and esteem for their clergy as plainly appears from ecclesiastical history. And even in our day, as bad as the world is, those of ye clergy who live up to ye dignity of their profession are generally reverenced and esteemed by all religious and well disposed persons. From all of which it evidently appears yt in all ages of ye world whether Jew, Heathen or Christians great honor and dignity have always been conferred upon the Clergy.

And therefore dear Madam from hence you may infer how absurd and ridiculous those gentlemen's notions are who would fain persuade you yt marrying with the Clergy would derogate from ye honor and dignity of your family whereas, in strict

reasoning the contrary thereof would appear, and yt it would very much to support ye honour and dignity.

Of this I hope you will be better convinced when you consider the titles of honour and respect yt are given to those who are invested with ye ministerial functions as are amply displayed in ye Scriptures.

Those invested with that character are called ye ministers of Christ, ye Stewards of mysteries of God, to whom have been committed the word of reconciliation, ye glory of Christ &c. And then it is moreover declared, that whosoever *despiseth* them *despiseth not man* but GOD.

All which titles shew that upon many accounts they stand called and appointed to God himself; and therefore if a gentleman of this sacred & honorable character should be married to a lady though of ye greater extraction & most excellent personal qualities (which I am sensible you are endowed with) it can be no disgrace to her, nor her family, nor draw ye censure of ye world upon them, for such an action. And therefore, dear Madam your argument being refuted you can no-longer consistently refuse to consummate my happiness.

JOHN THOMPSON.

May 1742.

But instead of inducing the Lady to relent, this argument seems to have filled her with indignation; though her counselors, I dare say, were in part responsible for the following sharp letter: —

TO THE REV. MR. THOMPSON.

S^R. — I had almost let a resolution never to converse with you agan in this manner or indeed in any other for I think its to very little Purpose to make use of repetitions in such a case, its certain, two years is a sufficient space of time for any person to know their own mind. [The love-making must have begun in a very short time after Governor Spotswood's demise.] I have often told mine to little purpose, and assure you S^r, have no thoughts of marrying as my affairs are at this times circumstanced

I am sorry to find Finlason and you have had words, being sensible such things take air and in the end may turn out to your disadvantage in ye thoughts of a people who are Strangers to honour or Generous principles. This is all I have to offer except desiring you to desist from any further pretensions to me than those of friendship which will oblige S^r. in a particular manner her who is yr. Humbl: Servant

B. SPOTSWOOD.

July 29. 1742.

No one can say that the following answer is not full of dignified resignation:

HONOURED MADAM, — May ready success still meet yr. honourable designs. May the sincerity of yr. friends prove worthy of yr. innocent confidence in them. May ye charms of your body be as lasting as those of your mind. And may no pain interrupt your ease nor misfortune yr. felicity.

But should I follow the dictates of my heart whilst it is pouring out blessings upon you I might tire YOU, but never ye zeal of my love.

Having thus made ye Will of dying hopes I will trouble you no longer but let them in silence expire. From Madam

Your faithful Serv't.

JOHN THOMPSON.

This proud relinquishment of his hopes perhaps alarmed the Lady, for at once she addresses the following letter of solicitous tone: —

TO REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

S^r. — M^r. Rose came according to expectation, and set out on Friday at 4 o'clock with M^r. Camell for his quarter. He is to preach for Hartwell at ye Court House this day and expect him

here again at 5 or 6 o'clock this evening to meet Mr. Benger.[1]

They both intend to stay at Germanna until Wednesday next. I have not heard one word of the affair. I have writ you a letter yt was proposed but care not to trust it in this manner, so yt you must defer yr. intended journey until I can see you. You have a very good excuse, for it is too hot, and unfit to Travel, and there is a necessity for my speaking with you upon the subject of the letter. This is all I have to offer but that I am as usual

Your Friend and Humbl. Serv't
B. Spotswood.

P. S. I have enclosed your Sermon as an excuse for THIS.

Our widow was a trifle sly. John Thompson perceived in this symptom a weakening of purpose; again he writes:

Honoured Madam,—You must either give up your cause or else acknowledge yourself guilty of great insincerity and ye most monstrous ingratitude and execrable cruelty.

But I would fain persuade myself yt cruelty and ingratitude can never harbour long in so serene a breast as yours, & yt this storm will soon be over, that so your heavenly graces may shine forth with greater lustre and again admit to favour Madam

Your most faithful &
affectionate Serv't
John Thompson.

Now comes a broken bit of parchment: "Witness this document that in the year of our Saviour 1742, on the ninth of November I joined in Matrimony Mr. Thompson with the lady Butler.

"Signed the same year and day.
"James Marye,
"Rector of St. George's Parish in Spotsylvania County."

[1] Her brother-in-law.

The next letter unfolded has scribbled upon it, "The copy of a letter to my Father."

Honoured and dear Sir, — Being sensible of ye respect due from a child to a parent . . . I hold myself in duty bound to acquaint you wth all ye occurrences of my life, but more especially wth those yt bear a propitious aspect, & therefore make bold to inform you of my different scene of life, having changed my former state for that of wedlock and am entirely happy with a lady of most exquisite and amiable qualities, of an ancient and honourable family who was formerly married to Colonel Spotswood, late Governor of Virginia who at his death left behind him four children (two boys & two girls) *extraordinarily* well provided for. To his eldest son he left lands, Iron Works &c, in value about £2000 sterling per annum, to his youngest son £3000 sterling, and to ye girls £2025 sterling each, and to his lady (now my wife) a jointure of £500 sterling per annum, one half of which before my marriage with my consent she settled upon her children. The other we reserved to ourselves as a competent maintenance.

We all live together ye mansion house being in my parish & shall until the heir come to age who was 17 last Christmas. I received Brother Robert's letter dated ye 28th of May & shall take care the next opportunity to answer it. In ye mean time give my sincere love to him & to all my brothers & sisters. I shall ever remain with ye profoundest respect Dr. Parent

Your most dutiful & obedient son
Jno. Thompson.

June ye 9th 1743.

Beneath the letters and the diary is a tiny parcel in crumpled paper. Unfolding it carefully, we bring to light a nest of flashing red stones. Did they fall from a golden horseshoe?

Sally Nelson Robins.

THE JUGGLER.

VII.

It created something of a sensation, one morning, when the juggler — for the mountaineers as solemnly distinguished him by the name he had given them of his queer vocation as if it were the serious profession of law — appeared among the lime-burners on the slope of the mountain. With his sensitive perceptions, he could not fail to notice their paucity of courtesy, the look askance, the interchanged glances. Singularly obtuse, however, he must have seemed, for he presently ensconced himself, with a great show of consideration for his own comfort, as if for a stay of length, in the sheltered recess where the lime-burners were seated at some distance from the fire, for the heat was searching and oppressive. The heavy shadow of the cliff protected them from the sun. Below, the valley was spread out like a map. If one would have dreams, a sylvan ditty that an unseen stream, in a deep ravine hard by, was rippling out like a chime of silver bells swaying in the wayward wind came now to the ear, and now was silent, and somehow invited the fantasies of drowsing. Everything that grew bespoke the spring. Even the great pines which knew no devastation of winter bore testimony to the vernal impulse, and stood bedecked with fair young shoots as with a thousand waxen tapers.

The juggler, lying at full length on the moss, his hands clasped under his head, watched their serried ranks all adown the slope, broken here and there by the high-tinted verdure of the deciduous trees. He conserved a silence that seemed unintentional and accidental, perhaps because of his unconstrained attitude and of his casual expression of countenance, since he apparently took no note of the cessation of conversation among the lime-burners which had supervened on his arrival.

Talk was soon resumed, curiosity becoming a factor.

"Who 's 'tendin' the pertracted meetin' down yander, from Sims's?" demanded Peter Knowles, looking at Royce to intimate whom he addressed.

"Only the head of the house," responded the juggler: "Tubal Cain, the man of might, himself."

Peter Knowles still gazed at him with frowning fixity. "That thar Jane Ann Sims ain't got no mo' religion 'n a Dominicky hen," he observed.

"Well," the juggler was fain to contend in a sentiment of loyalty to the roof that sheltered him, "she is busy; she has her household duties to look after."

"Shucks, ye young buzzard! ye can't fool me!" exclaimed Tip Wrothers, in half-jocular triumph. "Don't all the Cove know ez Jane Ann Sims don't turn a hand ef Phemie 's thar ter do it fur her?"

"Yaas," drawled Gideon Beck, "an' Phemie ain't got much mo' religion 'n her mammy. Jes' wunst hev she been 'tendin' on the meetin', — an' this air Thursday, an' the mourners constant, an' a great awakenin'. Phemie Sims would set the nangel Gabriel down ter wait in the passage whilst she war a-polishin' of her milk-crocks, ef he hed been sent ter fetch her ter heaven, an' she warn't through her dairy worship."

"If Mrs. Sims don't turn her hand, there 's obliged to be somebody there to turn one. We don't have any rations of manna served out these days," argued the juggler. "It 's well that somebody stays at home. Tubal Cain and I are enough church-goers for one house."

"Air you-uns a mourner?" demanded Beck, with a sudden accession of interest.

"No," answered the juggler, "though I 've lots and cords to mourn over." He shifted his position with a sigh.

Wrothers and Knowles exchanged a significant glance which Beck did not observe. With a distinct bridling he said, "*I* be a perfesser. *I* hev been a perfesser fur the past ten year."

"It must be a great satisfaction," responded the juggler.

It was something, however, which he did not envy, and this fact was so patent that it roused the rancor of Beck. One of the dearest delights of possession is often the impotent grudging of him who hath not.

The juggler, despite his assured demeanor, had reverted to that sense of discomfort which had earlier beset him when he went abroad in the Cove. He had marked a certain agitated curiosity in the church as the members of the audience at the "show" recognized the man who was deemed so indisputably in league with Satan. But this was merged in the new and fast-accumulating interest of the meetings, and upon a second attendance, barring that he was here and there covertly pointed out to wide-eyed strangers, denizens of further heights and more retired dells, his entrance scarcely made a ripple of excitement. This he accounted eminently satisfactory. It had been his intention to accustom the mountaineers to the sight of him, to have his accomplishments as a prestidigitator grow stale as a story that is told, to be looked upon as a familiar and a member of the Sims household; all this favored his disguise and his escape from notoriety and question. He had been prepared for the surprise and curiosity which the presence of a stranger in so secluded a region naturally excites. Since learning somewhat of the superstitions and distorted religious ideas which prevailed among so ignorant and sequestered a people, he could even understand their fear of his simple feats of legerdemain, and the referring of the capacity to work these seeming miracles to collusion with the devil. But altogether different, mysterious, threatening, unnerving, was the keen inimical vigilance in Peter Knowles's eye, and the sense of some withheld thought, some unimagined expectation, which might be apprehended yet not divined, roused afresh the anxiety of detection which had slumbered in the security of this haven and this new life and this absolute death to the old world. As the juggler lay on his back, with his eyes fixed on that deep blue sky of May, fringed about with the fibrous pines above his head, he tried to elucidate the problem. Something alien, something dangerous, something removed it was from the fantasies of the ignorant mountaineer. But for all his keenness and his long training in the haunts of men, for all his close observation and his habit of just deduction, that thin-lipped, narrow, ascetic visage gave him no inkling what this withheld thought might be, — how it could be elicited, met, thwarted. Only one gleam of significance from the eye he interpreted, a distinct note of interrogation. Whatever the expectation might be, to whatever it might be leading, it was not devoid of uncertainty nor of involuntary inquiry.

He attempted to reassure himself. He tried to argue that it was only his consciousness surcharged with its weighty secret which made him flinch when any questioning eye was turned upon him. What could this mountaineer, ignorant and inexperienced as the rest, divine or suspect, — how could he dream of the truth?

And yet, so much was at stake: his name, his honor, — nay, the sheerest commercial honesty, — his liberty, perhaps even his life. And so far all had gone well! He clung now to his fictitious death as if the prospect of this existence in the Cove had not well-nigh made it real, so had his heart sunk within him at the thought of the future. He said to himself sharply that he would not be brought

to bay by this clumsy schemer. Surely he could meet craft with craft. The old habit of transacting business had no doubt sufficed to keep his countenance impassive, and he would set himself to add to the little they knew circumstances of which they did not dream, well calculated to baffle preconceived theories.

"No, I 'm not a mourner," he replied to Beck's sanctimonious gaze, — "not much! The kind of sinner I am goes to meeting to see the girls."

A momentary silence ensued. Not that this pernicious motive for seeking the house of worship was unheard of in Etowah Cove. There as elsewhere it was a very usual symptom of original sin. Few saints, however indurated by holiness against such perversion of the obvious uses of the sanctuary, but could remember certain soft and callow days when the hope of salvation held forth no greater reward than the occupancy of crowded back benches and the unrestricted gaze of round young eyes. It was, nevertheless, a motive so contrary to the idea which Knowles and Sims himself had entertained of the juggler's sojourn here and grafted on the credulity of their cronies, — a lightsome motive, so incompatible with the grisly suggestions of murder, and flight from justice, and the expectation of capture and condign punishment, — that it could not be at first assimilated with his identity as a fugitive and criminal. His sudden unaccounted-for presence here, the unexplained prolonged stay, the report of the silent preoccupied hours which he spent on the ledges over the river, fishing with an unbaited hook, the troubled silence, the answers at haphazard, the pallid languid apparition after sleepless nights, and, more than all, the agonized cries from out the feigned miseries of dreams, all tallied fairly and justified the theory built upon them. But this new element interjected so abruptly had a disintegrating subversive effect.

"Waal, ain't all the gals in the kentry mighty nigh down yander at the meetin' now?" demanded Beck.

He spoke mechanically, for he had lost sight of his effort to induce the juggler to attend upon the means of grace, if ever he had seriously entertained it, and he would not, on sober reflection, have offered this frivolous inducement as a loadstone to draw the reluctant heavenward, — let perdition seize him first!

"Plenty there, no doubt," said the juggler uncommunicatively, as if having taken counsel within himself.

Old Josiah Cobbs chuckled knowingly, as he sat on the stump he most affected and nursed his knee. "The *right one* ain't thar, — that 's the hitch! All the gals but one, an' that one wuth all the rest, hey?" He chuckled once more, thinking he was peculiarly keen-witted to spy out the secret of the juggler's indifference to prayer and praise. He perceived naught of the subtler significance of the disclosure, and easily quitting the subject he turned his head as if to listen.

The sound of the hymning rose suddenly on the breeze. From far away it was, if one must mete out the distance by the windings of the red clay road and the miles of fragrant springtide woods that intervened. But the music came straight through the air like the winged thing it is. And now it soared in solemn jubilance, and now it sank with soft fluctuations, and presently he recognized the tune and fell to humming it in unison with that far-away worship and with that air of soft pleasure in the religious cadences which one may often see in the aged, and which suggests the idea that in growing old hymns are as folk-song on the lips of the returning exile, and in every inflection is the rapture of going home.

The others neither heard nor heeded. They reminded Lucien Royce, as they were grouped around him, — some standing, some sitting or reclining on the mossy rocks in the flickering shade, but every eye fixed speculatively on him, — of that fable of many tongues wherein the beasts

of the field find a sleeping man and hold a congress to determine the genus of the animal, his capacities and utilities. He looked as inadvertent as he could, and but for the jeopardy of all he held dear he might have found in the situation food for mirth.

Jack Ormsby, who had not spoken heretofore, sat with a great clasp-knife in his hand whittling into thin slivers a bit of the bird's-eye maple that lay prone on the ground as if it had no better uses in manufacture than to furnish fuel to burn lime. He suddenly said, regardless of the possible inference and with a certain surly emphasis, "I hev hearn tell ez Euphemia Sims air a-goin' ter marry Owen Haines."

"I don't believe it!" cried the juggler.

Swift significant glances were exchanged, as he pulled himself into a sitting posture and looked with challenging controversy at Ormsby. The young mountaineer seemed surprised at this direct demonstration.

"They hev been keepin' comp'ny cornsider'ble, ennyhow," he persisted.

"Let bygones be bygones," the juggler said, with his wonted easy flippancy.

Old Cobbs rejoiced in the idea of love-making in the abstract. He had not realized who was the girl whose absence apparently rendered the crowded church but a barren desert. He only apprehended that one of the disputants advanced the possibility of a future marriage which the other denied. He sided at once with conjugal bliss.

"I reckon it must be true," he urged. "Thar ain't nuthin' ter be said agin it."

"Except he 's a fool!" exclaimed the juggler, with rancor.

"Ye mean 'bout prayin' fur the power?" asked Beck.

"A tremendous fool! He can't preach. He has n't the endowment, the gift of the gab. He has no call from above or below."

Royce felt no antagonism to the man, and he realized that they all shared his standpoint, but he was not ill pleased that he should seem to be jealously decrying Euphemia's lover.

"Phemie don't 'low he be a fool, I 'll be bound," said old Cobbs. "I hev viewed a many a man 'counted a puffick idjit, mighty nigh, at the sto' an' the blacksmith shop, yit at home 'mongst his wimmin-folks he be a mo' splendugious pusson 'n the President o' the Nunited States."

"I reckon Jack 's right," remarked Beck. "I reckon they 'll marry." This stroke, he reflected with satisfaction, cut not only the juggler, but Ormsby also, notwithstanding the fact that it was the theory advanced by the young mountaineer himself.

"I 'll bet my hat they don't," declared the juggler eagerly.

This suggestion of superior knowledge, of certainty, on the part of a stranger angered Jack Ormsby, who vibrated between his red-hot jealousy of the juggler on one side and of Owen Haines on the other.

"We-uns know Phemie Sims better 'n ye do!" he said, as if this were an argument despite the chameleon-hued changes of the feminine mind. "Ye never seen her till ye kem ter Etowah Cove."

"How do you know I did n't?" retorted the juggler warily. He sat leaning forward, his hat in his hand; his hair, grown longer than its wont, was crumpled on his forehead; he looked at Ormsby with a glitter of triumph in his red-brown eyes.

"Whar 'd ye kem from jes' afore ye got hyar?" demanded Ormsby huskily.

"I don't know why you are so inquisitive, my son," returned the juggler, airily flouting, "but since you wish to know — from Piomingo Cove."

This was true in a literal sense. Since he had been here, and had sought, with that instinct natural to civilized people, to grasp the details of the surrounding country, — some specimens of the genus

not being able to sleep until the points of the compass are satisfactorily indicated and arranged in their well-regulated minds, — he had learned that the long rugged valley which he had traversed, with only another cove intervening before he reached Etowah, was Piomingo Cove. They all remembered Euphemia's recent visit there. The inference was but too plain. He had doubtless seen her at her grandmother's house down in Piomingo Cove, and, fascinated by her beauty and charm, he had followed her here. And here he lingered, — what so natural! A proud, headstrong maiden like Euphemia was not to be won in a day; and should he leave her, with Jack Ormsby and Owen Haines inciting each other to haste and urgency, were matters likely to remain until his return as they were now? Most of the lime-burners' clique never hereafter believed aught but that this was the solution of the mystery of the juggler's sojourn in Etowah Cove.

Royce went down the mountain flushed with victory. He had descried a strong and favorable revolution in popular sentiment toward him, and the duty nearest at hand was to make the illusion true and lay siege to the heart of Euphemia.

He was not concerned as to how his wooing should speed. It was only essential that it should be a demonstration sufficiently marked to color his lingering presence here and sustain the impression which he had made on the lime-burners. He said this again and again to himself, to appease a certain repugnance which he began to experience when the idea with which he had lightly played became a definite and constraining course of action. He remembered that in reverie he had even gone so far as to canvass the disguise which marriage might afford, settling him here permanently as if he were a native, and, as time should pass, lessening daily the chance of the detection of his identity and of his life heretofore. He realized that this discovery impended at any moment for the next twenty years. He had a great respect for the truth as truth, and its inherent capacity for prevailing; and this led him to fear it the more. A lie has so fatal a proclivity to collapse. He had often told himself that it was the part of policy to accept life here as one of the mountaineers, content with their portion of the good things vouchsafed, the brand of undeserved shame evaded, the hardship of ignominious imprisonment eluded, the struggle of poverty reduced to its minimum in this Arcadian existence; for sometimes he realized anew, with a half-dazed sense, that the old life was indeed gone forever, — if for naught else, by reason of his financial losses in the collapse of the firm of Greenhalge, Gould & Fife.

He now stipulated within himself, however, that this was to be only a feint of love-making, — a flirtation, he would have termed it, were it to be illumined by wax candles, or the electric light, or gas, in lieu of the guttering tallow dip. He adduced with a sense of protection — and he could not forbear a laugh at himself and his sudden terrors — the certainty with which he had cause to know that the heart of the fair daughter of the miller was already bestowed on the young "crank," as he called the man "who was fool enough to pray for what he wanted." Yet for all it was to be only a mere semblance of capture, he could but be dubious of these chains with which he was about to invest himself of deliberate intention; heretofore he had fallen headlong in love and headlong out, and would not have shackled himself of his own volition. Thus he rattled Cupid's fetters tentatively, timorously, judging of their weight, and with a wish to be safely out of them as well as swiftly into them.

It was but a feint, he reassured himself. On her part, she would have an additional conquest to boast of; and as to him, all the world — of Etowah Cove — would see with what grace he would "wear the willow-tree."

"Since Phyllis hath forsaken me!" he sang airily, as he made his way down the sharp declivity.

Never in all his mental exercitations did he dream of difficulty in conveying to her intelligence an intimation of the supposed state of his heart. It had been his experience that such intimations are like spontaneous combustion: they take fire from no appreciable provocation. Nay, he had known of many wills-o'-the-wisp in this sort, suggesting flame where there was no fire. It is a trait of the feminine creature to often overrate the power of her charms, and to predicate desolation therefrom in altogether thriving insensible hearts. But perhaps because of her absorption Euphemia took no notice of a certain change in his manner toward her, which had been heretofore incidental and non-committal and inexpressive. Mrs. Sims, however, with that alertness to which the meddler in other people's love affairs is ever prone, marked it with inward perturbation, lest it should attract the attention of Tubal Cain Sims, whose evident antagonism to the juggler she had ascribed merely to a perverse humor. From the beginning, however, Royce had found especial favor in her eyes, — at first because he was so travel-worn and rain-soaked, and fevered and exhausted. Mrs. Sims had not experienced such solicitude since her only child was an ailing infant. Although he disproved her diagnosis of his illness and her arbitrary plans of treatment by appearing fresh and well the next morning, as if he had been newly created, she forgave him his recovery, and liked him because he was so strong and handsome and pleasant-spoken, and in some vague way, to her groping inexperienced realization of the various strata of human beings, so different, and so superior, and so capable of appreciating the wonderful Euphemia that he was really to be accounted worthy of the relenting of fate which permitted him to see her. After Euphemia's return Mrs. Sims suffered a certain disappointment that the young people took such scant notice of each other in coming and going the household ways, and she was wont to console herself now and then by contemplating them furtively as they sat opposite, one on each side of the table, and fetching the fattest of her sighs to think what a handsome couple they would make! She remembered, however, as in duty bound, Owen Haines, and perhaps she drew from this consciousness deeper sighs than either of the young lovers could have furnished to any occasion. She was not proud like Euphemia, and she thought that if the Lord visited no judgment on Owen Haines for his pertinacity in praying for the power, his fellow saints or fellow sinners — whichever they might be most appropriately called — should be able to endure the ten minutes wasted in the experiment to win the consent of Heaven. But she wished that her prospective son-in-law could be more practical of mind. She realized that he was dreamy, and that his spiritual aspirations were destined to be thwarted. They had sent deep roots into his nature, and she could foresee the effect on his later years, — years pallid, listless, forever yearning after a spiritual fantasy always denied; forever reaching backward with a regret for the past wasted in an unasked and a spurned service. Her motherly heart went out to Owen Haines, and she would fain have coddled him out of his — religion, was it? She did not know; she could not argue.

But Euphemia was her only child, and it is not necessary that the materials shall be ivory and gold and curious inlay to enable a zealous worshiper to set up an idol. Mrs. Sims looked into the juggler's handsome face with its alert eyes and blithe mundane expression, and as proxy she loved him so heartily that she did not doubt his past, nor carp at his future, nor question his motives. The fact of his lingering here so long — for he had asked only a night's lodging, and

afterward had taken board by the week — occurred to her more than once as a symptom of a sentimental interest in Euphemia; for otherwise why did he not betake himself about his affairs? This theory had languished recently, since naught developed to support it.

Now when she began to suspect that this vicarious sentiment of hers on Euphemia's account was about to meet a return, Mrs. Sims's heart was all a-flutter with anxiety and pity and secret exultation. One moment she trembled lest Euphemia should mark the thoughtful silent scrutiny of which she was the subject, until she chanced to lift her long-lashed eyes, when the juggler reddened suddenly, averted his own, and drank his coffee in a scalding gulp. But when Euphemia evidently was oblivious of him, Mrs. Sims was wroth within her amiable-seeming mask, and said to herself that she would as soon have a dough child, since one could "take notice ez peart ez Phemie." Perhaps because of Mrs. Sims's superabundant flesh, which rendered her of a quiescent appearance, however active her interest, and perhaps because she did not appeal in any manner to the ungrateful juggler's hypercritical and finical prepossessions, he had no subtle intimations that she was cognizant in a degree of his mental processes, and had noted the fact that he had some purpose in the frequent serious dwelling of his eyes, and manifestly his thoughts, upon Euphemia.

The girl had never been so beautiful. In these later days, that saddened pride which at once subdued and sustained her added a dignity to her expression of which earlier it would have been incapable. It spiritualized her exquisite eyes; so often downcast they were and so slowly lifted that the length of the thick dark lashes affected the observer like a hitherto unnoted element of beauty. Her eyes always had a certain look of expectation, — now starlike as with the radiance of renewing hope, now pathetic and full of shadows. It seemed to the juggler, unconsciously sympathetic, that those incomparable eyes might have conjured the man bodily into the road where they looked so wistfully to see him, so vainly.

"Confound the fellow!" he said to himself. "Why does n't he come? I 'd like to hale him here by the long hair of that tow head of his — if she wants to see him." And his heart glowed with resentment against poor Owen Haines, who thought in his folly that a woman's "No" is to be classed among the recognized forms of negation, and was realizing on far Chilhowee all the bitterness of rejected love and denied prayers.

After a while Royce despaired of drawing her attention to him, — he who had been in his own circle the cynosure of all youthful eyes. "There 's nothing in the world so stupid as a girl in love," he moralized, irritated at last.

This state of unwilling obscurity developed in him a degree of perversity. He was prepared to assume an attitude of lowly admiration, of humble subservience, the kiss-the-hem-of-your-robe-save-for-the-foolishness-of-it sort of look which might impress her and the rest of the Sims family and all admiring spectators with the fact of how stuck full of Cupid's arrows he had now become. But this requires a certain receptivity in the object. No man can play the rôle of lover, however lamely, when the lady of his adoration notices him no more than a piece of furniture.

As he passed through the passage one day, she happened to be there alone, tilted back in her chair against the wall, her small feet upon one of the rungs, her curls stirring in the breeze, droning laboriously aloud from the Third Reader, the pride and limit of her achievement.

"Here," he said cavalierly, reaching out and taking the book quickly from her hand, "let me show you how *I* read that."

Now elocution had been one of the versatile juggler's chief accomplishments.

He read the simple stanzas in a style of much finish. His voice was of a quality smooth as velvet, and his power of enunciation had been trained to that degree that its cultivation was apparent only in its results, and might have seemed a natural endowment, so scantily was the idea of effort suggested. His special and individual capacity lay in the subtle inflections of tone, which elicited from the verses meanings undreamed of by her. It was as if a stone had been flung into still water. Above these suddenly interjected new interpretations the circles of thought widened from one elastic remove to another, and Euphemia sat dazed in the contemplation of these diverse whorls and concentric convolutions of the obvious idea. She said nothing as he handed back the book with an elaborate ballroom bow, but gazed up at him with an absorbed, serious face, all softened and gently appealing like a bewildered child's, and then fixed her eyes intently upon the page, as if seeking to find and hold those transient illusions of fickle fancy that glimmered so alluringly through the plain, manifest text. He left her thus as he put on his hat and stepped out upon the path leading down the slope. He glanced back once, to see her still sitting there, motionless but for the wind which swayed the fair loosely curled hair of her bent head and the folds of her faint green dress as it did the sprays of the vines on the opposite side of the passage, which grew so thick that they formed a dark background for her figure in the cool shadowy green dusk; otherwise he might not have been able to distinguish it from out the glare and glister of the open sunny space where he stood. He gazed unobserved for a moment; then he turned and went on in much dissatisfaction of spirit. It was no way, he argued within himself, to assume the character of a lovesick swain by demonstrating his superiority to the fair maiden, — to flout her poor and painful efforts by the exhibition of his glib accomplishment. "I must needs always have an audience, — be always exhibiting my various feats and knacks. I was born a juggler," he said ruefully.

But that evening when they sat at supper, — much later than usual, since the favorite Spot had wandered far into the forest, and did not return till she was sought and found and driven reluctantly home, with many pauses by the way, — the furtive glances across the table did not emigrate from his side. The meal was served in the main room of the cabin, to avoid the cloud of moths which the light outside in the passage would attract. In the white, languid, dispirited glow of the tallow dip the furnishings of the apartment were but dimly visible. Now and again the flicker of the wind set astir the pendent strings of pepper and bunches of dried herbs and various indiscriminate gear that swung from the beams. The mass of red embers where the supper had been cooked was spread apart on the hearth that the heat might be lessened, and here and there through the white efflorescence of the ash only the tinge of the vermilion hues of the coals could be discerned. Despite its subdued red glare the failing fire had little irradiating effect, and added scantily to the cheer of the apartment. The batten shutter flapped back and forth with a wooden clamor; the wind had brought clouds and rain impended, and Tubal Cain Sims's corn was not yet all planted, and the ground would be too wet to plough for a week or more. Grum and indignant because of this possible dispensation of Providence, he sat in his shirt-sleeves, with his shock head bent, only looking up from under his grizzled shaggy eyebrows to discern in the glimmer of the candle the food he wanted, and only speaking to growl for it. The one crumb of comfort he coveted was denied him. A certain johnny-cake had burnt up "bodaciously" on its board as it baked before the fire, and it would have

seemed that Tubal Cain Sims, from his youth up, had subsisted solely on the hope of this most dainty of rural cates, so surlily did he receive the news, and so solemnly did he demand to be told how in the name of Moses a cake that never was put near the fire, but baked by the heat thrown on the hearth, could be reduced to cinders.

"Witched somehows, I reckon," suggested Mrs. Sims easily; and since argument could not move that massive lady, Tubal Cain resorted to silent sulks, not in the vain hope of shaking her equilibrium, but for the sake of their own solace to the affronted spirit.

Although this disaster chanced within Euphemia's own jurisdiction and beneath her presidial care, she took no part in the spirited colloquy on the subject, but seemed absorbed in thought, ever and anon casting a covert look at the young man. As of late he had fallen into the habit, with the opportunity afforded at meal-times, of contemplating her with swift and furtive glances, more than once their eyes met, to the visible embarrassment of both; the juggler, to his astonishment, coloring furiously as might any country boy, and a touch of surprise and almost inquiry becoming visible in the eyes of Euphemia. Strange that so poor and primitive a contrivance as a pallid tallow dip could set such stars of radiant beauty in those long-lashed, pensive orbs. They looked bewilderingly lovely to the young man as they were suddenly fixed upon him, intent with the first intimation of personal interest which he had ever discerned in their depths.

"How long hev you-uns hed schoolin'?" she demanded abruptly.

"Schooling? I? Oh yes. From the time I was six till I was twenty-two," he replied.

Her face was a study of amazement. "Did school keep reg'lar all them years in the cove whar you-uns lived?" she asked.

"Oh yes, school kept as regular as taxes." He had half a mind to explain that it was not always the same institution which had the honor of training his youthful faculties, and to recount the various gradations which had their share in his proficiency, from the kindergarten, the preparatory department, the grammar school, to the academic and collegiate career; but he stopped short, reflecting that this might result in self-betrayal in some sort.

Her mind was at work. Her eyes and face were troubled. "We-uns hev hed school in the Cove two years consider'ble time ago," she remarked. "They 'low the money air short, somehows."

"That ain't no differ ter we-uns," said Mrs. Sims cheerily. "Phemie l'arned all thar is to know."

Even old Tubal Cain threw off dull care for a moment and vouchsafed a prideful refrain: "I 'lowed the chile would put out her eyes studyin' an' readin' so constant, but she hev got her eyesight and her l'arnin' too."

But Phemie's face was flushed with a sudden painful glow. "I ain't got ez much ez some," she faltered, her head drooping slightly.

In the midst of the clamor of denial of any greater possible proficiency, from the two old people, who had not heard the juggler's reading during the afternoon, she involuntarily cast upon him so appealing, so disarming a glance that for once he was ashamed to even secretly laugh at them.

"If it 's erudition that goes," he said afterward, lighting his pipe under the stars and finding the grace to laugh instead at himself, "I am the learned man to suit the occasion."

VIII.

Euphemia's interest did not relax. What strange perversity of fate was it that this little clod of humanity, so humbly placed, upon the very ground of exist-

ence, as it were, should have been instinct with that high, keen, fine appreciation of learning for its own sake? — for she knew naught of its more sordid rewards, and could not have dreamed that the relative estimation of these values, even by those of happiest opportunities, is often reversed, the reward making the worth of the learning. She did not realize an aspiration. Her wings simply fluttered because she felt the inspiration to rise. Royce could not have conceived of aught more densely ignorant. He had known no mind more naturally intelligent. Its acquisitiveness, like some primal instinct, hardly differentiated its objects; it only grasped them. He began to shrink from its comprehensive appropriations. The Third Reader bade fair to become a burden. He could hardly put his foot on the sill of the passage before he heard the flutter of its leaves, and the much-thumbed, dog-eared old volume was offered to his hand with the restrained enthusiasm of the remark, "Ye 'll hev time ter read a piece afore dinner," or supper, or bedtime, as the case might be. There was a certain embarrassment in these symposia. Mrs. Sims, it is true, looked on smilingly, with her vicarious affection shining in her eyes, but a chance question developed the fact that she understood hardly one word out of ten, the vocabulary of ignorance being of most constricting limitations; while Tubal Cain openly and gruffly sneered down the performance, tossing his shock head at every conclusion, and protesting that the young man read so fast, an' with so many ups an' downs, an' with such a clippin' an' bobtailin' of his words that it was plumb ridic'lous. For him, give him good Scriptur' readin', slow an' percise, like the l'arned men in the pul-*pit*. Did Pa'son Tynes read in that flibbertygibberty way? He reckoned not. And he wagged his head as if he would fain take his oath on that, the spirit of affirmation so possessed him. Moreover, Royce did not consider this Third Reader a particularly meritorious compilation, and he often flung its pages back and forth in vain search of a satisfactory selection, and doubtless would have declined to waste the merits of his rendering on the least vapid had it not been for the submissive, expectant face of Euphemia, as she sat waiting in her chair, bolt upright, school-wise, with her hands clasped in her lap, the subdued radiance of her eyes capable of making a much wiser man do a more foolish thing. For his own sake — he did not dream of the possibility of the development of her taste — he would fain have had a wider choice that his delicate perceptions might suffer no despite, and one day he bethought himself of the resources of memory. They were both down at the mill. Some domestic errand had brought her there, and he chanced to be on a ledge near at hand languidly essaying to fish. He asked her a question touching the further course of the stream and the locality of a notable fishing-ground further down. As she replied, she paused and stood expectantly in the doorway, dangling her green sunbonnet by the string.

The mill was silent, as was its wont; the afternoon sunlight glinted through the dense laurel and the sparse spring foliage of the deciduous trees; the great cliff on a ledge of which Royce was standing beetled above the smooth flow of the stream. Many a fissure broke the massive walls of stone; here herbage grew and vines swung, and the mould was moist and fragrant; the perfume of the wild cherry in a niche on the summit filled all the air. Close by, a great sycamore which had fallen in a storm stretched from one bank to the other: its white bark and bare branches were reflected in the water with wondrous fidelity; even a redbird with his tufted crest, as he fluttered and strutted up and down the white boughs, now and again uttering sharp cries of alarm; even a nest in a crotch, and his sober-hued little brown mate with her head, devoid of any decoration in the way

of unnecessary and vainglorious tufts, stretched far out in anxiety and trembling.

Euphemia pointed out these reflections in the water, and after another long pause, "Ef we-uns hed the book now, ye could read," she sighed regretfully.

He played his line negligently; he cast his eyes to the far, far sky, as if his memory dwelt on high. Then he began to recite. The wind stirred in the trees; on the dark lustrous water a shimmer of sunshine fluctuated like some ethereal golden mesh. Once, the joy of spring and the bliss of love and the buoyancy of life overcame the fear in the redbird's heart, and he sang out suddenly, as if he too would have to do with the poetry of thought and the melody of utterance, and the little brown bird in the nest listened in admiring silence. All the time Royce was conscious of Euphemia's amazed and radiant eyes on his face; when he had finished he could scarce trust himself to meet the mute rapture of her gaze. He looked down at his futile line dragging on the water, and among the sounds of the sibilantly lapsing currents and the leaves wafted by the wind he heard her long-drawn sigh of the relaxing of the tension of delight, and he turned and met her eyes with a laugh in his own in which there was only a gentle mirth.

After this he had no peace. He was reminded of the importunacy of juvenile consumers of stories, whose interest seems whetted by the incapacity to read and thus purvey romance for their own delectation. He found it conducive to his entertainment to relapse into prose, and he rehearsed many a work of fiction from memory, failing seldom of the details, but in such lapses as must needs come boldly supplying the deficit by invention, — which effrontery doubtless would have gone far to commend to the authors the utility of lynch law could they have laid hands on him. It is true that in these recitals Euphemia was debarred the graces of the style of the authors, but then the juggler thought he had a very good style of his own. All this involved long digressions, historical, geographical, astronomical, political, to explain the status of the *personnel* or the *locus in quo;* and while he talked her eyes never left his face. He had a habit of looking straight at his interlocutor, whoever this might be, and it was thus, perhaps, that he could with such distinctness conjure the image of those eyes of hers — of such beauty as he had never heretofore imagined — upon the retina of his mind at moments of darkness or absence or reverie, as he would. Much that he said she could not at first comprehend, and again he was reminded of the inquisitors of the nursery in the multitude and unsparingness of her questions; only, so searching and keen and apt were these that sometimes there was an experience of surprise and pleasure on his part.

"I tell you, Phemie," he said one day, "you are most awfully clever to have seen that."

The blood rushed to her cheeks in the joy, the triumph, of his commendation. Pride, the love of preëminence, the possession of worthy endowment, — these sentiments were her soul, the ethereal essence of her life. She had no definite ambition; she had no definite mental paths. She had groped in the primeval wildernesses of mind, as if there had been no splendid line of pioneers who had blazed out a road for all the centuries to come.

In the midst of his utter idleness, in the turmoil of his troublous thoughts, this review of the literature that had been dear to him was at first a resource and a distraction, and later it became a luxury. He began to be only less eager than she to resume the discourse where it had left off, and to conform to her leisure. Thus it was that he joined her in sundry domestic duties, so that while mechanically busy they might be mentally free, in Scotland, or Norway, or Russia, or on the wild seas. He was wont to go with her

to drive up the cows; and surely never in such company did the old fancies tread this New World soil, — knights in armor and ladyes fair and all the glittering hordes of chivalry crowding the narrow aisles of the wilderness, with the fairies and demons of many an antique legend. Once on the summit of a crag they looked out upon the world beyond the Cove, for the first time since his arrival here. Fair, oh, very fair it was, in the yellow haze of the declining springtide sunshine, and far it stretched in promissory lengths, like all the vague possibilities of the future. Parallel with the massive green heights near at hand ran others growing amethystine of hue, showing many a cliff and many a gleam of silver mountain streams winding amongst the divergent spurs and ravines and coves. Beyond lay the levels of a great valley, and here were brown stretches of ploughed fields, and here gleamed the emerald of winter wheat, and here swept the splendid free curves of the Tennessee River, flowing the color of burnished copper, so did the sunlight idealize the hue of the spring floods between the keen high tints of the green foliage fringing its banks where the rocks failed. To the north a thousand minor ridges continued the parallelism which marks the great mountain system, and these were azure of an indescribably exquisite and languorous shade, rising into a silver haze that was itself like an illumination. And where it seemed that the liberties of vision must surely be reached, the abrupt steeps of the eastern side of Walden's Ridge, stretching diagonally across the whole breadth of the State, shadowy purple, reflecting naught of the sunset, rose against the west, and there the sun, all alive with scarlet fire, was tending downward, with only one vermilion flake of a cloud in all the blue and pearly-green and amber crystal sky. He paused on the verge of the cliff and gazed at it all, while she stood and looked expectantly at him. Perhaps with her woman's intuition she divined that this was in some sort a crisis in his mind. She was inexplicably agitated, breathless. But as he gazed his pulses did not stir the faster. Here and there he marked a brilliant slant of glitter where a steeple caught the sun, now to the north and again to the southwest, across a space a hand might seem to cover, but which he knew measured fifty or a hundred miles. These indicated towns. There beat the life he had left; and still at sight of them his heart did not plunge. He looked down at her with an expression in his eyes all new to them and which she could not interpret. Nevertheless it set her happy heart a-flutter. Nothing was said of the view, and with one accord they sat down on the verge of the cliff. He had adopted the mountaineer's method, and his boots dangled over the sheer spaces a thousand feet below, but he could not repress a shiver at this attitude as she too assumed it.

"I wish you would move farther back from the edge, or kneel," he said, with a corrugated brow. "I am afraid you may slip over, you are so little, and" —

"That would put an e-end to the readings mighty quick," she said, as she leaned over to peer down at the tops of the trees in the valley, and he turned sick and dizzy at her very gesture. He hardly dared to speak lest an unconsidered word might flutter her nerves and cause her to lose her hold. She had no intention of thus teasing his vicarious fright, but drew up the "stout little brogans" forthwith and tucked them under the edge of her skirt as she sat beside him. "Would n't it?" she asked, recurring to her remark as she executed this manœuvre.

"You mean if you should slip over into this dreadful abyss? I should never, never have the heart to read another word as long as I should live!" he protested.

He caught the look of exultant joy in her surprised and widely opened eyes for one moment, and then she turned them discreetly on the splendid vastness

of that great landscape in its happiest mood. He realized that she had no difficulty in comprehending the obvious inference. Her experience as a rural beauty and belle heretofore had doubtless served to acquaint her with the hyperbole of a lover's language. There were Haines and Ormsby within his own knowledge, and he could not guess how many suitors hitherto, — confound them all! He had not intended to win her heart. In view of her feeling for Owen Haines he had not deemed it possible. With the suspicion, which he would fain call realization, for it had all the importunacy of hope, he experienced a rush of elation, of soft delight, which amazed him, while it almost swept him off his feet. Had he too not fallen in love during his "readings"? — for thus they both called his recitals. He knew that he had only to look into her eyes to make his heart flutter; but then it was a susceptible heart and easily stirred. She had grown dear to him in many ways, and he had learned this even when he did not dream of other result of their companionship than the broadcast impression that he lingered here for her sake. He began to strive to separate his ideal of womanhood from those merely arbitrary values which fashion and artificial life bestow. Is it a French man milliner only who establishes the criterion of beauty? He had but to glance at the face and form beside him. She was beautiful; she was good; she was of a singularly strong and individual character; her natural mind was quick and retentive and discerning, and of a remarkable aptness. She was so endowed with a keen perception of real excellence that knowledge had but to open its doors to her, for she possessed as a gift the capacity of worthy choice. She loved with spontaneous affection those things which other people are trained to love; she seized on the best of her own devout accord, unaware of aught of significance save her own preference. She could easily acquire all he could teach her. With her quick grasp and greed of learning there would soon be little disparity. He began to meditate on the arbitrary methods of appraisement of the world. How sadly do we richly rate, not our own preference, but that which is valued by others: hence the vyings, the heart-burnings, the ignoble strife, the false pride, of many mundane miseries. He knew her real identity. Her nature would befit any station. Her beauty, — even the reference to the immutable standards of his own world could avail no detraction here, — it was preëminent. Having lived his life in one sphere, why should he, being dead to it forever, let its rigid conventionalities follow him into his new world? As to the coming years and the monotony of rounding out a long life in this narrow circuit, let the coming years take thought for themselves. For a moment the words pressed to his lips. Then he realized that this was no ordinary self-committal. To pledge himself to marry a woman of her degree in life — an ignorant mountain girl of an inexpressible rusticity and lack of sophistication, as far removed from a comprehension of the conventions in which he had been reared and the cultivated ideals still dear to him as if she were a denizen of a different planet — was a serious step indeed; he winced, and was silent.

This day marked a change. When they reached home the sky was red, and a white star was alight in the zenith. Spot stood lowing at the bars, and Mrs. Sims's dimples deeply indented her plumpness as she addressed the young people in pretended reproof.

"I sent you-uns arter Spot. From now on I be a-goin' ter sen' Spot arter you-uns."

With the sound of her chuckle out came briskly Tubal Cain, venomous with fault-finding and repining. "Hyar ye be, Euphemy Sims," he said, more harshly than he had ever before spoken to the apple of his eye, "a-foolin' away yer time

huntin' fur a cow what war standin' at the bars sence long 'fore sundown, ez sensible ez grown folks, an' Pa'son Tynes a-settin' an' a-settin' hyar waitin' ter see ye."

There was a convulsive throb at Euphemia's heart very like a throe of conscience; nevertheless she answered with an affronted coolness: "Pa'son Tynes? An' what do I keer ter see Pa'son Tynes fur?"

"Pa'son Tynes keer ter see you-uns, Phemie: that 's what makes yer dad hop roun' like a pea on a hot shovel," said Mrs. Sims.

Royce began to have an illuminating sense that "Daddy Sims" was flattered to have so preëminent a guest as Pa'son Tynes, with his widespread oratorical fame, awaiting by the hour Euphemia's return, and that he could hardly forgive his idol that these precious moments had been wasted in the juggler's society. Royce perceived the farcical antithesis of the proposition which he had been arguing all the afternoon, and realized that there are arbitrary gradations in less sophisticated society than that on which he had predicated the proposition. He felt very small indeed, being thus called upon to look up to Pa'son Tynes.

"I dunno what he be wantin' ter see *me* fur," said Euphemia, still with the resentment of being esteemed in default, and evidently apprehending a purpose in the call other than the enjoyment of her conversation.

"Me nuther," chuckled Mrs. Sims; "you-uns bein' sech a outdacious ugly gal ez all the men-folks be compelled ter shade thar eyes whenst ye kem about."

Mrs. Sims's vicarious coquetry was unblushingly fickle. She did not wait for Euphemia to be quit of the old love before she was on with the new. Nay, in the very presence of the superseded swain she prospectively and speculatively flirted with his successor.

"A plague on all fat old women!" thought the juggler, ill at ease and out of countenance.

"I hev got my religion," said Euphemia stiffly, her pride revolting at the idea that perchance Pa'son Tynes had presumed her to be "convicted of sin" and that his call was pastoral. "I *dunno what* he kin be a-comin' pesterin' round about me fur."

"Waal, he ain't got all he wants," said her mother, still chuckling, "for he be a-comin' agin ter-morrer ter see you-uns. He axed me special ter keep ye home ter view him — no, that was n't the way; he knows thar 's better things ter be viewed in this world 'n a lantern-jawed, tallow-faced preacher-man, though from thar own account thar 'll be a power o' nangels featured like that in heaven — he axed me special ter keep ye home till he could *view you-uns!*" And Mrs. Sims's chuckle of enjoyment broke from its habitual bounds and burst into the jolliest of obese laughter. It might have been termed infectious had any one been there enough in spirits to be susceptible to its influence. The juggler was disconcerted and strangely cast down; Euphemia, doubtful, antagonistic, prophetically affronted; and old Tubal Cain's interest still hinged on the topics of the conversation through the several hours while he had borne the parson somewhat weary company.

"He hev hed great grace in the pertracted meetin'," her father rattled on, still flustered by the occurrence. "He hev converted fifteen sinners; some hardened cases, too. An' he hev preached wunst a day reg'lar, an' sometimes twict."

"Let him go preach some mo', then," retorted Euphemia, vaguely resentful or angrily apprehensive.

She was silent during the serving of supper, carrying her head high, with her cheeks flushed and her eyes alight. Royce's glance forbore to follow her. He ate little, and with a downcast, thoughtful mien he found his pipe after supper and took it out upon the rocky slope that led to the river. The moon was up; long, glamourous slants of light lay

athwart the Cove; the shadows of the pines were dense along the slope, but through their fringed branches the light filtered like a shower of molten silver. The river was here touched with a crystalline glitter, and here a lustrous darkness told of its shaded depths. Looking across the levels of the Cove, one had a sense of the dew in the glister and sparkle of the humid leaves. Above all rose the encompassing mountains, imposing, dark, and stern. The little log cabin with the swaying hopvines and the window flaringly alight, the glittering reflection flung so far in the swift current below, had its idyllic suggestions in the moonlight, but he was not alive to the interests of the picturesque in humble environment, and had no fibre that responded to the enthusiasm of the *genre* painter. He looked toward the house not to mark how the silver-gray hue of its weathered logs was heightened by the smooth effect of the moonbeams. He did not even feign to care that one of the clay-and-stick chimneys leaning from the wall was so awry against the sky as to give a positive value of individuality in composing; what it did in regard to the proper emission of smoke was of no consequence, since it so served the airy designs of the possible painter. He approved of the cant of the roof no more than if he had been an architectural precisian. He looked with all his eyes for what he presently saw, — a shadowy light-robed figure steal out and sit down on the step of the passage, with her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, and gaze disconsolately, as he fancied, up at the moon.

"Euphemia, come down here," he called in a low voice. It had the quality of carrying far, although so softly pitched.

She started, stared out into the mingled shadow and sheen with dilated eyes; then, as he advanced she rose and went down toward him.

As they stood there together, the girl looked out from the shadow of the tree above them at the blended dew and glimmer, and he looked imperiously down at her.

"See here, Phemie, why is that man coming to see you to-morrow?"

"I dunno," she responded vaguely.

"Ah, but you guess;" he caught both her hands. "Tell me why you think he is coming."

She lifted her eyes to his, which had a constraining quality for her. "He be kemin' ter see me — 'bout — 'bout Owen Haines — him — him ez prayed fur the power — I reckon."

He gave a short laugh of ridicule.

She could not join in his mirth. Only so short a time ago its cause had been the tragedy of the world to her. She could hardly bring herself to admit even to herself that now, scarcely three weeks later, she cared as little for it as if it had never been. But her world had changed. How it had developed! There were new countries; strange peoples had been discovered; a marvelous scope of emotion had been evolved. Romance had unfolded its wondrous page. She had seen Poetry trim its pinions and wing its flight. She had traveled far, far afield; she had lived a new life; she was a changeling. Where was her old self? Where was her fancied love for the young religionist, her wounded pride for his sake, her scorching, fiery compassion for her own? She remembered herself in these emotions as if she were another being. She could hardly pity Owen Haines. If he did not care for the fleer of ridicule, why should she? For since — she had lived an enchanted life.

"What will he want of you?" demanded Royce gravely.

She faltered. She feared Tynes and his powers of argument. She dreaded, not being convinced, but the rigors of the contest. And if Owen Haines should, as a sacrifice to love, agree to relinquish his "praying for the power," she dreaded the renewal of their old status of "keepin' comp'ny."

"He will want me ter take Owen Haines back."

"But you would n't, Phemie, you would n't?" urged Royce breathlessly.

"He mought gin up prayin' fur the power. I turned him off fur that," she hesitated.

Royce's scheme was complete. All the Cove and the mountain regarded him as a dangler after Euphemia Sims. He could feign a hopeless jealousy. He could hold aloof for a time, and the old status would doubtless readjust itself with the ease and security imparted by habit. He had gone as far as he had ever planned. Now he could place the period and leave the rest to chance.

But if the life here had afforded so arid a prospect heretofore, how could he contemplate it without Euphemia? His very speech no other creature could understand. He felt that he would be as isolated as if he were on a desert island, and he had a fiery impatience of time, — the years that were coming seemed such long years. He had never been more in earnest in his life, as he looked down into her beautiful illumined face.

"But you will not, Euphemia," he said, slipping his arm around her waist. "You don't love him."

Beyond a start, half surprise and half coyness, she had not moved.

"Tell me — you care nothing for him?"

"Not now," she faltered. And she felt anew a pang for her lack of constancy.

He revolted at the partial admission with all a lover's insistence on preëminence. "Never — never! You *could* n't care for such a fool. And he does n't love you, or he would have given up that folly at once — or anything you wished."

Even now he hesitated. The breeze swayed the branches above them, and all the draping pendent wild grapevines that clung about the tree were suddenly astir. The circle of dark shadow in which they stood was inlaid with silver glintings as the moonlight struck through the foliage; the soft radiance fell full in her eyes as he looked down into her face.

"*I* would give up all the world for you," he cried impulsively, "because I love you!"

She drew back a trifle, and looked over her shoulder into the glittering idealization of the familiar scenes of her life in the glamours of the moonlight and of love. She heard the low dryadic song of the leaves; she heard the beating of her own heart.

"Tell me that you love me, Euphemia," he pleaded. "Tell me that."

Amidst all the joy of her face there was a flash of triumph. She was withdrawing her hands from his, and the realization how like she was to women of a higher sphere, despite her limitations, came to him with a certain surprise. No sooner did she feel her power than she had the will to wield it. The solicitous, humble little rustic was expressed only in her outer guise. No finished coquette could have given him a more bewildering broadside of beautiful eyes as she said, joyously laughing, "What makes you ask such impossible questions?"

The phrase was borrowed of him, in his frequent despair of elucidating the whole scheme of civilization to her ignorance, in their readings. He could not laugh when it was so dexterously turned on himself. "Tell me," he persisted earnestly, "tell me, Phemie — or I 'll — I 'll" — the assertion had little humility, but he divined its effectiveness — "I 'll go away, and never come back again."

She was still laughing, but he marked that she no longer drew back. "Do you have to be told *everything?*" she quoted anew from his remonstrances because of her catechistic insistence. "Can't you see through anything without having it point-blank?" with his own impatient intonation.

He allowed himself to be decoyed into a hasty smile. "And you 'll send that

fellow to the right-about to-morrow?" he urged gravely.

"Oh, I 'll be glad enough ter git rid of him!" she cried, in the extremity of her relief.

He realized with a momentary qualm that the new situation must be avowed openly to justify the position which Euphemia would sustain in case Owen Haines should offer to relinquish, as a sacrifice to love, the pernicious practice of "prayin' fur the power" in public. He recognized this step as a certain riveting of his chains; yet had he not been eager but a moment ago to assume them? And even now, as he looked down into her face, radiant with that joyous sense of supremacy in his heart, and seeming to him the most beautiful he had ever seen, the most tender, as it responsively looked up to his, he wondered that his untoward fate had so relented as to bestow upon him, in his forlorn exile, this creature, so delicately endowed, so choicely gifted, that even his alien estimate of values wrought no discord in the simple happiness that had come to him.

And it was he who revealed to Jane Ann Sims the altered state of things when the two went presently back to the little cabin on the slope. There she sat in bulky oblivion of the things of this world, and especially the dish-pan. Her spectacles were awry on her nodding head. The dish-cloth was limp in her nerveless hand. The tallow dip was guttering in the centre of the table, and about it the moths circled in fond delusions, regardless of the winged cinders that lay, now still, and now with a quiver of departing life, on the cloth. She made a spasmodic offer to resign the dish-cloth to Euphemia, waving it mechanically at her with a fat, dimpled hand and a gesture of renunciation; but the girl, all unallured, passed without a word into the shed-room beyond, and the juggler sat down on the opposite side of the table with one elbow on it as he looked steadily across at Mrs. Sims's face, which was all lined with the creases of fat that were usually dimples. She had roused into that half-dazed condition of the sudden and unwelcome termination of the sleep of fatigue, and the tallow dip swayed reduplicated before her eyes like a chandelier. Mentally she seemed no clearer of perception. Royce had realized her maternal fondness for him, ungratefully requited, and he could not altogether reconcile this with the agitated and alarmed mien with which she received his disclosure.

"Marry Phemie!" she exclaimed in a sort of drowsy affright, as if her mental capacities had not yet laid hold on something that had roused her more alert apprehensions.

He was irritated for a moment. He knew in his secret soul that he forswore much, overlooked much, bestowed much, in this mad resolution, and this knowledge, quiescent under the immediate influence of the girl's beauty and charm and his loneliness, became tumultuously assertive in the society of Mrs. Sims.

"Why not? I love her, and I want to marry her. Is there anything so astonishing in that?"

"Laws-a-massy, no, honey!" Mrs. Sims sputtered, her eyelids faltering before the myriad-flamed tallow dip. She apprehended his rising wrath, and, somnambulistically waving her hand, seemed to seek to appease it. "Mighty nigh every young fool ez ever seen her sets up the same chune. 'T ain't astonishin' — but — honey" — she looked at him with sleepy admonition, still waving her hand — "don't talk 'bout sech so brazen an' loud." Then sinking her voice to a husky whisper that could have been heard in South America, "Shet that thar door ahint ye. Tubal Cain be asleep in thar." Her gesture, indicating the door, was accompanied by a premonitory jerk of her body which usually preceded rising.

"Don't disturb yourself, I beg," said Royce, still nettled.

He leaned back in his chair, and catching the door by the latch brought it to with a brisk bang. Mrs. Sims pursed up her mouth with a warning hiss imposing silence to preserve the gentle slumbers of old Tubal Cain, and neither noticed that the latch had failed to catch, and that the door, although apparently closed, stood slightly ajar.

"Phemie says — at least she gives me to understand that my affection is returned," Royce went on, in better humor.

"I hope she ain't tellin' no lies 'bout'n it this time, ennyhow," said Mrs. Sims waggishly; and it seemed to Royce that he was capable of singular temerity when he had exposed himself to the perils of seriously falling in love by simulating the tender passion in any instance in which Mrs. Sims was to be considered, however remotely. To be good-natured in ridicule by no means implies good-nature in being ridiculed.

"You have a right to say anything you like, I suppose, about your own daughter," he rejoined angrily. "She does n't look like a liar. For my part, I believe her."

"Shucks! Shucks!" Mrs. Sims shook a mildly admonitory head at him. "I 'm jes' funnin'. An' yit I kin 'member tellin' Tubal Cain things cornsider'ble short o' the truth whenst I war a young gal like Euphemy, an' he war a-sparkin' round."

The young man looked uneasily out of the window. Could time really work such metamorphoses as these? Had she ever been young and lissome and soft-eyed and fair, and was Euphemia to grow old thus?

Perhaps it was well for the broken snatch of Love's young dream that there against the darkness he suddenly saw the bending boughs of an elder bush all whitely abloom, and among them, the fairest blossom of them all, Euphemia's face, half touched with the moonlight, yet distinct in the radiance that came from the candle within, smiling upon him as she played the eavesdropper, her dimpled elbows on the window-sill and her fair hair blown back in the wind.

"Nothing was said about it till this evening," he went on, his satisfaction restored in an instant, "and I thought it was only the fair thing to let you and Mr. Sims know; you have both been so kind since I have been here."

Mrs. Sims's preliminary apprehension, which she appeared to have forgotten, was once more aghast upon her face. She raised a warning forefinger, and she spoke in her husky penetrating whisper: "Don't you-uns say nare word ter Tubal Cain Sims. Leave him ter *me*. I 'll settle him."

"Why not?" asked the young man, alert to any menace, however remote.

Mrs. Sims knitted her brows in embarrassment. "Waal," she said, composing herself to divulge the truth so far as she knew it, since no polite subterfuge was handy, "he air cantankerous, an' quar'lsome, an' hard-headed, an' powerful perverse. An' he 'pears ter be sot agin ye, kase, I reckon, I like ye, — me an' Phemie, though Phemie never tuk no notice o' ye in this worl' till 'bout three weeks ago whenst ye ondertook ter set up ter her so constant. Ye hev witched that gal; ye jes' *made* her fall in love with ye, whether or no."

The juggler laughed at this, casting a bright glance at the dusky aperture of the window where the white blossoms all stirred by the wind seemed to be leaning on the sill and eavesdropping too. They might not have all been so happily at ease had they known that, close by the door, still slightly ajar, and awakened by the bang which the juggler had dealt it, lay old Tubal Cain Sims, grimly listening to this conversation.

"I can't agree to that," said Royce, after a moment's reflection. He was certainly nothing of a prig, but he had his own views of honor, and they controlled him. "This is Mr. Sims's house; and I was received into it first as a guest,

and it is as a privilege that I have been allowed to remain. I can't make love to any man's daughter, under these circumstances, on the sly."

"But s'pose he won't agree — an' the critter is ez *con*trary ez — ez" — Comparisons failed Mrs. Sims, and she could only shake her head warningly.

"Oh well, everything having been aboveboard, I'd take the girl and elope!" cried the juggler, his eyes alight at the mere prospective fanning of the breeze of adventure. "Being an educated man, Mrs. Sims, I could make a living for myself and my wife in a dozen different ways, in any of these little towns about here. Why — what" —

Mrs. Sims, bulkily rising, had almost overturned the table and the crockery upon him. Her fat face was pallid and flabby, and it shook as she gazed, speechless and wild-eyed, at him. Her puffy hand besought him in mute entreaty before she could find words to blurt out, "Good Gawd A'mighty, John Leonard, don't lay yer tongue ter sech ez that! Don't s'picion the word ez ye'd steal my darter away from me. It would kill me — an' I hev stood yer frien' from the fust, even whenst they all made out ez ye war in league with Satan an' gin over ter witchments. It would kill me, bodaciously! Don't ye steal my one leetle lamb — thar 's plenty o' gals in the worl', ready an' willin' — steal them — steal them! I want my darter ter live hyar with me, married an' single, — ter live hyar with me. We ain't got but the one lone, lorn leetle chile. Ef ye war ter run off with her, Tubal Cain would kill ye sure, ef he could ketch ye; an' ef he could n't, the mountain would. Don't — don't" — The tears stood in all her dimples and she was speechless.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Royce indignantly, but pausing, with that care which he bestowed upon all manner of possessions representing property, however meagre, to right the table and restore the imperiled crockery. "What sort of a frenzy is this, Mrs. Sims? Am I going to run away with your daughter? Have I shown any symptoms of decamping? Strikes me I have come to stay. I make a point of telling you — because I know that I am not here under your roof for any small profit to you, but as a matter of kindness and courtesy — of telling you all about it within the hour that I know it myself, and this is my reward!"

Poor Mrs. Sims, having sunk back in her chair, and the young man still remaining standing, could only look up at him with piteous contrition and anxious appeal.

"I hope Mr. Sims won't give me any reason to contemplate elopement. Was n't he willing for his daughter to marry Owen Haines, they having been 'keepin' comp'ny,' as I understand?"

She silently nodded.

"My Lord! what have I come to!" Royce cried, lifting his hands, then letting them fall to his sides, as if calling on heaven and earth to witness the absurdity of the situation. "I think I might be considered at least as desirable a *parti* as that pious monkey prayin' for the power!" He gave that short laugh of his which so expressed ridicule, turned, secured the end of tallow candle placed for him on the shelf, and, lighting it, ascended the rickety stairs to the roof-room.

The suggestion of an elopement was not unacceptable to him. If there should be any objection urged against him, — and he could hardly restrain his mirth at the idea, — an elopement into some other retired cove in these regions of nowhere would result not infelicitously, affording still further disguise and an adequate reason for both him and his wife to be strangers in a strange land. "A runaway match would account for everything: so bring on your veto and welcome!" he said to himself.

Next morning, however, he found his disclosure to Tubal Cain Sims postponed. His host had left the house before day,

and although he did not return for any of the three meals Mrs. Sims felt no uneasiness, it being a practice of Tubal Cain Sims's, in order to assert his independence of petticoat government, to deal much in small mysteries about his affairs. All day — her equanimity restored by the half-jocular, half-affectionate raillery of Royce, who had roused himself to the realization that it was well to continue friends with her — she canvassed her husband's errand, and guessed at the time of his probable return, and speculated upon his reasons for secrecy. Night did not bring him, and Royce, who had been now laughing at Mrs. Sims's various theories, and now wearying of their futile inconsistencies, began to share her curiosity.

It was the merest curiosity. He did not dream that he was the chief factor in his host's schemes and absence.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

I.

Morning and night a Toiler turned aside
  Out of the fret and tumult of the street,
  Into the dim gray halls, with silence sweet,
Where the great Victory marks the steady tide
Of centuries sweep along its currents wide, —
  Headless, yet still with conquering life replete,
  While bubble worlds go drifting past her feet,
And the great sculptors' dreams alone abide.
Morning and night the eager longing grew
  That one might gather up the precious dust,
    Trampled and strewn on Samothrace's plain,
And shape the splendor of that face anew, —
  The prophet eyes, the brow serene and just,
    The gracious lips too calm for love's dear pain.

II.

Then, in a dream, he saw her glorious face.
  Out of the sea-mists curdling round her breast
  It dawned like some clear vision of the blest,
As a soft wind of God sighed through the place,
Lifting the eddying veil a little space.
  But lo! the brow was scarred; the eyes' deep rest
  Clouded with pity for the host that pressed,
A dim, sad multitude, in woeful case:
Women and men incredulous of good,
  Captives set free, but bondmen still to fear,
    And children weak that clutched her garment's hem.
Tender and strong, with brooding hands she stood,
  And, with a smile that brought the morning near,
    Caught the new day and flashed its light on them.

Emily Huntington Miller.

A CENTURY OF ANGLO-SAXON EXPANSION.

One dream of the earliest poets has never quite faded from the minds of men. Foretold by prophet and seer; vaguely described in popular myth; lying far back in some ideal past, or yet to be realized in the distant future by the triumph of religion or the gift of the higher powers, somewhere past or to come is a golden age, a wide community of men in all that is highest and best, free from the common ills of life, under the protection of some beneficent power, — a world state, may we say, whose "officers shall be peace, and her exactors righteousness." This is a dream that has visited the poet in his moment of inspiration, or the common man under the stimulus of contrasted evils, or prophet and priest through the sight of faith; but can we venture to say of our own age that, first of all generations, it has begun to look forward, at least in some half-conscious way, to such a conclusion of time no longer as a dream of the imagination merely, but as the vision of a possibility, from the standing-ground of facts and sustained with reasons? The unity of mankind, the smallness of the earth, the swiftness of communication, and the growth of world-wide interests, — these things are certainly making familiar to our thoughts the fact that the necessary conditions of this result already exist.

Some such consideration as this it is which lifts the story of the century's expansion of our race — in itself the most wonderful of all time — above the level of common history. As the story of a mere expansion, which leads to nothing more, complete in itself, like that of Greece in the ancient world or that of Spain at the beginning of the modern, it is worth telling only for the moment's interest. Considered as the first stage of a yet wider expansion, as first steps to a kindly domination of the world, which may easily result, this century's expansion of our race links itself with the most far-reaching thoughts and the highest aspirations of mankind.

The empire of our race is indeed not the first vast empire. History tells us more or less definitely of many others. It begins with them, in fact; for the Old Testament, the one textbook of the earliest history of the world for so many generations, gives us dim notions of their great extent, growing more real to us in these days through the deciphering of their monuments, their long lists of subject peoples, and the reports of the governors of distant provinces. The Middle Ages also had their vague ideas of great empires, purely imaginary like that of Prester John, or real like Genghis Khan's or Timour's; but these remain hardly more than names of wide but indefinite expansion. Were they more real to us, we should find them continental and vast, but not world states in any true sense, nor giving promise at any time of permanence.

Of all the great empires of the past, one only stands before these later times as a definite existence, and it alone has exerted a powerful influence upon the course of known history. Its outlines may be clear to us because it is near us in time and in geography, but there is another reason for the profound and permanent impression which it has left behind it. In the century which preceded the final conquests of the Roman republic, the world had been constantly growing smaller. Developing commerce and increasing intercourse and knowledge had created a community of interests and of civilization for all men within reaching distance of the central sea, the Mediterranean. This community of nations Rome overcame by the superiority of her

military genius; but she did more than this: by the skill of her political government and the justice of her laws she moulded it into one great state, — a true world state, for it embraced the whole civilized world of that time. This was a far greater achievement than the work of conquest, and this it was which gave to Rome her permanent influence upon all the later destinies of mankind.

What the third century B. C. did for the ancient world the nineteenth century has done for the globe as a whole. It has made it small and it has made it one. It has created a community of interests and of civilization as close as that which bound together the Mediterranean lands in the last age of their independence. This work of the nineteenth century stands among its greatest achievements. Our conception of the world was not possible to the man of a hundred years ago. Even Washington thought he had advised us against every dangerous foreign policy when he warned us against the entangling politics of Europe, — as if we could have no temptations in the world outside that continent. With the process of this change we are familiar, — exploration and colonization, the enormous development of commerce, the revolution in the means of intercommunication, steam and electricity; and with the results as well, — world prices, world news, world politics, and the rest.

The question rises irresistibly, Is this process to go a stage further? Is there to be, as in the ancient case, a world empire, not perhaps of centralized and despotic rule, but so mighty and widespread, so powerful on every continent, so free within and so just and generous without, that it shall stand at the head of the world without a rival, to keep peace unbroken, to teach the most powerful nations laws and institutions, to guide the more backward along the way of right growth, and to prepare the realization of mankind's long dream? This question no man can answer. But this we know: one race, and one alone, has kept even pace through the nineteenth century with the growth of this world community. It has planted itself on every continent; it rules every sea, dominates the world's commerce, transmits the world's news, and is teaching all men its language and institutions.

The expansion of the race during the nineteenth century alone has given it this position. But little more than a hundred years ago it seemed to all the world that the imperial age of the Anglo-Saxons had closed forever. The dominion of the race, up to that date, had been of slow but steady growth. It had its dawn more than three hundred years ago in the struggle of the little mother kingdom with the colossal power of Spain, — a struggle for religion and independence which made a truly heroic age, however rough-hewn. But it was not an age of expansion except in daring and in knowledge. The dominion of England, at its close, was only over her own half of the island and over a part of Ireland. In the first half of the seventeenth century, real foundations of empire began to be laid in the colonies from which the United States has grown. At the same time wider interests began to arise, across distant seas which had become familiar in the conflict with Spain. By the middle of that century some vague ideas of the possibilities of the future were rising in the minds of Englishmen, and there was more of definite purpose in the struggle with their second great rival, Holland, than in that with Spain. It was not entirely, however, the growing ambition of England which destroyed the power of the Dutch. It was quite as much the vainglory of the Grand Monarch; for, closing his ears to the warning of Spain, that England was really the rising power of the future which ought to be feared, he brought France into alliance with her greatest rival to destroy her one most indispensable ally. Victory in the Dutch wars

broadened and strengthened the commercial power of England. Her colonies in America were growing into a great dominion, and she possessed stations in the Eastern seas and in the West Indies. Then came the long rivalry and the desperate struggle with France, evenly balanced for two generations, and hardly settled for a century and a quarter. Just past the middle of the eighteenth century, this conflict seemed to end in triumph like the others, in the acquisition of great dominions, for those days, in India and America, with the victories of Clive and the capture of Quebec. All her rivals had now gone down in succession before the rising power of England, and she might well believe herself, and be thought by the world, to have reached the height of imperial position.

Then followed the American Revolution. A great civil war split the empire in two. The only really successful colonies of England, actively assisted by all three of her defeated colonial rivals, separated from the mother country, and established themselves as an independent nation after a conflict which left bitter memories on both sides. It seemed at first sight the end of things. No one could then expect that there would be any further English colonizing within the limits of the revolted colonies, and there was little prospect of it elsewhere. The Anglo-Saxon empire appeared about to follow the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, and the French into decline and decay.

This was practically the situation a hundred years ago.

The new nation which the Revolution had created possessed, indeed, an imperial territory, though it reached at that time only to the Mississippi, but the greater part of it was still a wilderness. Only a few pioneers had begun to force their difficult way through the passes of the mountains, and to form scanty settlements along the rivers which were their only means of communication. Nothing as yet gave evidence of that unprecedented growth which was, before the close of a century, to place the United States at the head of all the colonizing nations of ancient or modern times. During almost the whole first decade of their existence, the States were occupied with the task of finding a form of government which would make their national existence secure. Still longer time was required before the young nation began to command the respect of the world, and it was some years past its majority before the fact became manifest that expansion of territory, population, and wealth was to go on here at an unparalleled rate, — an expansion to which all the nations of Europe, England included, were to contribute; that in the Western world, by a new combination of the original elements, Celtic and Teutonic, but a combination under vastly more favorable conditions than the original one of fourteen hundred years before, a new Anglo-Saxon race was to be created, — new in its immediate traditions and in its outlook upon the future, but Anglo-Saxon in all the essential elements of race, in blood, ideas, and institutions.

If the outlook for the United States was without particular promise, the prospect of any new colonization by England might well seem almost hopeless. There was now no place left for the English colonist where he could be under the protection of his own government and find something like the conditions of his home except in the Canadian provinces, and there the future was not alluring. Wild and bleak, occupied by an alien population, of a race and religion long hostile, Canada could not be very attractive to the Englishman wishing to found a new home for his posterity. The only colony which England retained within the temperate zone, when she had recognized the independence of the United States, gave every indication that its

progress would be slow; and so slow did it really prove to be that the total European population of British North America, at the end of a generation, had not reached half a million.

It was the general judgment of the world, with one or two notable exceptions, that the American Revolution had prevented for all time the threatened supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is evident that such an opinion was perfectly natural. But we can now see, as was not then apparent, that the division of the race was the necessary condition of its advancement to the commanding position which it occupies to-day. Had England retained possession of the thirteen colonies, it is scarcely possible that the emigrant labor and capital of Europe would have poured into our lands as they have. Our frontier settlements might be now nearing the Mississippi, but could hardly be beyond it, and it is more than likely that all the territory of our second great annexation would still be under the rule of the Latin race. So far, also, as the other half of our race is concerned, if England had possessed the most of the North American continent, it is practically certain that Australia and New Zealand would have fallen to France, and that the English occupation of Africa would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible. The blow which the old régime in France spent its last gasp to deliver, thinking to destroy the supremacy of England, opened the way to a greater empire than could otherwise have been attained.

The first step in the construction of this new empire followed almost immediately on the conclusion of peace with the United States, but it carried with it at that time no promise of real expansion. Vague notions of a great colonial possibility in the unknown island continent of the South Seas had been floating about Europe since early in the eighteenth century, but no colonial venture had been made in Australia before 1787, and none would have been made then, or till long afterwards, if England had not lost the thirteen colonies. It was an outlet for her criminal population which she was seeking, and the colony she then established was the famous — or infamous — Botany Bay. The original settlement numbered only one thousand persons. It was four years before the first free immigrant arrived, and twenty before the colony really began to prosper. All that had been gained by this first step was the preëmption of the territory of the future Australian nation.

England had in her possession, then, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, when she was swept into the whirlpool of the French Revolution, the Canadian provinces, whose English population had just been heavily reinforced by the American loyalists; in India, the fringes of her present great dominion; in the West Indies, Jamaica and some smaller islands; two mere stations on the west coast of Africa, and one in Central America; a single settlement of a few hundred convicts in Australia; and a few scattered outposts like Gibraltar and St. Helena. It was hardly an empire, certainly not a world empire. There was one real though unpromising colony in the West and one commercial dominion in the East, and besides these a few little points of occupation at wide intervals. The other Anglo-Saxon nation was occupying a narrow ribbon of land along the eastern edge of its territory, stretching from Maine to Georgia. A century is not a long time in the history of the world, and the most rash of prophets a hundred years ago would not have dared to predict the present dominion of the race. War and peace, conquest, trade, and colonization have each had a share in its creation, but in the final balance the enterprises of private individuals will be reckoned more effective than those of the state.

War took the first turn at empire-building. It was only a superficial judg-

ment which expected, as perhaps the French did expect, that England as a free nation would sympathize with the Revolution. The excesses of the Revolutionists in Paris and the passionate pleadings of Edmund Burke did no more than deepen a natural tendency; for as soon as the real nature of the Revolution was revealed, it was seen to be opposed to almost every principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty. When, therefore, the Revolution announced itself in official proclamation the enemy of all existing governments, and declared that it was commissioned to overthrow all existing institutions; and when, in opening the river Scheldt to general navigation contrary to existing treaties, the republic proclaimed that the law of nature, as interpreted by itself, of course, was to be superior to all international law, then war with England became inevitable. France only anticipated the act of England by herself declaring war.

More than twenty years of conflict followed, and during half that time England made scarcely any attempt to maintain an army of her own on the Continent. Her power was on the sea, and on the sea she could do her most effective work against the common enemy of Europe. It was also in their possible effect upon her dominion of the sea that the Continental successes of the French were especially dangerous to England. The occupation of Holland, and its organization in 1795 as the Batavian Republic, in close alliance with France, and at the same time the virtual or actual alliance with Spain, threatened England with far more than the united fleets of her old rivals. These she had successfully faced in the war of the American Revolution. But the absorption of Holland with its great colonial possessions might mean the sudden reconstruction of a formidable French world power. This was a risk too great to be taken, and many of the more important Dutch colonies were seized in rapid succession by the English fleets. Already most of the French West India islands had passed into the hands of England. Now, in 1795, Ceylon, Malacca, and the Dutch stations on the Malabar coast of India were occupied; in 1796 Guiana, and in 1797 Trinidad and the Cape Colony, were taken. The old English possessions in the Spice Islands were reoccupied, and in 1800 Malta was captured. These acquisitions were an empire in themselves, and a still greater empire in their possibilities; but they were even more important to England than this, for, supplying as they did the connecting links, they first carried the Anglo-Saxon empire around the globe in any true sense.

The return blows which Napoleon attempted to strike through his occupation of Egypt and through the armed neutrality league of the northern nations were failures, but the struggle had been nearly as costly to England as to France, and by the close of 1801 she was ready for peace. By the terms of the treaty, England restored to her enemies all her colonial conquests except the two islands of Trinidad and Ceylon, — a striking proof of the sincerity of her desire for peace, since there was at that time no power in the world which could have forced her to yield a square mile against her will.

But it was a truce which had been signed rather than a peace, and when the war began again, after an interval of little more than a year, England once more swept rapidly into her possession the colonies which she had surrendered by the treaty. When the conflict with Napoleon was finally ended, England felt herself justified in retaining as her own a larger part of her conquests than in 1801. Her most important acquisition, both in what it was at the time and in what it was destined to become, was the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch also ceded the territory of British Guiana, though England paid the Netherlands full value for both possessions. France

gave up two West India islands and the Mauritius, and Malta was retained.

In the year 1814, just as this struggle was drawing to a close, there appeared in England, in a stately quarto, a Treatise on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire in every Quarter of the World, by Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, a distinguished statistician of the time. The book reported a total population in the empire of sixty-one million, of which forty-three million were non-British natives, including all the inhabitants of India at that time subject to the British. This result of his investigations strikes the author as something marvelous. He says that the details of his tables "must be perused with exultation and astonishment by every British subject, while to foreign nations they will convey the most exalted ideas of the unexampled power and resources of this great empire." And he had certainly good grounds for his exultation and astonishment. It was only thirty years since the enemies of England were rejoicing over her fall, and only twenty since the process of reconstruction had begun. But if he could have been allowed the gift of prophecy, and could have foreseen the condition of the Anglo-Saxon world at the close of the century, what language would he have employed? Words would have failed him entirely to characterize a state of things in which the British Islands alone have a population equal to nearly three quarters of his grand total, the empire at large more than six times that sum, and the daughter state across the sea, which no doubt he looked down upon with much good-natured contempt from the lofty height of his sixty-one million, a population twenty per cent larger than his total.

But the gains of war, important as they were, by no means measure the expansion of the race during the first decade and a half of this century. In three other directions, entirely unconnected with one another, and only indirectly connected, or not at all, with the Napoleonic struggle, — lying also, for the most part, beyond the view of the author of the Treatise, — the power of the race had been advancing beyond anticipation.

Napoleon had not himself succeeded in reaching India, as he had probably hoped to do in his expedition to Egypt, but the expectation of his coming had set in motion the enemies of England, and had made her representatives quick to strike in anticipation of an attack. In this way came on the contest with the famous Tippoo Sahib which ended in his fall and in the absorption of his lands. This was followed almost immediately by a series of wars with the Mahratta states of the west and by more annexations. The result was that by 1815, or soon after, the territory directly under the rule of the British in India had more than doubled, though great additions remained still to be made.

Another reaction of Napoleon's plans of colonial empire led to a still greater gain. Three weeks after the preliminaries of peace had been signed, in October, 1801, and before the definitive treaty had been arranged, Napoleon ordered his brother-in-law, Leclerc, to take command of a great fleet and army which had been for some time collecting in the western harbors of France, and to sail for the recovery of the island of San Domingo. Napoleon had just obtained from Spain the recession of the vast territory of Louisiana, and it was by no means a wild hope that, from San Domingo as a basis, he might reconstruct the French empire in North America. But the fulfillment of this hope was delayed by the stubborn resistance of the island and by still more unconquerable disease, and before any real advance was made toward success the great European war which was to end only with Waterloo had begun again.

But what was to be done with Louisiana? In the decision of this question a new power was interested. The steps

taken by Napoleon had aroused the anxiety and suspicion of the United States. Had he succeeded in his plans for the occupation of Louisiana with a French army and for renewing colonization there, it is by no means impossible that so threatening a prospect would have had the result of driving our country into an alliance with England against the French. The imagination is tempted to dwell upon the beneficent consequences which might have followed from such a union in a common policy, brought about by a common danger, but sober judgment is inclined to say that it would have been premature, and that it is probably better, on the whole, that it did not occur. What did occur was a result great enough to satisfy any reasonable demand; for Napoleon, conscious that he could not protect Louisiana from the British with his inferior naval strength, preferred to have it pass into the hands of the United States rather than to allow England to seize it. Already American colonization was rapidly advancing in the Mississippi Valley. Three great States west of the Alleghanies had been admitted to equal partnership in the Union, and other future States had been marked out and given their preliminary organization, and were filling up with colonists from the East. Now, at a single stroke, without the firing of a gun, and at a price equivalent to less than three cents per acre, the area of the United States was doubled. All but a very small portion of the new territory lay to the west of the Mississippi, and it carried with it a claim, at least, to a coast-line upon the Pacific, which, reinforced by other claims, secured for our colonization the two States of Washington and Oregon. Of this great inheritance we were in a sense the natural heirs, for this cession was the logical conclusion of that which had closed the great war for the possession of North America fifty years before, — a war in which the thirteen colonies had had so large a share.

If the expansion of Anglo-Saxon dominion in India and in North America, in these first years of the century, was due indirectly to the Napoleonic war, the beginning of Australian development was wholly peaceful. To be sure, by 1815 it was only a very small growth which had been made, but it was a beginning, and in the case of Australia it was the beginning which was difficult. To bring about the change of a penal settlement, which had been founded with no expectation or desire that it should ever be anything but a penal settlement, into an attractive home for millions of free and prosperous colonists; into a series of colonies which should take the place, for England, once occupied by the American colonies; which should, indeed, far exceed the growth of the thirteen colonies during any period of their history, — this was no slight achievement. This beginning had been accomplished by 1815, and it was the work of individuals unaided by the government. In 1803, the government had, indeed, occupied Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's Land, as a station for further penal settlement, but that was hardly colonial development in the present sense. About the same time it occurred to Captain John Macarthur that the Australian lands, which did not seem to promise very rich returns from agricultural investments, might be profitably employed in sheep-raising, and with some difficulty he succeeded in getting a fine strain of merino sheep. The experiment proved at once successful. His example was followed by others, and the infant colony was supplied with the one thing which had hitherto been wanting, — an especially profitable industry to attract free settlers and capital. A few years later, during a season of drought, some graziers broke through the mountain barrier which separates the interior from the eastern coast, and found beyond vast ranges of rich pasture-land. Just at this time, Mr. Colquhoun, the author of the Treatise quoted above, re-

corded his judgment that the British population of New South Wales was lost to the nation, and added, "It is ever to be lamented that, in a choice of difficulties at the time, the British government should have been induced to have recourse to such an expedient" as the settlement of Australia! It was certainly not an era of such startlingly rapid progress which these changes opened as the more recent growth of Australia has been, but they made possible all the rest, and laid the foundation of what is destined to be one of the great nations of the world: the third, it may even pass the mother country before another century closes, and become the second of the Anglo-Saxon nations in wealth and population.

The twenty years which closed with 1815 have deserved so much detail because that was the generation which reconstructed from the apparent ruins of 1783, on new and stronger foundations, the Anglo-Saxon empire, in its two halves, and broadened it out into what it had never been before, a world empire. England had obtained compensation for the loss of the old thirteen colonies in the beginning of another New England of continental size in the South Seas; she had filled up the one great gap in her line of defense and of world occupation by gaining South Africa; and she had strengthened her hold upon every old possession and added not a few new ones. The other half of the race had doubled its area, had stretched across the continent from ocean to ocean, and had begun to feel the stimulus and broadening influence of colossal size.

With the close of the Napoleonic struggle there opens a new era of expansion. It is expansion by peaceful growth in wealth and population beyond recorded precedent in the history of the world. Not that war ceased with 1815. But war with rivals able to dispute the empire on equal terms did cease. Wars there have been which have led to expansion, but they have been local in character, with bordering or semi-subject native states or with revolted subjects. The greatest conflict since Napoleon in which any part of the Anglo-Saxon world has been involved was the civil war in the United States, which was fought, not for direct expansion, but for a result which may be called negative, to remove from one portion of the country the greatest obstacle to its rapid development.

In the enlargement of the territory of the race, since 1815, the United States has done far more than its proportionate share. The only great annexation at a single stroke was ours until within the last few years, when the sudden scramble of the European nations for Africa has recalled the great figures and something of the romance of eighteenth-century colonial expansion. But if the single additions have been small, the aggregate has been large.

The portion of India subject to English rule has been practically doubled since 1815, though this has been done by a long series of annexations reaching down almost to the present. Next in value, perhaps in the end to be of even greater value, is New Zealand, the England of the South Seas, occupied in 1840 just in time to forestall the French. Twenty years before, the United States had obtained Florida. For the rest, we have the series of fortified outposts on the way to India, like Aden and Perim; Hongkong, transformed from a barren rock to a large and wealthy city; the Falkland Islands and South Georgia, near the Antarctic Ocean; the Fiji Islands and New Guinea, after long resistance to the demands of the Australians; and small but profitable territories in the Straits Settlements.

These acquisitions, taken singly, are all small and unimposing, but during these years the United States twice enlarged its borders by vast annexations scarcely to be rivaled for magnitude during the history of the race. Once, just before the middle of the century, by a war

which history will hardly be able to characterize in its final account as anything but a war of deliberate conquest, forced upon a weak neighbor, we obtained a territory destined to make real for us the early dreams of El Dorado, as large in area, if we include Texas, which really belongs to it, as the land of all the States and Territories together in 1800. Again, a few years past the middle of the century, by a fair bargain, with which we have had increasing reason to be satisfied, we bought from Russia another half million of square miles, carrying our total area beyond three million and a half.

But downright bargain and sale, even highway robbery of a disguised and somewhat gentlemanly order, are prosaic methods of expansion when compared with the stir and adventure of opening a new world to occupation. This kind of expansion the closing quarter of the nineteenth century has found in Africa for the last time in the history of the world. Up to 1884 scarcely more than the edges of Africa had been occupied by the European powers. It was in that year that Germany suddenly began an attempt to realize her long-cherished aspirations for a colonial empire. She naturally made the attempt in Africa, as the only place where it was possible to make it, and in doing so she started all the nations in a wild race in fear lest their neighbors should get the advantage of them. In this scramble, if England has been left far behind by some of the others in the area of her gains, she certainly leads them all in real value, and the prospect that the Anglo-Saxons will be the ruling power in the future of Africa is, to say the least, as good as was their prospect for the control of North America in 1750. This is surely true if we consider Egypt an English possession, and we can hardly suppose that England will ever abandon that country, whatever depths of sentimental emotion may be stirred in varying moods; nor, considering the enormous benefits which result, would the world ever consent to such an abandonment, if it were not still much influenced by barbarian motives. It was a brilliant scheme which was attempted in 1894, to obtain from the Congo Free State a narrow strip of land connecting the waterway of Lake Tanganyika with the British sphere of influence to the north, and so to make an English highway from the mouth of the Nile to the Cape of Good Hope. Although it seemed the part of wisdom at the time to yield to the united objections of the other interested powers, it is by no means impossible that the object sought may be accomplished in the end.

What is the total result? A little more than eleven million square miles under the rule of England, three and a half million under that of the United States, — together, more than one quarter of the total land area of the globe.

But the conquest of empty land, however vast, is not a real expansion of the race. When we turn from the growth in territory to that in population and wealth, the record which is marvelous in the one case becomes almost incredible in the other. The United Kingdom, which has sent out every year so many thousands of its children to the colonies and to us, now contains a population considerably more than twice as great as the population of European descent in the whole empire in 1814. We are sufficiently aware of the fact that we have multiplied our own population by sixteen in a hundred years, and founded more than thirty flourishing colonies, not condemned by our system to continue long in the condition of colonies, but now full members of our Union. This rate of increase in population, however, has been equaled by the Australian colonies, which have, according to the census of 1891, a population almost exactly equal to ours as given by the census of 1790, and Canada slightly exceeds that number. If we reckon the growth of Australia from

1820, it greatly outdistances the record of the United States. In the fifteen years preceding the discovery of gold, the population of her colonies doubled twice, and after the discovery the seventy-six thousand inhabitants of Victoria were multiplied by four in three years. The "boom" days of Melbourne equaled or even surpassed the record of any of our Western cities, and Winnipeg multiplied its population by more than a hundred in the twenty years following 1871. It is a little hard for us to realize that Australia has two of the greatest cities of the Anglo-Saxon world, but if Melbourne were transferred to the British Isles, it would rank as the fifth city, and Sydney as the seventh; the United States has only four cities larger than Melbourne, and seven larger than Sydney, and Montreal is not far below in the list. In sum total, the population of the race and of its subjects exceeds four hundred and fifty millions, — more than its proportionate share of the world's population, reckoned according to the proportion of the world's territory which it occupies.

It is impossible to measure by accurate standards the growth in wealth, but apparently it has more than kept pace with the growth in population. The capitalized wealth of the United Kingdom, as it is reckoned by statisticians, has been multiplied by five since 1815; and the three largest colonies, Canada, Australia, and the Cape, exceed the record of the mother country at that date by a sum which would pay the British national debt; while the wealth of the United States has been multiplied by more than fifty within the century, and it is twenty years since we first passed the United Kingdom and took rank as the wealthiest of the Anglo-Saxon nations. The sum of wealth now made and added to the savings of the race in three ordinary years would buy up the whole of the British Isles and all the forms of wealth in them as they existed in 1815. On the other side of the account, while the national debt of France has grown rapidly during the century, the British debt has been actually reduced by more than a thousand million dollars. Fortunately, the Anglo-Saxon instinctively shudders at the cost of war, but it is altogether probable that England could begin the coming century with a war as long continued and desperate as that with which the present century opened, without a larger national debt at the end, in proportion to its wealth, than weighed upon it in 1815.

One fourth the area, one third the population, and more than one third the resources and capitalized wealth of the globe; a dominion which furnishes all the commercial conditions of the world, and which might surround itself with a Chinese wall of exclusion against all the rest of mankind, and not forego a single article of necessity or of luxury or the profitableness of a single exchange, — surely this is expansion enough for a race whose enemies were rejoicing but little more than a century ago at the apparent destruction of its colonial empire. But this is only one side of the case.

We may measure in parallel columns of figures or by the foot rule the expansion of the race in land and resources, but in what terms are we to express that other expansion in responsibilities, and in problems of difficulty to be solved, domestic and foreign, which has been the inevitable result of our material growth? We are indeed only just beginning to regard this side of our expansion. We are proud of the imperial position of the race in the world, and yet we still haggle bitterly with one another over petty issues, and blindly stake that imperial position and our dearest interests on the contemptible result. We have grown into a world race, but step by step with this growth has come a fearful shrinking of the world. The interests of all the tribes of men have fallen into a common stream of diplomacy, and questions from the re-

motest regions of the globe press upon one another in settlement, until we must perforce let the Turk go on to cut as many Christian throats as he will through fear lest a Japanese gunboat appear in the Gulf of Carpentaria, or because of the superior importance of a South American swamp.

Still greater responsibilities have come upon us within our own borders. It was not possible that wealth and population should expand as they have done, with our still imperfect methods of organization and distribution, without a growing demand for change at many points, and even a sense of injustice and unfair treatment on the part of some. No sane man believes that we have seen the last passionate attempt to stir up a war of classes in ignorant support of half the truth, or that, through fear of the brutish allies of the right imperfectly understood, we have been for the last time compelled to refuse the demand we would concede.

And there is that other problem of union, of bringing the whole race into the lines of a common policy and the equal bearing of common burdens, — the problem of healing the breach made a century ago, which has already served its full measure of usefulness, and now bids fair to be a source of danger if it continues longer. This is a constitutional problem of greater difficulty than any that ever before demanded solution; for it requires, in common interests, a complete and strong union of the most widely separated units, together with the greatest freedom in local interests broadly interpreted. But this problem must be solved. The scale of the world stands at a light balance, and a touch may turn it either way.

The simple truth is that, great as have been the demands upon the race to create the history of the past in which we rejoice, the demands of the future will be even greater. It is the result of this history, the proper and fitting result, that we are now brought to the supreme test of racial ability. The nineteenth century, truly considered, is but an age of preliminary and introductory expansion. If the genius of the race fail not; if calm submission to the law, unwavering devotion to the task in hand, steady refusal to follow glittering allurements or hasty choices, may still be our leading traits; if we may trust our sons to equal our fathers' deeds of self-devotion without the hope of fame, then is the achievement of the nineteenth century but a preparing of the way for the vaster expansion of the twentieth, — for the founding, not of the empire of the race, but of the united commonwealth of all nations.

But if these things fail us, if this so rapid growth has exhausted the moral stamina of the race, if by its unsettling hurry it has destroyed our power of patient self-control, then shall we repeat the history of other empires. This great fabric of ours, which, as far as human judgment can discern, needs but closer union to be secure against the shock of every danger from without, will in that case break asunder and fall, from its own inner decay. History will then record that the nineteenth century was our greatest but our final era of expansion.

George Burton Adams.

BRYANT'S PERMANENT CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE.

"It hath been said of old that Virtue dwells
Above, among the inaccessible rocks,
And treads the holy place with weary feet.
She is not seen by eyes of mortal man
Save him whom heart-consuming toil hath worn,
He who hath climbed the height of fortitude."

If such a mortal man be born a poet, if one of the seraphim have touched his mouth with a live coal from off the altar, he is a comforter of men, and out of reach of praise. Yet a man may be a poet and have simpler duties before him. He will give utterance to those feelings, the common chattels of the heart, which men have, and know they have, but cannot put into words. When Cupid hovered about Psyche in the dark, she divined his presence, she felt his power, she knew his grace, but she needed the definiteness of sight, the certainty of touch, the god in bodily form. Her story is the allegory of human weakness and desire. We need a poet to tell us what we feel. The utterance of the dumb poetry which is in us is for those poets who act intermediate between us and the powers that endowed us with it.

It is essential to real expression of that dumb poetry in us that the poet should be in close relation with us. This nearness is almost always found in our American poets. It is natural that it should be so. A poet is affected by the character and habits of the people about him: his thought is colored by their thoughts, his attitude towards the great facts of life is suggested by theirs. In his turn he acts upon his neighbors, and a certain similarity of thought and feeling is established. We see in Keats the joy of Englishmen in English life; in Shelley, the aspirations of Englishmen; in Byron, their discontent; in Wordsworth, their contemplative asceticism. Yet it is not always so. Consider Ariosto, a great poet beyond dispute. In his Mad Orlando he takes so fantastic a plot, he adopts so brilliantly artificial a style, he displays such ironical contempt of life, that it is impossible that he should be in harmony with the serious life of common men. Our poets more than most poets — and this characteristic may be their chief merit — utter the sentiments of their fellows. They do not affect to consider themselves as men set apart, but endeavor to express the feelings of the people among whom they live.

This intimate interdependence of poet and people is very obvious in our best known group of poets. Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and in their several ways Poe and Whitman, utter the common human feelings that enter the hearts of common men. This is particularly true of Bryant. He says what a large body of people feel, understand, and hold in sympathy. This trait in his poetry is the result of his character, which is essentially American. If we take as the two ideal types of our American character George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, we are struck by a change from the repose and self-control of Washington to the emotion and self-control of Lincoln. This difference between the two serves fairly to illustrate the tendency of our American type. Bryant is an excellent specimen of the earlier. He was calm, intelligent, self-respecting, abounding in common sense, contemplative, gentle, peaceful, almost austere. He was like the country in which he was born. Hampshire County, Massachusetts, his birthplace, is in sight of the Berkshire Hills. If Bryant's verses were to be turned into meadow, hill, dale, and river, we should have almost the counterpart of western Massachusetts. It is somewhat significant that his two best poems, Thanatopsis and the

lines To a Waterfowl, were written there, in his early youth, before he had had experience of the greater emotions and incidents of life. It is on them that his fame chiefly rests, and it is they that best indicate the characteristics of his talents. Early in his long life they gave him public distinction, and at its close they still were his best titles to honor.

When Thanatopsis was published, the youth of Boston and New York were struck with surprise. A consideration of death came to them like an intellectual creative thought. They were like children of few years, to whom life and immortality are the same, who have no conception of death. These readers had a vague notion in the backs of their minds that death was a subject for philosophy, for the Greek drama; but that they, men of action, citizens of a free republic, separated by an ocean from Europe, rich in enterprise, invention, and machinery, resting upon a written constitution, and electing to the presidency a Jefferson and a Jackson, should stop to ponder upon death, was to them astounding. If Death had come into the poem like Slippered Pantaloon with his Scythe, mowing down the Fairest Flowers, and scattering the Passions, "baneful band," they would not have heeded; they would have classified the poem as poetry, and would have gone on their way rejoicing. But Thanatopsis came with solemnity: it was simple as the Bible; it suggested no thought beyond the natural compass of their minds; it gave the earth, the earth of New England, which they themselves trod, so hard to the plough, so stubborn to the harrow, an interest that it had never had before. They were touched and paused to read it, and to read it again, as a man hurrying by a church hears the organ, stops, pauses to catch the voice of the congregation, and then goes on softly, thinking.

Thanatopsis is a very extraordinary feat for a boy of eighteen years. Its language shows honest familiarity with the English Bible. Its thoughts are elevated, its manner is quiet and restrained. Dignity and ease, sensibility and self-command, stand out conspicuous. But can we read a chapter from the book of Job, and then turn to it and not be aware of a falling off? Can we set Thanatopsis beside Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and not miss Gray's wider thoughtfulness, deeper tenderness, and surpassing art? Can we match it with Lines composed near Tintern Abbey? No, most assuredly. Thanatopsis does not rank with these great poems, but it is a noble poem, and disappointing only in this, that it gives promise of a greater excellence, which Bryant never attained.

The lines To a Waterfowl also quickly became famous. Young Americans had never thought very much about waterfowl. Wild ducks were good to set upon the table before a guest, they were hard to shoot, they were not plentiful enough to be articles of commerce, their feathers eked out those from the barnyard in stuffing the best pillows. Young men regarded the wild duck as the Church of England regards it, graciously endowed with life for man to take away, made for him to mar. Bryant thought differently. In later years he was impressed by the fact that the Rev. F. W. Robertson "seemed to amuse himself with naught but killing birds." Bryant, in his boyhood, felt as Wordsworth felt, that the life of a wild duck was one joyful expression of the spirit of all life. He did not try to reconcile religion and the doctrine that a creature rich in immortal life may take from his feebler fellow creatures all the life they have. He had learned, and he, too, taught the lesson,

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

He drew a moral from the flight of the waterfowl through "the desert and illimitable air," and it was accepted. The doctrine was in harmony with the feelings of the Unitarians. The subject of

the poem was therefore peculiarly favorable. The simplicity and delicacy of expression are of great excellence.

Bryant's poems inevitably bring Wordsworth to our minds, yet it seems unfair to Bryant's talents to measure their increase by comparison with the fruits of Wordsworth's genius. Bryant's lot took him to the city, to newspapers and daily cares, while Wordsworth sauntered contemplative over Helvellyn and along the margin of Windermere. Great poetry has never been written by a man who was not able to give to it his concentrated thought and his whole heart. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Pope, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, all the great poets of England have given undivided allegiance to poetry. Bryant could not do so, and his poems bear the marks of his involuntary disloyalty. A poet must be judged by his achievement alone. Bryant's verses, except at their best, show a lack of art. They are a little undisciplined; they betray truancy to the classics. Great masters of verse — Milton, Spenser, Tennyson, Swinburne — have wrought their poems and labored over them with the care and minuteness of coral insects. Horace has taught all his students the great Roman truth that discipline and care conquer the world. His lines march together as the men of the Tenth Legion paraded before Julius Cæsar. The second-best word goes to a court-martial, the superfluous syllable is cast off on the instant. The task of the poet is to learn form, that he may have dominion over matter. Drudgery and slavish service hew out the only road to freedom. Bryant holds so high his independence that he will not submit enough to discipline, and therefore he says, "The sun was near his set;" he speaks of "sylvan lakelet," and then before that has dribbled out of our memory "wavelets" come splashing along. There may be high authority for these expressions, but they were not meet for Bryant's purposes. This incivility to English that appears in Bryant, seldom, yet too often, is due partly to his willful independence, partly to his lack of training, and also in a measure to his lack of sensitiveness. A man keenly alive to delicate impressions, to "shadows and sunny glimmerings," will do one of two things: either he will try and try again until he shall succeed in making his readers partakers of his sensations, or he will forbear; he will not put up with inadequate expression. Wordsworth has willfulness in bountiful abundance, but in those poems which we prize most highly there is the simplicity of perfect expression. This was the result of hard work. Dorothy Wordsworth says somewhere in her journal, "William has come back tired: he has spent all the day in thinking of an adjective for the cuckoo."

While most of us, of ourselves, with our feeble capacity for belief, with our lean imagination, in our dreamless days and our prose-ridden nights, do not feel that nature has personality, nevertheless the most hardened among us are compelled so to feel after reading Wordsworth. Then we believe in some attribute of Deity immanent in nature, and we grow conscious of what the Bible names "the presence of God." But Bryant only makes us see what he sees, — beautiful inanimate nature, fruitful in suggestion, quick to catch the color of our imaginings, ready to reflect our moods, but at most only tinged with us and painted with our thoughts. Certainly we need to be reminded that beauty lies about us, that pleasures have been scattered thick at our doorsteps, that "we are too ready with complaint in this fair world of God's." Yet this is work of a less degree of excellence than that of drawing aside the veil from the temple of God.

Bryant shows us many, but not all the aspects of nature. His love of nature is simpler than nature. He enjoys her calm, he finds repose in her inaction;

he does not enter into all her joyousness, her delicate growths, her childlike activities.

> "Solitude to her
> Is blithe society, which fills the air
> With gladness and involuntary songs."

But Bryant falls into seriousness as soon as he is in a wood. So, too, nature's sorrowful fadings and fallings pass him by unheeded except as he draws a sorrowful inference for man.

We cannot but feel the great difference between Bryant's poems on nature and those of Wordsworth. In most of Wordsworth's familiar poems we find this sensitive recognition of nature "through the veil that seems to hide" her, — nature, as we would fain believe her, our young virgin mother, a Primavera singing out of the very dust from which our bodies are wrought. In Bryant we find nature is but an echo of himself. High, serene, calm, and sometimes beautiful, she rises like an eidolon of Bryant. Through Wordsworth we learn love and reverence for nature; he teaches us that she will suffer us like little children to come unto her, and we find rest, refreshment, and delight.

> "She gives us eyes, she gives us ears
> And tender hopes and delicate fears,
> A heart the fountain of soft tears
> And love and thought and joy."

In Bryant nature is a patch on a New England hillside. There is much beauty, much tenderness, much room for virtuous reverie and noble thought, but nature for him does not vary with its changing seasons. It is October, sunshine or shade, all the year; there is but one music in the pines, but one rustle in the fallen leaves; the grasses speak in monotone. Sometimes, it is true, Bryant is half conscious of a girlish spirit in nature, as if she were dodging round his subject, too quick to catch. He attempts to lay hold of her, and writes Sella and Little Children of the Snow. But nature, the wood nymph, is denied to him; She enchants all poets, they all woo her "on summer eves by haunted stream," but few hold commerce with her. Few can say: —

> "Here at the fountain's sliding foot
> Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
> Casting the body's vest aside
> My soul into the boughs does glide."

Although Bryant does not reveal to us the holy spirit of nature as Wordsworth does, or nature the forest nymph as Theocritus does, or even portray all her outward aspects, he does show the most important significance of nature for us. That light carelessness which some poets have, which from its very lightness is able to catch "the gay motes that people the sunbeams," is meet for the holiday time of life, for feast-days and for youth. We have a more abiding need. We need a constant insistence upon the moral law. Our faith is weak; with the bodily eye we cannot always discern how that law prevails in the world about us. The difficulties of belief cannot be overcome without the help of beauty, which bare laws of cause and effect, probable rules for escaping evils, cannot of their own nature put on. We need poets to make that moral law beautiful in our eyes, to "endue it with heavenly gifts," to cover it with "thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls" or with an authority that we will not question. Whatever man does so deserves well of the people. Bryant, in narrow limits, perhaps, and with uneven powers, has done this for us. Men with need of metaphysical and subtle reasonings, and men too much in the glare of common sense, may not feel the value of his work, but

> "Country folks who live beneath
> The shadow of the steeple,
> The parson and the parson's wife
> And mostly married people,
> Youth green and happy in first love
> So thankful for illusion," —

all these will feel that Bryant has added a touch of poetry to that moral law, has helped to show more clearly a loveliness

which our hearts accept as inherent in it, and to show how that moral beauty belongs to Earth, our mother, and is somehow in harmony with the powers that draw the tracery in ferns and frost, and put their colors in the poppy and the dandelion. The Forest Hymn, The Planting of the Apple Tree, The Death of the Flowers, O Fairest of the Rural Maids, Green River, and a number of other poems, incompletely perhaps, and with various degrees of excellence, bear witness to this great service which he has thus rendered to us.

Bryant first read Wordsworth at the age of seventeen. In the Fable for Critics Mr. Lowell says Bryant has "the advantage that Wordsworth before him has written." But this is hardly fair. We fail to find any imitation of Wordsworth in Bryant's best poems. He is a strong man who grows to his full stature of grace by his own natural growth, and not by any artificial graftings or foreign influences. The poem To a Waterfowl is quite different from Wordsworth's manner. Wordsworth has had many followers. Walter Bagehot said that he had a whole host of sacred imitators; that Keble translated him for timid women, and Hartley Coleridge for gentle devotees of nature. Bryant was not one of these. His disposition, impelled by the same large causes which moved Wordsworth, led him to the same simple subjects, — to the flowers of the field, and to the waterbrooks which nourish them. Yet the disciples of Wordsworth would lay claim to a larger art, born of a stronger mind and of a wider imagination, in the poems To a Green Linnet, To the Little Celandine, and their fellows. And no one would be quicker than such disciples to admit that a man might be a worthy poet, although unequal to the great Englishman. Hartley Coleridge, no mean judge, once read the Waterfowl to Matthew Arnold, after asking if he wished to hear the best short poem in the English language.

The mention of Hartley Coleridge suggests a comparison with Bryant. Of the two, perhaps Coleridge had the greater poetic sensibility. To him life appeared wrapped in his own fancy. He felt the "weight of unintelligible things," and he shrank under an acute consciousness that his native endowments were inadequate to cope with the unmanageable facts of the world. He sought refuge in Wordsworth, in poetry, in his own musings. Bryant had a strong character: he was perfectly competent to face the world, and to take from Fortune her buffets and rewards with equal thanks. He, too, turned for consolation to Wordsworth, to poetry, and to his own musings. He, too, was of a meditative mind, tinged with religious thought. He, too, had poetic talents of a limited range. Neither had capacity for dramatic expression. If our only knowledge of men came from their poems, we should not know that blood ran red through human veins. "We have too many poems by Lord Byron," said Bryant. Neither Bryant nor Hartley Coleridge had the ability to write a long poem. Bryant is reported to have said, "There is no such thing as a long poem;" his theory was that poems such as Paradise Lost and the Divine Comedy are strung upon a thread of verse which serves to hold the attention of the reader over the interpoetical spaces. Bryant did not have the gift of lyrical expression to as high a degree as Hartley Coleridge. In fact he has left no songs, though he has given that name to one or two short poems. Neither poet seems to have had much sense of humor. Yet, with a certain similarity in their native gifts, there was such an immense difference between their characters that it is hard to think of them together. Both were meditative, moderate, high-minded men, given to contemplation, but the difference in their characters has rendered entirely unlike the matter in their verse. Bryant had repose, self-restraint, peace, and mas-

tery within narrow limits. Hartley Coleridge was sick at heart, self-distrustful, appealing for help. It is a matter of temperament which of the two one prefers. One man likes Coleridge's sonnets better, another Bryant's poems.

To a poet as a poet, except in so far as the lack may prevent achievement, character, in the usual meaning of the word, is not essential. But as men are made without nice heed of logical necessities, they set a value upon a man's poetry in accordance, in large measure, with his character. This habit they justify by saying that the most necessary element in poetry is sincerity; that that poetry cannot be sincere which is not after the pattern of a man's character, and therefore, however delightful may be the sequence of words, the sway of rhythm, or the ring of rhyme, words not sincere are but tinkling cymbals and profit nothing. The juster method would seem to be to judge words by themselves; they lie before us, open, unconcealed, self-revealing, whereas a man's character is shrouded in doubt and uncertainty. Howbeit, it is certain that the high character of a poet is of great consequence to the people among whom he lives. It is a constant proof of the spiritual effect of lofty thoughts and of the truth of poetry. It strengthens our belief in refinement, in self-sacrifice, in nobility of action and of aims. It brings our hearts closer to our minds; it shows the nearness of poetry and religion. All this Bryant has helped to do. His calm, self-contained, noble character shines in all his poetry, and he has well and faithfully given a bright example of a virtuous man. It is said that

> "of all their gifts to man
> No greater gift than self-sobriety
> The gods vouchsafe him in the race of life."

This gift they vouchsafed to Bryant, and the light of it shines in all his life.

Much stress has been laid upon the ethical nature of Bryant's poetry, and, as it seems to us, often in the wrong place. It is certain that he was a good man; it is certain that he never wrote a verse that might not with propriety be read to virgins and to boys. These virtues, however, are not enough to give his poetry a high ethical character. Justly to deserve that reputation, poetry should be fit not only for young women and children, but for strong men. That which makes man larger, freer, more sensitive, more aspiring, more tender, quicker to seek whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are just and of good report, that is ethical. That poetry which stimulates our interest in men and women, which quickens our sympathies, which starts our tears and calls out our deepest feelings, is ethical. Byron, if he has broadened and deepened our comprehension of discontent, if he has awakened in us compassion, is an ethical poet. The greatest ethical poet is Shakespeare. No one has given us so noble a conception of humanity as he, or has made us so acquainted with grief or so intimate with human interests. Such is the standard by which to measure a poet's work. Bryant is didactic; he dwells upon the pleasure and innocence in nature, in contemplation, in the colors of flowers and the noise of falling waters. Many a man draws his noblest inspiration from these simple outputtings of nature which neither vex nor thwart him. They hinder not his will; they yield to his mood; they minister to his fancy; they obey his thoughts, and tender a simple fellowship which he has not found elsewhere. This deliverance from temptation, this comfortable solitude, have caused men to believe that by withdrawing from the world they have ascended towards heaven. It is well to encourage and develop such a habit and such a disposition. But contemplation is too narrow a school in which to study ethics. In this generation, when the metaphysical aspects of religion have a less firm foundation in the minds of men, morality is sought, not in communion with Deity, but in coming

closer to humanity, and in a world of such beliefs the poet must reckon with them.

We do not find among Bryant's poems any which stir our sympathies with passion or with joy. After reading every poem he has written, the reader is not richer in any fresh knowledge of mankind. He has learned no more of yearning, of despair, of all the doubts and perplexities that hedge us in. Bryant has told of quiet love, of gentle griefs, of sorrows subdued, of his own pleasure in meadows and brooks, in yellow violet and fringed gentian, in maple leaf and climbing vine; he has told of the refreshment and succor in reverie and contemplation, in rest from the bustle of cities. This is well. This interests us, it encourages us, it helps us to lead simpler, nobler lives; but are we not become better somewhat at the expense of freedom and generosity? Are we not become Pharisees? Do we not take the greater satisfaction that we are not as other men are, eager for vanities, greedy, self-seeking, self-proclaiming fools? Do we not become richer in self-respect than in charity? Bryant learned his own limitations, and put his talents to usury accordingly. In the simplicity of human feelings, the region of the greatest poetry, he found his most excellent expression, and he wrote Abraham Lincoln, The Flood of Years, and The Death of the Flowers.

It is strange that, good citizen as Bryant was, good American as it is claimed that he was, he had no emotional sympathy with democracy. He lived his boyhood among Federalists, and early was taught disapproval, to use a moderate word, of Jefferson and the Republicans. After he had grown to maturity he became a Democrat in national politics; nevertheless, he never was a real Democrat in any genuine meaning of the word. The sense of emancipation, of room, of freedom, which at the time of his birth had affected men so much in Europe, did not stir his boyhood nor his manhood. Byron, "with haughty scorn that mocked the smart," showed through Europe like a fragment of the French Revolution; Shelley preached human liberty; Wordsworth was moved to "lyrical ballads." Across the Channel, Victor Hugo and his disciples took up the cry of equality. On this side of the Atlantic, the ideas of democracy have not affected any of our poets, except Walt Whitman, in an emotional manner, unless we consider the abolition of slavery as an element of democracy. Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, none of them breathed the hot breath of democracy. They were conservative, reasonable men, full of common sense and of respect for the past. Bryant embodied a very useful, profitable, and valiant aspect of democracy, of a kind most valuable to the stability of a nation, but not of a kind that a passionate lover of equality would acknowledge as democratic. Bryant was a believer in the individual responsibility of a man for his own soul. "Know thyself." "Be true to thine own self." "Look to thine own footsteps, and if thy straight path help another man to make his path straight, well and good, but thy duty is for thyself and with thyself." These were his mottoes.

The limitations encompassing Bryant's powers appear as soon as he departs from the narrow path of reverie in the meadows. Take The Ages as an example. This poem, he tells us, is meant, by means of history, to encourage the hopeful in their hopes that the world is better and happier than it was, and that it will be better and happier than it is. It touches various matters of history; among others, the Roman Catholic Church. Here is one aspect of her condition prior to the Reformation: —

> "Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
> Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
> Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell,
> And cowled and barefoot beggars swarmed the way,
> All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and gray."

The effect of the Reformation is thus described : —

"From many a proud monastic pile, o'erthrown,
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and fled;
The web, that for a thousand years had grown
O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread."

When the poet reaches the year of his poem, 1821, he alludes to the United States and to Europe in these lines : —

"Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
. . . . . .
Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles."

This is commonplace. It is poor in form, and narrow-minded in substance. We merely quote it as a sample of his work in matters not native to his cunning.

The mechanical work of Bryant's poetry is generally well done : the rhymes rhyme, the rhythm moves along, the blank verse does not halt. His language is good, yet it is not flexible enough for lyrical poetry. Perhaps it is not fanciful to trace the influence of Pope, which fell upon him in boyhood, in much of his work all through life. A correct, monotonous metre shows in many passages, where his inspiration is scant of breath. Bryant, however, rarely tries to do what he cannot do fairly well. His fine self-sobriety taught him what to eschew. Sometimes his form is his misfortune, in that it recalls Campbell or Moore ; for a marked metre, of course, calls to memory the best poems in that metre, and the comparison suggested is not always fair. His blank verse is very good ; not majestic, but simple and severe. It fails to impress us as the handiwork of a man who is confident in perfect mastery. There is none of the flush of victory that shows in Milton's verse. Shakespeare's lines move like Othello, simple, innocent, yet with a royal manner, and in the verse lurks the tremulous presence of passion. A man may write good blank verse, and yet deprecate such a comparison. But these are the poets that will come to the reader's mind. Some of Wordsworth's blank verse is admirable, appropriate to the emotion, delicate and powerful, ebbing and swelling like far-off noises which rise and fall with the wind. Tennyson's is most individual. It would be rash to compare Bryant's verse with theirs. Blank verse is the metre in English most sensitive to the personality of the writer. There is no juster measure of a man. It cannot be handled theatrically, it will not lend itself to tricks, it will be no man's mask. In it the poet walks, great or small, heroic, human, or mean, according to the measure that nature has meted to him. Art can enable the poet to write blank verse, but it cannot help him to hide himself in it. The greatest blank verse must be written by the greatest man. Take the form of a sonnet as the other extreme in poetical form, and it appears that greatness is almost out of place. Petrarch's sonnets, as sonnets, are better than Michelangelo's, they are better than Milton's, they are better than Shakespeare's. Craft, skill, long endeavor, patience, ingenuity, are all necessary to the construction of a sonnet. It is not so with blank verse : that is a glass house which none but the worthy must inhabit. Bryant's blank verse is at its best in Thanatopsis. In his translation of Homer it struggles to produce the effect of the Greek hexameters, and it rejects this alien duty. In Sella it sometimes reads too much like prose, wherein the words are shifted out of deference to the beat of the verse. Simplicity is the most serviceable slave, but the worst master, and Bryant occasionally felt the weight of its yoke. His sonnets are very poor sonnets, feeble imitations of Wordsworth. Bryant is said to have had correct knowledge of metre, but he had not sufficient flexibility and delicacy,

not enough effeminacy of taste, we might say, to use that knowledge well and successfully.

Bryant's prose consists of his editorials in the New York Evening Post, of various letters gathered into two volumes, entitled Letters of a Traveller, and of sundry discourses and orations. His style is simple, direct, and clear. It is almost too baldly simple. It has the shrewd simplicity of the prose of a Yankee storekeeper. It discloses a mind with almost childlike curiosity, which picks up the things immediately in front of it, and then, those dropped, reaches towards one new object after another. Some men are born to write of travels; they establish a human relation with bridges, towers, cornpatches, chance passengers in the omnibus, and they can give on paper an interesting account of these intimacies. We are absorbed in their breakfasts, in their troubles with foreign coins, in their purchases of cologne or snuff. We read eagerly what they have to say of the Tower, of Salisbury Cathedral, of the Boulevard des Capucines, — of everything we may have seen fifty times and read about a hundred. Keats's letters written on his trip in Scotland are of this kind. It is not Scotland that charms us, but the short liaison between it and Keats. Bryant tells us facts, conscientiously and intelligently. He has one great merit: he tells what he sees, he describes it as it appears to his mind. There is no mixture of the opinions of art critics and amateurs; there is the blunt delineation of the prospect as it was reflected on the retinas of Bryant's eyes. He goes to Venice, "this most pleasing of the Italian cities which I had seen," and there is no declamation. In Paris he passes the fountain of Molière in the Rue Richelieu, "where the effigy of the comic author" stands, and there is no disquisition upon his genius, with a peroration pronouncing his inferiority to Shakespeare. He went to an exhibition at Turin. "The first thing I observed, on entering the lower galleries of the Valentino, was a long case of shelves filled with models of the different varieties of cultivated fruits, executed with such skill as fairly to deceive the eye. I took them for real fruit till I was told better." He then describes them for half a page. These imitation peaches and plums interested him, and this interest is most agreeable compared with an assumption of æsthetic superiority to a waxen apple. Bryant's chief attractiveness is in his modesty. It always is by him. He omits all gossip of famous men from his letters, he leaves out all special courtesies shown to him. This modesty is not tinged with affectation, but it is a union of native self-respect and early training. It makes us proud of our country to see how simply and worthily her true-born sons demean themselves. Bryant had the simple standard that a man is to be judged by his deserts, and by no false measures, which we, pleasing our fancy in the midst of history, ascribe to some old Romans, and know to be true of some of our own famous countrymen.

Bryant acquired a familiarity with the German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese languages; he had a knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with Provençal; but he does not show any real affection for literature as literature. He makes no mention of Goethe, none of Dante. He has no allusion to Victor Hugo. He scarce seems aware of Shelley, who was but two years his senior, or of Tennyson. In nothing he says is there enthusiasm for Shakespeare. He admired Dickens; he enjoyed Sir Walter Scott, but he was driven so to do by his intelligence rather than by any emotional need. He wrote his poetry for the pleasure of self-expression, and not to exalt himself by joining the band of poets. Literature was of his "life a thing apart;" whatever he may have said about his love of poetry, the fact remains that, even after he had acquired sufficient property for his needs, he did not devote himself to literature.

Born men of letters do not so. To him letters were an accomplishment.

Bryant's indifference to literature, or perhaps it were better named the indolence of his attachment to letters, is due partly to himself, and partly to his public. Our self-possessed young republic looked at letters with the eyes of the father in the old comedies: they were very well in their way, but not the sort of thing for serious men. Such views and their kith and kin were eminently useful in the formation of a young country. They enabled us to resist the attraction of an attempt to dazzle the world by a new conception of human relations, of new rights and duties, by a disrespect for property or passion for art. They gave us the cohesiveness of conservatism, the simplicity of measuring everything by its value in gold, and the safety of highroad traveling, which have enabled us to bear our national growth and expansion without breaking. But these notions did not prepare the way for a ready acceptance of new things, nor for nice perception of the value of ideas, nor for an appreciation of literature. Very likely they served us better than more intelligent and broader conceptions of life, and we must accept the advantages with their attendant drawbacks. But they wrought harm to Bryant's career as a poet and man of letters. Bryant had no fanatic leaven in him. He could never have walked to Rome barefoot, nor have sold all his goods to feed the poor. He accepted implicitly the teachings of common sense, and he found his refreshment in poetry and letters. He looked upon them as refined pleasures rather than as a means of grace or of satisfying spiritual needs. And being such a man, he stood well in need of an eager, emotional public to kindle him into enthusiasm and to quicken his poetic talents.

After Mrs. Bryant died, in 1866, Bryant betook himself for consolation to the Iliad and the Odyssey, which he completely translated before December, 1871, at the age of seventy-seven. There are few things more touching than this comfort tenderly given by man to man across the gap of twenty-five hundred years. Nothing furnishes a more eloquent argument of the worth of poetry and of its profound humanity than this. The translation of Homer is a very personal matter, and seems to stir some of those fires in the human breast that burn only in front of its own Penates. Pope's translation was a success, Cowper's was a success; so were Lord Derby's and Mr. Bryant's. Mr. Lang and his associates, also Professor Palmer, have made excellent translations. All these renderings are very different one from another, and doubtless owe their respective successes to the variety among readers. There is one class of people that has never read the Greek, another that has read and forgotten, a third and small class that compares the translation and the original; and there are other persons still who condemn all translations of Homer without reading them. Bryant's work is said to be faithful to the original; but the stories of Ilium and of Odysseus feel somewhat ill at ease in English blank verse. The Greek spirit is so different from our spirit, the Greek language is so unlike our language, that almost all translators, and Bryant among them, must rest content with moderate praise. Poetry cannot be transferred from one language to another. Some of Bryant's translations of Spanish hymns are good. He had the same simplicity that they had who wrote the hymns, and he was able to make fair equivalents in English.

Bryant died in 1878. On May 29 he delivered an address in Central Park at the unveiling of a statue of Mazzini, and the effort exhausted him. He walked across the park to the house of a friend, and on the stoop suddenly fell. He lived until June 12, on which day he died, in his eighty-fifth year, — leaving "all those things which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops

of friends." His body was buried at Roslyn.

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Some men have found in Bryant the poet more than others can find. For Mr. Stoddard "Bryant confabulates with mountains and clouds;" for Mr. Parke Godwin he has "that peculiar genius which places him among the great meditative poets of all time." Mr. John Bigelow says, "Every one of his verses will bear the supreme test of a work of literary art, which discloses a wider horizon and more merit at each successive perusal."

We are not all alike. Thoughts and words come to us with different force and charm. Nothing brings to our minds more keenly how separate we are than the different welcome and harbor we give to poets.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XV.

March 6. You once said to me that you could conceive of no circumstances that would justify dishonesty; for, no matter what the seeming benefits might be, the indirect consequences and the effect on the misdoer's character more than neutralized them. The wrong I have done has only proved your view, and I have come to scorn myself for the dishonorable part I have played. Yet I think that you would pity more than blame me, if you could but know my sacrifices. I drifted into the fraud unconsciously, and cannot now decide at what point the actual stifling of my conscience began. I suppose the first misstep was when I entered Mr. Whitely's employment; yet though I knew it to be unscrupulous in him to accept my editorials as his own, it still seemed to me no distinct transgression in me to write them for him. With that first act those that followed became possible, and each involved so slight an increase in the moral lapse, and my debt to you was so potent an excuse to blind me, that at the time I truly thought I was doing right. I wonder what you would have done if you had been in my position?

Mr. Blodgett's shrewdness in stipulating what work I was to do for Mr. Whitely quickly proved itself. One of the magazines asked my employer to contribute an article on The Future of Journalism. Handing me the letter, he said, "Dr. Hartzmann, kindly write a couple of thousand words on that subject."

"That is not part of my duty, Mr. Whitely," I had the courage to say.

He looked at me quickly, and his mouth stiffened into a straight line. "Does that mean that you do not choose to do it?" he asked suavely.

My heart failed me at the thought that if I lost my position I might never get so good a one, and should drag my debt through life. For once thought of you made me cowardly. I answered, "I will write it, Mr. Whitely;" and he said, "I thank you," as if I had done him a favor.

I told Mr. Blodgett of the incident, that evening, with a wry face and a laugh over my bravery, and he was furious at me.

"Why, you — you" — he stuttered. "Have n't you learned yet that the man would n't part with you for anything? He 's so stuck up over his editorials and what people say of them that he 'd as

soon think of discharging his own mother before she weaned him."

Not content with venting his anger on me, he came into the office the next day and told Mr. Whitely I should not be imposed on, and finally forced him to agree that I should receive whatever the review paid for the article.

After this I wrote several magazine articles for Mr. Whitely, and soon another development of our curious relations occurred. One afternoon he said to me, "The Library trustees request me to deliver an address at the dedication of the building. I shall be grateful for any suggestions you can make of a proper subject."

"Books?" I replied, with an absolutely grave face.

"That is eminently suitable," he responded. "Possibly you can spare the time to compose such a paper; and as it should be of a scholarly character, some Greek and Latin seem to me advisable."

"How much?" I asked, inwardly amused to note if he would understand my question, or would suppose it referred to the quantity of dead languages I was to inject.

"What is the labor worth?" he inquired, setting my doubt at rest, and proving his business ability to recognize the most distant allusion to a dollar. When I named a price, he continued: "That is excessive. The profession of authorship is so little recompensed that there are many good writers in New York who would gladly do it for less."

"I can do it cheaper, if, like them, I crib it from books at the Astor," I said.

"I do not see why an address composed in the Astor Library should not be entirely satisfactory?" he questioned, in his smooth, self-controlled manner.

"Did you never hear of the man who left the theatre in the middle of Hamlet, because, he said, he did n't care to hear a play that was all quotations?" I asked, with a touch of irony.

"I presume the story has some connection in your mind with the subject in hand, but I am unable to see the appositeness?" he said interrogatively.

"I merely mentioned it lest you might not know that Pope never lived in Grub Street."

He looked at me, still ignorant that I was laughing at him. "You think it injudicious to have it done by Mather?" he inquired, naming a fellow who did special work for the paper at times.

"Not at all," I replied, "provided you label the address 'hash,' so that people who have some discrimination won't suppose you ignorant that it is twice-cooked meat you are giving them," and, turning, I went on with my work as if the matter were ended.

But the next day he told me, "I have concluded to have you write that address, Dr. Hartzmann;" and from that moment of petty victory I have not feared my employer.

I wrote the address, and it so pleased Mr. Whitely that, not content with delivering it, he had it handsomely printed, and sent copies to all his friends.

The praise he received for this clearly whetted his appetite for authorship, for not long after he said to me, "Dr. Hartzmann, you told me, when you sold me this library, that you were writing a history of the Turks. How nearly completed is it?"

"I hope to have it ready for press within three months."

"For some time," he said, "I have meditated the writing of a book, and possibly yours will serve my purpose."

I was so taken by surprise that for a moment I merely gazed at him, for it seemed impossible that even egotism so overwhelming as his could be capable of such blindness; but he was in earnest, and I could only revert to Mr. Blodgett's idea that a business man comes to think in time that anything he can buy is his. I smiled, and answered, "My book is not petroleum, Mr. Whitely."

"If it is what I desire, I will amply remunerate you," he offered.

"It is not for sale."

"I presume," he replied, "that you know what disposition of your book suits you best. I have, however, noticed in you a strong desire to obtain money, and I feel sure that we could arrange terms that will bring you more than you would otherwise receive."

Even before Mr. Whitely finished speaking, I realized that I was not a free agent. I owed a debt, and till it was paid I had no right to think of my own ambition or feelings. I caught my breath in anguish at the thought, and then, fearing that my courage would fail me, I spoke hastily: "What do you offer me?"

He smiled blandly as he told me: "It is hardly a work that will have a large sale. The Turkish nation has not played an important part in history."

"Only conquered the key of the Old World, caused the Crusades, forced the discovery of America and of the Cape passage, compelled Europe to develop its own civilization instead of adopting that of the East, and furnished a question to modern statesmen that they have yet found no Œdipus to answer," I retorted.

"Your special pleading does tend to magnify their position," he assented. "I shall be happy to look the work over, leaving the terms to be decided later."

I am ashamed to confess what a night of suffering I went through, battling with the love and pride that had grown into my heart for my book. I knew from the first moment his proposition had been suggested that he would give me more than I could ever hope to make from the work, and therefore my course was only too plain; but I had a terrible struggle to force myself to carry my manuscript to him the next afternoon.

For the next week he was full of what he was reading; and had the circumstances been different, I could have asked no higher compliment as regards its popular interest than the enthusiasm of this unlettered business man for my book.

"It is quite as diverting as a romance!" he exclaimed. "I can already see how astonished people will be when they read of the far-reaching influence of that nation."

Since the pound of flesh was to be sold, I took advantage of this mood. After much haggling, which irritated and pained me more than it should, Mr. Whitely agreed to give me six thousand dollars and the royalties. Good as the terms were, my heart nearly broke, the day the manuscript left my hands, for I had put so much thought into the book that it had almost become part of myself. My father, too, had toiled over it, with fondest predictions of the fame it would bring me; spending, as it proved, his very life in the endeavor to make it a great work. That his love, that the love of my dear professors, and that my own hopes should all be brought to market and sold as if they were mere merchandise was so mercenary and cruel that at the last moment it was all I could do to bring myself to fulfill the bargain. Nothing but my small progress in paying my debt would have forced me to sell, and I hope nothing but that would have led me to join in such dishonesty. It was, after all, part of the price I was paying for the original wrong, and only just retribution against which I had no right to cry out. Yet for a month I was so sad that I could scarcely go through my day's toil; and though that was a year ago, I have never been able to work with the same vim, life seems to have so little left in it for me. And idle as the thought is, when I think of your praise of the book, I cannot help dreaming of what might have been if it had been published in my name; if — Ah, well, to talk of "ifs" is only to confess that I am beaten, and that I will not do. Nor is the fight over. I never hoped nor attempted to win your love, and that he has won you does not mean failure. To

pay my debt is all I have to do, and though I may feel more ill and disheartened than I do to-night, I will pay it, come what may.

Good-night, my darling.

XVI.

March 7. It is little to be proud of, but I like to think that though I have behaved dishonestly, I have not entirely lost my sense of right and wrong. Twice at least I have faced temptation and been strong enough to resist.

When I carried Mr. Blodgett the money I received for my book, I was so profoundly discouraged that my mood was only too apparent. In his kindness he suggested that I buy certain bonds of a railroad his firm was then reorganizing, — telling me from his inside knowledge that a year's holding would give me a profit of thirty per cent. It was so sore a temptation to make money without exertion and practically without risk that I assented, and authorized him to buy the securities; but a night's reflection made the dishonesty of my act clear to me, and the next morning I went to his office and told him I wished to countermand my order.

"What 's that for?" he asked.

"I have thought better of the matter, and do not think I have the right."

"Why not?"

"If this money were a trust in my hands, it would not be honest to use it in speculation, would it?"

"No."

"That is practically what it is, since it was stolen from a trust, and is to be returned to it."

He smiled rather grimly. "It 's lucky for Wall Street," he said, "that you literary fellows don't have the making and enforcing of laws; and it 's luckier still that you don't have to earn your living down here, for the money you 'd make would n't pay your burial insurance." Yet though he laughed cynically, he shook my hand, I thought, more warmly than usual when we parted, as if he felt at heart that I had done right.

Much easier to resist was an offer of another kind. Very foolishly, I told Mr. Whitely that I had received a letter from the literary editor of the leading American review asking if I would write the criticism of the History of the Turks.

"That is a singular piece of good fortune," Mr. Whitely said cheerfully, "and guarantees me a complimentary notice in a periodical that rarely praises."

"That is by no means certain," I answered. "You know as well as I that it does not gloze a poor book, nor pass over defects in silence."

"But you can hardly write critically of your own book!" cried Mr. Whitely, for once giving me a share in our literary partnership. "For if there are defects you ought to have corrected them in proof."

"Of course I do not intend to write the review!" I exclaimed.

"Not write it? Why not?" he questioned in amazement equal to mine.

"Because I am absolutely unfitted to do it."

"Why, you know all about the subject!"

"I mean that no author can for a moment write discriminatingly of his own work; and besides, the offer would never have been made if my connection with the book were known."

"But they will never know."

"I should."

"You mean to say you do not intend to do it?"

"I shall write to-night declining."

"But I want you to do it."

"And I don't."

"What would they pay you for it?"

"What it is worth."

"If you will reconsider your determination, I will double the amount."

"Unfortunately," I laughed bitterly,

"there are limits to what even I will sell."

"I will give you two hundred and fifty dollars if you will write a laudatory review of my book," he said.

"Have you ever dealt in consciences, Mr. Whitely?" I asked.

"Occasionally."

"Did you ever get any as cheap as that?"

"Many."

"I 'm afraid you were buying shop-worn and second-hand articles," I retorted; "or you may have gone to some bargain counter where they make a specialty of ninety-eight and forty-nine cent goods."

He never liked this satirical mood that he sometimes drove me into. He hesitated, and then said, "Three hundred."

"This reminds me of Faust," I remarked; but he was too intent on the matter in hand to see the point.

"I suppose it 's only a question of amount?" he suggested blandly.

"You are quite right, Mr. Whitely. I will write you that review if you will pay me my price," I assented.

"I knew it," he said exultingly. "But you are mistaken if you think I will pay any fancy price."

"Then it 's a waste of time to talk any more about it," I answered, and resumed my work.

"It is n't worth three hundred, even," he argued, "but you may tell me what you will do it for."

"I will write that review for one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars," I replied.

"What!"

"And from that price I will not abate one cent," I added.

Strangely enough, I did not write the notice.

It was amusing to see his eagerness for the criticisms of the book. The three American critical journals had notices eminently characteristic of them. The first was scholarly, praising moderately, with a touch of lemon-juice in the final paragraph that really only heightened its earlier commendation, but which made the book's putative author wince; the second was discriminating and balanced, with far more that was complimentary; while the third was the publisher's puff so regularly served up, — a colorless, sugary mush, — which my employer swallowed with much delectation. I am ashamed to say that I greatly enjoyed his pain over any harsh word. He always took for granted that the criticisms were correct, never realizing that as between an author, who has spent years on a book, and the average critic, who is at best superficial in his knowledge of a subject, the former is the more often right of the two. I tried to make this clear to him one day by asking him if he had never read Lord Brougham's review of Byron or Baron Jeffrey's review of Coleridge, and even brought him the astonishing tirades of those world-renowned critics; but it was time wasted. He preferred a flattering panegyric in the most obscure of little sheets to a really careful notice which praised less inordinately; yet while apparently believing all the flattery, he believed all the censoriousness as well, even in those cases known to all authors where one critic praises what another blames.

"A Western paper says you do not know how to write English," he said one day. "You ought to have taken more pains with the book, Dr. Hartzmann."

"The Academy and The Athenæum both thought my style had merit," I answered, smiling.

"Nevertheless there must be something wrong, or this critic, who in other respects is remarkably discriminating, would certainly not have gone out of his way to mention it," he replied discontentedly.

Fortunately, unfavorable criticism, both in Europe and in America, was the exception, and not the rule; the book was generally praised, and sprang into an in-

stant sale that encouraged and cheered me. Mr. Whitely was immensely gratified at the sudden reputation it achieved for him, and even while drinking deep of the mead of fresh authorship told me he thought he would begin another book. I knew it was an opportunity to make more money, but for some reason I felt unequal to beginning anew on what would be a purely mercenary task. I told him of my plan of a work on the Moors, and promised, when I felt able to commence it, I would talk with him about terms. That was three months ago, yet every day I seem to feel less inclination, and in fact less ability, to undertake the labor. For three years I have toiled to the utmost of my strength, and forced myself to endure the most rigid economy. It is cowardly, but at times I find myself hoping my present want of spirit and energy is the forerunner of an illness which will end the hopeless struggle.

Good-night, dear heart.

XVII.

March 8. Each day I determine to spend my evening usefully, but try as I may, when the time comes I feel too weary to do good work, and so morbidly recur to these memories. I ought to fight the tendency, the more that in reverting to the past I seem only to dwell on its sadness, thus intensifying my own depression. Let me see if I cannot for one night write of the good fortune that has come to me in the last three years.

Pleased with the success of my book of travel and textbooks, and knowing of my wish for work, the American publishers offered me the position of assistant editor of their magazine and reader of manuscripts. By hard work and late hours the task could be done in my mornings and evenings, allowing me to continue in Mr. Whitely's employ; so I eagerly accepted the position. I can imagine few worse fates than reading the hopeless and impossible trash that comes to every publisher; but this was not my lot, for I was to read only the manuscripts that had been winnowed of the chaff. Yet this very immunity, as it proved, nearly lost me an opportunity of trying to be of service to you.

Returning a bundle of stuff to the manuscript clerk one day, I saw "M. Walton, 287 Madison Avenue, N. Y. City," in your handwriting, on the cover of a bulky pile of sheets on his desk. Startled, I demanded, "What is this?"

"It 's a rejected manuscript I was on the point of wrapping to return," the clerk answered.

Opening the cover, I saw, "A Woman's Problem, a Novel by Aimez Lawton." It needed little perception to detect your name in the anagram.

"Mrs. Graham has rejected it?" I asked, and he nodded.

"Give me the file about it, please," I requested; and after a moment's search he handed me the envelope, and I glanced over its meagre contents: a brief formal note from you, submitting it, and the short opinion of the woman reader. "Traces of amateurishness, but a work of considerable power and feeling, marred by an inconclusive ending," was the epitome of her opinion, coupled with the recommendation not to accept.

"Register it on my list, and I 'll take it and look it over," I said, and went to my little editorial cuddy, feeling actually rich in the possession of the manuscript. Indeed, it was all I could do to go through my morning quota of proof-reading and "making up" dummy forms for the magazine's next issue, I was so eager for your book.

A single reading told me you had put the problem of your life into your story. It is true the heroine was different enough in many respects to make analogy hardly perceptible, though she too was a tender, noble woman. She had never felt the slightest responsive warmth for any of her lovers, but she was cramped by

the social conventions regarding unmarried women, and questioned whether her life would not be more potent if she married, even without love. One of her lovers was a man of force, brains, wealth, and ambition, outwardly an admirable match, respected by the world, and, most of all, able to draw about him the men of genius and intellect she wished to know, but whom her society lot debarred her from meeting. Yet your heroine was conscious of faults: she felt in him a touch of the soil that repels every woman instinctively; at times his nature seemed hard and unsympathetic, and his scientific work, for which he was famous, had narrowed his strong mind to think only of facts and practicalities, to the exclusion of everything ideal or beautiful. In the end, however, his persistent wooing convinced her of the strength of his feeling; and though she was conscious that she could never love him as she wished to love, the tale ended by her marrying him. Am I to blame for reading in this the story of Mr. Whitely's courtship of you? I only marveled at how much of his true character you had detected under his veneer.

To me the story was sweet and noble. I loved your heroine from beginning to end. She was so strong even in her weaknesses; for you made her no unsubstantial ideal. I understood her craving something more than her allotted round of social amusements, and her desire for intercourse and friendship with finer and more purposeful people than she daily met. I even understood her willingness to accept love, when not herself feeling it; for my own life was so hungry-hearted that I had come to yearn for the slightest tenderness, no matter who the giver might be.

As soon as I realized that the story was your own, I hoped it might tell me something of your thoughts of my father and myself; but that part of your life you passed over as if it never had been. Was the omission due to too much feeling or to too little? I have always suspected that I served as a model for one of your minor characters: a dreamy, unsocial being, curiously variable in mood; at times talking learnedly and even wittily, but more often absolutely silent. He was by profession an artist, and you made him content to use his talent on book and magazine illustration, apparently without a higher purpose in life than to earn enough to support himself, in order that he might pass the remainder of his time in an intellectual indulgence scarcely higher in motive than more material dissipation. His evident sadness and lack of ambition was finally discovered to be due to a disappointment in love; and as a cure, your heroine introduced to him her best friend, — a young girl, — and through her influence he was roused to some ambition, and in the end he dutifully fell in love as your heroine wished. It was a sketch that made me wince, and yet at which I could not help but laugh. I suppose it was a true picture, and I am quite conscious that at times I must seem ridiculous to you; for often my mood is such, or my interest in you is so strong, that I forget even the ordinary courtesies and conventions. There is a general idea that a lover is always at his best when with the woman he loves, but, from my own experience, I think he is quite as likely to be at his worst. To watch your graceful movements, to delight in the play of expression on your face, and to catch every inflection in your voice and every word you speak are pleasures so engrossing to me that I must appear to you even more abstracted than I ordinarily am, though a dreamer at best. And yet now and then I have thought you were conscious of a tenderness in me, which, try as I will, I cannot help but show.

The main fault of the novel was unquestionably that most accented by the reader, and, recognizing the story as the problem of your life, I understood why you supplied no solution to the riddle.

You begged the question you propounded; the fact that your heroine married the hero being no answer, since only by the results of that marriage would it be possible to say if she had chosen the better part. It was this that convinced me you were putting on paper your own thoughts and mood. You were debating this theme, and could carry it in imagination to the point of marriage; but what lay beyond that was unknowable, and you made no attempt to invent a conclusion, the matter being too real to you to be merely a subject for artistic idealism and invention. Hitherto I had classed Mr. Whitely with your other lovers, feeling sure that you could not love him any more than you could any of them; but now for the first time I began to fear his success.

After reading the story three times I carried it back to the manuscript clerk; and when I had allowed sufficient time for it to be returned, I wrote you a long letter, telling how I had come to read the story, and making a careful criticism and analysis of both its defects and its merits. I cannot tell you what a labor of love that letter was, or how much greater pains I took over your book than I have ever taken over any writing of my own. What was perhaps unfair, after pointing out the inconclusiveness of your ending, I sketched what I claimed was the logical end to the story. Thinking as I did that I knew the original in your mind, I was more influenced by my knowledge of him than I was by the character in your book, and therefore possibly my inference was unjust. But in hopes of saving you from Mr. Whitely, I pictured a sequel in which your heroine found only greater loneliness in her loveless union, her husband's love proving a tax, and not a boon; and marriage, instead of broadening her life, only bent and narrowed it by just so much as a strong-willed and selfish man would inevitably cramp the life of one over whom law and public opinion gave him control.

I was richly rewarded by your letter of thanks. You were so winning in your sweet acceptance of all my criticisms, and so lovable in your simple gratitude, that I would have done a thousand times the work to earn such a letter. Yet even in this guerdon I could not escape the sting of my unhappy lot; for, unable to reconcile my distant conduct with the apparent trouble I had taken, you asked me to dinner, leaving me to select the day, and spoke of the pleasure it would give you to talk over the book with me.

I can think of few greater delights than to have gone over your story, line by line, and incident by incident. My love pleaded with me to take the chance, pointing out that it would do you no harm, but on the contrary aid you, and I found a dozen specious reasons; but tempt me as they might, I always came back to the truth that if you knew who I really was you would not invite me, nor accept a favor at my hands. In the end I wrote you that my time was so mortgaged that I must deny myself the pleasure. A small compensation was my offer that if you chose to rewrite the story and send me the manuscript, I would gladly read it over again and make any further suggestions which occurred to me. You thanked me by letter gracefully, but I was conscious of your bewilderment in the very care with which you phrased your note; and when next we met I could see that I had become more an enigma than ever, — for which there is indeed small wonder.

God keep you, my darling.

XVIII.

March 9. What seemed my misfortune proved quite the reverse. You evidently told Agnes of my refusing to dine with you, and the next time I saw her she took me to task for it.

"It 's too bad of you," she told me,

"when I have explained to you how sensitive Maizie is, and how she has the idea that nice men do not like her, that you should go and confirm her in the feeling by treating her so! Why don't you like her?"

"I do," was all I said.

"No, you don't," she went on indignantly. "I suppose men don't like fine women because they make them feel what poor things they are themselves!"

"I like you, Miss Blodgett," I replied.

"I don't believe it," she retorted, "or you would be nice to my best friend. Besides, the idea of mentioning me in the same breath as Maizie! Men are born geese."

"Then you should pity rather than upbraid us," I said.

"I'll tell you what I intend to do," went on Agnes. "You said you would visit us this summer, and I am going to arrange for Maizie to be there at the time, so that you can really get to know her. And then if you don't like her, I'll never forgive you."

"Now, Agnes," said Mrs. Blodgett crossly, "stop teasing the doctor. I'm fond of Maizie, but I'm fairly tired with men falling in love with her, and I am glad to find one who has n't."

All last spring and summer, as I toiled over the proof-sheets of my history, I was waiting and dreaming of that promised fortnight with you. I was so eager in my hope that when I found Agnes at the station, it was all I could do not to make my greeting a question whether you were visiting them. Luckily, she was almost as eager as I was, and hardly was I seated in the trap when she told me: —

"Mamma wanted to ask you when we were alone, and would n't hear at first of even Maizie being with us; but I told papa of my plan, and he insisted that Maizie should be asked. Was n't he an old love? And now, Dr. Hartzmann, you'll try to like Maizie, won't you? And even if you can't, just pretend that you do, please."

If the groom had not got into the rumble at this point, I believe I should have told her of my love for you, the impulse was so strong, in my gratitude and admiration for the unselfish love she had for you.

A result of this misunderstanding was an amusing game of cross-purposes between mother and daughter. Agnes was always throwing us together, scarcely attempting to veil her wishes, while Mrs. Blodgett, thinking that I did not care for you, was always interfering to save me from your society. She proposed that I should teach Agnes chess, and left us playing; but when you joined us, Agnes insisted that she could learn more by watching us, only to play truant the moment you had taken her place. I shall never forget Mrs. Blodgett's amazement and irritation, on her return, at finding us playing, and Agnes not to be seen. Equally unsuccessful was an attempt to teach Agnes fencing, for she grew frightened before the foils had really been crossed, and made you take her place. At first I imagined she only pretended to be afraid, but Mrs. Blodgett became so very angry over her want of courage that I had to think it genuine. When we went to drive as a party there was always much discussion as to how we should sit; and in fact my two friends kept at swords' points most of the time, in their endeavors to make me tolerate or save me from the companionship of the woman I loved. Even I could see the comedy of the situation.

In one of our conversations, you reverted to your novel, and questioned my view of the impossibility of the heroine being happy in her marriage, evidently influenced, but not convinced, by my opinion.

"To me it is perfectly conceivable," you argued, "that, regardless of her loving, a woman can be as happy married as single, and that it all depends upon what she makes of her own life."

"But in marriage," I said, "she is not free to make her life at all."

"She is if her husband loves her."

"Less so than if he does not."

"Surely you are not in earnest?"

"Yes. Love makes women less selfish, but in men it more often has the opposite effect. And the man you drew, Miss Walton, was so firm that he would not be other than selfish."

"But he loved her."

"In a man's way. If women knew better what that meant, there would be fewer unhappy marriages."

"Then you are sure my heroine did wrong?"

"I think she did what thousands of other women have done, — she married the love rather than the lover."

"No. I did not intend that. She married for quite other things than love: for greater freedom, for" —

"Would she have married," I interrupted, "if she had not been sure that the hero loved her?"

You thought an instant, and then said, "No, I suppose not — and yet" — You stopped, and then continued impulsively, "I wonder if I shall shock you very much if I say that I have no faith in what we call love?"

"You do not shock me, Miss Walton, because I do not believe you."

"It is true, nevertheless. Perhaps it is my own fault, but I have never found any love that was wholly free from self-indulgence or self-interest."

"If you rate love so low, why did you make your heroine crave it?"

"One can desire love even when one cannot feel it."

"Does one desire what one despises?"

"To scorn money does not imply a preference for poverty."

"The scorn of money is as genuine as your incapacity to love, Miss Walton."

"You do not believe me?"

"A person incapable of love does not crave it. It is only a loving nature which cares for love."

"But if one cannot love, how can one believe in it?"

"The unlighted torch does not believe in fire."

"But some substances are incombustible."

"The sun melts anything."

"The sun is trans-terrestrial."

"So is love."

You looked at me in silence for a moment, and then asked, "Is love so much to you?"

"Love is the only thing worth striving for in this life," I replied.

"And if one fails to win it?"

"One cannot fail, Miss Walton."

"Why not?"

"Because the best love is in one's own heart and depends only on one's self."

"And if one has loved," you responded hurriedly, with a mistiness in your eyes which proved how deeply you were feeling, "if one gives everything — only to find the object base — if" — You stopped speaking and looked away.

"One still has the love, Miss Walton; for it is that which is given, and not that which is received, that is worth the having." I faltered in my emotion, and then, almost unconscious of what I said, went on: "For many years I have loved, — a love from the first impossible and hopeless. Yet it is the one happiness of my present life, and rather than" — I recovered myself, and became silent as I heard Mrs. Blodgett coming.

You leaned forward, saying softly, "Thank you for the confidence." Then, as Mrs. Blodgett joined us, you said, "I envy you your happiness, Dr. Hartzmann."

"What happiness is that?" asked Mrs. Blodgett, glancing from one to the other curiously.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you explained calmly, without a trace of the emotion that had moved you a moment before, "has been proving to me that all happiness is subjective, and as I have never

been able to rise to such a height I am very envious of him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Blodgett. "But if the doctor wants to know what real happiness is, he had better marry some nice girl and have his own home instead of living in a boarding-house."

You laughed, and added, "Now our happiness becomes objective. Perhaps it is the best, after all, Dr. Hartzmann."

"Do *you* think so, Miss Walton?" I asked, unable to prevent an emphasis in the question.

You rose, saying, "I must dress for dinner." But in the window you turned, and answered, "I have always thought it was, but there are evident exceptions, Dr. Hartzmann, and after what you have told me I think you are one of them."

"And not yourself?" I could not help asking.

You held up your hand warningly. "When the nature of dolls is too deeply questioned into, they are found to contain only sawdust."

"And we often open the oyster, to find sometimes a pearl."

"The result of a morbid condition," you laughed back.

"Better sickness and a pearl than health without it."

"But suppose one incapable of the disease? Should one be blamed if no pearl forms?"

"An Eastern poet said: —

'Diving and finding no pearl in the sea,
Blame not the ocean, — the fault is in thee.'

Have you ever tried to find a pearl, Miss Walton?"

You hesitated a moment. "Like the Englishman's view of the conundrum," you finally replied, "that would be a good joke if there only was n't something to 'guess' in it."

"Do you know what Maizie is talking about?" demanded Mrs. Blodgett discontentedly.

"Better than Miss Walton does herself, I think," said I.

You had started to go, but again you turned, and asked with interest, "What do I mean?"

"That you believe what you think you don't."

You stood looking at me for a moment. "We are becoming friends, Dr. Hartzmann," you said, and passed through the window.

Good-night, dear friend.

Paul Leicester Ford.

COMMENT ON RECENT BOOKS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

To those who are disposed to regret the barrenness of current American literature in certain directions, particularly in the field of poetic and imaginative production, we commend for consideration the activity shown in historical study and in economics. Not that one kind of literature can be taken as a substitute for another, or that research necessarily means a resultant literary creation, but that it is a more healthful occupation to look for positive signs of intellectual force in national life than to inquire too curiously into apparent atrophy. We may confidently assert that a very large body of young students is at present engaged enthusiastically in the study of history, especially American history; and if this energy is intelligently directed, we have a right to look for results not only in a clearer perception of the facts and logic of history, but in a better proportioned narrative, and it may be in some genuine work of historic art. Our universities, colleges, and even academies and schools are at any rate educat-

ing readers, and out of the number of these readers are issuing those who have received the impetus for research and have an ambition to push forward the line of exploration and settlement.

The publication of the results of research is naturally, in the first instance, through the proceedings of historical societies, and the special monographs or historical series issued by colleges and universities. Indeed, the publishing function of the university is coming to be no mean consideration, and is to be looked upon with interest, since it serves to emphasize the importance of the university as a scientific station. It is fair to expect, also, that the publication in this way of historical monographs will carry special authority, since the reader has a right to reckon on the historical department as indorsing the value of the work. Here, for example, is the initial volume of Harvard Historical Studies (Longmans), published under the direction of the Department of History and Government; and as there is a fund, the income from which is applied to the publication, the enterprise is happily independent of trade considerations. The Department need not take popularity into account, as a publisher must when appealing to the public for support, but only intrinsic value.

This initial volume is entitled The Suppression of the African Slave Trade to the United States of America, 1638–1870, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, who is a professor in Wilberforce University, an institution devoted to the higher education of the colored race. Dr. Du Bois has shown good judgment in the choice of his subject, and has been most industrious in gathering and arranging his material; for though the substance of his monograph may be reached more succinctly in Lalor's Encyclopædia of Political Science, he has given a very full array of authorities for all his facts, and has furnished a workmanlike chronological conspectus of colonial, state, national, and international legislation, and a good bibliography. All this apparatus looks well, and Dr. Du Bois has laid students under obligation to him, but his own reasoning and what we may call his hortatory application seem to disclose a lack of appreciation of the subject in its historical proportions.

In the first four chapters Dr. Du Bois describes the origin of the slave-trade, and the efforts of the planting, the farming, and the trading colonies to suppress it, regarding which he says: "In spite of many attempts to stop further pursuit of the slave-trade, we notice back of nearly all such attempts a sort of moral apathy, an indisposition to attack the evil with the sharp weapons its nature demanded." But he forgets that the colonies were not yet united, and had no machinery for concerted action, even had their interests not been so distinct and different as he admits them to have been. To change the condition of half a million of "savages," as he calls them, with the whole power of the European nations working to keep up the trade, was no slight task for thirteen poor little colonies. The measures of the "Association" of 1774, which, ostensibly aiming at non-intercourse with England, incidentally included the importation of slaves, were certainly a praiseworthy effort in the right direction, and the framing in 1787 of Sec. 9 of Art. I. of the Constitution, forbidding prohibition of the slave-trade prior to 1808, was a temporary truce in attacking that evil. We could do little without the aid of foreign nations, and they had made no great progress toward the abolition of the trade. Denmark, which headed the list, in 1792 by royal order prohibited the slave-trade after 1802. France did not finally abolish it till 1815, and then only by a stroke of the Napoleonic pen during the "hundred days." England was hard at work from May, 1788, to March 25, 1807, before she abolished the trade, twenty-three days after our own act of March 2

had passed. The Netherlands, which had perhaps the largest colonial trade, abolished it in 1814. Portugal in 1815 agreed to abolish it north of the equator only, Spain following her example in 1817.

The attempts of England, at the Conference of 1818, to secure a general agreement of the powers to a qualified international right of search failed. As late as 1824 only Sweden had agreed to the right of search. In 1826 Brazil agreed to abolish the slave-trade in three years. Between 1831 and 1839, France, Denmark, Sardinia, the Hanse towns, and Naples had joined the other powers. France made the slave-trade piracy in 1836, but our government had already made it piracy by the acts of May 15, 1820, and January 30, 1823. So that we were well abreast of other nations in legislation, although undoubtedly great laxity existed in carrying out our laws. Dr. Du Bois severely criticises our government for refusing to join in the quintuple treaty of 1841, of England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, which Belgium signed subsequently, giving the right of search. But it was simply impossible at that time to carry such a measure through Congress with its strong pro-slavery element, and the Treaty of Washington of 1842, which established joint cruising by English and American squadrons, was the best that could be made at that time. There were two sides to the question of permitting the right of search, which Dr. Du Bois says involved itself in metaphysical subtleties at Mr. Webster's hands. It would have amounted to throwing the whole police duty into the hands of England, as the other European powers did little or nothing, and it was contrary to American tradition and feeling to make entangling alliances. Dr. Du Bois admits that "without doubt the contention of the United States as to England's pretensions to a right of search was technically correct." France changed her right of search stipulation to one of joint cruising. Texas and Portugal agreed to it. Several unpleasant cases of the confiscation of cargoes of slaves by England without compensation, notably that of the Creole, had caused an imbittered correspondence, and recriminations were exchanged as to the execution of the joint cruising treaty of 1842. The Buchanan administration would not act. The yacht Wanderer from New York landed a cargo of 420 slaves in Georgia in 1859. It devolved on the Lincoln administration to sign the treaty of June 7, 1862, granting a mutual limited right of search, and establishing mixed courts for the trial of offenders at the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, and New York. The charge of carrying out the slave-trade laws was given to the Secretary of the Interior, who acted energetically. The slaver Erie was condemned in 1862 as a pirate and her captain was hanged, four other slavers soon suffering the same fate.

This gave the death-blow to the slave-trade, and the coastwise trade was prohibited in 1864. A squadron of ten ships with 113 guns patrolled the slave coast in 1866. The slaveholding States of West Virginia, Missouri, and Maryland voted for gradual emancipation in the years between 1862 and 1865, and after January, 1865, slavery had a legal existence only in Kentucky and Delaware, the two States which rejected the Thirteenth Amendment of December 18, 1865, the ratification of which closed the slavery question. The fact, however, that this amendment was not unanimous, being ratified by only thirty-one out of thirty-six States, and that the Fifteenth Amendment, which was the corollary of it, was ratified by only thirty out of thirty-seven States, shows that the opposition complained of by Dr. Du Bois in the thirteen original States still existed, and that the suppression of slavery and the slave-trade was not such a simple matter as he considers it. Perhaps that is what

he means in his closing enigmatical remark: "The riddle of the Sphinx may be postponed, it may be evasively answered; some time it must be fully answered." We suspect he has failed in a satisfactory answer to the historical problem involved in his thesis by trying to isolate it too completely, not only from the institution of slavery and the interstate slave-trade, but from those considerations of the development of ethics which lie at the basis of all final political action. It is not difficult to establish, for example, a chain of witnesses against African slavery, from Las Casas to Garrison, but it is quite another thing to demonstrate a common consciousness of the evil during the same period.

It is perhaps even a better testimony to the spread of historical studies than that offered by academic publication that so serious an enterprise as the issue of the special *mémoires pour servir* contained in the Jesuit Relations should be undertaken by Messrs. Burrows Brothers, of Cleveland, under the competent editorship of Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. Confined to definite but by no means narrow limits, the projected and already begun publication, in sixty volumes, promises to stand high in intrinsic worth and performance among our collections of archives. It is felicitous that publishers and editor hail from the very centre of the vast sweep covered by the missions of the Jesuits, from Labrador to Louisiana. The middle West is surely a coign of vantage for a critical yet enthusiastic survey of whatever relates to French America.

We have received, as part of our national culture, definite memories of these devoted missionaries, celebrating the Mass in the deepest forests, jeopardizing their lives in frail canoes or on the breaking ice of Canadian rivers, ministering to the sick and dying, though often worn with disease, and always ready, even glad, to die. We know, too, that they were in the habit of sending back to their superiors and others annual accounts of their doings, which served as official reports of the mission. These reports, printed at the Cramoisy Press, from Le Jeune's Relation in 1632 to Dablon's in 1672, comprise the Jesuit Relations, and are of incalculable value to collectors of choice books. Up to the present there is but one perfect set, and that is in the Lenox Library in the city of New York. The brave stories of Catholic zeal found a prompt welcome at home, even in the brilliant French court of the seventeenth century, and among those sentimental admirers of heroism who, like ourselves, it may be, were ready to weep with sympathy at some unusual tale of suffering, while comforting their own sleek persons over good fare and fuel, under a sound roof. Most of these frail pamphlets, largely read at the time, perished in the using, as, for the most part, have the innumerable issues of our own New England Primer; for religious tracts, if read at all, are read to annihilation.

As now planned, this series includes not only all of these Relations, but also many other papers, among them unedited manuscripts and rare letters from archives of the Society of Jesus, extending from the various reports of Biard, the pioneer of the order, to an account, in 1791, of the death of Father Well, the "last Jesuit of Montreal." The stretch of time is long, the documents are numerous. The missions to the Abenakis, Montagnais, Iroquois, Hurons, and Ottawas, as well as those at Quebec, Montreal, and Louisiana, are to be included. The scope and plan of the work are admirable. Maps, portraits, facsimiles, bibliographies, biographies of the fathers, translations of all the French texts, and explanatory notes, — this inclusive programme, carried out in volumes tasteful in color, size, binding, type, and paper, is sure to win approval and even gratitude.

There is satisfaction in knowing that one more of the many fields of investiga-

tion has been measured off, well cleared and staked, and made ready for the cultivators who, by their genius and insight, shall draw nutriment from soil thus rendered fertile. These Relations can never become, in the usual sense, popular. They will probably share the doom, in that particular, of most sources of knowledge. At the same time, it is not altogether easy to point out their value. In all that has been written about them one fails to find any distinct recognition of the part that they may fairly be expected to play in our future history or literature. Each critic repeats, to a greater or less degree, the words and sentiments of earlier critics, and thus conveys an impression that there is, after all, lack of variety or of color disclosed by a closer familiarity with the Jesuit Relations. There may be a feeling also that historians, and especially Parkman, have pressed the pulp pretty thoroughly. Parkman has, indeed, extracted much of the essential virtue for his narrative histories; but O'Callaghan and Shea, although they have done their work faithfully, have appealed mainly to bibliographical interests and to special investigators of the establishment and progress of the Catholic faith in the New World. Mr. Thwaites is working in advance of future historians on lines which point to large methods and sure results, and he is known to be competent to his task.

Some of the difficulties in the way of one who seeks to form a fair opinion of the status of these documents should in fairness be recognized. Although the Jesuits were certainly not of untrained minds nor unused to literary expression, in many cases they exhibit a rustiness of style and a provoking irregularity of spelling and punctuation which render an intelligent translation more than usually desirable. There are valid reasons for their occasional crudities and uncouthness, for they had put aside the neat habits of clerics for the rough life of frontiersmen, and must often have penned their reports with fingers cramped by meanest drudgery. Events of small import assumed large proportions to men removed from the complicated life of civilization, and thus it happens that endless repetitions naturally occur; the same story is rehearsed to various correspondents with an almost thematic treatment. The conversion of the great sagamore, old chief Membertou, and the embarkation of Biard and Ennemond Massé at Dieppe after the buying off, by the queen and certain court ladies, of the Huguenot merchants who would have stayed the sailing of these fathers, — these and other oft-told tales consume many pages and some of our patience. There is, however, sufficient diversity, in the midst of a curious homogeneity of thought and expression, to warrant the printing of each document.

Accepting Mr. Thwaites's own estimate of the historical importance of these archives, one may naturally turn a little afield and look for other treasures in this mass of material. The first object of interest is, as a matter of course, the American Indian. Here is an abundant supply of sociological data, of isolated observations, but no correlation, no organization of method. Nor is this strange. The mission fathers did not come hither to collect sociological data, or to elevate the standard of living, or to make this earth more habitable for savages. Their one purpose was to prepare souls for another life by baptism and by the ministration of the sacraments of Holy Church. They were also instrumental in exalting the glory and renown of France; but if they were conscious of this, they gave no sign. From the first they were scrupulous in regard to the baptism of adults, though freely administering it to infants. Even Shea admits that the Jesuits were discredited by their rivals, but it would be hard to prove that they were not ingenuous in this matter of genuine conversion, though the temptation to exaggerate their successes must have been great.

It is difficult to conceive the vastness of the territory which their missions covered; still more difficult to understand the sparseness of the native population. A celebrated evangelist or mission father to-day can reach more souls in a month than these fathers could have affected by hearsay in years, although the field was all their own for the harvesting. The Indians appear always to have insisted on their own superiority to white men, even claiming exemption from disease on this ground. Their arrogance may easily have been heightened by the constant humility of the Jesuits, who seem never to have allowed themselves expressions of harshness or contempt. Biard distinctly calls the Indians "good," but adds that they "are purely and absolutely wretched." The same father cites a case of conscious humor, a rare trait in Indians. When, in teaching Membertou the Pater Noster, he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," the old chief said, "If I did not ask him for anything but bread, I would be without moose meat or fish!" This is an illustration of one important observation by Biard that an Indian's "conceptions are limited to sensible and material things; there is nothing abstract, internal, spiritual, or distinct."

The results of assiduous labors which covered the better part of two centuries cannot be measured by the practical standards of a workaday world. It is true that for the most part the Indians, when labored with, have been "Christianized," but the mass of aboriginal life has not been lifted. To this day, the retention of the French Canadians, one of the least of racial forces on this continent, within the fold of faith would appear to be the main accomplishment of the strenuous religious zeal of New France. The melancholy decadence of the apostolic labors of Eliot in New England, ending practically with the experience with the Praying Indians after King Philip's war, suggests a parallel to the fate of Jesuit influence in the North and Northwest. Such failures certainly need not bury with them the lessons of adhesion to lofty ideals. Tenderness may properly be cherished for martyrdom in the Canadian forests, and for the spiritual zeal which shines in the unintelligible jargon of Up-biblum God, perhaps the most closely sealed book which now exists.

There should be some material brought to light, through the medium of these documents, on the attitude of the Jesuits towards the abominable practice of supplying a weaker race with strong drink, ever their subtlest enemy. Without a full understanding of their efforts to suppress this traffic, the important history of the "temperance question" in America cannot be adequately treated. The Jesuits have been charged with an unfair treatment of La Salle, mention of whom they sedulously avoid in their reports. In so far as it is true that this explorer was antagonistic to their policy of keeping Indians and liquor safely divorced, they were clearly within their rights, according to civilized codes, in remaining silent in regard to a declared enemy of their principles.

In these eighteen thousand pages there should also be some substantial encouragement for the cause of American literature. Dullness of expression, tiresome repetition, there is sure to be, but there will also be many a vivid passage. In some of the narratives already printed is the sweet savor of a wild, unrestrained life among simplest conditions and scenes made memorable by heroism and self-sacrifice. At times one seems to be reading, not official reports for the edification of the pious across the sea, but works of the imagination pictured by literary artfulness, which ever seeks to be artlessness. For him who re-creates the past through the delicate medium of romance, here are fresh possibilities. May the store remain hidden from those who have neither grace nor genius to use it skillfully!

This intimation of material for the historical novel is powerfully suggested not only by several of the Relations, but also by the recently issued Journal of Captain William Pote (Dodd, Mead & Co.), the manuscript of which, according to its editor, Bishop Hurst, was found in Geneva several years ago. The captain, a sturdy Yankee from Maine, was captured in 1745 on his vessel, then anchored in Annapolis Basin, by a party of French and Indians. With an Indian as his master, Pote was taken a hard journey to Quebec, and there imprisoned until 1747. He narrates matters of interest concerning the capture of Louisburg, that overwhelming piece of strategy and good luck for New Englanders. With no little sense of humor and a grim determination, the captain, who was fascinatingly illiterate, but not ignorant, wrote a journal which was no fuller of aridities than such performances usually are. His account of the treatment of the prisoners on the march at the hands of Indian women is good testimony that ferocity is not a matter of sex. His arrival in Quebec, after a close pursuit across the river and up to the very town by hostile river Indians, who would wrest him from his captors to submit him to slow torture, is told in a breathless paragraph, hardly excelled in the least possible of romances. Pote is treasure-trove for local historians and genealogists. The book, which is handsomely contrived, is, in fact, edited with this in view.

Mr. Edward L. Pierce, in a searching paper on Recollections as a Source of History, has properly made a distinction between those set down immediately after the event and those recalled after a lapse of ten, fifteen, or more years. The paper is printed in a collection of the author's Addresses and Papers, to which he gives the comprehensive title Enfranchisement and Citizenship (Roberts), and in this volume he has preserved some of his own recollections which form really interesting and valuable memorabilia for the student of recent history. Mr. Pierce was a young lawyer at the breaking out of the war for the Union, and an ardent anti-slavery man. He enlisted as a private, served for three months at Fortress Monroe, and afterward was employed by the government as an agent at the Sea Islands. The narrative of his experience as a soldier is of trifling value, except for its incidental illustration of the temper in which a peaceful young lawyer took up military service; but his account of the freedmen in the early days of the war is and must remain a real contribution to history, both of the quality of the emancipated negro as judged by a keen and friendly critic, and of the spirit which stirred the anti-slavery people of the North to use the earliest possible opportunity to demonstrate a practical concern in the race for whose emancipation they had so long been agitating. The political side of enfranchisement has been fairly well set forth in our histories, but as historians inquire more closely into the social and industrial forces at work in any period, larger space will be given to the earnest and sometimes misguided labors of the Northern men and women who threw themselves into the task of educating the blacks upon the lines familiar to themselves. Mr. Pierce has collected in the volume a number of addresses and papers which illustrate the activity of a semi-public life, and offer an interesting view of a historical student who has been concerned more with the manipulation of material still plastic than with that which lies beyond his own memory; and one cannot overlook the valuable component in such a nature of hero-worship and profound interest in persons.

A somewhat younger scholar has also collected his miscellaneous papers, but the book is rather an accompaniment to a more epic work than the scattered evidences of a life busy with history in the making. Mr. James Schouler is known to the public by his five-volume History

of the United States under the Constitution, and his new book, Historical Briefs (Dodd, Mead & Co.), contains the chips from his workshop, as well as a curious Biography written by some unknown third person, but rendered authoritative by a large admixture of contributions in the first person. The several papers on President Polk (reprinted from this magazine), Lafayette's Tour in 1824, and Monroe and the Rhea Letter are minor studies in American history, but the volume has its chief interest and value through the paper on Francis Parkman, and the group dealing with subjects bearing directly upon the historian and his task. This group and the Biography, which occupies nearly half the work, form the real excuse for the publication, and they have the curious value which attaches to an author's reflection on his own career, his methods of work, his aims and his ideals. Those who have found Mr. Schouler's History rather hard reading, in spite of a certain freshness of attack which it makes, will turn with interest to what the author has to say on Historical Style. He opens this paper with a frank statement that various critics have berated him for bad taste in his historical expression, but offsets the force of this criticism by bringing into court the testimony of others that his composition is "warm, vivid in its coloring, lucid, epigrammatic, and intensely interesting." His conclusion is that "men of good critical acquirements differ among themselves in their estimates of what should constitute a meritorious style." It was hardly necessary to balance the judgments pronounced on him to reach this conclusion. It is more to the point to know what Mr. Schouler regards as the notes of a good historical style. He names these in their order, as, first, genuineness, so that an author's style shall be the image of himself; next, self-forgetfulness, so that one is engrossed with the thought, and not with the fashion of expressing it. And in order to compass the utmost perfection, an author should train himself by much exercise and the study of great composers; he should, moreover, make much use of the concrete, and Mr. Schouler draws from his own experience a comparison between writing law-books and writing history. In the former case, he says, where clearness in the development of principles is of the chief consequence, "I have, with rare exceptions in certain paragraphs, sent regularly my first and only draft to the printer as written out with the running pen, keeping the general plan and proportion of each volume well in view, and feeling my own way from one legal doctrine to another, so as to impart knowledge by induction as my own mind comprehended it. . . . The professional mind, intent upon illustrating and tracing out rules and their subtle limitations, as applied by our courts, compares and comments upon the mass of cases, and may leave warmth of coloring to take care of itself, so long as he applies a logical analysis and sound sense and is himself interested. In historical composition, on the other hand, one feels the greater sublimity and scope of the task, in a literary aspect, and having rules less ready at hand to rest upon and the *ipse dixit* of others, trusts less to his first simple expression. Political maxims, metaphors, images, comparisons, troop forth from the mind into the pen, and obstruct the limpid course of his narrative."

In this somewhat naïve confession we suspect we have a clue to what perplexes the reader of Mr. Schouler's History. He appears to have retained the habit acquired in writing law-books, "feeling his way from one legal doctrine to another," and to have superimposed a sort of confused literary sense that history must be written in a picturesque manner. So long as history is taken up as a succession of topics, it will be liable, in the hands of a somewhat tropical person, to be exaggerated in

color, and to lack that great logic which results from a full grasp of the whole in its continuity; and we suspect further that Mr. Schouler has been a little too much affected by his canon that an author's style should be an image of himself, and too little governed by the excellent rule he lays down in the words of Prescott, that one should be "engrossed with the thought, and not with the fashion of expressing it."

Another historian, whose work has lain in the same period as that of Mr. Schouler, has also put forth a collection of his studies, but they are wholly objective. Mr. McMaster's With the Fathers (Appleton) contains thirteen papers, which may be taken largely as glosses upon his still unfinished History of the People of the United States. The Monroe Doctrine, The Third Term Tradition, The Political Depravity of the Fathers, The Riotous Career of the Know Nothings, Franklin in France, Washington's Inauguration, Four Centuries of Progress, — these are a few of the titles that indicate the range of the volume. The papers are for the most part too brief to answer as thorough expositions, although the first named is admirable as a rapid and perfectly intelligible citation of the historical incidents which attended the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine, and serve as footnotes to it up to the date of President Cleveland's famous message. But fragmentary and almost offhand as the papers are, they illustrate anew the extraordinarily familiar acquaintance which Mr. McMaster possesses with the facts of United States history. No other American historian has shown so emphatically what may be called the journalistic instinct for news. Nothing comes amiss to him, and he has not only the journalist's habit of gathering news, but the deft, swift faculty of arranging his news to the best advantage, so that the most hurried reader can see at a glance what is significant. These papers, moreover, bring into stronger evidence than his history Mr. McMaster's power of seeing wholes. He is not an idealist, and it is not the imaginative function which he employs so much as what might be called the correlating and the ingenious. He makes things fit, and there is a finality about his results which is sometimes rather exasperatingly positive; as when, for example, after discussing the third term tradition, he concludes: "Under our system of government, we do not want, we do not need, a President of extraordinary ability. The average man is good enough, and for him two terms is ample." The reader can hardly resist the conviction, after going through this book, that Mr. McMaster has such a conception of the multifarious activity of the United States as gives him a solid confidence in the inviolability of its mechanism. It would be going too far to say that he takes a materialistic view of government and civilization, yet it can scarcely be denied that the great mass of facts which he handles, and from which he draws his inferences, are best stated in very material terms.

It is a long stride from a thing to a man, and as the real history of the United States is epitomized in the careers and characters of a few men, though illustrated by multitudes, the prowess of a historian may be pretty fairly measured by his capacity to deal with these men. Indeed, in the case of Washington it may almost be said that the only possible treatment is that which takes him as a symbol rather than as a man, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson in his George Washington (Harpers) gives a fresh argument in support of those who persistently maintain that the first citizen of the American people was a statue, and not a man. In vain, they say, do you tell us stories of his profanity and collect the instances of his laughter; you cannot make us really believe he was alive. He was a great figure, we grant, but the evidences of his humanity are feeble. Mr. Wilson reinforces this position by a new

method. He gives over the attempt at vivifying Washington; he scarcely attempts even a lifelike portrait-statue, but expends his energy upon what may be termed the bas-relief treatment of a great man. He does not avail himself of some of the minor facts hoarded for the proper building-up of a human character, nor does he give a very close or detailed itinerary of Washington's course as that great figure moves through history. Rather, he takes his subject in the large way as a person moulded by nature out of great historic material, and shows him chiefly in his relation to the place from which he sprang, the time in which he lived, and the men amongst whom he moved.

Mr. Wilson's studies in government and history have given him an admirable equipment for this task. They have accustomed him to seeing life in its broad masses and movements, so that when he comes to particular narrative he gives the person the benefit of the class. Nothing could be better than his characterization of the Virginian life out of which Washington came. Without confusing the reader with too many details, he sets forth the old contrast between New England and Virginia in a luminous fashion, and enables readers of history to perceive clearly the sources of power which made Virginia the mother of Presidents. Facts with regard to Washington may be had with little difficulty from various biographies, but we know of no other writer who has come so near to accounting for him as it is reasonable to expect; and if, in addition, he could have sent this creation along its way with the vigor of a dramatic narrator, he would unquestionably have achieved a great work of biographic art. As it is, he has given an agreeable and illuminating philosophy of Washington which ought to be of great service to some writer who is a story-teller as well.

It would be an interesting speculation to consider how far historical study might tend to train a novelist, how far working in fiction might give vitality to the historian's labor. Motley began with fiction, and parts of his work show plainly that he might have proved an admirable novelist, but his head was more or less filled with historic action when he began his attempts at novel-writing. It is more difficult to trace with any precision the influence of Dr. Eggleston the story-teller upon Dr. Eggleston the historian. It might even be argued that in his The Beginners of a Nation (Appleton) he has thrown away such advantages as he had acquired in the character-drawing of fiction, since he pays comparatively little attention to individual delineation, and certainly takes small pains to construct out of the material easily furnished vivid personalities of such notable figures as Bradford and Winthrop and Penn and Roger Williams. Yet the attentive reader will be disposed to credit Dr. Eggleston with a distinct literary art in his book, however small or large a part his experience in novel-writing may have played in the training for it. It is well known that while still a story-teller he was busying himself with details of manners and customs in our early life, and his school histories bear witness to a survey of the entire field of American history; but this volume, announced as the first of a series, proceeds upon a plan which has its own character and appeals to a special class of readers. It is in fact, though not in name, an historical essay, based upon a careful reading of history, and fortified in a somewhat singular way by specific references to the less accessible authorities.

The statement of the contents will make this a little clearer. The first book is entitled Rise of the First English Colony; the second, The Puritan Migration; the third, Centrifugal Forces in Colony Planting. In brief, Dr. Eggleston has taken his history topically, and has essayed to set forth the underlying principles discoverable in the apparently fortuitous movement of historic atoms.

In doing this, he has used a selection of facts in order to relieve the subject of confusing details. He is an interpreter of history, only he formulates his interpretation in concrete examples as far as possible. The art consists in so presenting a series of incidents that they shall bring the same inference to the mind of a reader that they do to the writer: and here, we may say, the training he has had as a novelist stands him in good stead, for it enables him to introduce a subject almost casually by some apparently incidental aspect, and then to lead the reader on to the larger concern, leaving him to feel the keen pleasure of the connection between the minor and the major circumstance. For example, he begins his chapter on the Rise and Development of Puritanism with an account of the love of display in Elizabeth's time, and the reader is conducted from rich clothes to the drama, to the observance of ceremonies, and so to the protest against pomp and ceremonialism in religious worship, to the rise of the Quaker and the Puritan, to the Continental exiles, and to the great division in religion and politics. The reserve with which one is treated to the storehouse of facts from which the author is drawing gives him a feeling of confidence that the historian knows his ground and will not weary him with overmuch detail; and Dr. Eggleston has certainly shown himself a literary artist in the mode which he adopts for disclosing his apprehension of the development of historic movement. But after all, the book, as we have intimated, is for a class. It is for those who have read history before, and are tolerably familiar with the times and the men of whom Dr. Eggleston is writing. It is not for inexperienced readers. Once this is granted, one may take solid satisfaction in what is really a spacious historical sketch. It suggests almost a new variation of historical writing.

What a wide arc is subtended by this row of books we have been commenting on! What a variety of intellectual operations from the collector of facts to the artist in world movements!

MEN AND LETTERS.

THE DEMAND FOR AN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"Writers who have no past are pretty sure of having no future." — LOWELL.

IT is an old story that the people of the United States have been slow in achieving their intellectual independence. The British yoke has remained upon our minds, though we have cast it off our necks. Our literary men, especially, have deferred to English models and English ideas. So we have been told till the tale has become monotonous.

What everybody says must be true — perhaps; but even so, there may be something to offer on the other side, or by way of extenuation, although the man who should venture to offer it — such is the peculiarity of the case and the perversity of human nature — might find himself accounted unpatriotic for coming to the defense of his own countrymen.

In times past, assuredly, whatever may be true now, the condition of things so much complained of was little reprehensible. Good or bad, it was nothing more than was to have been expected as circumstances then were. We had been English to begin with, and, for better or worse, the English nature is not of a sort to be put off with a turn of the hand, at the signing of a political document. It

is self-evident, also, that in the world of ideas every people, whether it will or no, must live largely upon its ancestry. The utmost that any generation can hope to do is to contribute its mite to the intellectual tradition. The better part of its reading must be out of books that its predecessors have sifted from the mass and handed down. If it adds a few of its own, a very few, to the permanent literature of the race, it does all that can reasonably be demanded of it. And even so much as this was hardly to be looked for from the American people during its colonial period and for some decades afterward, with a wilderness to be subdued, savages to be held in check, and all the machinery of civilization to be newly set up. Books are a record and criticism of life, and those to whom life itself is an absorbing occupation are not likely, unless they are almost insanely intellectual, to spend any very considerable share of their days in work of a secondary and postponable character. Life is more than criticism, and the best and greatest people are those whose deeds give other people something to write about. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if American books of a kind to be called literature were slow in coming; and we may confess without shame that up to the year 1820 or thereabouts — say till the advent of Irving and Cooper — the people of this country, if they read anything better than sermons and almanacs, were obliged to depend chiefly upon foreign authors. To which confession it may be added, equally without shame, that even the works of Cooper and Irving were scarcely sufficient of themselves to satisfy for many years together the cravings of eager and serious minds. At all times and in all countries, such minds, with the best will in the world to be loyal to their own day, have been obliged to look mainly to old books.

About the past, then, we need not spend time in mourning. If we play our part as well as the fathers played theirs, we shall have no great cause to blush. Since their day, what with Irving and Cooper and their contemporaries and successors, there has been no dearth of books written on this side of the water; but the complaint is still rife that we have little or nothing in the way of a national literature: by which it is meant, apparently, that our writers are not yet Americans, or do not succeed in expressing the national spirit. Only the other day, a critic, discoursing on "the conservatism and timidity of our literature," charged it against Lowell that "in his habits of writing he continued English tradition," whatever that may mean. "Our best scholar" allowed his real self to speak but twice, we are given to understand; then he spoke in dialect. His Commemoration Ode was a splendid failure, because it was "imitative and secondary." Whether it too should have been written in dialect we are not informed; but it appears to be taken for granted that its failure, if it was a failure, came, not from lack of genius or inspiration, but from deference to foreign models. One cannot help wondering what Lowell himself would have said to such a criticism: that he wrote in English and like an Englishman because he dared not write in his own tongue and in his own way. When a Scotchman complimented him upon his English, — "so like a native's," — and asked him bluntly where he got it, he answered with equal bluntness, in the words of an old song, —

"'I got it in my mither's wame.'"

Yet Lowell, who spoke but twice in his own character, seems to have done better than most of his fellows; for he and Curtis are the only men of letters to find a place in Mr. Woodrow Wilson's recent Calendar of Great Americans. All their contemporaries and predecessors were either not great, or else were something other than American, — cosmopolitan, provincial, or English. Irving, Cooper, Poe, Bryant, Hawthorne,

Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Parkman, — not one of these will bear Mr. Wilson's test. As for Emerson, he is ruled out by name, because he was "the author of such thought as might have been native to any clime." He is of the world, and therefore is not American. It seems a hard judgment that the man who wrote The Fortune of the Republic, The Young American, and the Concord Hymn, — the man of whom it was recently said, so finely and so truly, that "he sent ten thousand sons to the war," — should find himself at this late hour a man without a country. On such terms it is doubtful praise to be called a cosmopolitan; and in view of such a ruling it becomes evident that the exact nature of Americanism as a literary quality is yet to be defined. Lowell's attempt in that direction, by the bye, is probably among the best. An American, according to Lowell's idea of him, — so Mr. James says, — was a man at once fresh and ripe.

When it comes to practice, however, there is one American poet whose literary patriotism was never called in question. The reference is of course to Whitman. Listen to him, as he appeals to whoever "would assume a place to teach or be a poet here in the States:"

> "Who are you indeed who would talk or sing to America?
> Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?
> Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom, friendship of the land? its substratums and objects?
> Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year of Independence, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by the States, and read by Washington at the head of the army?
> Have you possessed yourself of the Federal Constitution?
> Do you see who have left all feudal processes and poems behind them, and assumed the poems and processes of Democracy?"

"Conservatism and timidity"! Here is one man, at all events, who is not to be accused of "continuing English tradition." He, if nobody else, breathes a "haughty defiance of the Year One." He may or may not be "ripe;" he certainly is "fresh." If there be some who fail to enjoy his verse, there can be none who do not admire his courage.

But surely it was not to be insisted upon, nor even expected, that all American authors should break away thus suddenly and completely from the past. Perhaps it was not even to be desired: partly because variety is better than the best of sameness, and partly because so abrupt a change might in the long run have hindered our emancipation. Some readers would have been puzzled, others would have been offended. Here and there, one, at least, would have been ready to say with Wordsworth, —

> "Me this unchartered freedom tires."

Little by little a reaction would have been produced, "feudal processes and poems" would have come in like a flood, and the last state of the national mind would have been worse than the first.

Nor can this extreme of revolt, or any approach to it, be thought necessary to constitute an American writer. "American" and "rebel" are not synonymous at this hour of the day. American literature, if we may assert our American right to speak a truism roundly, is literature written by Americans; that is to say, by the people of the United States. In its subject it may be old or new, domestic or foreign; it may be written in dialect, — sometimes called American, — or in English: in any case, if it is literature at all, it is American literature. And since there is already a body of such writing, we may venture upon another capital letter, by the compositor's leave, and speak of it — still modestly, and remembering its youth — as American Literature. For youthful it is, in the nature of the case, with its character but imperfectly formed, and its full share of

juvenile foibles; still showing, as is inevitable and not discreditable, abundant traces of its English origin.

Thus far, it must be owned, it can boast little or no representation among the supremely great of the earth. The genius of a new country produces men of action rather than poets and philosophers. Washington and Lincoln are names to shine in any company, but as yet the roll of American authors contains few Homers and Shakespeares, and no great number of Dantes and Miltons. Such as they are, however, they are our own, and though in some cases we might have wished them more "distinctively American," we need not be in haste on that account to set upon them a foreign label. Neither need we delude ourselves with the notion that they might have been transcendent geniuses, all of them, had they but stood up resolutely against English tradition. How to become a genius is one of the hard questions. There is no likelihood that it can be solved by any process of intellectual jingoism. The secret may consist partly in being one's self; pretty certainly it does not consist in being different from somebody else. Between imitation and a set attempt to avoid imitation there is not so very much to choose. Either of them stamps the work as secondary. As for Homers and Shakespeares, we may remember for our comfort that names like these are not to be found, in any country, among the living: they never have been.[1]

For our comfort, too, though not in the every-day sense of that word, we do well to remind ourselves that as the greatness of our American authors is but relative, so is the newness of our American spirit. All that is called new is born of the old, and is itself in part old. The movement of history is not by successive creations of something out of nothing, but by the development of one thing from another; and whether we like to believe it or not, this that we call the American idea stands within the general law: it has been evolved, or rather it is being evolved, out of what was before it. The public mind, stirred by patriotic impulses and restive under criticism, may clamor for originality, meaning by that absolute novelty, and North, South, East, and West may exhaust themselves to answer the appeal: we shall never see an absolutely new book, be it the "great American novel" or anything else. As time goes on, we shall have, by the slow processes of nature, a literature more and more distinctive, more and more independent, more and more unlike the English, more and more American; but to the end its originality, like that of all literature, will be but relative. Though men cross the sea, they can never escape the spirit of their forerunners. Our very rebelliousness against English domination is an English trait. The great American book, when it comes, will not spring from virgin soil, but from seed, and the seed will have had an age-long history. "Works proceed from works," says a learned French critic; and the most searching of American critics had something of the same thought in mind when he wrote, fifty years ago, in response to inquiries "in Cambridge orations and elsewhere" for "that great absentee," an American literature, "A literature is no man's private concern, but a secular and generic result."

What then? Shall we cease effort, and leave it to blind law to work out for us our intellectual salvation? That would be childish. Because one thing is true, it does not follow that another and seemingly contradictory thing may not be true likewise. The same Emerson who spoke

[1] According to an eminent French critic, M. de Wyzewa, the United States still has (since Whitman's death, he means to say) two poets, — Mr. Merril and Mr. Griffin. "Only two" is the critic's phrase, but the adverb need not disturb us. A busy people who have two real poets at once may count themselves rich.

of literature as a "generic" result, — a word so anticipatory of later thought as to seem like a flash of genius, — and therefore "no man's private concern," was never done with proclaiming the power of the individual soul and the omnipotence of individual faith. He never scolded his countrymen; he cherished no illusion about the ability of the American people or any other to hurry the accomplishment of a "secular result;" but he, more than all others combined, enforced the duty of American scholars to free themselves from the swaddling-clothes of tradition; to live in the present, think in the present, believe in the present, and speak always their own word. And the French critic just now quoted, so modern in his point of view, so very different in many respects from Emerson, — though Emerson, too, believed the laws and powers of the intellect to be "facts in a natural history," and so "objects of science," — was quoted but in part. "In literature as in art," he says, "the great operative cause — after the influence of individuality — is that of works upon works." The words are those of M. Brunetière, who, in his attempt to apply to literary criticism the methods of natural science, has seemed sometimes to allow more than enough to the power of things over thought; yet he, too, treating of the evolution of literary forms, gives the first place in that evolution, not to changed conditions, nor to the germinal force of great models, nor to the "moment," a word on which he insists, but to the power of the individual.

And where ought this power of the individual to be quickly and strongly felt, if not in a democracy and in a new world?

Like many other good things, nevertheless, individuality, though it may properly be sought, is not to be gone after too directly, — as if it could be carried by assault. Originality has often suffered violence, it is true, but the violent have never taken it by force. We are not to hope for intellectual life by any process of spontaneous generation; nor are we to dread abjectly the influence of other minds over our own. Individuality is a gift rarely lost, except by those who lose it before they are born. Franklin, it is universally agreed, was an American of the most pronounced type, one of our greatest and most original men. His style, as Mr. James says of Lowell's, was "an indefeasible part of him;" yet all the world knows that he formed it, or believed that he formed it, by a studious imitation of Addison. Originality is theirs to whom it is given. With it a man may drench himself in the wisdom of the ages, and take no harm; without it he may eschew books never so jealously, and look into his own heart with never so complete a faith, and come to no good.

All of which is not to say that a scholar may not occupy himself too much with the thoughts of others to the neglect of his own, or that Americans as a people may not defer unreasonably to foreign standards. Between the two extremes, excessive dependence upon tradition and a too exclusive confidence in one's own genius, there is a middle course. If we cannot find it, then we are not yet ripe for a great national literature, which must be the result of the old culture bestowed upon new soil in a new time and under new conditions.

Bradford Torrey.

A REMINISCENCE OF CHARLES READE.

If there was a tender spot in Charles Reade's heart, it was for Scotland, a Scot, and all things Scottish from bannocks to Bruce and Burns. His intimate and affectionate knowledge of the people showed itself in his estimate of them when he wrote, "They are icebergs with volcanoes underneath: thaw the Scotch ice, which is of the coldest, and you shall get to the Scotch fire, warmer than any sun of Italy or Spain." Happy he or she who owns the heart-love of the most loyal creature on earth, and the tenderest, — a Scotchman *pur sang*.

No individual ever deserved it, any more than the Stuarts did. To the feeble, the fickle, the treacherous, the great simple faith of a McLeod of Dare is a perpetual reproach and marvel, — a creature who goes to India to shake the pagoda-tree, stays away seventeen years, comes back to his own land and lass, pays his dead father's debts, buys the very property he picked out before he started, settles down like a bit of heather on it, and never knows the temptations, qualms, misgivings, that afflict lesser souls.

Reade felt about Scotland as Story did about Italy, with better reason. It was his native land, — the atmosphere he best liked, the air he breathed with most delight. He spent a great deal of time there with a friend, a "meenester" of the Kirk, of the strictest sect. He soaked himself in its mists with a great thankfulness that it was "no Lun'non." He partook genially of its "whuskey," and endeared himself to every Laird and Tammas of them all by his ardent affection for everything in the Land o' Cakes. I once spent a summer in the neighborhood, on an estate that had belonged for a thousand years to the family of my host, — a place with a round tower and a moat: a tower with slits for cross-bowmen in it, a tower from which Queen Mary used to issue with all her train for hunting and hawking, which King David occupied for months when he set out to crush a too powerful vassal; a moat that held for me all mediæval Europe, being the first on which my American eyes had ever rested.

"I must tell you about the 'meenester,'" said Sir John at breakfast one day bored, I am afraid, by my appalling interest in the ruins and legends and history of the neighborhood. "He has always been a great friend of Reade's and is a very interesting man, and it was through Reade that he made a marriage that was the talk of the county for many a year.

"Reade asked him down to London once, and persuaded him to go with him to see a play of his which was then being 'tried' at one of the minor theatres in town. Mr. L——'s parishioners were afar, and his principles melted before the urgency of his friend; so he went where 'meenesters' never are seen, he sat on a front seat, and he beheld a figurante, beautiful beyond all the high-shouldered, high-cheeked lassies of his 'ain countrie.' And he fell that instant five hundred thousand fathoms deep in love with the girl, went behind the scenes with Reade and met her, married her in a month, and brought her back to the Manse and a horrified community. She is lovely, she is good, she is a model wife and mother, but society would not receive an angel, you know, if she appeared on earth as a figurante; so Mrs. L—— was completely ignored until the Duke of —— met her at a garden party and pronounced her charming, and introduced her to the Duchess, who took her up and made her quite the rage. Would you care to drive over there this morning?"

Of course I cared to; and how well I remember the long, lovely succession of views, lake and moors and mountains seen through a Scotch mist, before we drew up in front of a stone farmhouse set on a bleak hillside! We were shown into a long, low parlor. On the table were some well-thumbed playbooks jostling a heap of brown leather volumes, — sermons all. On the mantel-shelf was a pot of beer; above it, on one side, a picture of the figurante in spangles and tights, and on the other a portrait of the "meenester" in gown and bands. Everywhere about the room there were the same startling incongruities. The door opened, and in came madame, a rosy, blue-eyed, plump little person, an incarnate sunbeam, quite irresistible in her fresh beauty and candid sweetness. It opened again and admitted her husband, a tall, rigid, frigid dominie of a

most dour exterior, but worthy of all respect in his life, and like Chaucer's priest a follower of the precepts that he inculcated "himselve." While the wife sparkled and beamed and prattled on the sofa, the dominie entertained us with grave observations about the crops, the weather, the state of the country, until Sir John led the talk to his relations with Reade, when he grew almost eloquent. His hearty love for his friend, his delighted recognition of Reade's talent, and his admiration for the whole man (Reade's generosity, his robust virile English quality especially) made him lay aside his reserve and speak as people do only when they speak from the heart. He very kindly got a packet of Reade's letters and read us some most enjoyable impersonal bits of sledge-hammer criticism of men and things and books.

He finally showed us a manuscript by a relative of Reade, with marginal notes. And to this day I can feel for the author, who doubtless submitted it with the hope of getting some praise and encouragement, and who must have withered and died of a green and yellow melancholy, if he had a single sensitive fibre in him, under the blighting sarcasms, the keen, trenchant, merciless comments upon certain lines and situations. I am sure that Reade felt it an act of piety and charity to so knout an amiable effort to achieve the impossible, but "it must have hurt confoundedly," as my host put it. In one place, where the English hero threatens to "assassinate" his wife's betrayer, Reade wrote with a big black quill: "'*Assassinate*'! Any Englishman with a drop of red blood in his veins would say, 'I'll *kill* you!' and do it, too." Other passages were marked: "Bad;" "Atrocious;" "Very bad;" "Could scarcely be worse for poverty of invention and triteness of expression;" "Oh, what a niminy-piminy story of Rimini!" "The smallest possible quantity of idea diluted in the largest imaginable number of ill-chosen words;" and finally: "*Burn* it — BURN it, my boy. Don't wait a minute. Yours affectionately, Charles Reade."

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

THE BOOK THAT IS NOT WRITTEN.

PERHAPS every author carries around in his mind a book he is going to write some time, but which he never does write. He may devote a desk pigeonhole to storing material for this book. The nest of paper scraps grows, but nothing is hatched therefrom. It is a book for which there is no demand except in the mind that conceived it, — a leisure, loafing, loving volume. Bits of grotesque humanity and deliberate experience are saved for it. The stress and passion of life are not to mar this nursling, and no mercantile consideration enters into its making.

I once hid a story of mine, called The Little Renault, three months in a desk, before I could bring myself to part with it to Pharaoh, the press; for that was before the typewriting machine made the transition to print an easy sequence. But the unwritten book is hidden deeper still, and its author shall die without uttering it. Because of the unwritten book Pierre Loti's Romance of a Child causes a swell of the spirit like the gush of the lakes. He wrote of his childhood; but I want to picture motherhood in its long delight of rearing, — a world outside the ken of some who are used to the sight of children, though abhorrence of it is seldom found in any form of masculine existence.

Custom has made all of us indifferent to the miracle of existence. If we had never until to-day seen little creatures no higher than our knees, the antics of these droll unfinished men and women would keep us merry till nightfall, and then we should worship at their bedsides. How delightsome are the feet and hands of children, their soft limbs and manikin size! We accept their animal limita-

tions as a matter of course, and watch indulgently the growth of reason in them. Their very lack of it is an alluring charm. The little daughter of four knows nothing about propriety, but stands on the seat in sermon-time, feeling her affection overflow all bounds, and publicly embraces you, with a smack heard by the congregation, and the assurance, "I love you ev'y day." Her witnesses smile, but the church is sweeter for it.

As soon as a woman becomes a mother she has the incipient fierce mother-in-law in her. It is so singular that other folks' sons should never be quite equal to your own daughter; or, if you have a son, that other folks' daughters should be such trivial, hen-brained creatures! Besides, nothing can be more insolent than a young man's approach to pluck your child out of your bosom, and his assumption that she was made for him! In this unwritten book the mother traces the ancestry of playmates, and even learns what diseases their folks died of. She must be sure of offspring that approaches her own at the most impressionable time of life.

She is, moreover, chummy with her little girl. They sit on the rug before winter fires, and discuss fairy-lore and mysteries, and the remote, seemingly impossible time before mamma was mamma. The child learns to regard her own body as a temple, not to be defiled, and asks about its functions; receiving honest answers which make her reverent of the secrets betwixt her Maker and herself. She literally turns the wonderful gift of life in her hands to examine it. The Hindoo discerns a brother even in a parasite, and she, also, invokes her cat without the least irreligion: "Kitty, come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But in the book such simple doings are steeped in the very atmosphere of Eden, — an atmosphere still around us all, sifting unaccountable joy through our dull senses unless they have grown too dense. It is worth being written, — the homely wonder-story of common household life, the evanescent beauty of which may be so sordidly missed. It is a cry to the care-eaten: "Mother, watch the wonderful little child that has been sent. Never mind the hardships: they will pass. Let nothing rob you of that miracle-play, that most stupendous spectacle of unfolding nature, — the child."

There are tragedies in the book: hands are slapped for naughtiness. Some people can beat their children for their children's good, without loss of appetite for their meals. But here the broken-hearted slapper has finally to be comforted by the repentant and reformed slappee.

Armies of minor existences — ponies, dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, birds, tadpoles, bullheads, lambs, donkeys — adorn the margins, sane companions which from primitive times have cheered man's lot. Trees and flowers, Christmas candles, Santa Claus magic, the rapture of recurring birthdays, journeys, the march of the seasons, a whole panorama of common joys rolls along its pages.

But how is this book to be written so that a publisher will see in it the virtue of a salable commodity? Publishers do not dote. Clearly, no mercantile considerations can enter into it; it must be a leisure, loafing, loving book. And while the stress and strain of achievement last, it must remain the book unwritten.

Happier than the majority of such volumes, however, this book will not rank a failure if it never sees type; for it goes on being lived.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

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THE PROBLEMS OF RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

A REMOTE VILLAGE.

The most conspicuous object in the village is the tavern, a long, low building, once painted red, but now colored by the weather rather than by the art of man. It stands back a little from the street, with a grass-plot, partly shaded by a tall maple, intervening. In the front of the house there is a piazza, upon which is placed a long settee, and in summer a tub with an oleander bush. It is a cool spot, and I love to sit there when the cows are coming home to the slow music of their tinkling bells, and the blue smoke which foretells the supper-hour soars lazily aloft from the neighboring chimneys. The wide front door, never closed in warm weather, opens directly from the piazza into the office, — the pleasantest room in the whole village. It has a low ceiling, a big fireplace, and various heavy mahogany chairs and cabinets which have come down from colonial times. A broad sofa almost fills one side of the room, and upon the walls hang a map of the county, a picture of General Knox (the horse of that name, not the man), and an oil-painting of a deer lifting its head in alarm from the spring in the beech wood where it had stooped to drink. This picture, by the hand of a local artist, is executed with great skill; and in fact it is the wonder of many travelers, who do not expect to find in our remote village the artistic talent which we undoubtedly possess.

If, on leaving the tavern, you should turn to the right, — that is, to the south, — you would arrive presently at a beautiful lake, fifteen miles long, and the first of a series of lakes. The road runs past this lake, now through the woods, now through rich meadows, and occasionally comes so close to the water's edge that in times of flood the road is submerged. Across the lake, on the further side from the village, there rise lofty and irregular hills, wooded at the base and up their sides, but bald and jagged near the top. Should you pursue the highway far enough to the south, it would bring you to the White Mountains, the topmost peaks of which are plainly visible, in clear weather, from all the hills around. Between the tavern and the lake lies the straggling village. There are two or three stores, a church, a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and an old factory building now falling into decay. But above the tavern and close to it the road abruptly sweeps around to the left and ascends the hill; then, turning northward again, it leads to the unbroken and primeval forest which lies between northern New England and Canada. Two big bears were caught in a trap last fall near an abandoned farmhouse on this road, about five miles from the village. Another bear was shot just over the edge of Checkerberry Knoll, which rises not three quarters of a mile from the tavern; and the teacher of the district school, which is just beyond the knoll, reports that while

she sat under a tree near the schoolhouse, one Sunday afternoon, — in what company, if any, she failed to state, — a tiny fawn came out of the woods, ventured to the very edge of the road, within a few yards of the schoolmistress, and then fled back to its mother in the forest. There is a little shivering mongrel terrier in the village which has enjoyed so much experience in hunting bears, and has such a reputation for courage in worrying them, that he is looked upon almost with awe by the small boys of the neighborhood. In my childhood wolves were often seen in the forest, but they disappeared thirty or forty years ago. Deer, however, have increased in number, and a wildcat was shot last winter near Beaver Brook.

I have said that the office in the tavern is the pleasantest place in the village, but some people might prefer the store kept by Asher Dill. The main part of the store is an oblong room, with a ceiling so low that a tall man could easily touch it with his hand, and so black with smoke that it has ceased to look spotted or dirty. On one side of the room and near the door there are shelves and drawers, with a small counter in front of them, for drugs ; on the other side of the room there is a long counter for the display of dry-goods, hats, boots and shoes, and other articles. In the rear is the grocery department, and in corners here and there are stacked farm implements, such as rakes, forks, scythes, and spades. In the centre of the room is a big stove, around which, almost every evening throughout the year, are gathered the more sociable men of the village. Some are seated on a low bench placed near the stove for their accommodation, — a bench so whittled by generations of pocket-knives as to have lost all semblance of its original form; others sit on the counters or on barrels ; and there are always a few restless spirits who lean against whatever is convenient for that purpose, with their hands in their pockets. If anybody becomes hungry, he rambles over to the back part of the store, where, upon a big table, and indescribably surrounded by nails, seeds, door-knobs, balls of twine, axe-heads, rubber boots, currycombs, and other articles, is sure to be found a huge round of cheese protected by a fly-screen. Then there are crackers handy in barrels or boxes, and of course dried apples in plenty, so that a fair meal can be had at a moment's notice. Payment is made or not made, or offered, or pretended to be offered, according to the relations subsisting between the consumer and Asher at the time.

But even upon this cheerful scene, when, on a winter's night, the birch wood crackles gayly in the stove, when the lamplight is reflected by the highly polished old red counters, when jests and quips go round, there comes now and then a touch of tragedy. At one side and in the front of the store there is, as I have said, a drug department. The door opens softly, and Jake Herring enters. He has driven down from his poverty-stricken home on the mountain side to get medicine for his wife, who, as we all know, is dying at last, after years of privation and sickness. Jake shuffles up to the counter with that apologetic air which is natural to a man who has made a failure of life. The frost hangs from his ragged beard, and his hollow eyes are bloodshot with the cold. There is not much sympathy outwardly expressed for him, — we are not effusive people in our corner of New England, — but still a civil inquiry is made as to the health of his "woman." Asher compounds the medicine which the doctor knows, which Jake knows, which the dying woman herself knows, will be of none effect, but which nevertheless must in decency be administered, since it is all that human skill can provide as a defense against the great enemy. As the medicine is handed to him, poor Jake mutters something about not having the cash in his pocket *just then* to pay for it;

but Asher cheerfully replies, "That 's all right."

Asher is a shrewd man at a bargain, but he has a heart in his bosom. He furnishes the medicine, and in a day or two he will furnish the coffin, knowing that Jake will never be able to pay for it, and that he may or may not get the money out of the selectmen. Jake, taking the bottle, leaves the store, and presently the sound of his sleigh-bells is borne on the frosty air as he urges forward his old lame horse. Asher goes back to his books, — which he always posts at night, for he takes little part in the conversation around him, — but he makes no charge for the medicine. Perhaps that small account, with some others, will be balanced in those celestial books which, we hope or fear, are kept for the final reckoning with mankind.

This incident gives the conversation a new turn, and strange stories are told about Jake Herring's housekeeping and general shiftlessness. It is recalled how, before he built the lean-to which now serves for a barn, his old black mare was kept, in cold weather, in the same house with the family, and how on one occasion Jake complained that their dinner had been spoiled because "old Raven whisked her tail through the gravy." "They say," narrates Foss Jones, "that when the doctor went, last week, to see Almiry [Jake's wife], he found a bushel of potatoes in the bed with her. It was the only place they had to keep them from freezing."

Nobody starves to death in our village, but some of the mountain folk, who live far away on by-roads, in places which are often inaccessible in winter, are very poor, ill nourished and ill clothed. However, the prevailing tone in Asher Dill's store and in the village generally is a humorous one, — a tone of irony and of good-natured sarcasm. Almost everybody cultivates a fine sense of humor; in fact, to be humorous, and especially to be good at repartee, is the one intellectual ambition of the community. We do not care much for learning of any sort. Our letters — which we put off writing till about six months after they are due — do not excel in grammar or in penmanship. And it is really astonishing, even to ourselves, how little we care for what goes on in the outside world. We read the papers with only a languid interest, being more concerned about the trivial events in the next town, duly chronicled in the county paper, than we are about what is said or done in Washington, in London, or in Paris. But the sense of humor is developed among us in childhood, and is never lost, even in moments of difficulty or of danger. Last Fourth of July, a desperate character who lives on a mountain road in the outskirts of the town drove into the village in a little rickety cart, waving over his head a woman's broken and battered sunshade, which he had picked up somewhere. He was very drunk, and before long the cart was upset. His horse, a half-broken colt, kicked and plunged, and tried to run away. The fellow pluckily clung to the reins, and was dragged about on the ground hither and thither, being finally extricated from the ruins of his cart. But through it all he kept the sunshade in his hand. "I don't care anything about myself," he said, as he was assisted to his feet, the blood streaming from his face, "nor about the hoss, nor about the cart, but I *wuz* determined to save this beautiful parasol."

To discuss why this humorous spirit should be the prevailing spirit in an Anglo-Saxon community of Puritan descent would be a difficult though pleasant task; but I must content myself here with the obvious remark that it could not exist except in connection with an ample background of leisure. Our village — and perhaps this cardinal fact ought to have been stated at the outset — enjoys a blessed immunity from railroads. The nearest station is ten miles off; and the mails come by a stage which arrives anywhere between seven P. M. and

midnight, — except on some nights in winter when it does not arrive at all, being prevented by snowstorms. This isolation helps to keep out the feverish spirit which troubles most American communities. There is very little ambition of any sort among us; and the modern principle that every man ought to labor every day, and through the whole of every day, finds no acceptance whatever in our corner of New England. There is no man in the community so poor that he cannot afford to take a day off for partridge-shooting, for visiting, or even for resting. If a farmer feels inclined to suspend haying in the middle of a week in order that he may go trout-fishing, he does so without loss of self-respect or of credit; he can get trusted at the store just the same. If one goes to the mill or to the blacksmith shop, he does not feel bound, when his errand has been done, to hurry home; he is at liberty to sit down in the sun and whittle a stick in whatever company may be at hand. In short, we prefer to take such amusement as we can get, day by day, rather than to expend all our efforts in merely striving to better our material condition.

It would be easy to quarrel with this kind of philosophy; and yet the result is that, although poor, we enjoy what is accounted the best gift of wealth, namely, leisure. A few men in the village do make a pretense of industry, but it is only a pretense. There is old Jerry Horne, for instance; one often sees him, on a nice cloudy day in summer, starting off early, with a scythe ostentatiously sticking out of the back of his wagon. Jerry wishes to create the impression that he is going to cut the grass on some mountain field, but we all know that he is off for a day's fishing. So, at the ball-games between our nine and the clubs of neighboring towns, Jerry is always a spectator; but he comes in his shirt-sleeves, with an axe in his hand, as if he had set out with a different intention, and, quite casually, had turned aside to spend a few minutes in the ball-field. Jerry has a grave kind of humor, which loses in the telling, but it is very effective from his lips. One wet morning, he was asked by a neighbor who had just come into the store, where Jerry sat with his cronies, whether he "thought it likely to rain all day." "Why," said Jerry, going to the door and looking out dubiously, as if he suspected that the heavenly powers might have made some mistake, "we had n't *spoke* for it to rain beyond noon." I remember another occasion, a dark chilly day in November, when Jerry came into the store — almost everything happens there — while I chanced to be present. He was limping a little, for in damp weather he suffers somewhat from rheumatism. "Say!" he inquired, after the customary salutations, "do any of you fellows know what became of old Squire Tatlock's wooden leg?" Now, Squire Tatlock has been dead for many years, and the general opinion in the store was that the wooden leg had been buried with him, though one or two persons thought that it would probably be found in the attic of his late residence. "But what do you want to know for?" somebody asked. "Oh," said Jerry, nursing his right knee, "I was only thinking that if that leg was around handy anywhere, I would have one of mine taken off, and use that instead; I believe that I should travel a good deal sounder." Jerry, by the way, was a brave soldier in the Civil War, and he has a deep-rooted love of excitement. A brass band sets him on edge, and coming home from a horse-trot he takes what is known in country parlance as "the middle of the road."

Jerry Horne's humor has the characteristic American trait of exaggeration; but his exaggeration fades and shrinks to nothing when compared with that of Pete Lamb. Pete is a choleric man of middle age, with a red face and an intense, emphatic way of speaking, accom-

panied by a fierce look which is apt to impose upon strangers. Pete is not so much a humorist as a romancer; in fact, some persons might call him a liar, but that would be a crude way of describing a man whose imagination runs away with him. I cannot now recall — one never can — the best of his stories, but I do remember the main points of his adventure with the bull. Pete, while crossing a field, met a bull of immense size and extreme ferocity. The bull pawed the earth, lowered his head, and exhibited every sign of anger and hostility. An ordinary man would have fled toward the fence, but Pete scorned flight. He calmly stood his ground till the bull charged upon him. At the critical moment he nimbly leaped aside, and as the bull shot past him grabbed the animal by his tail. Then began a tremendous conflict, which lasted, as I remember, about four hours. Round and round went the bull, and round and round went Pete at the end of his tail. At times Pete held on with one hand, and at times he used both hands. Very fortunately, he happened to be wearing a pair of heavy, hobnailed boots; and thus, by well-directed kicks, he was able to goad the bull to further madness whenever he showed symptoms of flagging. At last the bull dropped exhausted, and in a few moments expired. But the climax of the story was not yet reached. "That bull," Pete used to say, gazing fiercely at the person addressed, as if any signs of unbelief would arouse instant retaliation on Pete's part, "that bull was worth a t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d dollars!"

However, it would be unfair to give the impression that we cherish no arts except those of conversation and repartee. Music and dancing are cultivated almost with enthusiasm. There are at least a dozen violin players in the village, of whom several have made their own instruments; and very good instruments they are. If you should drop in of an evening at the tavern already described, the conversation which you heard would most likely, indeed, relate to horses, but quite possibly it would relate to violins. There are men in the village, remote as it is from any musical centre, who will discourse to you about instruments of Amati and Straduarius as learnedly as if they were residents of Florence or of Vienna. We have a small band of stringed instruments, assisted by a cornet and a flute, which is capable of music that would be heard with pleasure by connoisseurs in New York or Boston, — at least, so we are informed by persons who have seen the world. This band plays on great occasions, such as the Fourth of July, and also for the dances which are given frequently throughout the year. Commonly, these dances take place in a rough, unpainted one-story building, erected for the purpose, in a grove near the village; and perhaps a stranger would consider them to be the most characteristic occurrences in our remote community. The dance-hall stands amid tall, sombre pines, and on a dark night in summer one finds the path to it with some difficulty, stumbling over the roots of trees, and feeling his way among the buckboards and buggies which occupy the vacant spaces of the wood. The sides of the hall are removable, for the sake of coolness in warm weather. It is somewhat dimly lit with kerosene lamps, and scantily furnished with rough benches and chairs; but all things are done decently and in order. In fact, neatly painted signs are hung on the walls of the room, inscribed with this request: "Please do not spit on the floor." These signs and a few small American flags constitute the decorations of the hall.

All ages and occupations are represented, and the costumes are various. There may be a "boiled shirt" here and there in the hall, but most of the men and boys wear "sweaters" or flannel shirts; and they all keep their hats on, for, since the sides are open, or partly so, the fiction is maintained that we are

out of doors. The women pay more attention to dress. The girls are bareheaded, or else have on jaunty caps, and white gowns or others of a festal description are worn by most of them. Nobody is prohibited from coming, and there are some men and some women here who would be excluded if a rigorous moral test were applied. There is Jim Hurst, for instance, a rural Lothario who has ruined more than one girl; and that tall, black-haired young man, whose face is flushed with something besides dancing, is Hen Giddings. He is supposed to have played a part in the "Road House tragedy," as the newspapers called it, which occurred near Grandon last winter. The grand jury failed to indict him, but public opinion rendered a verdict of guilty. Our dances are not unlike those given on "the Fork," and recalled by Bret Harte's heroine, who, in her letter from New York, reminded her lover

> "Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis;*
> And how I once went down the middle
> With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

There are likely to be some strangers present, — a drummer or two, a traveling dentist, and perhaps a few young men from one of the neighboring towns. These last will probably be more or less drunk, as is the custom of young men who seek their amusement away from home. But if they become uproarious or offensive, they will promptly be cast out. Kola King attends to that part of the business. He is that handsome young fellow with dark hair and complexion, who is indolently making love to the blonde girl in the corner. The other day, Kola took a barrel of flour in his arms and carried it up two flights of steep stairs without stopping. He can lift five sacks of bran with his teeth.

The proceedings always begin with a march, but not such a march as, we understand, opens the more conventional balls of city people. Our march is more like a dance. It is led, usually, by the beauty of the village, — a tall, well-made girl, with black hair, big blue eyes, brilliant complexion, and a certain classic repose of manner. There is perhaps a suggestion of coarseness in her full but beautifully curved lips and rounded chin. She walks gracefully, with the slightest possible swaying motion of the hips. In short, this village beauty of ours is a Greek goddess come to life in rural New England. She and her partner in the march — who may be this or that favored young man, for the girl is capricious — first make the tour of the room three or four times, followed by the other couples. Then they separate, one going to the right, the other to the left, all the female dancers following the girl, and the male dancers following her partner; thus they thread the hall in single file, and then reunite, only to separate again. The march, in fact, has its mazes as well as the dance. Those who engage in it move with a quick, short step; there is a rhythmical shuffling of feet on the bare floor; the music is seductive, and a faint odor of pine-trees floats in on the summer air. As the visitor looks on, he will be impressed now and then by a typical figure. Here, for example, with shoulders thrown back and with a slight and becoming swagger, comes a young man such as a recruiting officer or a romancer would pick out, — a fellow ready, with equal zest, to fight any man or make love to any woman. Close behind him is a true mountain-bred girl. As one glances at her flushed face, large wild eyes, and slightly disheveled hair, one is tempted to believe that some wood-nymph has strayed into the hall from the neighboring forest, or even that Aphrodite herself has taken a partner for the evening.

The truth is, we are a primeval people, close to nature; and we have the virtues and the vices of such a people. The number of illegitimate births among us is large. In fact, it is so large that a definite amount has been fixed by common consent as the proper one to be

paid by the putative father to the parents of the unmarried mother. Four hundred dollars, I understand, is the prevailing sum in our own and in the adjoining county. Divorce is so common that I have heard of marriage certificates which carried on the back a blank form to be used as a libel for divorce in case of necessity. But probably this report was only a joke, — and a very bad one. Not infrequently, men and women take new wives and husbands without the formality of a divorce or of a re-marriage. A remark thrown off by Coleridge is illustrated, I have often thought, in our own community. He said: "A curious and more than curious fact that when the country does not benefit, it depraves. Hence the violent, vindictive passions and the outrageous and dark and wild cruelties of very many country folk." Such men as Coleridge had in mind are found with us now and then in the village, but more often on remote and lonely farms. Sometimes these fellows are illegal sellers of liquor, and their houses are the resort of scapegraces for miles around and the scene of degrading orgies. There are whole families sunk in a slough of vice and poverty, from which, occasionally, some enterprising son or daughter will emerge, — perhaps only to fall back again in a moment of temptation or despair. It must be confessed that much cruelty is practiced upon women and dumb beasts. There are men, brutalized by liquor, who inflict torture upon their wives and horses every day of their lives.

On the other hand, there is among us a great deal of benevolence and of natural refinement. We come of good stock. Indeed, it is our boast that Americans of pure English descent are found only in remote New England towns like ours. There is not an Irishman, nor a German, nor an Italian, nor a negro in the village; until lately there was not a foreigner of any description, but during the past few years several families from Nova Scotia and from Canada have taken up farms within the town limits. Nowhere in this country, at least, I venture to say, can there be found better examples of the two English types, the blond and the brunette. The blond type is the prevailing one. We have many well-made, long-limbed men and women, with light hair, regular features, and eyes of the peculiar northern blue; and others, though fewer, with dark hair and eyes and olive skin, like Kola King, whom I have mentioned already. Our manners, though a little brusque, are good, as manners always are in a community which has no "social superiors." Every man in the village, who is not specially marked out by vice or poverty, feels himself to be the equal, in all essential matters, of every other man in the world; and this feeling goes a long way toward producing that equality which it assumes. There is absolutely no stealing among us; it would be perfectly safe to leave all your valuables on the front piazza at night: and perhaps this immunity is one result of equality. To steal is a confession of inferiority, intolerable among equals. (Cheating in a horse-trade stands, of course, on a different footing, and may be practiced without entire loss of self-respect.) Mr. Howells has expressed this truth. "I believe," he says, "that if ever we have the equality in this world which so many good men have hoped for, theft will be unknown."

The absolute equality which prevails among us has its good and its bad side. It makes vulgarity and snobbishness impossible. We are coarse, but never vulgar. Vulgarity implies a consciousness, or semi-consciousness, of inferiority, and among us, as I have said, there is no such consciousness. On the contrary, there is a want of reverence in the village. There is no person or group of persons to set a standard of manners or of morals for the rest of the community. Nobody looks up to anybody else, — not even to the minister. Age itself scarcely

invites respect; and this want of reverence gives a certain hard and flippant tone to our lives. The physician stands as high as anybody in town; and yet it was only the other day that I heard him addressed by a little dirty-faced boy, not twelve years old, as "doc." "Say, doc, when does the next school term begin?" was the inquiry made by this urchin, in all sincerity; and the "doc" gave him a civil answer, taking no offense at his want of respect.

We certainly do without the fripperies of life, as is natural to a primitive people. Nobody takes a bath, for the sake of cleanliness, much oftener than once a month in winter; and a daily bath, even in summer (unless taken in the lake, for amusement), would be looked upon as an excessive and a fantastic thing. There is a general carelessness about wearing neckties or collars, except on occasions of solemnity or festivity; and there is an equal carelessness in the use of language. I suppose that more negatives are wasted here in a day than would last us, if properly used, for a month. But all these things are not essential, although they are the fashion of the hour in effete communities. We, in our corner of New England, bathe as much and spell as well as did the ladies and gentlemen of Shakespeare's time, — or indeed of a time considerably later than that. And so as to the coarse language which is common, but by no means universal, among us; it is, to say the least, not more gross than that which dropped from the mouths of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. Moreover, bad as it is, it is not so corrupt or so corrupting as the deliberate indecency of allusion, which, we are told, now marks the conversation of fashionable people in the great cities of the United States.

There are, I presume, ultra-sophisticated persons living in New York and Boston who would find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to believe that a man might be careless in his dress, neglectful of his tub, ungrammatical and inelegant in his language, — nay, even accustomed to eat with his knife, — and yet be in all essential respects a gentleman; a person pleasant to live with, considerate, dignified, sensitive and generous in feeling, sincere to the core, and a lover of art and nature. But such men are to be found in our corner of New England. It is a proof of our innate gentility that we always consider the best as none too good for us. When we go away, for example, we invariably put up at the leading hotels, whether we can afford to do so or not. The drummers, who, after all is said, have great opportunities for forming an opinion, think highly of us. They say that we are a "catchy" people, — meaning that we are quick to appreciate and to buy new or improved articles.

Thus far have I written with a single eye to stating the fact as it is; and yet I have not found space to mention what must, I suppose, be regarded as the master-passion of the community, namely, the passion for horses. Ours is a grazing country. The pastures are extensive, well watered, well sheltered; and hay is considered dear when it sells at ten dollars per ton. But in raising sheep the profit is doubtful; and as to fatting cattle, that industry, once a leading one in this part of New England, was long since abandoned owing to Western competition. Even the rearing of colts has been unprofitable during the past few years, though in the past our fields were dotted with mares and foals; but we look for better things in the immediate future. Horses, moreover, are largely the amusement as well as the business of the town; and it must be remembered that in the absence of the stir of a city, of crowds, clubs, theatres, and books, we are at times hard put to it for entertainment. Some men seek it in watches. There is a most astonishing knowledge of watches in this community. You will find numerous persons who are familiar

with all the chief brands of watches made in this country and in Europe, and who are continually swapping watches for colts, guns, wagons, cows, etc., or even for other watches. I know one man who devoted a whole year exclusively to trading in timepieces; but not finding the business sufficiently profitable, he took to the ministry. It happened that a friend and contemporary of his became a preacher at the same time, so that it was natural to compare the pulpit performances of the two men. The one who was knowing in watches used to admit, very frankly, that his friend was the superior at preaching; "but," he never failed to add, "when it comes to praying, I can knock spots out of him." Strangely enough, however, this man did not find the ministry any more remunerative than watches, and, with a facility not uncommon among us, he passed from that employment to politics, and then (with a brief interlude of shopkeeping) to the law, which he still pursues, though he "farms it" between-times.

The bartering of watches is an occupation more suitable for filling little chinks of time than for a steady employment. On a rainy afternoon in summer, for instance, when people are sitting about in the barn, one naturally takes out his watch and invites an offer of exchange. But horses are an amusement at all times and seasons. There is a rough half-mile track just beyond the village, where trotting-races are held in summer and in fall. In winter the colts are broken, and in early spring, when sleighing is good on the lake, a great deal of impromptu racing is done there. As to talk about horses, it is always going on. I have even known the minister to spend the whole of Saturday afternoon talking horse in the blacksmith shop. We not only talk about horses, — we gossip about them; and this is possible because we know the ancestors, the relatives, and the personal history of every nag in the village. We are familiar with all his faults and defects, inherited or otherwise, and thus a solid basis for gossip is laid. There is much partisanship for different equine families or breeds, and this gives rise to continual discussions which have been known to end in blows. It is understood, for example, that whoever disparages Libby's Knox in the presence of Thurston Tibbetts does so at his peril. Thurston is a good-tempered man, but he is very loyal, and a firm believer in the excellence of that well-known horse. When, therefore, in the course of conversation at the mill, Ike Fletcher stigmatized Libby's Knox as a "rank quitter," Thurston took the remark as a personal insult, and after a few hot words had passed between them he knocked Ike down. They made it up afterward.

In every community there ought to be some sport or occupation in which the courage and superfluous energy of adventurous youths can be exercised. The whale fisheries, in former days, supplied this need for the lads of Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bay; football and boxing, I presume, do the same for city-bred youth; and in our neighborhood the breaking of colts, especially vicious colts, is the delight of those who love danger and difficulty. It is related of Hank Toothaker that, in his young days, he would take a skeleton wagon ("skellington" we call it, after the old English fashion) into a field, harness a perfectly wild colt to it, and proceed to drive him then and there. He was a man of great strength and activity as well as courage, and he never met with a serious accident. Among our present horse-breakers young Abner Nye is perhaps the best. Abner lacks the beauty, but he has the *aplomb*, the cool daring, the indifference, the style, of the heroes in the Guy Livingstone class of novels; and he is a master of equine slang. Some one asked him, the other day, if his brown colt was turning out well. "Oh yes," said Abner, with his

professional drawl; "he 's a shapey hoss, and he really gets up a very fair knee." It was not the brown colt, but a black one (a son of Temper, out of Vixen, and she by the Wilkes horse, Treachery) which very nearly proved — which may yet prove to have been — the death of Abner. He was driving toward the village one day, when this colt shied, upset the "skellington," and ran away. Abner clung to the reins, and was dragged along the ground, over stones and gravel, for half a mile, when he finally "anchored" the colt, as he expressed it, near the post-office. His clothes were torn off, he was severely cut and bruised, and we fear that he was injured internally. He has coughed ever since.

Still more heroic was the act performed by the tavern-keeper's son. One dark night in autumn, he started, with a friend, to drive home from a neighboring town, — two other persons, a man and his wife, having just preceded them. His horse was an extremely high-strung animal, of the Volunteer family. By some accident the hostler handed him only one rein, the other trailing on the ground. Before it could be secured the horse started, and in another moment he was off for home on a dead run. Knowing that if he was not stopped he would surely run into and perhaps kill the persons in front, the driver determined to climb out over the dashboard, and so to the animal's back, — no easy task, with the horse at full speed on a rough road. If he had kicked up, as he was likely to do, the young man would have received a violent fall; but fortunately he did not kick, and with great difficulty and danger the driver got astride of him, and finally succeeded in pulling him up. But the brave fellow never recovered from the tension to which he had been subjected. Before that time it had been his delight to ride and drive all the vicious horses of the neighborhood, but after that night's adventure he never cared to ride or drive again.

There must be something in the air of this mountain region which braces the nerves and makes people insensible to danger. Last September I happened to be standing in front of the tavern, when Seth Williams (a horsy farmer) drove by with his son-in-law, Church Cutts, on the way to camp-meeting. It was fine weather, and they were out for a day's pleasure; but how were they taking it? Well, Seth was driving a half-broken, headstrong, vicious colt, — what we call a "ty-rannical crittur." Just before they reached the tavern the colt stopped, put back his ears, and humped his back two or three times, being evidently inclined to kick everything and everybody to pieces. It was a toss-up whether he did so or not, but Seth seemed indifferent, and Church wore a pleased smile upon his face, as if that were the kind of thing which he really enjoyed. Presently the colt went on a few yards, till he met a baby-carriage. Then, with a pretense of being scared almost to death, he started to turn around. If he had succeeded, the wagon would have been upset with a crash, and the colt would have run away. But Seth now took vigorous measures: he lashed the colt over the head with his whip, and jerked the rein on the opposite side. For a moment, however, it appeared as if the horse would prevail, and in that moment I glanced again at Church Cutts. There he sat, perfectly at ease, and with the same smile of pleasure beaming on his round face. At last the colt swung back into the road, and off they went for camp-meeting at a gait of twelve miles an hour. I expected that they would all come back separately, — the colt on his own hook, and Seth and Church laid out in wagons or in hearses. But, on the contrary, they drove home in good style, without accident.

I have spoken of the camp-meeting to which these men were bound, as if it were an affair of pleasure rather than of religion; and such, alas, is the case. Religion, in fact, has almost died out

of this community. We still maintain a church, but it is a feeble church, and our pastors, being poorly paid, are seldom men of ability; nor do they stay with us long. If the reader should attend the meeting-house on a Sabbath, as we call it, I fear that he would find the occasion a melancholy one, and that he would go away, if he were a reflective person, with dismal forebodings as to the future of New England. The congregation is small, and composed mainly of old people and children. Many of us, indeed, have one foot already in the grave. The young girls of the village usually attend, — chiefly, I fear, because of the opportunity to wear their best clothes; and in part, perhaps, they are actuated by that conservative instinct which is so strong in womankind. There are a few young men in the congregation, but they are not the pick of the village. The truth is, that while we, the old, the very young, the ineffective, are singing the effeminate tunes of Moody and Sankey, or listening, somewhat restlessly, to the incoherent exhortations of our latest preacher, the strength of the community is occupied elsewhere and in other ways. It is hunting, or fishing, or swapping horses, or laying plans for the future, or sleeping, or perhaps reading the Sunday papers — a week old. More than half the men in the village know Sunday simply as the day on which they put on a clean shirt. Even if the strong men could be induced to attend our meetings, they would hear little which would attract or stimulate them. Our theology has decayed into a vague, sentimental adherence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and a belief in instantaneous conversion. But the men of this community, and especially the young men, require a stronger diet than that. If only some modern prophet would arise to bring them to their knees in an agony of remorse and repentance!

If one examines the history of New England character, he will find it hard to exaggerate the part which religion has played in its development. In former days, even the irreligious had, in the background of their lives, a severe and self-denying standard of living which it was impossible for them to ignore. Sin itself was invested with a fearful dignity; and surely no dream of human perfection ever so exalted the nature of man as did that stern theology which taught him that the stars and planets were only lights to light him at night; that for his benefit or for his punishment God might at any moment interrupt the course of the universe; and finally, that he had within himself the momentous power of choosing eternal punishment or eternal happiness. Under that religious belief there grew up men and women — some of them are still living — who constituted little reservoirs of moral strength upon which the community, or even the nation itself, could draw in times of necessity. What influence will take the place of that old belief? What moral force will curb the passions, chasten the lives, stimulate the energy of the rude people who are born in these remote towns? Whence shall they derive the discipline and the self-control without which their primeval strength will be as useless as the undammed waters of a mountain torrent? I confess that these thoughts fill me with apprehension for the future; and sometimes I am even led to think that New England character reached its culmination in the heroic sacrifices of the Civil War, and entered thereafter upon a long and gradual course of sure decay. All this, however, may be — and I trust that it is — simply the pessimism of an old man. Let it suffice for him that the glory has not yet departed; that the moon shines as brightly now upon the lake as it did when he was a boy; that he is still permitted to see the sun rise and set in the most beautiful and — as it seems to him — the most interesting corner of New England.

Philip Morgan.

A FARMING COMMUNITY.

Last autumn found me installed at Indian Ridge, in the Lincoln House, a rambling white hotel, verandaed, green-blinded, and dormer-windowed. In the office, besides the usual country hotel office furnishings, were numerous potted plants and two venerable oil-paintings (copies, without much doubt) of Daniel Webster and George Washington. The parlor had real gilding on the panel-mouldings of its doors and a fantastic display of curious marine shells, and bore signs of frequent use; otherwise it was precisely the conventional farmhouse parlor. The chambers were simple in their furnishings, but unspeakably neat and sweet.

The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham West, are far past middle life. Having long been free from the necessity of any kind of labor, they are keeping up their house partly from force of habit, partly as a public convenience, and partly (and it would appear primarily) for the sake of the society it brings them. The proprietors reserve to themselves the precious privilege of refusing undesirable guests, particularly itinerant companies of the more objectionable order, with one or two of which, in the past, they have had disagreeable experiences. The absence of a tap-room debars that atmosphere of jovial good cheer one likes to associate with the country tavern; but Mr. and Mrs. West devote so much of their time to agreeable converse with their guests, — they invariably preside at the table, — and business, spite of the necessary formality of the bill, enters so little into the account, that stopping with them amounts to visiting at the house of a substantial farmer.

Besides the hotel, Indian Ridge — that is, the village proper — contains half a dozen grocery and general supply stores, a pump, hardware, and farming-tool establishment, a blacksmith's forge, a harness shop, a cobbler's shop, a tin shop, — in which a watch-repairer and a milliner have counters, — a church, a schoolhouse from which the national flag always floats, a Masonic hall, a town hall flanked by town sheds, a hillside cemetery, and about a score of dwellings. The dwellings, — which are tenanted for the most part by the business men, — as well as the places of business, are nearly all on a single elm and maple bordered street running along the summit of a ridge, in full view of one of the finest mountain ranges of New England. They belong to four pretty well defined architectural types. There are the ancient nearly square hip-roofed houses, with a chimney on each of the two end-slants of the roof, tiny-paned windows, pretentious front doors bordered by fluted side-pillars in relief and surmounted by semicircular "fans;" the equally ancient and almost equally square, but severely plain tent-roofed houses, with a single enormous square chimney in the exact centre of the roof; the pronouncedly oblong houses with the lofty pillared portico fronts, of a later period; and modern houses as they were before the advent of the Queen Anne furor, which has not yet struck Indian Ridge. It may be noted here in passing, as an item of some interest, that the post-office, instead of being incorporated with a store, as in most country villages, is kept by a soldier's widow in one of the front rooms of her own house.

Below the western end of the ridge and just beyond the village flows Indian Ridge Creek, a small but fairly energetic stream, spanned by a covered bridge, on whose banks a sawmill, a gristmill, and a corn-canning factory are situated. The land immediately around the village is a rolling tract, myriad-breasted like the statues of the Ephesian Diana. Such

land is never quite as beautiful as during the spring months, when its hillocks are soft silk pompons, whose shades and sheens of green under the sunlight rival those of a peacock's plumes. Still, it is always beautiful. In October, when first I saw them, most of the hillocks had become dun and brown, — only a few, from which the second crop of grass had not been cut, retaining a shop-worn green; but then, by way of partial compensation, the forests outlying them were matchless. These forests have as many evergreen as deciduous trees, and this combination of the sombre and the gaudy is far more effective than deciduous trees alone can possibly make, no matter how fiery their audacity.

All the roads out of the village pass thrifty farms. The farmhouses are modest, — much more so than the barns and the other outbuildings to which they are prudently subordinated. Some of them are sentineled by pairs or rows of soldierly poplars, which lend the scene a finish almost European. In the autumn, the dooryards are piled with ruddy apples, yellow pumpkins, and Hubbard, marrow-fat, and crook-neck squashes, and the back porches of the houses and the sunny sides of the barns are festooned with strings of corn and dried apple. Cider-presses, at rather frequent intervals, perfume the air divinely, inviting to copious draughts of the delicious brown *vin du pays* without money and without price. Open wells with sweeps or windlasses alternate with pumps. Both are always provided with drinking-cups of some kind — tin dippers, cocoanut shells, or gourds — for the convenience of the thirsty passer. People meeting on the road stop "to pass the time of day" (to adopt the phraseology of the district), and no driver would think of going by a foot-traveler without offering to give him a lift. Happy contrast to the regions some of us have been forced to foot it through, where a pedestrian is eyed askance as if he were a tramp, and padlocked pump-handles supplement with beautiful but pitiless logic ubiquitous signs against trespass!

Broadly speaking, Indian Ridge is a farming town. The employees of the sawmill and the gristmill are few in number, and these few, as well as most of the business men, do a little at farming. The corn-canning factory being run only in the fall, there are plenty of the farmers' sons and daughters glad to work therein for the sake of the ready money which even the prosperous in the country often lack. There is a sleigh and wagon shop a couple of miles out of the village, but the owner of this is also a farmer, and his only employee is also his hired farm man. Work goes on in the shop only in bad weather and off seasons. The farmers, who are all native Americans, — with the exception of three French Canadian and perhaps twice as many Irish families, — are for the most part the direct descendants of the original settlers, who were a sturdy, honest, plucky, intelligent, God-fearing stock. The lean, sharp, laconic New Englander of popular tradition is the prevailing type. There is little wealth and as little real poverty among them. Their food, dress, and home furnishings are of the simplest. To illustrate: with a view to showing them proper respect, I put myself to great preliminary inconvenience to appear in a "boiled shirt," the first Sunday of my stay, only to be chagrined, when the hour for the service arrived, by finding that I was rather overdressed than otherwise.

The women are true helpmeets. Not only do they do their own work, but they are able and willing to milk the cows, assist in the hay-getting, and in other ways lend a hand out of doors in emergencies. Some of them even eke out the family income by little ventures of their own, such as raising hens and bees, and gathering and marketing spruce gum, beechnuts, and blueberries. There is no servant-girl problem, because there are no servants. When sickness or some

other real disability necessitates female help in the household, a neighbor's daughter is called in. She is of course regarded, and in every minutest particular treated, as a member of the family; it could not be otherwise. The children are trained to bear their share of the family burden, so far as it can be done without interfering with their schooling, and the very school terms are arranged with a view to conflicting as little as possible with farm work. When the children grow up, many of them go out into the world to seek their fortunes (that, within reasonable limits, is a law of nature), but there is nothing like an exodus of the rising generation, no approach to a depletion. Plenty of ambitious, vigorous young men stay behind to arrange themselves in life as their fathers did before them, chopping in the woods during the winter, and in the summer tilling the few acres they have been able to purchase with their winters' savings. Furthermore, there are plenty of desirable young women happy and proud to cast in their lots with the young men, and do their share of the drudgery necessary in establishing a home. Thus new farms are cleared out of the woodland and the old farms are kept up.

One morning, a few days after my installment at the Lincoln House, the first glance from my chamber window showed me that something out of the ordinary was on foot. The road was fringed for some distance with all kinds of pole vehicles, from which the horses had been detached. Other two-horse rigs were arriving. The reason for the sudden influx came out at the breakfast-table. A young man, recently married, had purchased an unoccupied house, located about a mile to the northward, over the ridge, which he wished to transfer to land of his own on the western bank of the creek. There being no contractor in the vicinity who made a business of moving buildings, the people had decided to do the job for him, and they were assembling with their two-horse teams from all over the township.

It was ten o'clock before the house was properly shod (that is, fitted like a sled with a pair of enormous logs as runners), and eleven o'clock before the horses were attached. By that time the men on the spot numbered more than a hundred. Of these, thirty were drivers of the horses, of which there were thirty pairs in all; as many more manipulated levers and pulleys; as many more stood ready with skids; and an advance skirmish line of about a score were armed with axes, crowbars, shovels, and pickaxes, with which to clear away obstructions to the route. Caleb Whitney, who had undertaken to engineer the affair, was a fierce-looking man, with a flowing black beard more than a foot long, a coonskin cap, a red flannel shirt, trousers rolled to his knees, leaving his legs bare above his shoe-tops, and a tremendous voice. As he stood in the front door of the house shouting and gesticulating his orders, he was a startling figure, at once forceful and grotesque.

Foremost with the pulleys and levers, commander, as it were, of the lever and pulley brigade, was Nathanael Seabrook, the village doctor, a lean, tall, alert, stubble-bearded man, a sort of Yankee Wee-lum MacLure. It was a unique and inspiring sight to see a professional man in flannel shirt, slouch hat, and rubber boots, "working like a house afire" in the performance of a purely neighborly service; and it is easy enough to imagine a man who would thus recklessly divest himself of all but his native dignity before the eyes of his patrons, and who could swing an axe and drive a peg as he did, making just such a fight for a life as the noble Drumtochty physician made for the life of the man Saunders; and what sort of a fight that was the world knows.

There was so much ado to get all the horses to pulling at the same time, all the levers and pulleys and men so placed as to secure the most power, that it was high

noon before the building was got fairly over the few rods between its site and the road. Then it was time, as the vigorous clanging of a bell proclaimed, for the dinner which the "women-folks" had prepared in a barn near by.

Dinner over, the horses laid to their work so well that the building started almost immediately, without any assistance from the levers and pulleys; and though it was an up-grade pull, and the shoes ploughed deep furrows, and the front corners crashed into the wayside saplings and dug into the banks of the narrow roadway, so that the gravel flew in at the windows, it kept on for a full quarter of a mile without stopping. Then, a quick and tremendous sideward lunge imbedded one corner so deep in a gravel-bank that the horses were thrown back on their haunches and brought to a standstill. There were prying, pulling, twisting, and veering, under the doctor's supervision, for nearly an hour before another start could be effected. By that time it had been decided to exchange the narrow road for the open fields, — a decision which gave the skirmish line a deal of exertion of the most active kind in getting rid of obstructing stone walls and fences, twenty or thirty feet of the latter being in one case lifted bodily by them. From the moment of taking to the open fields till the arrival at the summit of the ridge, the excitement was intense. There were spurts and set-backs, sudden halts and false starts; breakings of ropes, levers, and chains; lashings, kickings, yellings, swearings — even old Deacon Goodhue swore and never knew it — on the part of the men; rearings, snortings, strikings, and plungings on the part of the horses; and narrow escapes for both men and horses.

An intentional halt of several minutes for breath was made upon the summit of the ridge. On the descent, the horses entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and went so nearly as if they believed the object in tow was just about to topple over them, that the drivers had all they could do to keep up with their pace over the uneven ground, and the skid men were forced to abandon their work entirely. The building swept downward of its own momentum, carrying everything before it like an avalanche. A fence, which had not been reached by the skirmishers in time, was turned under it, and a woodpile was made short work of, without causing any visible slackening of the speed; over both it slipped as smoothly as if they were skids placed beneath on purpose to reduce the friction. Not until the leaders were well into the creek could the horses be brought to a stop. "More fun for your money than the Allbright Fair," was Jabez Lyman's comment, and those hard by who had breath enough left to say anything said a forcible Amen. Though not quite five o'clock, it was decided at this point to quit work for that day; crossing a stream was too difficult an undertaking to be begun in the gathering dusk.

The scene of the second day's activity being so near the village as to be practically in it, the schools were given a holiday, — a wise proceeding, surely, if for no other reason than this: that a lesson was to be learned out of doors, that day, of far greater moment than the lessons many days of school confinement could inculcate. The sawmill, gristmill, canning factory, and all the stores were deserted as by common consent. The postmistress, reasonably sure she would receive no call, and yet too conscientious a servant of the government to close her office without permission, took up her station at a point of vantage equidistant from the building and her place of business, and scrupulously kept an eye on each. The lawyer forsook his office and the minister his study for the scene of action; and though these worthies did not take hold just as the doctor did, they were nearly as eager as he, and were profuse of shrewd and sympathetic advice and exhortation. Even the halt, the maimed,

and the blind were on hand, trying to do their part with such members and faculties as they actually did possess.

The first task was to line the bed of the creek with enormous logs lengthwise of the current, and just far enough apart to admit of the horses stepping between them. That done, the shoes were pried out of the soft soil bordering the creek, into which they had sunk during the night, the leading horses were driven several times from bank to bank to get them accustomed to the water, and the thirty teams were attached and whipped into the stream. There was an exciting moment when a horse slipped and nearly fell in mid-current, and another when the hindmost team escaped being drawn under the building only by the sudden breaking of the drag-chain. But in spite of these and other trifling mishaps the stream was crossed without serious accident, and the building was landed on its appointed site a little before noon.

Then how the men cheered! There were cheers for red-shirted Caleb Whitney, the stentorian boss, cheers for the doctor, cheers for the young owner of the house and his wife, cheers for the horses, — cheers for everybody and everything relevant to the occasion, and, so great was the excess of spirits, for several persons and several things that were not.

Another public dinner brought the fête to a close.

As a purely physical spectacle, an exhibition of physique and energy and nerve, this building-moving was as well worth viewing every way as any match of football or of polo ever played. Much more was it worth viewing as a moral spectacle; as an exhibition of community spirit it was superb. It is because so much has been said of late regarding the decay of community spirit in New England that the affair has seemed entitled to a record in detail. True, it was the most signal illustration of *esprit de corps* that occurred during my Indian Ridge sojourn, but I was assured it was by no means an exceptional one. Hardly a fall passes that some buildings are not dealt with after this fashion. It is only three years since the moving of a ponderous structure that occupied the citizens a whole week. The year before that a schoolhouse was transplanted, at a saving of much expense to the public treasury; and there is a tradition of a remarkable feat of engineering, which half the town had pronounced impossible, achieved by the redoubtable Caleb Whitney in driving a barn across a deep gully. If many of the other forms of neighborly coöperation which once prevailed here have disappeared, it is because the introduction of improved farm machinery and agricultural methods has taken away the reason for them. Wherever the reason survives, wherever real help can be rendered, the coöperative practice survives also, and ploughing-bees, huskings, and barn-raisings still occur with a good degree of frequency.

During the time when all the families of Indian Ridge used to meet together on Sundays in one of the houses, to study a Bible lesson in the forenoon and teach the children the common school branches in the afternoon, and for many years thereafter, Indian Ridgers were forced by stress of circumstances, as well as led by inclination, to pull together, and the habit of pulling together has never left them. The feeling that incites to helpfulness is as hale and hearty with them as ever it was. Whether this manifests itself in a purely personal way in "little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love" between neighbors, in building-movings and ploughing-bees, or in self-sacrificing loyalty to town, State, or nation, it is the same spirit, the spirit of solidarity, that has persisted from the beginning.

In further illustration of the activity of this spirit, particularly where the town is concerned, it should be said that Indian Ridge has forty miles of roads (superior for the section, fair in themselves)

upon which the citizens have expended much gratuitous labor over and above what it has been permitted them to turn in for taxes; a handsome and substantial drinking-fountain, erected by public subscription as a memorial to the first minister of the town; a small but well-chosen free library, in connection with the post-office, to which the postmistress gives her services; a soldiers' monument which cost one thousand dollars, — a simple and tasteful marble column with the conventional inscription, "Sacred to the memory of our citizen soldiers who died in defence of their country in the war of 1861 to 1865;" a town house worth four thousand dollars, containing, besides the town offices, a banquet-room, a large hall with a 22 by 40 stage, equipped with a drop-curtain and five scenes [1] — kitchen, parlor, street, forest, and prison — painted by the people themselves, and creditable dressing-rooms. Its hillside cemetery is scrupulously kept. Its primary and intermediate schools are taught by well-paid normal graduates selected with much care, and are generally acknowledged to be the best in that part of the country. Its high school is almost invariably under an earnest college man, and attracts pupils from a large area beyond the limits of the township. High schools, it is true, are now made obligatory by the state law, but the high school at Indian Ridge was started and regularly maintained years before there was any law upon the subject. Nothing has come to the town by gift or bequest. These and many lesser benefits it has secured for itself, on its own initiative, by unity of aim and effort; and it takes a colossal pride in them, as it has a right to do.

In the same way, it feels an honest corporate pride in the fortunes of its absent sons; and though none of these have chanced to attain national eminence, it follows their careers as lawyers, doctors, merchants, preachers, inventors, and college professors (to mention the vocations in which some reputation has been gained) with as keen an interest for detail as if they were the greatest of the land. It is proud, too, of the moral aspect of the village; how proud may be guessed from the curious fact that the only check on the intense enthusiasm felt for a much-talked-of railroad project, which, if consummated, will put it into close touch with the rest of the world, is a vague fear that somehow the railroad may lower the high moral tone that now prevails.

To be thus *solidaire* — who will question it? — is to practice a kind of decentralized communal socialism that is essentially noble, and hardly to be taken exception to by the most American of Americans.

The church plays a large part in the life of Indian Ridge. "W'en a town 's got jest one parson, one lawyer, one doctor, an' one s'loon, an' no more," observed old Ezra Slack, the village patriarch, "it allus rubs along fust-rate. But w'en you get more 'n one of any one on 'em, it raises more row nor two tail-tied cats a-fightin' each other over a clothes-line. Now, we here hain't got no s'loon, an' p'r'aps for the matter o' that we 're jest as well off ef we hain't. I would n't be the man to try to bring in no s'loon s' long 's we 've got our cider to hum, an' can git whatever else we feel the need on over to the Corners. But I 'm mighty darned glad we 've got one doctor an' one lawyer an' one parson, an' no more nor one."

It is at Indian Ridge as Ezra Slack says, and it surely is not the least inter-

[1] It is amusing to note that the drop-curtain, which is a copy of a New England landscape painting containing a great deal of detail, was made by dividing the original canvas into small squares and the canvas for the drop into an equal number of large squares, and copying square for square; also that the street scene, which is supposed to depict Washington Street, Boston, as it was a century ago, has a flaring Y. M. C. A. sign on the front of one of its most prominent buildings.

esting feature of the town that it has had but one church, — never mind the denomination, — and that this church, in spite of the presence of people of various sects, has always proved an adequate embodiment of its religious sentiment, and has never ceased to be a unifying rather than a disintegrating force in the community. Perhaps it is this circumstance more than any other that has helped to give the town a social symmetry almost equal to that of the French village or the retired English village which has not yet been disorganized and disquieted by the entry of dissent.

However figures may be juggled with, ever and anon, to prove the contrary, there can be no reasonable doubt that church-going and respect for the church have materially decreased in New England in the course of the last half-century, at least among the Protestant population. This does not necessarily mean that religious sentiment has decreased in anything like the same degree, or even at all. It may only mean that a change has come over the modes by which religious sentiment manifests itself. The fact is that, owing to an enormous enlargement of the scope of living, religion finds a hundred means of cultivation and expression to-day where formerly it found one, the church. This will be seen to be equally true whether religion be defined as "morality touched with emotion" at one extreme, or as emotion embodied in morality at the other, or as something midway between. High aspiration must halt at cross-roads nowadays, while formerly it had only to follow a narrow but well-beaten path.

It is as much because Mr. Woodsum very early recognized and approved the change that was going on in the world around him, as because he has been faithful and diligent, that he has held the allegiance not only of his parishioners, but of the whole community, during more than thirty years of work. He has often been heard to express the wish that he were a young man just beginning his career, because of the opportunity the rising generation has for discovering and applying truth. His own life-endeavor has unquestionably been to find truth and declare it, to the end of building men up and making their lives of honest value to themselves and to the world. A reading, observing, and open-minded man, his thought has necessarily changed with the changing thought of his time. Like the vanguard of his generation, he has gradually become imbued with the belief (whether right or wrong is immaterial here) that salvation comes, not by creed and church attendance, but by character; that good religion and good citizenship are, in the last analysis, one and the same thing; that civic improvement and social betterment are to be agitated and toiled for rather than periodic revivals; and that the church (like the Sabbath) was made for man, and not man for the church. From week to week and year to year, he has made, as it were, a report of progress to his people; cautiously, however, and with so proper a reverence for the convictions of those who were not ready to follow him that they could not in reason take offense.

Thus, gently, tactfully, almost imperceptibly to themselves, he has led his people along the paths of his own thought to himself and his own way of thinking; has grown himself, and helped them to grow with him. Now he preaches to them with general, though of course not universal acceptance, what would have aroused a storm of almost unanimous protest had he preached it as a young man, in the beginning of his work. So directed, the Indian Ridge church, besides performing the function expected of a church, has been a sort of rural college settlement, organizing or helping to organize, directly or indirectly, divers phases of the life about it for the community good.

Personally, as professionally, Mr. Woodsum is a remarkable man to be located in a remote country parish. He

has a fine mastery of the theory and practice of instrumental and vocal music and a fair talent for painting. His execution and ideals in art, owing to his enforced absence from the centres, have been taken from the Hudson River school. The paintings with which his home is hung are copies by his own hand of the favorites of that period. But the art sense and the art enthusiasm are his, just the same. He usually has as pupils a few boys and girls with a taste for the expression of color and form, and one would love to believe that a real art feeling has been aroused among the people in consequence. It is hardly so, I am sorry to say; the New England nature is too resistant to æsthetic suggestion for that. A considerable feeling for landscape, however, if not much for art, has been developed in those who have come directly under the minister's art tuition, and this is of more real worth to them, perhaps, in the long run; it is so much more easily satisfied at Indian Ridge. Along with the rest, Mr. Woodsum is a skillful cabinet-maker. The pulpit he preaches from is his own handiwork, and he recently presented a church of a different denomination, in the nearest town, with another like it, — a most graceful act. These his varied tastes and accomplishments have enabled him to introduce an element of beauty into his church interior and his service, though how far this is appreciated by his congregation it is difficult to say.

Some years ago, Mr. Woodsum conceived the notion that a certain road out of the village needed a double row of elms. He accordingly visited the farmer whose property was adjacent (a non-church-goer, by the way), and told him that if he would set out plenty of young elms the next fall, he would paint him a handsome sign with the legend "Elm Avenue" in fancy lettering upon it. The bargain was laughingly arranged. The result is an avenue of magnificent trees that will gladden and beautify Indian Ridge long after farmer and parson have passed away. It is a simple, almost trivial incident, but it illustrates so perfectly the attitude and the tact of the man that I have not been able to hold it back.

The life of Indian Ridge is by no means the monotonous, resourceless, utterly empty affair the life of a farming village is popularly supposed to be. The events that stand out are three in number: Memorial Day, the Allbright Fair, and the County Conference.

When it becomes known that, in the appointed order of things, it is the turn of Indian Ridge to have the County Conference, there is great bustle of preparation, especially among the women, who devote themselves assiduously to house-cleaning, dressmaking, and bonnet-trimming, as well as to mammoth cookings. When the time arrives, homes are thrown wide open for the entertainment of the delegates by all the citizens, whether church-goers or not. Hospitality of the most lavish sort is everywhere the order of the day.

The Allbright Fair — Allbright adjoins Indian Ridge on the west — differs in no important respect from country fairs everywhere. There are the same horse-trots, ball-games, bicycle-races, livestock exhibits, and trials of draught horses and oxen; the same side-shows, fakirs, freaks, and uproarious fun that always go with these occasions. For days before and days after nothing else is talked of in Indian Ridge and the other towns within the Allbright radius.

On Memorial Day the ceremonial is the traditional one. But the exercises have so much more significance at Indian Ridge than elsewhere that they seem to belong to an entirely different order. There is a ring to the patriotism, a poignant reality to the grief, and a lilt to the pride that lift them to the plane of high emotions. America cannot easily furnish a more impressive sight than Memorial Day at Indian Ridge. I know of a man — not an old soldier, either, and not

too much of a patriot — who drove forty miles to witness the ceremonial, and felt more than repaid for his pains. As a small boy in a New England town, I always set apart Memorial Day for fishing with my chums. No Indian Ridge lad would dare think, much less commit, such sacrilege.

An ancient and honorable chapter of the order of Freemasons has a nicely fitted hall of its own for its assemblings. The Town Hall is the regular meeting-place of five organizations: three societies growing out of the war (the Grand Army of the Republic, Woman's Relief Corps, and Sons of Veterans), the Good Templars, and the Grange. The Indian Ridge Dramatic Club gives, and for many years has given, frequent winter performances to a small circuit of towns wherein the cast is personally known, as well as at home. The town has a number of good singers, enough for concerts and a choral society. It has its own orchestra, a circumstance which makes dancing a cheap as well as an easily attained amusement; in a small way at the houses, in a large way at the Town Hall, where occasional union balls are held in which three or four other towns participate. Farmers' institutes and lectures of one sort or another occur at intervals through the winter. Thus it is that, between regular and irregular functions, the Town Hall is occupied, on an average, four nights a week the year round; not a bad showing, by any means, for a town of not quite one thousand inhabitants.

Of the manly sports, hunting and fishing are constant and easily available resources, though most of the men are so conscientious about their farm work that they indulge little in them until after crops are harvested in the fall, when a good many go into the woods for a week or more on a stretch. Boys have the use of rifles, horses, and dogs, and are taught to shoot and to manage horses almost as soon as they are taught to do anything. They go on hunting and fishing expeditions with the fathers and older brothers, and by the time they are fifteen or sixteen are expert woodsmen, almost invariably. The ordinary boy-plays, while fairly familiar to them, are decidedly overshadowed by this sharing of the sports of the elders.

The one reliable, never failing resource — evenings, rainy days, and all the time — is the village store. What the café is to the Frenchman the store is to the inhabitant of Indian Ridge. Newspapers and letters of common interest are there read aloud. Checkers, chess, backgammon, and, to a less degree, dominoes are in high favor. Championship series are played which sometimes consume a whole winter, in the course of which there is an infinite amount of probability casting, invidious comparison, and good-natured chaffing. Once in a way a wager is laid which sets the whole town agog.

Talking, however, is the primary pastime of the store-groups. Politics, in their season, they talk, of course, and theology, though to a far less extent than the grocery tradition demands. The planting, cultivation, harvesting, and marketing of crops, the treatment of stock, the processes and prospects of lumbering, are subjects far more in vogue. These come easily first, and next the weather in its relations to them. And it must be admitted that the weather-signs are reduced to an inductive science quite as reliable for the immediate locality as the more dignified predictions of the government weather bureau, while they are as far removed from the platitudes of "society" on the same subject as beefsteak is from broth. Reminiscences are rife: of hunting, fishing, trapping, horse-racing, lumbering, most of all of the war, as is natural where many veterans still live, and where practically every family has its military tradition.

In a word, the talk is as varied as are the interests and accomplishments of the talkers, and those are varied indeed. It

is customary to speak contemptuously, I know, of the intelligence and *morale* of the talk of the country grocery. The store-groups at Indian Ridge deserve no such contempt. There are intelligent men among the talkers, and some most interesting and suggestive things are said by them. The atmosphere is not as desperately provincial as might at first be supposed. If there were no other alleviating circumstance, the fact that all the old soldiers in the town have been south of Mason and Dixon's line at least once in their lives, while several of them have visited the great centres for the reunions of veterans, makes it possible to take for granted a certain if not quite up to date knowledge of the big world outside and the ways of it.

Jabez Lyman, a veteran, who enlisted as a boy of seventeen, and had his constitution undermined by ten months in Andersonville, has passed a large part of his winters since in Washington, or south of it, for his health's sake. His talk abounds in sage estimates and witty observations on Southern life and character, more especially concerning the colored people.

Elbridge Copeland, sixty-three years old, who recently returned from the Far West despoiled of the fifteen thousand dollars he had amassed by a quarter of a century of storekeeping in his native town, though so poor in pocket as to be forced to begin life over again by clerking on the very spot where he was once the master, is rich indeed in lore of mine and prairie, and recklessly prodigal of it.

Job Preston is a capital mimic. He imitates with equal ease the Irishman, Dutchman, Scandinavian, French Canadian, and negro. His impersonations are so perfect that they never grow stale, and he is never at a loss for tales, more or less spicy, calling his faculty into play. "Job Preston can talk the leg off an iron kettle," was Jabez Lyman's verdict, when I inquired for particulars about him, "and he can do that slick enough, I 'll admit; but that 's just about all he can do, and just about all he 's ever done, so far as I know." True genius unpractical here as everywhere!

Solomon Whiting devotes his leisure to collecting curios. He has a sugar-planting brother in the Sandwich Islands, who began sending him Hawaiian specimens more than thirty years ago. This was enough to give Solomon the collecting fever; since that time, his house has been gradually transformed into a museum, and he himself into a close approach to a virtuoso. In Indian and early American antiquities his collection is peculiarly rich.

Duncan McAinsh, a native American, but of Scotch extraction, as his name implies, possesses a wide and accurate knowledge of English and Scottish history, partly inherited from his father, partly acquired by his own hard study. He is reluctant to ventilate his knowledge, unlike most of his neighbors; but when he does really let himself go, it is a unique treat. He was somehow prevailed on once, more than ten years back, to give a lecture in the Town Hall. The event is still much talked about, and always with whispered and staring reverence and amaze.

Samuel Wiggin is the versatile phenomenon of the village. Samuel Wiggin's trade and nominal occupation is watch-repairing, but he supplements the rather slender income the watch-repairing of Indian Ridge provides by tuning and repairing organs and pianos; conducting singing and dancing classes; giving private lessons in vocal and instrumental music, water-color painting, the decoration of china, and four languages. Samuel is immoderately fond of small children, and they of him. They troop after him — much as the children of a more imaginative race trooped after the Pied Piper of Hamelin — for the wonder-stories he loves to tell them. Surely this talent for loving and dreaming should not be reckoned least among the

many he possesses. Small wonder that Sam Wiggin has the reputation of being able to talk well upon any subject whatsoever!

As if the variety were not already sufficient, an old sea-captain and a Boston policeman retired on half pay also live at Indian Ridge. Both are proud of their past and garrulous to a degree about it. Now, he is a lucky man, to my way of thinking, wherever he may be located, who has within his hand's reach a group of people who can deal intimately with a larger range of worthy and picturesque themes.

Every one is more or less aware, I suppose, through books, if not through direct observation, of the occurrence of quaint types in the New England farming town; hardly, I fancy, of the extent to which these types are a diversion to one another and the remainder of the community, or of how large a part this particular kind of diversion plays in relieving their social life from tedium. This is where the proverbial Yankee sense of humor comes in. In this respect, the stores of Indian Ridge would be to most, as they were to me, a positive revelation.

Thus, Amos Cummings, keeper of the harness shop, and Levi Wilson, keeper of the grocery next door, have for years had an agreement that whenever one of them should succeed in corralling Joshua Puttengill and getting him to talk, he should summon the other. And this summons has invariably resulted in the other's shutting up shop and devoting an hour or more to pumping old Puttengill.

Josh Puttengill, you see, is *the* character of Indian Ridge. You would know that to look at him. No commonplace epistle was ever folded in such an envelope. In being tall, lank, and angular he is like the prevailing type around him, but his head has none of the stern characteristics of that type. Josh is a practical farmer, and, for all his fantastic appearance, a man of good common sense, — except when he is yarning; for yarning is Josh's specialty, — besetting sin or supreme accomplishment according to the point of view.

If I have refrained from exhibiting in detail the shortcomings of the life, it is not, for that reason, to be taken for granted that there are none, or even that they are few in number. Indian Ridge has all the defects of all its qualities, and possibly some others besides. It is narrowly partisan in its politics; gossiping and meddling in its temper towards matters of purely private concern; religion, here as elsewhere, in spite of a general wholesomeness, is not entirely free from hypocrisy, morality from inhumanity and self-complacency, integrity from cruel hardness, nor thrift and foresight from parsimoniousness and worry. It is very little alive to the finer issues of country living; most of them are not so much as suspected by it. For all the mutual helpfulness and abounding sense of humor, the life lacks flexibility, mellowness, warmth, emotion, and emotional expression. It is indisputably *triste*.

Nevertheless, Indian Ridge exemplifies the best tendencies of the New England country. These tendencies, owing to its comparative isolation, have been manifested in unique and homely ways in some instances, but the tendencies are none the less sound and healthy on that account. They are present to a considerable if not an equal degree, not in all, not in the majority, perhaps, but in many of the rural communities in every one of the New England States. If all instead of a small part of these communities were even thus liberally endowed, there could be no plaint over the decadence of rural New England, for they have in them the germs of permanent progress; rather, they are themselves the very essence of corporate life.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

REAL UTOPIAS IN THE ARID WEST.

THE unknown settler who built his cabin on the last free homestead in "the rainbelt" was a character of some historical importance. He closed one act in the continental drama of colonization. He was the prophet of another act to be played in the strange setting of a region of complete aridity. Beyond the place where he had paused lay half a continent, requiring new methods and promising new institutions. Differing widely from the old land in soil and climate, in scenery and resources, the new land presented its deep and fundamental contrast in demanding irrigation as the sole condition on which an enduring civilization might flourish. The character of this civilization is revealed in communities already created by the pioneers.

I.

THE GREELEY COLONY.

The Greeley Colony of Colorado sprang belated from the seed of Fourierism sown broadcast in the forties. The failure of Brook Farm and of the numerous Phalanx communities — embalmed in the public memory as half pathetic, half ridiculous — had not effaced from men's minds the high social ideal. Horace Greeley had espoused the French philosophy in the morning of his fame. He had stood stoutly by it in the hour of its humiliation, when actual experience had left it a defeated cause. In the minds of the devoted constituency of his Tribune, the idea of colony-planting as a means of improving the lot of average humanity had taken deep root, so that twenty-five years after Fourier's dream had ceased to flourish as a social experiment, a colony representing its hopes, if not its methods, could gain supporters.

The new venture was initiated by Nathan Cook Meeker, who had succeeded Solon Robinson as agricultural editor of the New York Tribune at the close of the war. In 1844 Mr. Meeker had been an active participant in the Trumbull Phalanx at Warren, Ohio. This had expired of ague, poverty, and dissension, after a fitful career of about three years. "If the place had been healthy," Mr. Meeker said afterwards, "we should have held out longer, and the idle and improvident would have got more out of the industrious and patient; but I have no reason to suppose that we should not have finally exploded, either in some fight, or at least in disgust." From this experience he emerged disappointed and destitute, but with valuable lessons for the future and unshaken faith in the utility of colonization effort. The knowledge thus dearly bought he was destined to apply, many years later, in a useful career as one of the founders of a State.

In the fall of 1869 Mr. Meeker had returned from a trip to the Far West, the object of which was to describe the Mormon industrial system in a series of letters to the Tribune. Encountering a snow blockade at Cheyenne, which compelled him to postpone his visit to Utah, he had gone to Colorado instead. It was at the time when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was pushing across the plains to the budding village of Denver, transforming the wagon-trail into a highway of civilization. Everywhere Mr. Meeker beheld the dawn of a new industrial life in the midst of a wilderness. He was charmed with the climate and scenery, and impressed with the material wealth of the country's undeveloped resources. The old enthusiasm for colony-making filled his imagination. Wearied with a life struggle to remodel old social structures, he longed to avail himself of this opportunity to

build on new foundations. These hopes he communicated to his friend, John Russell Young, who agreed to bring the matter to the attention of Horace Greeley. This he did at a dinner held at Delmonico's in December, 1869. Mr. Greeley was instantly interested, and beckoned Mr. Meeker to join him at the table. "I understand you have a notion to start a colony to go to Colorado," said the editor. "Well," he continued, "I wish you would take hold of it, for I think it will be a great success, and if I could, I would go myself." Thus assured of powerful backing, Mr. Meeker at once proceeded to form his plans.

The prospectus of the new colony was drawn up by Mr. Meeker, but carefully weighed and revised by Mr. Greeley. A quarter of a century had elapsed since these men had been engaged — the one as active participant, the other as the most conspicuous American champion — in the Fourier scheme of association. It is interesting to observe just how much of the old plan survived in the new colony prospectus, when the thought of these leaders had been mellowed and broadened by many more years of life and experience.

In the Fourier communities the people had lived together under one roof, in the hope of effecting large household economies. There had been common ownership of land, and an attempt at equal division of labor. The unit of the community was the whole; the only individual, the public. Fourier had predicted that this plan would "reduce by two thirds the expense of living," and "quadruple the products of civilization." But one of the historians of Brook Farm relates that in that case it developed a community with "a surplus of philosophers and a dearth of men who could hoe potatoes," while Meeker has recorded that at Trumbull the system permitted the idle and improvident to live at the expense of the industrious and patient.

In forming the plan of the new colony the lessons of experience were not forgotten. There was but a single suggestion of the "phalanstery," or common household of Fourier days, and that was advanced in timid terms. "It seems to me," Mr. Meeker wrote, "that a laundry and bakery might be established, and the washing and baking done for all the community; but other household work should be done by the families." It was provided that the unit of society should be the family, living under its own roof; that farms and homes should be owned independently; that individuals should plan their own labor, and rise or fall by their industry and thrift, or lack of them. The new ideal was that of an organized community which should give the people the benefit of association without hampering individual enterprise and ability. It furnished a means of settlement essentially different from that under which the Middle West had been developed.

Land was to be purchased on a large scale with a common fund. This cheapened its cost, and gave the colonists an important measure of control in its subdivision and development. The settlement was to be made almost wholly in a village, the land being divided into blocks of ten acres, and the blocks into eight lots for building purposes. It was proposed to apportion each family "from forty to eighty, even one hundred and sixty acres," adjoining the village. Northampton, in Massachusetts, and several other New England towns and villages, had been settled in this manner. A feature of much interest was the proposal to have the residence and business lots sold for the benefit of the colony's treasury, the capital so obtained to be appropriated for public improvements, such as building a church, a town hall, and a schoolhouse, and establishing a public library. This plan marked an important departure in town-making. Town sites, as a rule, especially where the community promises a rapid growth, are treated as opportunities for private speculation. The boom

comes, and everybody prospers; the boom goes, and a few schemers have managed to acquire nearly all the cash capital. Under the new plan, as the prospectus pointed out, "the increased value of real estate will be for the benefit of all the people." They would receive these benefits, too, in the best form, as in the shape of permanent improvements essential to their social and intellectual well-being, and of capital available for industrial purposes.

Other advantages of settling in a village were presented as follows: "Easy access to schools and public places, meetings, lectures, and the like. In planting, in fruit-growing, and improving homes generally, the skill and experience of a few will be common to all, and much greater progress can be made than where each lives isolated. Refined society and all the advantages of an old country will be secured in a few years; while on the contrary, where settlements are made by old methods people are obliged to wait twenty, forty, or more years."

This prospectus was published in the New York Tribune of December 14, 1869, with a hearty editorial indorsement. Spite of radical departures in the matter of private landholding and individual industry, the vital spirit of Fourierism lived and breathed through the cautious lines of the announcement. There was still the high ideal of social and civic life, of industrial independence, of a scheme of labor which should give to the laborer an equitable share of what he produced. There was still the plan of coöperation in achieving things for the common benefit. There was still the craving for a society composed of sober, temperate, industrious people. The common household had been discarded for the family home and hearthstone, but for the barbarism and isolation of life on great farms there had been substituted the association of homes in the village centre, with the best social and intellectual opportunities. Behind the new plan, as behind the old, stood the patient energy and faith of Meeker and the glorious optimism of Greeley.

The announcement had met with a prompt and enthusiastic response at the hands of several hundred people, who had organized the Union Colony of Colorado at a meeting held at the Cooper Institute in New York, where Horace Greeley had presided. A committee had selected twelve thousand acres of railroad and government land in the valley of the Cache la Poudre, twenty miles northwest of Denver, on the line of railway then building to Cheyenne. The pioneers of the colony were thus able to begin settlement in the spring of 1870, and to bring to the test of actual experience the social and industrial plans set forth in the prospectus. A party of Eastern people, most of whom came from cities, they entered cheerfully upon the task of adjusting a high ideal to the untried conditions of a country which had previously known only the Indian, the hunter, and the cowboy. Their experience for the next twenty years has a larger significance than merely local history, since the community is one of the landmarks in Western life.

Mr. Meeker having refused the use of his own name, the new town was christened "Greeley," and this name was popularly applied to the colony also, in spite of its incorporated title. The first severe test of the coöperative principle, which had been relied upon for the larger enterprises, arose in connection with the building of canals. There had been no misconception as to the need of irrigation, but it was supposed that the works could be quickly constructed and the new methods of agriculture readily learned. The original estimate of cost was twenty thousand dollars. The actual outlay before the works were completed reached four hundred and twelve thousand, or more than twenty times the estimate. For resources to meet this unexpected demand, the colony had only receipts from the

sales of property and the subscriptions and labor of its members. The result was not reached without serious dissensions and some desertions, but the works were built, and the community survived with its coöperative principle intact. It is not to be believed that a private enterprise could have lived through a similar experience with the same slender financial resources, for it was the public spirit and pride which saved the day at this critical juncture. These increased as difficulties multiplied, and rose with the tide of outside criticism and abuse. The process welded the people together, and made them strong enough to meet successfully the obstacles which yet remained.

Having provided water for their lands, the settlers proceeded to create the irrigation industry of Colorado; for nothing worthy of the name existed on the scattered ranches of the sparsely settled Territory. The new-comers brought their intelligence to bear upon the problem of perfecting skillful methods of irrigation and cultivation, and of discovering the classes of crops best adapted to the soil and climate. This work quickly led them to realize another disappointment of serious import. They had dreamed of orchards and vineyards, and of homes set in the midst of beautiful flowers and delicate shrubbery. Experiment soon taught them that they had been deceived about the character of the country. The hopes which had been built upon the fruit industry failed utterly, and the colonists were compelled to fall back upon general farming. This involved somewhat larger farms, and rendered more difficult the realization of their social plans. Very likely it saved them from the evils of the single crop which has marred the prosperity of many agricultural districts. The diversified products of the soil yielded them a comfortable living. Since there was no hope of obtaining cash income from fruit, they sought another surplus crop, and found it in the potato, to which their soil proved to be peculiarly adapted. They made an exhaustive study of this culture, and at last produced in the "Greeley potato" one of the famous crops of the West. Its superiority readily commands the best place in the market, and there have been years when the crop has returned a million dollars to the potato districts of which the colony is the centre. The farmers invented a pool system which frequently enabled them to control the output, and so influence prices in their favor.

Events proved that the colonists were gainers by reason of the trials and disappointments which attended the establishment of their industrial life. Though the cost of their canals had so far outrun their expectations, they obtained their water supply much cheaper than did subsequent communities who patronized private companies. At Greeley the cost of a water-right for eighty acres was three hundred and fifty dollars. This made the user a proportionate owner of the works. Where canals were private, settlers paid twelve hundred dollars for precisely the same amount of water, while the works remained the property of a foreign corporation. The difference in the price of water under the two systems represented a very handsome dividend for those who had persisted in their allegiance to the coöperative principle. In the same way, the colonists profited from their struggle to realize the best agricultural methods. They won a reputation for their products which possessed actual commercial value, and they became the teachers of irrigation; furnishing practical examples to students of the subject, and contributing largely to its literature. These results must be credited to the fact that the community was organized, and that the people acted with a common impulse.

Passing now from the industrial to the civic side of the colony life, we find that the high public spirit in which the community was conceived left its marks not less indelibly. In the original prospectus

Mr. Meeker had plainly stated, "The persons with whom I would be willing to associate must be temperance men and ambitious to establish good society." This was no sounding phrase, for the founder and his fellow-colonists wrote their principles into the title deeds which transferred farm and village property from the company to individuals. These provided that if intoxicating liquor were ever manufactured or sold on the land, title should immediately revert to the colony. The provision was enforced with splendid intolerance. Those who were not in accord with its spirit had not been invited to come, nor were they made comfortable while they stayed. Their unbending attitude on this subject gave the men of Greeley the title of "Puritans," which was a unique distinction in the Far West, in that day of cowboys and border ruffians. The prohibition clause in the deeds was stoutly resisted by a small minority, and went from court to court, until it was finally vindicated by the supreme tribunal at Washington. The Greeley local sentiment has always upheld the principle, and insisted that it was responsible for the admittedly high character of the community. Like several of the colony's plans, it has been extensively imitated.

The government of the community was vested in executive officers, but was actually ruled by public opinion. This found expression in numerous town meetings held in Colony Hall, which was one of the earliest buildings erected. Here all the public affairs were discussed with perfect frankness to the last detail, and no public officer ventured to stray far from the conclusions there pronounced.

Not even the early hardships and disappointments were permitted to mar the social life of the colony. The people made the most of the opportunities offered by the association of homes in the village, and organized a variety of social and intellectual diversions. At an early period an irreverent newspaper writer remarked, "The town of Greeley is a delectable arena, for of the entire population three fourths are members of clubs that are eternally in session. Day may sink into night, flowers may bloom and fade, and the seasons roll round with the year, but Greeley clubs are unchangeable." In one of the letters by which Mr. Meeker kept the readers of the New York Tribune informed of the progress of the community, he spoke of these "overflowing meetings," and said, "In all our experience we have never seen such institutions so well sustained; and if we wanted to show strangers the best that is to be seen of Greeley we would have them visit the Lyceum."

David Boyd, who was both a prominent actor in these scenes and the historian of the colony, writes of the same subject, and throws a suggestive side-light on a notable trait of Western life when he says, "In coming to a country which offered so many new questions for solution and presented so many new aspects of life, the minds even of those past their prime experienced a sort of rejuvenation. Being nearly all strangers to one another, each was ambitious to begin his new record as well as possible, and so put the best foot foremost." Here is the explanation of much of the superior energy which marks the life of new communities, and here lies the hope of social progress through colonization. The individuality all but obliterated in the great city springs anew and develops into blossom and fruitage in the fresh soil of colonial life. Institutions which would be quite impracticable in old and crowded centres get a footing in new countries, where men may exert untrammeled energies, and move freely in that atmosphere of social equality which is certain to characterize new communities and likely to endure while they continue small.

In considering the net results of Greeley Colony, it is important to note first that it has been thoroughly successful. In this respect it presents a striking contrast to the Fourier experiment from

which it may be said to have descended. Each man prospered according to his merit, and what the community undertook to do by means of coöperation it accomplished. It cannot be said that the latter principle was applied extensively. The capital realized from the sale of property was so largely absorbed in the construction of canals as to leave little surplus for other industrial and commercial enterprises. If one half of this capital had been available for stores, banks, and small industries, it is likely that much which was necessarily left to private initiative would have been undertaken by the colony. In that case we should find broader lessons in coöperative effort than we do now. It is also important to note that the community owed its prosperity to its high ideal and uncompromising public spirit. There was here no common religious tie as in the early New England colonies; no shadow of persecution such as that which bound the Mormon pioneers together in an indissoluble brotherhood. The nearest approach to this influence was the prohibition sentiment, and this formed but a small part of the original plan. These colonists were earnest men and women who had gone forth to make homes where they could combine industrial independence with social equality and intellectual opportunity. They were grimly determined to accomplish what they had undertaken. This spirit, and this alone, kept them from going to pieces during the first five years, and laid the foundation for their permanent prosperity.

Both Colorado and the arid West owe much to the example of Greeley. It lent an impulse to the development of their civic character, and made a deep and lasting impression upon their agricultural industry. The influence of the community on its immediate surroundings is yet more plainly visible. Its success resulted in large irrigation developments and numerous settlements in Colorado, Wyoming, and western Nebraska. A community without a pauper or a millionaire, Greeley has yet had a surplus both of men and of capital to contribute to the making of new districts. The colony of to-day is a well-built town of comfortable homes and substantial business blocks, surrounded by well-cultivated farms connected by a comprehensive canal system, which is the property of the landowners. Although it feels the heavy hand of hard times, few communities in the world possess a better assurance of a comfortable living in the future, while none has better educational and social advantages.

Horace Greeley followed the colony's development with the closest interest, writing frequent letters of advice, and even finding time to pay a hurried visit. His last letter to Mr. Meeker, written six days before his death, was as follows:

"Friend Meeker, — I presume you have already drawn on me for the one thousand dollars to buy land. If you have not, please do so at once. I have not much money, and probably never shall have, but I believe in Union Colony and you, and consider this a good investment for my children."

II.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS.

The most valuable lessons in all the romantic history of California may be found in a trivial corner of the great commonwealth. Upon a clear day the eye may readily scan its entire length from the San Timoteo Hills to the shining sea. Between its parallel mountain ranges the width of the district seems but two or three miles, though in reality it is from ten to twenty miles. This is the San Bernardino Valley. It is upon this narrow territory that to a great degree the fame of California climate and productions rests. Here institutions have been created in the last thirty years which are destined to exert a powerful

influence upon the future life of the Pacific coast.

In the stormy and heroic days of the gold epoch, of the Bear Flag, of the American conquest, and of the Vigilance Committees southern California played a small part. Its past is the dreamy memory of old mission days, of peaceful shepherds, of great haciendas, of a land dominated by Spanish folk and speech. The land was a desert of sage-brush and cactus, in which a few scattered mission gardens made charming oases. Along moist river-bottoms there were sometimes fields and gardens, though not of the highest type. On the uplands light crops of wheat and barley were occasionally harvested, if spring rains happened to be fairly generous. But it was, apparently, a country which offered nothing to the stranger save climate and scenery. To this barren place came irrigation and the Anglo-Saxon, bringing a new era in their train.

The evolution of southern California may be studied in the experience of two representative colonies. These are Anaheim and Riverside. Both were undertaken by comparatively poor men, and made important contributions to the permanent prosperity of the district in which they settled. The success which they achieved and the methods by which they accomplished it colored and shaped the larger institutions which grew from these pioneer plantings. Anaheim owes its historical importance to the fact that it was the mother colony, but it gains added interest as an example of the way in which a number of petty capitalists may combine their means in large enterprises. It is useful, too, as showing the outcome of the settlement of city workingmen on agricultural lands. Riverside represents a higher degree of social conditions, and is especially important and interesting as an example of the influence exerted by an entirely new element of population upon a country which had been neither developed nor appreciated by its natives and early settlers.

A brief glance at the beginnings of these two communities is essential to any just comprehension of the condition and tendencies of the southern California of to-day.

Anaheim was projected nearly forty years ago by a party of Germans in San Francisco. They were all mechanics and small tradesmen, and each was possessed of a modest amount of savings. It was proposed that this capital should be united in a common fund and used for the purchase and improvement of a large tract of land. For this purpose a colony association was formed, the members paying one hundred dollars each, and agreeing to make further contributions in monthly installments. A committee was sent out to discover a good location and contract for its purchase. A body of land near the Santa Ana River, twenty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles, was chosen. A part of the colony was then detailed to build an irrigation canal, divide the land into twenty-acre farms with a central village, and plant the whole tract in orchards and vineyards. In the mean time, the main body of the association remained in San Francisco, earning money and sustaining the work in the field. When the colony had thus been completely prepared for occupancy, the settlers came with their families, building their houses in the village and assigning the farms to individuals by drawing lots. In order to make this division equitable, those who obtained the choicest property paid a premium, which was divided among those to whom the poorer places had fallen. Most of the colonists devoted themselves exclusively to agriculture, but enough opened small shops, and worked at their trades as blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, shoemakers, and tailors, to meet the needs of the community. With the division of the land the association settled its accounts, and only the irrigation canal remained public property. Coöperation had served an excellent purpose, however, in enabling the people to obtain

their land at first cost, and to have it improved skillfully and economically in advance of their coming.

Beyond the hope of dwelling beneath their own roofs and working for themselves, the founders of Anaheim had brought no special ideal to the southern valley. They were people of common tastes, well content with simple prosperity and comfort. The community was thoroughly successful. It is also possible to record an almost uniform story of individual ease of life for the settlers. While a few became discouraged and sold out to their neighbors, much the greater number remained and became comfortably well off, while a few rose to wealth. They had come to the colony from the employments of city life, yet readily adapted themselves to the work of tilling the soil of their small farms. But the true importance of Anaheim was seen in the impulse which it gave to a new form of development in southern California. It had been a region of great ranches, where livestock and grain held almost complete sway. Anaheim pointed the way to the subdivision of large estates and the intensive cultivation of the soil with the aid of irrigation. This demonstration was destined to work a revolution in the character of the people and country.

The founding of Riverside followed that of Anaheim by a dozen years. The new colony was the conception of Eastern men, who issued their prospectus from Knoxville, Tennessee. They readily obtained a following, and proceeded without delay to select a location for the enterprise. Curiously enough, they had the faith to select a location which the natives and residents regarded as quite worthless, and the genius to create upon it the most ideal development which had been undertaken up to that time. They saw possibilities in the desert which flanked the bottom-lands of the Santa Ana River, and entered boldly upon the task of making them realities. This involved the construction of more elaborate irrigation facilities than had previously been attempted. Even more important was the faith of the new-comers that oranges could be produced in that climate upon a commercial scale. They staked the fate of their enterprise largely upon this idea. The fame of the Riverside orange, now known to the markets of the world, is the evidence of their success. The founding of the orange industry was, however, not their only achievement in an industrial way. Equally important were the improvements which they wrought out in the irrigation industry, both in the character of canal systems and in the art of applying water to the soil. The methods which had been employed by the Mexican irrigators for centuries were anything but scientific. They not only failed to get the best results of which the soil and climate were capable, but injured the land and dissipated the water supply. The Riverside colonists applied superior intelligence to the study of this subject, just as they had done in the selection of their land and in the development of orange culture. It is no exaggeration to say that this policy has produced, along with scientific horticulture, the best irrigation methods known to the world. It is a fact both interesting and suggestive that these achievements were made by men who had settled in a new environment and boldly defied local traditions and advice.

It is the social side of Riverside, however, which makes the strongest appeal to popular interest. The homes and avenues of this colony, which have been evolved from an inferior sheep pasture in less than a generation, are among the most beautiful in the world. In considering their widely celebrated charms, it should never be forgotten that these are the homes and surroundings of average people, and that they earn their living by tilling the soil. Making due allowance for climatic differences, there are equally beautiful residence districts in the sub-

urbs of great Eastern cities; but these belong to people who enjoy a degree of prosperity much above the average, — to the small minority who are rich, or at least unusually well-to-do. They are not farmers, but business or professional men who have risen above the general level of society. At Riverside, on the other hand, at least ninety per cent of the total population live in homes which front on beautiful boulevards, presenting to the passer an almost unbroken view of well-kept lawns, opulent flower-beds, and delicate shrubbery. Newspaper carriers canter through these streets, delivering the local morning and evening dailies. Though this is a farming population, the homes are so close together that the people enjoy the convenience of free postal delivery. They fill their bath-tubs with water piped through the streets. They light their homes with electricity. In the centre of the colony they have fine stores, churches, hotels, and public halls. Their schools are of the highest standard, and are housed in buildings the beauty and convenience of which bespeak the good public taste. A well-patronized institution is the club-house and its reading-room. There is but a single saloon, and it is considered decidedly disreputable to frequent it.

The first result of the early colonies was to give a tremendous impetus to the settlement and development of southern California. The fruits of this new impulse are seen in the scores of charming communities which stretch eastward to the margin of the Colorado desert, and southward to the border of Mexico. The impressive city of Los Angeles, which grows alike in good times and in bad, is another product of the movement which traces back to the humble beginnings of these pioneer settlements established by a superior class of Eastern immigrants. High land values and costly irrigation works have naturally resulted. But these are only the superficial evidences of economic forces which lie deeper, and which should be noted as the peculiar product of the colonial life of southern California.

The germ of Riverside, and of the civilization which it inaugurated in the San Bernardino Valley, is the small farm made possible by irrigation. This is alone responsible for the character of industrial and social institutions and of the people who sustain them. Where farms are very small — in Riverside they are from five to ten acres in size — they necessarily belong to the many. This means a class of small landed proprietors at the base of society. The condition is one which forbids the existence of a mass of servile labor like that which lives upon the cotton plantations of the South, and, to a greater or less extent, upon large farms everywhere, including the greater part of California itself. On a small farm the proprietary family does most of the work. Hence the main part of the population in such districts as Riverside is independent and self-employing.

The people of southern California are plainly moving along the line which leads to public ownership of public utilities and coöperative management of commercial affairs. But with them the movement is an economic growth rather than a political agitation. It is the logical outcome of their environment and necessities. A great body of producers and proprietors of the soil, they formerly stood between private irrigation systems, supplying the life current of their fields, and private commission houses, furnishing the only outlet for their products. The condition was an intolerable one, since it made them utterly dependent upon agencies beyond their control. These instrumentalities the people are rapidly taking into their own hands, and it is inconceivable that they can ever again pass into private control.

The principal irrigation canal at Riverside was originally projected as a coöperative enterprise, but as it demanded a large expenditure it became private and

speculative before it was well advanced. It returned, however, to the ownership of the community. Even more striking is the lesson now in progress in the wonderful fruit district watered by the Bear Valley system. The building of these works furnished the basis for the most extraordinary irrigation speculation in the history of the West. About three millions of Eastern and foreign capital were invested in the enterprise, which was inflated until it burst. After repeated efforts to reorganize the company, the bondholders themselves have turned to public ownership as the only practicable solution of the problem. The indications are that the people will get the works for very much less than they cost the builders. The legality of the Wright Irrigation District Law having recently been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, it is probable that California has seen almost the last of the attempts to establish the policy of private ownership of this most vital of all public utilities in arid regions. The system of coöperative fruit exchanges is carried forward by the same impulse. Already it handles more than half the enormous product. The producers have their own packing-houses, make cash advances to their members, and send their agents to represent them in distant markets.

It is pleasant to note that beautiful homes and high average prosperity have not spoiled the democratic simplicity of these communities. After the adjournment of the International Irrigation Congress at Los Angeles in 1893, its members enjoyed the hospitalities of many of the charming colonies in the neighborhood. In his remarks at a banquet tendered the party by the people of Santa Ana, Señor de Ybarrola, the representative of Mexico, paid a handsome compliment to the ladies who had waited upon the table. Afterward, one of the distinguished representatives of France remarked his surprise at hearing a public compliment to "the servants."

"What," exclaimed Señor de Ybarrola, "did you think they were servants? Why, those were the leading ladies of Santa Ana."

"Do you mean to tell me," the French delegate demanded in amazement, "that the leading ladies of Santa Ana put on aprons to serve strangers?"

"Certainly," the Mexican replied; "for in this country service is a title to respect."

The incident illustrates at once the hospitality and the equality which are characteristic of the social life of southern California.

III.

A NEW COLONIAL ERA.

It is common to think of colonial times as of the past. In reality, growing nations sustain permanent colonial movements, sometimes seeking new continents as fields for expansion. The day is far distant when the United States need go beyond its own wide borders to make homes for its increasing population. The colonial movement of to-day and of the future will be directed in large measure to the arid region of the Far West. In many respects the new era differs from the past.

The first contrast is in the source whence recruits are drawn. It is not a movement of foreign immigration, but preëminently one of domestic or interior immigration. We still receive accessions of foreign population, but they no longer flow to the agricultural lands of the West. They remain in the cities of the seaboard, making New York, Philadelphia, and Boston cosmopolitan communities. They fill the coal-mining districts of Pennsylvania and Ohio with Hungarian and Bohemian laborers. They replace the native artisans of Eastern manufacturing towns with Canadians, Italians, and Armenians. They swell the population of

the Lake cities, such as Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and Milwaukee. This is one of the strong forces behind the new colonial era, and the one which gives it the distinctive color of a domestic immigration. The native population has suffered by the new process. Its standard of living has been imperiled, its very ability for existence menaced in a way. Hence it is the new-comer who stays, the old settler who goes.

Another contrast: The former domestic immigrant came mostly from the farms; the present one comes mostly from the city. In the old days the farms had a surplus which naturally sought new farms in the West. During the wonderful urban growth of the past few decades the farms have been emptied, and many an old proprietor wonders who is to succeed him at his ancient hearthstone when he is gone. In the new tide of settlement, small merchants, small tradesmen, and small manufacturers are conspicuous. This is the natural result of the growth of great stores and factories and the rising power of great combinations of capital. A considerable class of energetic and once prosperous business men find it necessary to change their pursuits.

Another important element is that of professional men, such as lawyers, physicians, musicians, and teachers. They are generally well educated, and have learned from experience that there is plenty of room at the top, but that the bottom is much nearer. It is no reflection upon the ability of many professional men to say that they have not succeeded in the cities, since their ranks are constantly swollen by a stream of recruits from numerous colleges. There are many thrifty mechanics among new settlers. They have noted the downward tendency of their trades, and are anxious to rear their children under better influences than those which prevail in large cities. An element by no means inconsiderable are invalids, or families containing some member who is in delicate health. Such persons are advised by their physicians to seek the pure, dry air of the arid region. A hopeful chapter might be written on the achievements of those who have gone West to save their lives, and, having found their health, have blessed with their industry and enterprise the country which saved them from the grave.

The dangers which made settlement in the past a work of hardy heroism are entirely eliminated from the situation. Even most of the frontier lawlessness of a later period has vanished, and human life is rather more secure in Arizona than in the streets of New York. The time has come when gentle people can accomplish what formerly required the hardiest frames and the stoutest hearts. Of hard work there is quite enough for those who settle in new countries, and there will always be; but the danger, the hardship, and the uncertainty inseparably associated with colonization in the past are unlikely to fill a single page of the history of the new era.

When we comprehend the sources of the new immigration and the methods by which it does its work, it is not difficult to understand why different institutions may be anticipated as a logical result. People who have enjoyed the advantages of city life would naturally desire to develop high social standards in their new home. They would prefer a system which would give them neighbors, schools, clubs, and entertainments. Having seen the benefit of organizing industrial and commercial affairs in a large way, and having been in a sense victims of such organization, nothing is more certain than that they would seek to apply this principle to advantage in their own affairs. These conclusions are not speculative, since they are abundantly borne out by the plain tendencies of communities already founded by the pilgrim fathers of the new West.

William E. Smythe.

NANSEN'S HEROIC JOURNEY.

The ideas of men concerning the form of the earth go far to determine that sense of relation with nature which is so important a part of our intellectual conception. In the earlier stages of culture, the earth was conceived to be indefinitely extended, — lands beyond lands, and seas beyond seas, until past all that the imagination could compass came the boundless ocean which surrounded the whole. It would seem that this ample concept would have opened the imagination, and incited men to range in ships or fancy over the limitless realm; but it was not so. Even the most imaginative peoples, such as the early Greeks or the folk of India, had very little regard for the unknown. The infinite was a bar to the imagination; if you can go on forever, why go at all? Among the adventurous spirits of antiquity there were few who turned towards exploration, and none who were tempted to seek the unknown seas.

When the facts concerning the true shape and size of the earth became a part of the general intellectual store, there was a sudden development of interest in the undiscovered parts of the earth. The sphere, vast as it seemed, could be comprehended; the conception of an antipodes and of realms grading from the tropics to the pole afforded a fair basis for the imagination. Speculations for adventure and of conquest were swiftly formed by all peoples who had the habit of the sea. What we may call the sense of the sphere entered the minds of men.

After the motives of religious, commercial, and political conquest which characterized the centuries before our own, we find the interest in the earth turning more distinctly to the ways of science. There were no new lands of value to be won by sending a boat's crew ashore to hoist a flag. Curiosity which could no longer hope to be gratified by the discovery of new continents turned to the depths of the sea or the life of distant lands: here the advance of knowledge has been so rapid that the matter long ago outran the public attention. There are few indeed who are stimulated by the discoveries concerning magnetic declinations, or the contents of the ooze of an ocean floor. So this curiosity about the globe, well developed by centuries of exercise, has had of late a scanty field of satisfaction. All the great popular mysteries of the tropics and the temperate zones are solved. The real students of nature know that our knowledge of the most familiar parts of the earth is so limited that it is in effect ignorance. But most people demand a tale of things unseen before, the sight of which has been gained by perilous labor. This popular demand for sensational discovery is now restricted to the ice-girt regions about the poles.

Until very modern times the public paid little attention to the polar regions: their impenetrable areas excited a certain amount of speculation among the northern peoples who dwelt upon their borders, yet they commanded no general attention; but as the unknown disappeared from the lower latitudes, the adventurous spirits, lacking opportunity in the accessible parts of the world, were forced to try their powers on the ice-fields. The first voyages into the frozen seas of the north appear to have been made by the whalers of northern Europe, folk who have faced the dangers of that realm with admirable valor and paid their tribute of life for more than two hundred years. Then came the search for the polarward passage which might give a shorter route to China and the Indies. Last of all, beginning, we may say, with the expedition of Parry in 1821, came the voyages which were in their purpose

partly scientific. Not counting the Russian parties, which had for their object the geographic exploration of the Siberian coast and the neighboring islands, there have been more than threescore of these enterprises, each in its way affording an example of valiant endeavor, — the whole presenting a most majestic spectacle of human devotion and endurance. The narratives of these voyages are the best records of the quality of our race. The explorers, knowing nothing of the region, were forced to a rude and ill-guided assault upon the almost unassailable fortress of the north.

For many decades the most practicable route to the north pole seemed to be up the broad and readily traversable channel of Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay, by which ships could arrive at a higher latitude than elsewhere without encountering perennial ice-packs. Unhappily, this west Greenland way terminates northwardly in a region of narrow ice-blocked straits which at their northern ends open into the frozen sea, the surface of which seems to be too rough for sledge travel. It was in this tangle of frozen channels that Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost.

The next line of approach to be essayed was that leading by Spitzbergen, or the archipelago to the eastward known as Franz-Josef Land; but here too the ice-blockade has always been encountered. Some expeditions have been made along the east coast of Greenland, but the rebuff that the ice has given has been even more vigorous than on the other routes.

There thus remained but one unessayed passage, that by Bering Strait and the open water, which was known by the experience of whalers to extend for a good distance to the north of that passage before it came against the ice-pack.

The choice of this route was first made by the valiant Lieutenant De Long, of the American navy, as that for the Jeannette expedition which he commanded. De Long's views of the situation were sagacious and proved to be well founded. He had learned from the whalers who had been in the Arctic Sea that their ships, when fixed in the ice, always drifted to the northwest. He was most likely wrong in the theory that the cause of this drift was the current of water which passed northwardly through the straits; but his plan of entering the ice and going with it on its polarward voyage was the most rational and far-sighted contribution to the theory of polar exploration that has been made.

We all know the story of the unhappy fate of the ill-fitted Jeannette, De Long's death, and the heroic rescue of the survivors of the expedition by Engineer Melville; but few recognize the fact that if the ship had been well suited for the task she would have won the end the Fram (or Forward, in the English rendering) attained, and thus proved the possibility of journeying to the pole by the simple and relatively safe though tedious process of drifting with the ice across the Arctic Ocean to where the pack breaks up into the floes which stream down the eastern coast of Greenland. On De Long's foundations of theory and experience Nansen built, in his preparations for his expedition in the Fram, the last, and on many accounts the most remarkable of all the voyages towards the pole. The story of this journey is admirably told in his Farthest North, in two stately volumes from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Not only because it is the latest of the polar expeditions, but for the reason that the results go further to clear up the mystery of the polar realm, this voyage of Nansen deserves the attention which it is sure to receive from students as well as from the general public.

In preparing for his latest voyage Nansen had the advantage of a long and well-directed training in arctic exploration; he was particularly fitted for the task by experience won on his excellently man-

aged journey across Greenland in 1888. Although, on that expedition, he was perhaps the youngest man who had ever tried a bold adventure in high latitudes, his discretion was well shown, and his success in traversing the great glacier was no more than a fair reward for his skill. Starting with the theory of De Long, Nansen gathered an array of facts which showed that theory to be well founded. The drift of Siberian timber to the east coast of Greenland; the contents of the mud found on the ice-floes; the discovery of an Alaskan "throwing-stick" on the Greenland shore; the finding by Eskimos, on the drift-ice of the same region, of various articles which were cast aside by the crew of the Jeannette, — all served to support the hypothesis of De Long that there was a permanent set of the ice to the northwestward from near Bering Strait to the northernmost part of the Atlantic, a movement which might be expected to bring a vessel near the pole.

Having determined on his expedition, Nansen found his fellow countrymen, from king to commoner, ready to help him to gather the sum of more than one hundred thousand dollars which the undertaking was to cost. In his ample account of the work of preparation we have a full showing as to the expenses incurred, from the building of the ship to the insurance premiums on the lives of the married men of the crew. The sagacity bestowed on the task is best shown in the plan of the Fram. Few of the ships which have faced the dangers of the polar waters have been built for the purpose. The Fram alone was provided with all that modern ship-building contributes for safety and comfort. The ship was of four hundred tons burden, — stronger than any similar mass of timber and steel that was ever put together. A triple expansion engine made her a fair steamer with the least expenditure of fuel. There were electric lights, for which energy was supplied by the steam-engine, by a windmill, or, in case of need, by a contrivance to be turned by hand, incidentally giving exercise to the men. The energy was stocked in storage batteries, so that the crew might have the cheering and health-giving effects of the light which is nearest to that of the sun, during the arctic night. The story of these and many other arrangements for the welfare of the crew is fascinating; it has something of the charm that belongs to all well-told tales of the Swiss Family Robinson type, where people are obliged to plan for life apart from their fellows.

Not all the novel provisions of the equipment turned out to be well contrived. The naphtha launch was a nuisance, and was in the end broken up to furnish runners for those primitive vehicles, the sledges. The machine which was to afford at once exercise and illumination was never used. Still, as events proved, almost all of the foresightful expedients for the safety of ship and crew were well conceived; so that on July 24, 1893, when the Fram left Vardö, she was far and away the best conditioned craft that ever turned her prow towards the pole.

Nansen's care as to the material part of his vessel was paralleled in his choice of the men who were to accompany him. These, twelve in number, making with their chief the ill-omened thirteen, were all Scandinavians. They were selected from a large number of candidates, and were, as may be seen from their pictures, as sturdy a body of men as could well be brought together; they were in their prime, the eldest forty and the youngest twenty-six. The wisdom of the commander was nowhere better shown than in his determination to have no division of his crew into forecastle and cabin; they dwelt together. This arrangement averted the risk of discontent, which does so much to lower the vitality of men. It enabled the master and his strong lieutenants to impart their courage to all the crew. Experience showed that this

method of life in no way lowered the discipline of the ship's crew; it rather added the strength of the family to the organization.

The plan of the voyage was to skirt the northern shore of Siberia — a way which the expeditions of Nordenskjöld and others had shown to be possible — to some point north of the New Siberia Islands. The season proved unfavorable. There were great delays due to the ice, so that it was late in September, at the beginning of winter, when the Fram found her way to the pack at a point about two hundred and fifty miles southwest of the place where the Jeannette sank, twelve years before. Entering the lanes of open water as far as it was possible, the craft was made fast to the ice, where she was at once frozen in. Thus the grim voyage of three years' duration was begun.

The years of patient endurance of the ice-drift recorded in the journal have a curious charm. The drifting was very slow, and there were frequent backsets, so that at the end of the first annual alternation of darkness and day the ship had gone but one hundred and eighty-nine miles, though it had drifted in all more than three hundred miles. At the end of the first stage of the journey, it seemed probable that the men would have to eat the five years' store of provisions before they would be released from prison in the open sea near Spitzbergen. Nevertheless, the direction of the movements was exactly what had been reckoned upon, and the ship had proved worthy of her mission. Again and again those strange disturbances of the pack which urge one portion of an ice-field against another caused the floe next the ship to break up and crowd against her sides; but in these as in many subsequent and more formidable wrestlings with this danger, the strong craft, with sides which tumbled sharply to the keel, rose above the contending masses so as to suffer no harm.

Though the life in both winter and summer had much of sameness, there were numerous diversions. All possible anniversaries were observed; some with processions, of which the reproduced photographs give an entertaining impression. Except in the very dead of winter there were visits from birds, which apparently were flying to and fro from some land to the northeast, and of polar bears, which scented the crew afar off and hungrily sought their company. These great beasts, though willing enough to fight when brought to bay, do not seem to have been as dangerous as they have been represented, for all hands came unscathed from the scores of encounters with them. Then there were the dogs which were taken for possible need in sledge expeditions; there had been near twoscore of them at the start, but they slew one another until the number was materially lessened. As may be imagined, they were good companions for the lonely household. There were the unending observations to be made, some of the results of which we are to consider. So ran the time away.

The second winter brought a better rate of speed in the drifting, but also wearying backsets, and a direction which made it likely that the Fram would not drift northward beyond 85°, and might not go beyond 82° or 83°, thus missing the polar point by from three hundred to four hundred miles. The hard testing of the ice-pinches showed that the ship was sure to withstand the perils to which she would be exposed. The perfect health and good spirits of the men warranted the belief that they would fare well in charge of Sverdrup, a masterful man and an able navigator. Therefore Nansen set about his preparations for leaving the vessel, with one companion, for a dog-sled journey towards the goal. The eminent probability of such an expedition becoming necessary had been in view from the beginning; not with the aim, as he takes care to explain, of

attaining the precise point where the pole star is in the zenith, but of penetrating as far as possible into the vast unknown realm and ascertaining something of its features.

The second winter passed in preparing sledges and kyaks for use on open water, in making ready the stores which were to be carried, and in training the dogs for their task. On March 14, 1895, after several unsuccessful starts, Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen finally parted from the ship. Some of their companions went with them for a day or two, but thereafter for fifteen months they were quite alone. For a time, while dogs and men were fresh, and the ice was not very much cut up by the pressure-ridges, over which their heavy sledges had to be worked with great labor and much delay, the party made good speed; but as they journeyed northward the surface became rougher and the labor more arduous. The rate of daily gain rapidly slackened. When Nansen started on this forced march he intended to push north for fifty days before turning; but very soon the ridges rose to thirty feet in height, and the ground between them was as bad as sludge could make it. A little exploration in advance of the sledges revealed the fact that the field grew yet more difficult to the northward. Moreover, the food for the dogs was becoming scanty; the gruesome business of killing them in succession to feed the remainder was begun. Nothing in the history of the expedition shows more clearly the quality of judgment which makes Nansen a great explorer than his decision at just the right time, as the event proved, to give over the northward march. Many persons would have adhered to the plan of marching on for a definite period, because they would have felt pledged to it; in this as in other instances, he had the rare capacity to make a well-balanced determination with the moment as the centre. The decisive circumstance was that the computation of his marches so far disagreed with his observations as to lead him to believe that the ice under his feet was moving southward. So on April 8 the course was turned to the south, not for the Fram, then less than two hundred miles away, but towards Franz-Josef Land, the little known shores of which might be reckoned as at least one half further away than the ship.

That Nansen did not endeavor to find his ship, but left her in the ice while he laid his course homeward, has led certain critics to censure his conduct. General Greely, a renowned arctic explorer, asserts that he "thus deviated from the most sacred duty devolving upon the commander of a naval expedition." Nansen, in his preface, refers with a fine disdain and without comment to this and other prognostications of his failure and carpings at his success. He in no wise makes excuses for his action, leaving the reader to compass the situation. This can readily be done by a brief review of the facts, which may well be set forth here, for the reason that the assault upon the reputation of a man whose record entitles him to eminent respect has been made by one of our countrymen.

Nansen's sledge journey was, as before noted, a part of his reckoning. He had provided a second in command, apparently a better trained navigator than himself, to care for the ship. At least four other members of the crew were by quality and training able to take charge of the vessel. To have retreated towards the Fram would have entailed certain grave dangers and limited the work of exploration in an important measure. Owing to the irregular movements of the drift, the place of the vessel at the end of two months, which would have elapsed, could not have been determined within a range of fifty or sixty miles. If by chance the ice had opened, she might have steamed away on her journey. It was useless to think of following the trail of the sledges, for it might have been effaced by a fall of snow.

If Nansen had tried to discover the Fram and had failed to do so, he would then have found himself with his provisions nearly gone and his dogs worn out. The issue showed that in this case he and his companion would probably have perished. Moreover, by pushing southward he made a long journey across a field that had never before been traversed, and that may not be seen again for centuries. There can be no valid suspicion that this independent movement was taken with any idea of abandoning the party. The project, indeed, had been freely talked over with all his companions, and as freely accepted by them as the fit thing to do. The thought that the crew of the Fram would be in any kind of danger was not likely to enter the minds of these stout fellows. It would be quite as reasonable to accuse a forlorn hope of deserting the army which it led, as it would be to charge Nansen with abandoning his ship.

The journey from the most northern point he attained afforded the only real hardships and serious dangers incurred on the whole expedition. At first the way was easy, but with the increasing scarcity of food the dogs had to be killed one by one, so that when the party came, on August 7, to the open water at the northern end of the archipelago known as Franz-Josef Land, there were but two of these faithful comrades left. As there was no possibility of carrying the poor creatures in the kyaks, they also were killed. Nansen and his companion seem to have been much worn by their hard march. To make matters worse, their watches had stopped at the same time during a period of stress, so that there was no means at hand whereby to determine their longitude. Land, in the form of numerous islands, was near by, but they could not determine by the shape of these islands where to place them on the maps. For three weeks they crept west and south, paddling through lanes of water, and dragging their boats over ice-fields which were widening with the increasing cold, until, on August 28, it became evident that they must prepare to winter where they were.

They built a rude stone hut, chinked it with snow and roofed it with walrus hides. Here in cheerful misery the two men wore out the hideous winter, with a smoky blubber lamp for light and fire, blubber and bear meat for food, and an occasional battle with a hungry bear for diversion. Their clothing was worn to rags, which had become so sodden with oil that it could be wrung out of them. In conditions like these no approach to cleanliness is possible. In a tussle with a bear Johansen received a blow on the cheek from the creature's paw. Nansen remarks that the only result was to scrape off some of the grime, so that portions of the white skin were visible. There is little record of this time. The journal was neglected from August 24 until December 6. All the account of these months was set down from memory. In such trials the minds of men are deadened; they live, so far as they live at all, in the moment.

In March, 1896, the bears came again, and with them came also plenty and the strength to prepare for the further journey to Spitzbergen. Setting out on May 19, the two men journeyed easily except for the attacks of the walruses, who resented the invasion of their ancient realm. On June 17 they found the permanent station of Jackson, the arctic explorer, which had been established at Cape Flora. Thence, after waiting awhile for a ship, they had a swift passage to Norway.

Perhaps the most delightful part of this charming story is the account which Nansen gives of his welcome back, — a welcome which came from king and peasant, and which rang adown the shore as he was borne southward towards his home. Most dramatically, as if the Fates for once would give a fill of pleasure, while his only anxiety was concerning the still unheard-from Fram, came the mes-

sage that she had arrived and that all the crew were well. The good ship had gone on uneventfully until she cleared the ice in the expected place; thence she had made her way easily to her haven.

It is too soon to determine the full value of the scientific results which have been attained by Nansen's voyage. His book is professedly a popular narrative. It evidently contains an account of only a part of the investigations which were made. It seems likely that the harvest of facts will prove to be limited, but what was gathered is of very great importance. The gains to science may be briefly stated as follows: No land masses of consequence were discovered, though certain small additions were made to our knowledge of the islands of the Franz-Josef group. But if the over-sea features of the region traversed lack interest, the under-water part thereof affords a great surprise. It had long been assumed on what appeared to be good grounds that the polar sea was shallow, but Nansen's and Sverdrup's soundings show that their ship floated from one end of her course in the ice to the other over a depth of about twelve thousand feet. In a word, it is evident that the Atlantic deep extends far up to the north of Asia, perhaps much beyond the point where the Fram made fast to the ice. This revolution in our knowledge of the shape of the earth's crust will lead to changes in views as to former land connections of North America with Europe.

Another important point which was well determined is that the water at a little depth below the ice is not arctic water; it has a temperature slightly above freezing; it is pretty surely the end of the Gulf Stream movement, and as such it was recognized by Nansen. If this under-water is flowing to the eastward, it seems likely that the westward drift is a surface return of the same stream, to a certain extent mingled with the discharge of the numerous great rivers which enter the Arctic Ocean from the American and Eurasian continents. Whether the great depth of the sea can be considered an indication that the region immediately about the pole is also covered by water is not clear. The grade downward to the sea floor from the islands of New Siberia and Franz-Josef Land may be paralleled by a like grade from land about the pole. As before noted, the flight of birds seen at the beginning of the drifting voyage appears to indicate land to the north and east upon which the creatures may have their breeding-places.

Nansen found abundant evidence of glacial action along the Siberian shore, but his training has evidently not been such as to fit him to observe the facts concerning such phenomena as the geologist needs to know. Near Cape Chelyuskin, on the eastern Taimur Peninsula, he discovered mountains which seemed to have a deep and permanent snow-cap. One cannot help regretting that some of the time spent in hunting on this shore was not devoted to determining which way the ice movement took place when the glaciers lay over it, — a point of the greatest importance to geologists.

In the straits by which he traversed Franz-Josef Land Nansen made a few notes of interest. The summits of the islands are extensively occupied by what appears to be a sheetlike mass of dark-colored volcanic rocks. This fact, taken with what is known of like rocks in Spitzbergen, warrants the belief that in the Jurassic or cretaceous age there were here large flows of lava covering a great extent of land or sea floor. Through the lava and down into the underlying stratified rocks, the rivers, in a time when the sea was at a relatively low level, cut deep valleys; in a way dissecting the land. Since then the sea has risen or the land has sunk down, so that the valleys have been turned into straits and bays, the uplands remaining as islands. The discovery of the deep sea near the pole may throw light on the history of

these ancient river systems, and thus help us to a better understanding of arctic geography.

Although the gain for learning won by Nansen's voyage is large, the chief value of his book consists in the charming exhibition of human nature which it affords. From the dedication, "To her who christened the ship, and had the courage to remain behind," to the story of the welcome home, these volumes are an admirable record of genuine manliness. Those persons who have become poisoned by the vain notion that our race is in its decadence should read this account of how men of our race and time endured the severest trials that nature can impose on them.

N. S. Shaler.

ART IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

One finds everywhere in our country, to-day, manifested in various forms, a longing for the beautiful; a craving for that which is not bread, but which soon or late is found to be essential to certain deep necessities of the human appetite. This is often an unfathomed longing, a dumb demand; but it is very genuine, and makes appeal to all who hope and believe that the time has come for a more liberal and more symmetrical system of education.

It is felt, and felt justly, that it is for the most part in the schools that this teaching must be supplied; the question is, How shall it be done? And before endeavoring to reach a solution two things must be remembered: first, the dangers and limitations of our national birth; and secondly, the long abstinence from study in æsthetics which was entailed in the difficulties of our national growth. Ours was indeed a grave beginning, — the birth of a nation under circumstances at once so picturesque and so pathetic. Art, which demands a time of peace as one of the conditions of its best development, found a frail tenure in communities which had no visible past, and whose future was a matter of anxious conjecture. At such a time moral issues rush to the front, and an austere habit ignores, if it does not forbid, manifestation of feeling in definite form. Yet on the other hand, art is stimulated by great and heroic endeavors; and whatever æsthetic achievements existed in the earliest days were wrought in reverence and sincerity, incorporating traditions of the Old World, if ever so slightly. But after this early and severe moment, elements more dangerous yet hindered æsthetic expression. The quick and haphazard growth of towns and cities, the new use of wood as a building material (wholly unsanctified by study), the invention of machinery, and finally, the absence of standards, — these things created a thin, raw, and superficial order of architecture which set at naught the canons of good taste. Nor were purer and deeper lessons taught than these embodied; for our public school education was early made a matter of intellectual training only, and, with exceptions too small to note, continued so until not far from the present time.

Not only was no instruction in the principles or practice of art given, but even the schoolhouse itself was from the beginning deficient in all the prime elements of educational fitness; nor has its evolution from the cold, barren little shanty of the first days to the large, commodious, well-lighted, and well-aired building of to-day done much towards providing anything beyond material comfort. Yet in spite of all discouragement, East and West, is felt the surge of an

inarticulate, uncultivated love of beauty; and it was this yearning which made it possible for the architecture of the Columbian Exposition to become an object-lesson of the first magnitude in showing the response which all our people made to a noble expression of art. The buildings there rose in accordance with the great principles of harmonious development. Symmetry and proportion were everywhere observed; the white color of all the outer walls spoke of restraint and unity of effect; the ornament was full of meaning.

All this, as was to have been expected, was deeply enjoyed by studious and cultivated visitors; but a yet more rich appreciation came from the gladness with which rough and untutored people beheld it. They wandered among the buildings and along the lakes with a childlike delight; they longed — final tribute of the heart! — to stay there, and to bring others to share their joy. "When I saw the Peristyle," said an overworked woman from a Minnesota farm, "I cried."

Few who recognize this passionate longing for the beautiful will doubt whether the needs of the people shall be supplied, their cries answered; but to repeat the deep question, In what manner, according to what principle, shall beauty be brought to supersede ugliness in outward objects, and how shall the untrained instincts of a people be cultivated? This problem is rendered doubly difficult by the fact that most of what already exists has not the rude simplicity of primitive work to which can be added — largely because of that simplicity — new elements of a nobler sort; but we have to encounter the elaborations and affectations of bad art, together with the crude, untutored methods of artisans whose training has been wholly devoid of artistic knowledge; who have not known the elementary traditions of form and of finish; who often think it original to change beautiful classic ornament into new and fantastic forms; and who, in the exercise of uneducated taste, have thus produced with wood and stone an altogether unlovely result, to which, alas, the eye has become accustomed. Especially in public buildings is this ignorant treatment seen; for here "machine finish" has almost unlimited sway, and vulgar precedent is followed to the exclusion of many simple and excellent models which, as has been said, were the fortunate traditions of early colonial work. If one enters any of the more recent schoolhouses to-day, one finds great care and pains shown in new systems of heating and ventilation; the rooms are lighted and warmed with increasing reference to health, comfort, and general safety; but with these improvements is seldom found any recognition of the prime fact that practical convenience is perfectly served only when it is achieved *beautifully.* It must be remembered that it is in these schoolhouses that the greater part of the children get their first impressions of many things which, consciously or unconsciously, enter into life, — impressions which create ideas, which control behavior. It is here that ideals are formed, here that much of what may be called home influence is felt; and here, accordingly, is it that all surroundings, as truly as all teaching, become part of the essential education. Very lately there has been a warm sentiment called forth in behalf of the improvement of these costly, sanitary, and yet cheerless and neglected schoolhouses, and many things have been done hastily to repair the lapses of a so-called "practical" period. Admirable gifts have been made of photographs and bas-reliefs, and much has been said of cultivating a patriotic spirit in our schools. This shows an excellent intention, but one must go deeper, must make beauty more organic; for the danger to-day is that of laying what may be called a veneer of beauty on this commercial substructure, and then thinking, comfortably and fatuously, that we have put art into the public schools.

Artistic objects introduced in profusion cannot alone put art into the public schools. These objects must be understood, their meaning assimilated, the ideas they embody loved, and their presence made an organic part of the beauty and fitness of the schoolroom, before we can speak of the influences of art as an element in our system of education.

Indeed, we fall easily into crude assumptions in these matters; we speak in the language of commerce, forgetting that art — and the love of art — is not a commodity. It has no price. It cannot be made or invented. Rather, it is born in the recognition, by some reverent soul, by some deep nature, of truths which can be expressed in form and color and sound. This expression can be achieved only by long endeavor, by patient and laborious study, by unremitting industry. When this patience and this labor find a fit embodiment, and when the beholder has in turn felt the power of the truth, then is art possessed and enjoyed. But it will be perceived that there is no money in the transaction.

Since, then, art cannot be obtained by purchase, let us consider briefly in what simple elementary way we may in very truth put the love of art into the public schools; and to do this it is necessary to ask wherein lie the sources of beauty. Do they not lie primarily in the love of nature, of home, of country, and of heaven? Are they not found in tenderness of association and of memory, and in the yet more subtle imaginations of the spirit? It would surely seem so. And it is on these definite lines of fundamental meaning alone that what we have called organic development can proceed. We must begin at the beginning; the schoolhouse itself must indicate, even if it does not wholly fulfill, the things which awaken affection and loyalty in the hearts of those who go in and out of its courts.

If we first ask, How is it now in these matters? we have only to go to the nearest schoolhouse, and we shall see. The yard, if there be one, — especially in the poorer quarters of the city, where most is needed all that may refine and civilize, — will not have in it one green leaf or blade of grass; nor will the doorways invite entrance. Within, the halls and the recitation-rooms will be clean, and dull beyond belief. The few objects hung upon the wall through the interest of affectionate and thoughtful teachers will have no artistic effect, because the background will be some tint chosen perhaps by a journeyman painter, and laid on during the absence of official oversight, in the summer vacation. The color of the walls will have no relation whatever to the color of the floor, nor the color of the floor to that of the furniture. In a word, there will be expressed, in the multitude of instances, no thought of art from doorstep to skylight, no touch of human feeling, no reminder of the things which are "born to perish never."

A thoughtful man, educated in such a schoolhouse in a country town, said once that from a window in the dreary room where he studied he could see a little river which wound along the meadow; and that the sight of it and the thoughts it awakened had affected his whole life. Through the ministrations of art deeply understood, it is possible to put into every schoolhouse of the land such intimations of beauty as this little river held.

To begin with, the entrances of a schoolhouse should be made as inviting as those of a home. If there be a yard, no matter how small, it should have, first of all, evergreen trees in it, or some bit of leafage which, winter and summer, would bring a message from the woods; it should have flowers, in their season; and vines should be planted wherever possible. Within the school every color should be agreeable and harmonious with all the rest. Ceiling, floor, woodwork, walls, are so to be treated as to make a rational and beautiful whole. All violent colors are to be avoided, all very

dark colors; but apart from these, beauty and common sense will direct selections of tones suited to position and use, and always those which from room to room are related to one another. In entrance halls, for example, where no studying is done, a fine pleasing red or cheerful yellow is an excellent choice; in bright sunny rooms, a dull green is at once the most agreeable color to the eye, and perfect as a background for such objects as casts and photographs. In a room where there is no sunlight, a soft yellow will be found of admirable use. The ceilings should be of an ivory-white tint, which will conserve light by reflection, and will be refined and in key with all other colors. But these colors cannot be selected by chance; they must be chosen by some one who knows the laws.

The treatment of wood is a study in itself. For practical use wood can be treated readily in two legitimate ways: either it can be painted with relation to the wall colors, or it can be stained to anticipate the results of time upon wood surfaces. Only too often all the woodwork of schoolrooms is ruined in effect by the vulgar use of highly colored shellacs; or again, the beautiful natural grain of oak and ash is filled with an ugly white wax, — processes which prevent any improvement with time, and which preclude a good color scheme. Whenever it is practicable, a moderately dark floor is much better for the pupils' eyes. Follow the example of nature: let light always fall from above, and not strike the eye by reflection from below.

The enumeration of these simple facts sounds trite indeed. Yet are they today so wholly forgotten or overlooked that they must be repeated with emphasis until they are recognized as fundamental; and their observance will stimulate practical cleanliness and order, which, be it remembered, are far more easily achieved where beauty and artistic arrangement lead the way and dictate corresponding decorum.

Especially is there room for loveliness of form and color in the windows of schoolrooms. Windows, and the free passage of light in large quantities, are a prime necessity; yet so far these large openings have not been considered as a legitimate part of any scheme of decoration. Let the windows, always of clear glass, instead of being filled with ugly oblong panes, have a simple tracery of lead-lines, with perhaps here and there a bright jewel set in the midst: this would give peculiar pleasure to children, and be in itself an object-lesson in design and in color, obtained at very slight cost.

A first source of beauty would thus be found in the generally melodious and homelike aspects of the schoolhouse itself. Next, perhaps, would come the expression of the sentiment of patriotism, of which our schools should be the nursing mothers. This may well be indicated in the entrance hall of the schoolhouse, with the flags of the country and the State stacked on either side, and on the walls busts and portraits of our great men, the date and place of whose birth should always be recorded; which, being seen, might come to be remembered and celebrated. A wreath or a flower laid beside the portrait of Washington would show that "natural piety" of which Wordsworth speaks, and which in our children is not dead, but sleeping. Over the door of entrance might be hung the seal of the city or town; and so the first impression received on entering would be of country, — an impression fitted to inspire that generous emotion, that beauty of feeling, which is indeed one of the sources of artistic development. In the larger schoolhouses, all the halls could in time be filled with patriotic emblems. These would be the places for pictures of national history, for local objects of renown; and by a natural sequence, the recitation and lecture rooms would remain to be decorated by objects of art of a more strictly educational character. Perhaps a word of protest

is here necessary against the practice of endeavoring to match the schoolroom walls with the lessons taught therein; for instance, pictures of American history where American history is taught. This remotely recalls the graphic method of Dotheboys Hall: "Can you spell potato? Then go into the garden and dig one." Rather, in the rooms where our national history is the theme, let there be pictures of the world's great heroes set in the imperishable forms of great art. Let Marathon and Agincourt show the relationship of American struggles to all the great battlefields of the past; for it may be easily proved that to the eager mind of the child such a historic story as the battle of Trenton can be more deeply vitalized, and put into more heroic proportions, by the frieze of the Parthenon than by a picture of Washington crossing the Delaware.

In the recitation-rooms, then, let there be busts, bas-reliefs, and the now beautifully enlarged photographs of the best art of Greece and of the Renaissance. The cast and the photograph give an exact reproduction in line and in light and shade of great works, and the cast especially has in itself a very high decorative value; their cost is slight. In any large recitation-room, an effect of distinction and simplicity could be obtained by a symmetrical arrangement of these charming objects. In a Greek room, for instance, there could be over the teacher's desk a large photograph of the Acropolis; and on either side of this casts of Hermes and the Venus of Milo, supreme examples of the best period: these should be supported by plaster brackets. Opposite might be a fine classical bas-relief, with photographs of full-length statues; and above the blackboards smaller bas-reliefs, set in definite order. In thus decorating a room, the arrangement of the various objects is only second to the objects themselves: there must be symmetry and a harmonious adjustment; a casual or eccentric method of putting pictures on the wall can defeat at a blow the artistic impression of the collection.

Again, in a room devoted to the art of the Renaissance there are the beautiful bas-reliefs of Lucca della Robbia and of Donatello; there are lovely details of flower-work, together with an almost endless series of the Virgin and Child, of angels and cherubs, the heroic St. George of Florence, and the great mounted warriors Colleoni and Gatta-Melata.

In all such rooms, small shelves over the doors could hold little objects which might give interesting details of form and color, like vases, cups, and platters; and the study of these elements of decoration would lead to an ever increasing interest in the museums of art and the great treasures of the past, — an interest that would foster wonder and reverence, which have ever been essential to the growth of the imagination.

A fourth source of beauty in the school would lie in the establishment of tablets of memory and affection as a natural outcome of school life. There is deep need of bringing the personal feeling of the child into active manifestation in connection with its studies. Tablets which commemorate goodness or courage in a teacher or a student would strengthen the feeling of companionship and mutual faith. There might also be cabinets where small things of local and personal association could be collected and become matters of traditional interest; while, in harmony with these appeals to fraternal pride and good-fellowship, will be found a large and lovely element of artistic decoration in the use of beautiful and inspiring legends upon the walls. Immortal words thus made familiar to the child, what consecration of life might they not initiate!

Thus far the sources of the art impulse, as recounted, have been traced in those surroundings and conditions which affect children unconsciously, and which by association would instill ideas and habits. Let us now suppose a schoolhouse in

which all these possibilities have been fulfilled, and ask, Is this all that can be done to stimulate the love of art in our schools? No, there is something deeper and richer still to be desired. It is the establishment, under enduring conditions, of the great department of instruction known as Manual Training.

Until recently, the school system of Massachusetts and of other States has included as technical training only the teaching of drawing; and this has been taught under a name wholly false, for it has been called "instruction in art." It is not necessary to explain at length, for he who runs may understand, that the teaching of drawing and of art are as different in method and in result as are the teaching of grammar and of writing poetry. Drawing can be taught to any child; but art, as such, can be taught only to those few who have in themselves an inner gift, an original knowledge. Instruction in art, therefore, is never part of popular education: it is, and must be, special. On the other hand, all forms of manual training have a unique value in popular education. Drawing, modeling, sewing, work at the bench, work at the lathe, — what do all these accomplish for the pupil? They foster the training of the eye, the habit of observation, the faculty of imitation, and the skilled training of the hand. And more: they develop the emotions and the imagination, they stimulate invention, and they enlarge the possibilities of wholesome and creative industry. Perhaps the first and the supreme good that manual teaching brings to its students is that it makes them love their work; in a word, it does what intellectual training alone cannot do; it is indeed the other half of instruction, and of large ethical importance.

It is but natural that during the long period of rapid material growth some of these necessities should have been overlooked, but even among those whose first concern is not with matters of education there is to-day an awakening of interest in such matters. We have passed from one stage of our material life to another wholly different, where our skilled labor must be the product of our own needs, worked out on a traditional basis, but with native material, competing with skilled labor from Europe, and enabled to compete with it successfully only because of enlarged perceptions and deepened knowledge of our own problems and our own destiny.

The president of the Institute for Artist Artisans in New York recently called attention to "the dangers and financial loss due not only to the lack of competitive skill and taste in this country, but to the need in all our schools of more vital methods of development." "Not only," he adds, "would this expansion of the field of skill open immeasurable opportunities to our naturally tasteful women workers, but it would also soften much of the asperity and bleakness of labor and life. Among us, the best salaries and the most responsible positions are often transferred to imported foreigners, who, if not alien in feeling, are inevitably unfamiliar with American sentiment; and as a natural consequence, their work, however good and representative of themselves, can never deeply express the American spirit."

Moved by considerations such as these, those who long to see the public schools perfected must use every endeavor to add first the kindergarten system — with wise adaptations — to the primary department, and the varied branches of manual training, as have been indicated, to the upper class work. Happily, the old limited systems, such as military drill, and the endless dull construction of things intended for no use, of forms drawn for no purpose, — in short, the purely mechanical and imitative manual processes, — are fast disappearing before the stimulating and progressive methods which a keener insight and a sounder knowledge have invented. Sloyd, as de-

fined by an acute student of technical training, "is tool work so arranged and employed as to stimulate and promote vigorous, intelligent self-activity for a purpose which the worker recognizes as good." What a happy contrast to the old vacuous régime, when work was done without exciting interest or pleasure or generous emotion! If we inquire as to the source of inability and of indifference and discontent among the working classes to-day, we shall find that much, very much of it comes from a lack of interest in their work. They have not been taught to treat what they make as a genuine piece of artistic craft. No one has shown them how, by the knowledge of good tradition, combined with skill, patience, and ingenuity, they can make a beautiful product, — beautiful because made by loving hands in perfect adaptation to its use. Such teaching as this has always contributed to the joy of nations.

It will be seen, then, that in seeking to indicate by what means art may become incorporated in our public schools we are led to ask for a vital expansion of the system of teaching, and for applied decoration of the most highly considered character. For the moment, it may be well to accept with gratitude the gifts of those intelligent friends of education who come with full hands to ornament the schoolhouse walls, and to bring æsthetic reminders of beauty in many forms to illuminate and dignify the classrooms. These gifts help to the fulfillment which is to be desired; but they fall short of that fulfillment in that they do not become an integral part of the established order. A complete readjustment must lie within the official plan.

To this end, let public opinion be invoked to bestow upon the Boards of Education power to enlarge their systems of instruction by introducing manual training; to spend public money for the fit and beautiful adornment of schoolhouses; and to urge that only expert hands be employed to direct these liberal extensions of our invaluable schools.

When these great ends are attained, we may reasonably believe that the love and service of art will have free play in the lives of the children who receive public instruction, as head and hand will be educated together; and a trained hand added to a trained head is the most complete equipment for life a human being can possess. In training the hand an incipient artist will find power, and all will find enlarged opportunity and delight. Manual work, in teaching many of the principles of art, will stimulate activities which, under wise direction, take shape in æsthetic and moral perceptions. Indeed, it is still far too little understood how head and heart alike respond to the cultivated use of that complex, mysterious, and most wonderful tool, the human hand. Through even its rudimentary use the child finds himself capable of achieving a visible product. He becomes a little creator; he represents, in new material, objects which lie about him, and rejoices in these infantile productions. "I have seen," says Emerson, "a lump of spermaceti carried about by a family through three household movings and a fire, because it was carved in the form of a rabbit."

Here once more we gather hints and intimations of the human hunger for beauty which has been our theme. For the feeding of that hunger our Boards of Education have vast opportunity; and until this opportunity is fulfilled in making everything as beautiful and fit as is possible in the buildings where learning is taught, and in providing for the free expression of the love of beauty in the harmonious development of the scholars, — till all this is done, there must be some among us who still complain that the children are not fed.

Sarah W. Whitman.

THE RAMPARTS OF PORT ROYAL.

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN SETH WALDO, OF THE CONNECTICUT BATTALION, SERVING UNDER SIR WILLIAM PHIPS IN ACADIE.

"BOSTON HARBOR itself is scarce more sightly, nor half so spacious!" exclaimed Major Ephraim Whitman, as he leaned upon the bulwarks of the Boston ketch God's Mercy, and gazed with great content across the wide waters of the Basin to the low green ramparts of Port Royal.

In very truth, there was nothing in the Bay of Boston to compare with it. Nor even in the havens of my own Connecticut could one match that great and sheltered expanse of safe anchorage, lying in wondrous peace between rich shores and high umbrageous hills. But Major Ephraim was a Boston man, and I thought it not well to contend with him in the matter. He had paid this place of Port Royal, this lovely lair of our most pestilent annoyers, the highest compliment that lay within his compass. I answered, therefore, in such a manner as to stir no contention.

"'T is indeed a fair water and a fair shore," said I. "And fair would seem our chance of soon possessing that same fairness." But in my heart was the thought of something fairer far, the possession of which I held of more account by an infinite deal than all the lands commanded by the ramparts of Port Royal.

As Major Ephraim, wrapped in glad contemplation of some imagined similitude to the Bay of Boston, spoke no further at the moment, I was free to think of my good fortune in being once more within a neighborhood that held Diane de Menneval. One year agone, I being then a poor captive in Montreal, Diane had looked upon me with a pity whose nigh kinship to love she had at last sweetly confessed to me. My exchange being accomplished (I was held at the price of a little pock-marked French colonel whom I might have stowed away in one of my jack-boots), I had gone back to New England with an ill-disguised reluctance; but at parting with Diane I had sworn that I would come to her in the following spring. Since that parting and that oath she had removed to Acadie, that her gracious presence might cheer the loneliness of her uncle, the Sieur de Menneval, governor of Port Royal. Now, thanks to a favoring wind and honest piloting, here was I at my lady's very threshold, so to speak, making good my oath. But would she pardon the manner of my coming? Would she welcome the gallant a-wooing sword in hand? I shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, as I bethought me of a certain imperiousness in her stately carriage, of a certain aptitude for scorn in the green dusks of her deep eyes. As I gazed desirously across the smooth yellow tide to the clustering cottages of the village and the green ramparts guarding them, something of my solicitude must have shown itself in my face, for Major Ephraim spoke suddenly.

"Seth," said he, with a sly chuckle, "I 've heard say there is a maid in Port Royal whose name dwelleth more in thy heart than on thy lips; and in sooth I begin to believe it. Such a moonsick face as thine have I never seen on a man except he were in love!"

"She is there, behind those very earthen walls, Ephraim," returned I soberly; "and so fair a maid as never came out of Boston."

The major laughed dryly. He had taken two wives out of Boston.

"I feel for thee, Seth; verily I feel for thee," said he. "If she be a maid of any spirit, she will scarce thank her

gallant for the shots that will presently be bringing down the walls about her ears. Thou hadst done better, to my thinking, to have held back from this venture of our Sir William's, and suffered thy wooing to abide a more convenient season." And the major searched my countenance with his merry shrewd eyes, right full of wisdom of the worldly as well as of the godly sort.

"You touch me on the raw," I answered, confessing to my trouble of heart. "But I had sworn to come at this time; and there was no other way that consisted with honor. It seemed to me, moreover, that I might be so fortunate as to do her some service during the contention or thereafter. Had I not thought more of this than of her good will, I had surely stayed behind."

"Well, well," said Major Ephraim in a voice of encouragement, "'t is an ancient and well-accredited custom to woo a maid with the sword's point; and there may yet be women to commend it, though it fits not well with these mincing days. And who is the damsel, Seth?"

"Mademoiselle de Menneval," said I.

Major Ephraim whistled, and was silent.

"The governor's niece," I continued.

"I know, I know!" exclaimed the major. "This enterprise of ours will, without doubt, commend you to her mightily, my boy. She cannot but love you, if only for the kindness we will do her uncle!" And without another word he turned again to lean upon the bulwarks. The yellow bubbles on the tide, as they raced smoothly past the black side of the ketch, appeared to engross his meditation; and I walked aft with a very downcast spirit. Never till now had my eyes been fully opened to the loftiness of the obstacles before me. I had thought of them as barriers to be surmounted with some boldness and some firmness, such as I held myself not altogether lacking in; but when I minded me of Diane's pride of race, I confess that I felt daunted. For was I not helping to put a manner of discredit upon her house?

It was by this a little past noon hour. As I stood beside the wheel I must have worn a black countenance, for every one avoided me. The ketch God's Mercy (which ever seemed to me a strange name for a battailous craft) swung easily at her anchor. A little overby lay Sir William's own ship, and in my bitter mood I went nigh to cursing his pennon as it flaunted jauntily from the mizzen peak. Our stout commander had one frigate and six smaller vessels, sloops and ketches, for this Acadian venture of his; and they swung now in ominous array before the menaced ramparts. On his decks he had seven hundred good men of New England, of an excellent fervor to fight, to trade, to pray, or to harry the Quakers. Of Port Royal, the word had gone abroad that she was ill garrisoned and her walls in a condition of grievous disrepair. I could not doubt that we should soon be masters of the place. But for me what comfort in this? In that hour I saw all black, so completely had Major Ephraim's view of the matter dashed me.

Whilst I was thus buried in my gloom a message came aboard from the commander's ship, and I found myself summoned to his presence. Sir William Phips had already honored me with his confidence in more than one affair of import, and he knew that the French tongue was to me almost as that of my own people. The upshot was that a half-hour later my boat thrust out from the frigate, and as fast as four good oars could speed me I made for the long gray pier beneath the ramparts of Port Royal.

I, of all men upon that expedition, was bearing to the Sieur de Menneval a peremptory summons to surrender!

What would come of it all I durst not think. I had my orders, and could but obey them to the best of my power. I put on a face of iron as the boat pulled in under the dripping shadow of the pier.

I mounted the weedy stairs. My white flag of parley had been marked, of course, from the moment that I put out from the ship, and a guard awaited me at the stair-head. Right well did I know those white Bourbon uniforms, grown familiar during my long captivity.

With all courtesy I was conducted up through a curious crowd of Acadian villagers, — short, swarthy, gesticulating men, and bright-eyed women whose faces looked out demurely from their hoods of unbleached linen. The great gate of the fort swung open to me. I had time to note how ruinous were the ramparts. I had time to mark the heavy guns which lay waiting to be mounted on their carriages. I saw right well that we had come in time, catching our adversary while he was yet unready. Then I passed through a low doorway and a dark passage. A thick red curtain lifted, and I stood before the governor.

The Sieur de Menneval, standing beside a table covered with red cloth, faced me in an attitude of extreme haughtiness, which was somewhat belied, however, by the fine courtesy of his greeting. He was tall, — almost of my own inches — but spare exceedingly. His uniform of fine white cloth was brave with gold lace, and his breast glittered with many a jeweled decoration. He was not only a brave soldier and of most honorable lineage, as I well knew, but he was Diane's uncle; and I think that the deep respect of my obeisance left him nothing to complain of. His dark and hawklike features softened to a marvelous graciousness, insomuch that I almost forgot Major Ephraim's discouragement.

When I had delivered my harsh message, Monsieur de Menneval seemed no whit perturbed thereby, but smiled upon me with a certain indulgence which much bewildered me.

"Captain Waldo," said he, — and smiled the more as he noted my astonishment at being called by name, — "Captain Waldo will hardly, I think, persuade himself that a stronghold like Port Royal is to be got for the asking?"

"Your Excellency," I replied gently, "it is not for me to have any opinion upon this matter. I am but a plain soldier obeying my orders. I would to God this duty had been required of any other rather than of me. But I had no choice. I am ordered to demand of your Excellency nothing less than instant and unconditional surrender."

I spoke with a sufficient firmness, but in my distress of spirit I lowered my eyes before his searching scrutiny. His long, fine hand, which was resting lightly on the red cloth, pressed hard upon the table at my words, and I saw the finger-nails whiten. But his voice betrayed no anger as he made reply, "And if I refuse, what then?"

"The ships will open fire at once, your Excellency," I answered in a low voice. I could not dream that he would let it come to that, and the place so ill prepared to make resistance.

"The demand is a most preposterous one," said he coldly. "What can I do but refuse, Captain Waldo?"

"Oh, sir," I broke out, with a great earnestness, looking suddenly into his eyes, and catching there a meaning which I could not fathom, "I entreat you, do not refuse! I have seen your helplessness. Where is your garrison? Where are your guns? In what a state are your defenses! You cannot hold out for one hour against our heavy metal. But in that hour what mischief may not befall! For your own sake, for the sake of — for the sake of those whose destinies you control, do not push the lost game to an extremity!"

"You plead with eloquence in an enemy's cause, Captain Waldo," said he, with a smile. "But I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I believe you do me the honor of wishing well to my house, and I trust much to your good will. I will ask you to allow me two hours for consideration before giving you

my answer. And in the mean time, Mademoiselle de Menneval" —

But in a desperation I interrupted him. I knew what he had it on his tongue to say. He was for giving me those two hours with Diane. The blood surged into my head at the thought of it, and a sickness came about my heart because I must refuse. But I durst not let him speak the words.

"No! no!" I cried, putting out my hands. "Do not make it harder for me, sir, than I can bear. I perceive that you suspect the nature of my sentiments towards Mademoiselle de Menneval, for whose sake I count life nothing save as it may be spent in her service and to her honor. But no one can know better than you the duty of a soldier. Whether you answer or refuse to answer my general's summons, I must return to him at once. There is no room to question as to my duty on this errand!"

De Menneval was silent for some moments, pondering. Whether he was angered or not by my reply I could not guess. His features wore a mask of courteous gravity.

"I must reluctantly acknowledge that you are in the right in this," he replied, "and that I cannot take amiss your refusal. But this at least I can ask, this at least I can put upon your friendship (which, you see, I make so bold as to claim for myself): that when you return to Sir William Phips with my rejection of his demands, you refrain from uncovering to him the helplessness of our condition, — for we *are* helpless, as you say. You see I trust you. Let me tell you this further: immediately on your arrival at the pier I sent agents of my own to your commander, offering to give up the fort on terms not inconsistent with my own honor and the importance of this post. All that this will mean to me and mine I need not remind you. If, now, you should desire to do me a great service, the occasion will without doubt expose itself to you very clearly."

Whilst he spoke I was in an anguish. That I should hold my tongue a little, — it seemed not much to ask of me; yet how much it might mean to him and to Diane! I was shaken, moreover, by the man's kindness, by his unexpected favoring of my hopes. Let me confess it, too, I was flattered by all his speech and bearing. This was no common man who sought my aid, but one whose power and quality would command reverence in any company. To say him yea, to do him this great and lasting service, to so prove my fidelity to Diane's interests, to win admittance, free and favored, to her adored companionship, — why not? Why not? implored the eager heart within me. But with a rush of heat and shame that set my face a-prickling to the ears, I remembered that 't was a sheer treason that he asked of me; and at that my manhood came back in some measure. I affected not to see his drift.

"Alas, sir," said I in a pained voice, and looking upon the floor, "I have no interest with the commander at all, that he should put my private petition before the public advantage."

"You mistake me, Captain Waldo!" he exclaimed, with a faint sharpness of irritation in his tones. "I will rest much indebted to you, believe me, if your commander is allowed to think (as he doubtless thinks by now) that Port Royal is in a position for defense! That is the whole matter!"

At that I raised my eyes, and met his with a sorrowful firmness.

"Your Excellency," said I, "there is no one who knows better than you how a man shall keep his honor stainless. This that you ask of me, — if I were to say yea to it, would you hold my honor stainless? Could I — But you know well what it is you ask! I will give up all but honor to serve Mademoiselle de Menneval. If I would give up *that* for her, then were I utterly unworthy to serve her at all!"

De Menneval turned, with a stern ges-

ture of dismissal. "Be assured," said he, "that the man who stands in my path this day, and uncovers my weakness to my enemy, will be forever after accounted the enemy of my house."

"At least, sir," I answered, "he will not be accounted a traitor. I beg you to tell Mademoiselle de Menneval that!" And somewhat blindly I made for the door.

Now it chanced that there were many red curtains, all of a like fashion, covering the wall of that room. But one curtain was lifted aside, revealing a door. Down the dim passage I blundered, in a fever of pain and wrath and fierce hopelessness. I came, as was natural, to another door. I flung it open and strode through, to find myself, not in the sunlit square of the fort, but in a dim chamber, richly hung and furnished. I had but time to note that it had the air of a lady's withdrawing-room, when the door shut behind me with a click.

I sprang and wrenched at it furiously, but the lock had caught. Was it treachery or an accident? I looked at the window. It was small, high up in the wall, and heavily barred. I caught the glint and shimmering of spring's young leafage against it, and wondered what could be its outlook, for I had seen no tree in the fort yard. Perceiving that there was no escape for me by the window, I turned in a sort of desperation to seek some weapon wherewith to batter at the door. I turned — and found myself face to face with Diane de Menneval. I was dumb with amazement, with doubt, with impotent wrath at my position, with a consuming hunger of love at the sight of her.

Questioning and a sorrowful reproach were in her pale proud face; and for the moment I could answer neither. I stood and gazed upon her, and my utter worship must have burned clearly in my eyes, for her lips softened to a faint smile.

"Do you come as a friend or as an enemy?" she asked.

How could I answer her? I threw myself down at her feet, and pressed my face into the silken folds of her gown.

"Diane," I cried in a broken voice, "I love you! You are more to me than life, than" —

"Set', my dear friend," quoth she softly, speaking in English which I had taught her, and tripping adorably on the last letter of my name, of which her tongue could never win the mastery, "will you not shelter us now against your harsh and grasping general? He knows not the courtesies due to a De Menneval. And his heart is as rough as his own granite hills."

It seemed more than my heart could endure, to say no to this; but gathering all my resolution I forced myself to continue, as if she had not interrupted me. My voice was so shaken that I scarce formed the words articulately.

— "more than my life," I went on, "more than my own soul, beyond measure, more than all else but honor!"

"I heard your conversation with my uncle," said she slowly. "Never will he forgive you or forget to curse you, if you lift a hand to balk him in this matter. And I, Set', I am a soldier's daughter. I have learned the lesson of obedience. I will obey my uncle."

I arose and stood before her, and looked into her grave eyes. There was all my world, and I was throwing it away for this phantom, this bubble that a breath might shatter, this thing called "honor"! My heart was like lead, but I spoke steadily.

"Then," said I, "this is my farewell to hope, to all that might have made this life a paradise. My love for you, Diane, is of such a quality that never will I dishonor you with the love of a traitor. The lips, dear, which have touched yours will not betray a trust. You may hate me forever, but you shall not blush to have once loved me. Give me the key" (for I now perceived for the first time that she was holding a key in her hand), "give

me the key, I implore you, and let me go quickly!"

At this, as once before in her uncle's glance, I caught in her eyes a look which I could not understand. But it was gone on the instant.

"No, Set'," she replied very gently, "I will not give you the key."

As I realized what this meant, I could not refrain from a cry at the new torment thrust upon me.

"No! no! you do not mean it, Diane!" I pleaded. "Give me the key, I adjure you! Be merciful!" And in the passion of my entreaty I pressed closer to her side.

"I will not!" she answered, with something of arrogant firmness in her voice; and, lightly avoiding me, she drew aside nearer to the window.

"Then," said I, "I have no choice, Diane. I am only a soldier on duty. I must *take* the key."

At that she turned upon me, her great eyes all ablaze with indignation.

"What!" she exclaimed, "you would dare"— Then something in my look seemed to convince her that I meant what I said, and her face changed on the instant. She looked this way and that, and made as if to thrust the key into her bosom, — in which sanctuary it must have been safe indeed, — and I darted forward to prevent her. But ere I could grasp her arm she had changed her purpose, and with a swift, vehement gesture she hurled the key through the high window.

"There!" she cried, facing me with a defiance that hung on the verge of tears. "*You shall not* bring down upon your head my uncle's curse! And — and" — she added softly, with the little catching of her breath which I knew and loved so well — "neither need you do any dishonor to my love, Set'." She came a step nearer to me, and held out both white hands.

The blood surged back upon my heart so suddenly that for an instant I was dizzied, and as I took her hands I steadied myself by them. It was ever so little, but she understood by it more than a whole book of words could have made plain. She laughed, with a kind and tender merriment, and made as if to hold me up, — me, who overtopped her queenly head by a good seven inches. I thought no more of the price which my general might have to pay for possession of the ramparts of Port Royal. I cared no whit whether I had been tricked or not, but rather, if I had, thanked God for it. I felt myself absolved from all the burden of the affair. I was Diane's prisoner, and no act of mine could set me free! I think I may even say, without vanity, that in praising my lady's wit and resource, which had so delivered me unstained from an intolerable situation, my passion and my gratitude enabled me to achieve some small measure of eloquence. The time in that dim chamber sped by with no great count of it taken, till on a sudden (an hour, perhaps, or two, having elapsed) there came a shrill whistle under the window.

Diane sprang up, and thrust her hand into a niche above the fireplace. Turning to me with eyes of dancing mischief, she held out a key.

"There are two keys to yon door!" she laughed. "This one was within your reach all the time. You are free now, Set'. Port Royal has surrendered upon very honorable terms!"

But I refused to rise.

"I am no longer in haste, then, dear heart," said I. "But you, as a punishment for having dealt so high-handedly with the sacred person of a herald, are now under the necessity of bearing witness for me before Sir William!"

"I will tell him," quoth she, with a sweet petulance, "that you value honor before my love! And if he be a true lover, or ever have been, I swear he will not believe the monstrous tale!"

Charles G. D. Roberts.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN GREECE.

III. MY TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

I.

On the night of the 10th of April, 1896, the Birmania, of the Florio-Rubattino line, dropped anchor in the harbor of the Piræus. On the afternoon of June 8, the Euterpe, of the Austrian Lloyd, weighed anchor in the same port. I had been on Greek soil and in Greek waters some sixty days, — scant measure for my more than threescore years, but every day of the sixty meant something. Not that I enjoyed every day; "enjoyment" is not the word for so tense a life, a life that made sleep seem an impertinence; but the tension revealed unsuspected capacities of enjoyment, unknown possibilities of vibration, and there was one old scholar in Greece who would not have exchanged with some younger men. At the same time, it must be confessed that "an old scholar in Greece" has not so jocund a sound as "a young god in France," the formula in which the German students of my time used to sum up the conditions of an earthly paradise.

Greece demands of her lovers physical vigor. Penelope, at least according to Ovid, instituted the trial of the bow in order to put the manly strength of her suitors to the test, —

"Qui latus argueret corneus arcus erat;"

and Hellas, being a heathen goddess, takes pleasure in the legs of a man. Even Odysseus, who was remarkably well preserved, and had Athena to train him, declined to engage in a foot-race with the Phæacians; and while he excused himself on the ground of his seafaring life, and not on the ground of his maturer years, the young fellows saw through the pretext, and classed him among the elderly gentlemen, — the sad rubric to which I was assigned on the Dörpfeld excursion. "If I were only as young as I was," I cried in Homeric fashion, — "if I were only as young as I was in 1860, when I tramped over Switzerland!" But Varus could not give Augustus back his legions, and Time would not give me back my legs. Thirty-six years and the shipwreck of the Civil War lay between now and then, and there was no use in repining. Even a poor devil upon two sticks would find enough in Greece to enjoy, and one stout American hickory sufficed me. Still, scrambling over ruins is not easy work, and a steady pull uphill is less fatiguing, just as a hard author is preferable to a corrupt text. Difficulties are not to be measured by feet or metres. I remember the climb to the summit of Mount Cynthus, which lifts its awful form to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, as a very creditable performance, and my ankle felt for many a day the rough descent from the Lárisa to the theatre of Argos.

For a considerable portion of those sixty days I traveled with a large company, and my pilgrimage under Professor Dörpfeld's guidance made me acquainted with a number of human varieties which would have interested Socrates far more than the plain of Argos or the current of the Alpheus. But it is not of these companions in flesh and blood that I am thinking now, nor of Baedeker, nor of Murray, nor of the Guide-Joanne. My most constant companions in Greece were the voices of the dead Greeks. They did not squeak and gibber, as ghosts are supposed to do; and if I could not always recall the exact notes of the pieces that were shut up in the duodecimo and octavo musical boxes

of my library at home, still there was a certain pleasure in trying to hum the melody, and every strain that came back, came back with new wings. The deep bass of Æschylus pealed from the summit of the "Arachnæan steep," last station of the fire-signals that were sped from Troy. The banks and braes of the Cephisus echoed the notes of Sophocles. Not so clearly at Colonus. There are no green dells at Colonus itself. The voice of the nightingale is not heard for the rattling of the tram-car. Unsmitten of the sun the place may be, and unvisited by blasts of wintry storm, but the pursuivants of Dionysos keep wine-shops and cafés in Colonus, and do not dance in the train of the god. You must push on to Kolokythou, where the tramway stops, or, still better, follow the stream up to Kephisiá, and the voice of Sophocles will be more clearly discerned.

But while the spirit of Sophocles seemed to be localized, there was no woodland glade that did not recall the charm of Euripidean song. Euripides was not in earnest with his poetry, we are told. He was nothing but a rationalist, and his song was a mocking-bird song. But mocking-bird song or not, it issued from the heart of nature, to which the poet was as near as he was to the heart of man. I never passed a group of women washing clothes at fountain or in stream — and there is no more familiar sight in Greece — without thinking of Euripides, who saw the poetry of common things, and did not hesitate to introduce into the Hippolytus the figure of the washerwoman gossip from whom the leader of the chorus learned how lovelorn Phædra was pining away. Haply the poetic side of the laundress had been lost in the eyes of the superfine Attics of his day, and he felt himself called on to restore it. Yet how could it have been lost? Nausicaa, the divine washerwoman of the Odyssey, was my earliest Greek love; and when I grew to man's estate and found that she was wedded to priggish Telemachus, I suffered long, and then composed in her honor a study on the washerwomen of literature and legend. Kudrun is to me a more interesting personage than Kriemhilde or Brunhilde, and few figures stand out more boldly in the memory than Arlette of Falaise, who won the heart of Robert of Normandy, and became the mother of William the Conqueror.

Another companion voice the attentive reader of these sketches has already divined, for I have quoted Pindar in season and out of season; and no wonder. Pindar was one of the two Greeks who accompanied me in book form on my voyage across the Atlantic. He was my oracle, he is my oracle still; and on consulting him as to the continuation of this series I received the reply in tripping Greek, Τρία ἔπεα διαρκέσει (Three numbers will be quite enough); and then lapsing into English he went on: "Of your sixty days in Greece you have given really not more than three or four; and sixty days described on that scale would fill a volume. To be sure, you have been moderate in comparison with his late Majesty of unhappy memory, Maximilian of Mexico, who took no less than two hundred and eighty-two octavo pages in which to display the riches of a four days' visit to Bahia; but you profess to be an admirer of mine, and I bid you remember my saying: To broider a few things among many, that is a hearing for the wise."

II.

The arrogance of Pindar is something unendurable to most people, sometimes even to me; and being in a rebellious mood, I will explain my choice of so dictatorial a companion. Some ten years ago I made a little experiment with Aristophanes, who is a much more free and easy person than Pindar; and as the experiment had proved interesting at least to the experimenter, it occurred to me, when I was setting out on my trip to

Greece, that I might treat Pindar as I had treated Aristophanes; and somehow my fancy was tickled by the thought of making the Theban eagle fetch my game as the Attic hawk had done. Of course I expected him to scream out some moral sentiment from time to time; but every Greek is under all circumstances a moralist, and so long as he brought in my quarry, well and good.

Now, my experiment with Aristophanes was after this fashion. I resolutely shut out all light that came from other quarters, and declined to see anything that was not to be seen from Aristophanic casements. Aristophanes was to be my Scripture, and I was to keep myself only to him. He was my Old Testament, my only guide, and I flatly refused to consult other documents, — Records of the Past, Deluge Tablets, Nimrod Epic, or Moabite Stone. This Greek world according to Aristophanes turned out to be a droll map, and the construction of it might be excused as the amusement of a midsummer vacation; but even thus a serious soul might regard so elaborate a pastime as a sad waste of precious hours. For the old way is the better way. In the study of so organic a thing as Greek literature correlation is indispensable. To understand Aristophanes, for instance, to understand Greek comedy, you must understand everything Greek. You must understand lyric poetry in all its sweep, the musical jet of personal passion, the stately measures of choral song, the mad whirl of the dithyramb, the merry catch of the toper, the chant of the mystic worshiper, the simple melody of the swallow song, and the wood-notes wild of the Attic nightingale. You must understand the grave sister Tragedy whom Comedy mocks and mimics at every turn, whose altar she kicks over with irreverent foot, whose sceptred pall she turns into a blanket for the tossing of sage and seer. Thalia, with arms akimbo, outfaces Clio, and Thucydides and Aristophanes are impaneled on the same jury. The snub-nosed street preacher who brought philosophy down from heaven to dwell among men sits at the same banquet with "the bald-head bard" who carried merriment up from men to dwell among the gods, —

> "the bald-head bard,
> Kudathenaian and Pandionid,
> Son of Philippos, Aristophanes."

In a large part of the poet's comedies an oratorical contest forms the hinge of the piece, and Aristophanes belongs to the history of rhetoric; and the whole is rounded by the Oceanus of Homer, that great river into which and out of which flow all the streams of Greek life. Then, after you have studied all the literature, you must study all the history, and all the antiquities, and all the rest of it.

This is the old process, the orthodox process with which everybody is more or less familiar; and because it is orthodox it stirs revolt at times in the most believing soul. Ordinarily we fill our galleries of the antique with all the light procurable, and that is doubtless in the main the right way; but there are other ways, and a number of years ago I had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of a different method. It was the jubilee of the Berlin Museum, and on the night of the great day court and university, artists and scholars, joined in a torchlight procession that made its way through the aisles of the sculpture gallery. That strange phantasmagory, with its high lights and its deep shadows, will never be forgotten by those who followed in the wake of the flickering flames; and I can recall as if it were yesterday how the equestrian statue of Colleoni, which I had never seen before, rode out of the darkness, and rode into the darkness again. A few weeks afterwards I stood before the original near San Zanipolo in Venice, and scanned the proud figure at my leisure. No detail was lost in the sunlight of an Italian summer. Yet that second in Berlin gave the unforgettable flash; and so the wave

of Aristophanes' torch often fixes an image such as no detailed drawing can yield.

But vividness of impression is not the only thing to be gained from such a process. Nothing could teach more sharply the danger of partial judgment, the utter untrustworthiness of the argument from silence. We have to deal with an Attic poet steeped in Athenian life, and yet how little does he help us about the very things that we most wish to know when we visit Athens! Think of an Attic poet who never mentions Hymettus, and who treats grand Parnassus and perky Lycabettus as if they were fellows. Of course the topographers have got something out of Aristophanes, but not so much as might have been expected, and in spite of my real affection for him I never took him with me to the Acropolis. Wherever else his mocking spirit haunted me, this was hallowed ground. On the way up I may possibly have glanced at the "grotto of Pan," but I had no sympathy with the "bridal chamber" curiosity, which of late weeks has prompted an exploration of the rendezvous of Aristophanes' young married lovers; and only once did he interfere with my musing on the Acropolis itself.

Late one afternoon I was sitting on the platform of the temple of Wingless Victory, watching the sunset, and listening to an emotional friend of mine as he declaimed Byron's famous lines beginning, —

> "Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
> Along Morea's hills the setting sun."

They are duly registered in Baedeker, it is true, but my friend knew them by heart, and admired them from his heart. "This is the scene," says Baedeker, "Byron had in his mind in the opening lines of the third canto of The Corsair." He might have gone further and said that Byron himself informs us that the verses were written on the spot, wherever the exact spot was, and were transferred as a *purpureus pannus* from another poem. It would have been better as a fragment, and I began to suspect artificiality. "True," said I to myself, "the sun as a deity, as Sol, as a personification, as another Lord Byron, has a right to set where he pleases, to sink 'slow . . . along Morea's hills,' and to 'sink to sleep behind his Delphian cliff,' and 'pause on the hill ere he sinks below Cithæron's head;' but to the beholder from the platform of the temple of Wingless Victory Delphi is not in the line of vision with Ægina and Idra, and he who attempts to see Salamis and Parnassus at once from this point of view will run the risk of getting his eyes crossed." Then I remembered that this was what the sausage-seller in the Knights of Aristophanes said when requested to fix one eye on Caria and the other on Carthage, and remembered it all the better because some malapert critic had tried to mar the faultless text, and to substitute Kalchedon, the city of the blind, for Karchedon, the New Tyre of the West.

The beautiful vision was obscured, and my eyes and ears were filled with the fantastic figures and the hoarse shouts of the chorus of old men in the Lysistrata, as they advanced slowly up the slope of the Acropolis to smoke out and to burn out the revolted women from the citadel. Snatches of the song came up to me strangely Americanized with anachronistic references to the Venezuelan troubles. The women of America had seized the Capitol, and insisted on peace. Peace was the *sine qua non*. Else no surrender of Capitol or garrison. The situation was strained to cracking, and the fire-eaters and the fire-bringers were astonished at the stout defense. Ho! Ho! they cried,

> Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
> Here 's an unexpected go!
> How they rally, how they sally!
> How they swarm to face the storm!
> We will nevermore allow
> All this Venezuelan row,
> All this jaw and all this jabber!

Take a stick and beat 'em quick
Into curds or bonnyclabber!
Never, never, hardly ever
Was there poet half so clever
To my mind
As Euripides, who swears
That the thing most void of shame
In the world is that which bears
Hateful, hateful, hateful name,
Womankind.

It was an odious intrusion at that hour of quiet musing. In Athens your best rendezvous with Aristophanes is in the market, not on the Acropolis, and the imperishable eulogy of violet-wreathed Athens with which the guidebooks credit him is, as I have noted elsewhere, taken from Pindar, with whom I am becoming reconciled. My original project, A Pindarist in Greece, comes back to me, and with it the old German song,

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden, einen bessern find'st du nit.

There is, after all, no better comrade for a trip to Greece than Pindar.

III.

The whirl of the new Olympic games had not left me much time for communing with Pindar or any other member of the choir invisible, and it was not until I reached Nauplia, the second stage of my trip to the Peloponnesus, that I had a little space for meditation. Nauplia was the headquarters of our party for several days, and I found myself more than once on the quay at nightfall, straining my eyes seaward as I had strained them landward when I crossed the Argolic gulf on my way to Athens. Pindar has something to say of Argos, if not of Nauplia; and as we were standing on the terrace of the temple of Hera, and our leader pointed out Midea, an ancient stronghold, once a rival of Mycenæ and Tiryns, I felt a certain proprietary interest in the place on Pindar's account. Midea was the home of the hero who won the foot-race in the first celebration of the Olympic games. He was cousin-german to the founder, Herakles, and carried off the founder's prize, and his grandam bore the name of the fortress. Yonder in Tiryns was his father slain with a staff of hard olive wood by one of the sons of Herakles, ancestor of the line of athletes made immortal by Pindar's Rhodian song.

So Midea is enshrined in two of Pindar's noblest odes, and her cyclopean walls have a meaning for the Pindaric scholar they can have for no other. But Pindar's solitary Argive ode opens with a bead-roll of all the mythic worthies who flourished on Argive soil, and the poet soon finds himself obliged to apologize, as modern scholars are often tempted to apologize, for long lists of proper names all resonant with music and lighted up with rainbow hues to them, to others mere meaningless syllables. I began to think that Pindar might not be so satisfactory, after all, and a homely distich from a Greek folk-song came into my mind to match the German folk-song I quoted just now: —

The sow one acorn holdeth in her mouth, but wants its brother.
I have one pretty maiden in my arms, but want another.

I had Pindar; I wanted Pausanias; and, turning to my satchel, I found that I had left my Pausanias in Athens. I knew it was madness to look for a Pausanias in a bookseller's shop at Nauplia, and yet I could not keep from inquiring. "Pausanias," I received for answer, "is not in stock. Perhaps Xenophon or Homer will do as well." Homer and Xenophon would not do so well, and I was disconsolate.

IV.

During the few hours spent at Corinth, on the way to Nauplia, I had not missed Pausanias. In fact, Pausanias would not have been of much service, for of ancient Corinth there is almost nothing left except a few columns of a temple, — a squat, surly temple with no nonsense about it. One might call it an uncompromising temple, if it had not sheltered

two cults, as is shown by the double cella. The columns are monoliths, so many petrified trees, and the graceful swell so much admired in the Doric order is lacking. A part of the entablature remains. It has a perilous perch, and the temple looks as if it would take extreme pleasure in tossing off the load on some impertinent beholder whenever Lord Poseidon shall assert his dominion and give the excuse of an earthquake.

That ruin was all, or nearly all. The old city itself lay fathoms below, and the trenches which the Americans were digging had yielded little up to that time. Ancient Corinth, the great merchant city of Greece, seemed to have closed her accounts definitely. Her ledger was not to be reopened. Acrocorinthus is mediæval, and in Greece mediæval things are not held in much esteem. The view from the summit is unrivaled, but there is nothing to comfort you on the way up. Wall after wall confronts you, and you must reach the signal-station before you can enjoy any part of the panorama. In other ascents there are often glimpses to gladden the eye; in this, as soon as you enter the gate of the fortifications you are in jail until you emerge at the very top. Two thirds of the way up, a mule or a pony is available; the remaining third, by far the hardest part, must be traversed afoot, — which things are an allegory to the aspiring student. Acrocorinthus, like the Rigi, makes the most of its height, and gives the eye an almost unjustifiable range. The ancients were fully aware of its advantages in this respect, for they knew all about views, though they did not parade their knowledge. A practical folk were the Greeks, and not unfrequently what we should call homely in their comparisons. That Acrocorinthus should be called a horn we can understand, — Switzerland is full of such horns; but to say that Acrocorinthus is the horn by which the Peloponnesian cow is bound is one of those American turns of expression with which the Greeks every now and then surprise the finical souls of the Old World. This horn was sacred to Aphrodite. Poseidon, who owned the isthmus, ceded the height to Helios, and Helios to Aphrodite, perhaps by way of making friends with the goddess after his taletelling in that affair of hers with Ares.

I will not expatiate on the view from Acrocorinthus, though I have Greek warrant for any mistakes I might make in surveying the landscape, even if the mistakes were as bad as the one I ventured to point out in the sunset as seen from the temple of Wingless Victory. It will be enough to say that all the patron deities of Acrocorinthus rule the summit, Poseidon, Helios, and Aphrodite, sea and sun and immortal charm. On the way down some of us took the path that leads by the spring of Pirene. Apart from my general classicism I had a personal right to Pirene by reason of my long wrestle with Persius, which was far worse than any struggle Bellerophon had with Pegasus; for it was once my fate to try by searching to find out something like fun in the contorted language of Ben Jonson's "crabbed coxcomb," and among other things to unfold the wit and humor involved in calling the fountain that had gushed forth at the stroke of Pegasus' hoof, let us say, Rozinante's spring. I must confess that this memory was not calculated to endear Pirene to me; but there were other memories, and the fact that Persius had not "laved his lips in the caballine fount" was an inducement to lave mine. A bare-legged Greek had espied our party as Helios had espied Ares and Aphrodite, and hurried down ahead of us with a cup; and as I drank what that affected Etruscan called the "Pegaseian nectar," I shook Persius off.

I was in Pindar's "city of Pirene" and in the Thirteenth Olympian. This, then, was the ancestral home of Glaucus, the Lycian hero, that gallant and flighty Homeric figure, whose forefathers must have carried the worship of the sun

from this horn of light to Lycia, the land of light. This was the spot where Athena appeared to Bellerophon, weary with vain endeavors to yoke the son of Medusa; and as he slept she brought him bit and bridle. The head-stall had a golden frontlet, but the poet does not dwell on that adornment. The bit is the wonder, the bit is the charm, the bit is the gold that tames the spirit, the bit is the mild medicine; and Bellerophon was straightway wide-awake and leaped to his feet. The poet must have visions, but he must have vision as well, clear eye and steady hand, and above all, the bit. There is a whole theory of poetic art in Pindar's version of the myth; and his very insistence on the element of control is part of the self-irony in which genius is apt to indulge. For the Thirteenth Olympian is a praise of Corinth as rich and varied as was Corinth herself, and I have ventured elsewhere to call it a semi-Oriental bazaar, by reason of the admired disorder of its wares. The Greek symmetry is not felt at first, as the poet tells of Corinth's wealth and of her miracles of art, as he extols the city where the Muse breathes sweetly and the flower of Ares is in bloom. The poem that lauds the invention of the dithyramb is itself a manner of dithyramb, and its joyous, lilting tone rings out in strange contrast to the dead silence that broods over Old Corinth at the foot of the steep. And what a comment on the verse that tells of the twin eagles which Corinth taught to perch on the gables of the Greek temple are those columns which had all their fellows in Pindar's time, and that entablature which was crowned by the king of birds in Pindar's time! For a resurrected city Pausanias is doubtless the more instructive companion. For a dead and buried city the poet is a more sympathetic comrade than the periegete.

V.

Pausanias the periegete, Pausanias the personal conductor through continental Greece, is a conspicuous character among guides. Whatever classic Thrasybulus (Thrassývoulos) or Christian Thomas you may select as your dragoman, whatever faithful Angelís as your *agogiátes*, your muleteer, if you are a Hellenist you cannot dispense with Pausanias. That is an article of faith. Of course I had read Pausanias long before I ever saw Greece, and worked at him even in my German 'prenticeship, when Curtius' Peloponnesos was a recent book. Pausanias occupied the middle of my desk, and was flanked by Kiepert's Atlas and by Curtius' volumes, — an arrangement that suggests the Napoleonic order, "asses and savants in the centre," though Pausanias would have been very much surprised if he had been told that he was not a savant, but only the other thing.

To be a savant, in his day, was to be a skillful writer, and Pausanias evidently prided himself on his style. It is, according to the best judges, a hopelessly bad style. It is an affected style, a bookish style. The decree of divorce from bed and board, in the cross-suit of Pen *vs.* Tongue and Tongue *vs.* Pen, was an old scandal in the time of the Antonines, and there is no hearty human life in the literature of the Greek Renascence, as there is precious little in some forms of our own. The literature of that period is reminiscential, is allusive, as is ours, and Pausanias is no exception. If you take him up at random, you may stumble on passages that remind you of Herodotus, at whom many of the stylists of that day were in the habit of dressing. You will find Herodotean phrases here and there. He has Herodotus' way, not confined to Herodotus, of bringing in his own personality. He has Herodotus' way of affecting discreet reticence on religious matters. But he tries — I hate to say it of an ass or even of a savant — he tries to improve on Herodotus, who is distinctly not to be improved on, and the leisurely stroll of the great Halicarnassian is

turned into a mincing gait. He tries to add the piquancy of a queer order of words to the supposed *naïveté* of Herodotus, and the result is an Herodotus with a string-halt, an Herodotus with a locomotor ataxy. Herodotus deals largely in episodes, which he manages with consummate art; but whereas Herodotus leaves the track in order to give a better view of it, Pausanias goes off at a tangent, fetches a book from a shelf and copies for dear life. Not the text, bless you, for he endues everything with his own precious style, but the facts, the historical details.

His Attica is especially exasperating. True, he makes a proper approach to Athens. He introduces us to Sunium first. Not knowing Byron, he spares us Byron's "marbled steep," and in the same matter-of-fact way in which he mentions the Hermes of Praxiteles as one of the figures set up in the temple of Hera at Olympia, in that same matter-of-fact way he tells us that there is a temple of Athena Sunias perched on the tip-top of the cape. That is all. He does not tell us that the marble is very poor and flakes off prodigiously, and owes its dazzling color to this disintegration, — a lesson to the decadents of our own time. He begins well, and for a few chapters he is tolerable, and we do not quarrel with his talk about the foolish Galatians and their works; but no sooner does he touch Ptolemy, the son of Lagos, than he goes off on a long rambling discourse which would have had some interest three hundred years before his day, and was probably taken from some ancient manual.

That is the great trouble with Pausanias. Not only is his style vilipended by the historians of literature, but his honesty is assailed by critics of high and low degree. Even if they do not go so far as to say that there was no such person as Pausanias, still it is a favorite contention that the Periegesis of Hellas is a mere piece of book-making, that Pausanias could not have seen what he describes, and that the material is taken in large measure from one Polemon, who flourished in the second century before Christ, as Pausanias is supposed to have flourished in the second century after Christ. This is a hard saying, but it must be remembered that the old world moved more slowly than does ours, and we must not parallel this performance by liberties taken with modern centuries. Fifty years will answer quite as well for our times. I myself have a small collection of guidebooks that did me good service in their day and my day. Imagine a Berlin without the monument of Frederick the Great, which corresponds, let us say, to the statue of Agrippa on the Acropolis, not mentioned by Pausanias. Imagine a London without the Thames Embankment, a Vienna without the Ringstrasse, a Milan without the Galleria Vittorio-Emmanuele. Imagine a Paris — But, unfortunately, the preposition would have to be changed, and a Paris imagined with what she has lost, with so much that she had when I first saw her in 1853. To be sure, there are notes of time in Pausanias, and he refers to some of the monuments of his age, but many he ignores, though they must have stared him in the face.

An artist may be excused for artistic omissions. The great etcher Méryon saw in Paris only what he chose to see, but Pausanias is no artist, though he evidently thinks himself one. He is a *cicerone*, and while we may forgive his sham religious reticences, while we may forgive him when, so to speak, he stops to cross himself and tell his beads, yet we resent his silence about things that he ought to have known. But the thesis that Pausanias was not a traveler, except as a bookworm is a traveler, seems to me utterly untenable. The argument from silence is a dangerous argument, and as to his borrowings, he was not the first nor the last traveler to refresh his memory by reading the standard guidebooks after he got home. In a recent lecture,

I tried to make the Altis of Olympia more vivid by comparing its dimensions with those of the inside grounds of the University of Virginia. If any one supposes for a moment that I stepped off the Altis of Olympia and found it to be 750 by 570 feet, he is very much mistaken, and though I lived twenty years at the University of Virginia, I did not trust my memory for details. In looking up monuments of Italian art, it is perfectly conceivable that a man should go back to an old Burckhardt or an old Murray even if he had a recent Baedeker. The famous Bononian riddle of Ælia Lælia Crispis, to which Burton alludes in his Anatomy of Melancholy, you will look for in vain in Baedeker under Bologna, but you will find it set forth in any old Murray.

At one time I thought of exemplifying my conception of Pausanias by preparing a guide to Baltimore on his principles, but I abandoned the plan on account of the necessary limitations. However, London, New York, Boston, would yield very good results; and in fact I remember a practical illustration of the Pausanias method applied to New York. In the early seventies a panorama of New York was making the round of the rural communities of the South, and thinking to do a young friend a service and prepare her for a visit to the great city, I took her to the show. To my amusement, the New York of the panorama was the New York of the year after the Mexican War, a Pausanias New York, the fixed quantity being the noble façade of the Jersey City ferry.

After one gets accustomed to Pausanias, one begins to have a more kindly feeling for him as a man; for he was after all a man, and not a book. Indeed, there is a certain *bonhomie* about all the authors of the period, except that child of Satan, Lucian, and one warms to them after a while. Pausanias is at his best in Olympia, and the explorer of Delphi cannot dispense with Pausanias, but there are moments when his company becomes tedious in both places. It was my fortune, a fortune I cannot prize too highly, to have passed immediately from Olympia to Delphi, and to have had the historical contrast restamped upon my mind in terms of nature: and such a contrast! Olympia was the abode of the worship of Zeus, the God of the Power of the Sky; Delphi was the oracular see of Apollo, the interpreter of Zeus, the Word of God. Olympia was a great fair, Delphi was a great shrine. Olympia was a great exposition, Delphi a great university, — the one a recurrent, the other a perpetual influence; for the laborious efforts of scholars to make Olympia of equal power with Delphi have failed, and the potency of the Word of God is revealed in the inscriptions. Elis, at least the part of Elis in which Olympia lay, was a smiling plain girt by a circuit of summer hills, a land open to the eye of day, a green chalice for the wine of life. Phocis, to which Delphi belonged, was a region of stern mountains and roaring gorges, and the fertile plain that stretched below Delphi to the Gulf of Crissa was doomed to barrenness by the curse of the god, as if there should be nothing to relieve the awe of the approach.

These two places, so different in their aspect, shared between them, though in different measure, the control of Greek life. In Olympia was centred the festal expression of Hellenism; the unity it brought about was the unity of a common joy. In Delphi was centred the oracular power of Hellenism. At an early date there was a political confederation that had its home at Delphi, and the unity had a sharper and more aggressive stamp. Olympia had oracles as well as Delphi; Delphi had games as well as Olympia. But it was the games, and all the games involved, that gave Olympia its eminence, and the establishment or the reëstablishment of them marks the union of the Doric island of Pelops. The importance of the Olympian festival was national.

As there was but one sun in the heavens, so there was but one Olympia, and no games could be truly Olympian save those on the banks of the Alpheus. The Pythian contests were an afterthought; and whereas Olympia opened her fair bosom to chariot-race as to foot-race, the Delphians could manage only to level the rock for a stadium; the chariot-races were performed perforce in the plain below.

Yet Delphi was no mean rival of Olympia in the splendor of its buildings, in the wealth of its treasure-houses. Pausanias, who has so much to tell about the statue of Olympian Zeus and the chest of Cypselus with its wonderful figures, which were among the great show-things of Olympia, has chapter after chapter on the Lesché of the Cnidians at Delphi, with its wonderful paintings by Polygnotus. On the narrow ledge of the frowning rocks space was made for temples and colonnades. Still, the heart of Delphi was not in its temples and its colonnades. It was in the mysterious recess between the Phædriades, and its life-blood was the water of Castalia. Olympia was centripetal. The Greeks streamed to Olympia as to the trysting-place of the race, and felt their unity in their rivalry. Delphi was centripetal, too, but it was centrifugal as well. The Greeks streamed out of Delphi, the colonial office of the time, and the Pythoness sent them forth, speeding like the eagles which, as the story has it, flew from the great white stone at Delphi, compassed the earth, and returned again; and so the colonists often returned to consult the oracle which had bidden them go.

But what are all the balanced antitheses of the books to the antithesis of actual vision when one drops the pen and says, not "Elis was" and "Phocis was," but "Elis is" and "Phocis is"? Never have my eyes rested on a more reposeful landscape than Olympia. Never have I beheld a more tormented region than that which holds Delphi. Not even a Swiss rain could make Olympia gloomy. Not even a Greek sunshine could make Delphi gay. The history of Olympia is written on a carpet of flowers; the history of Delphi is graven on the rocks of the Phædriades, — the rocks of the "shining cliffs." The sun strikes them first, but they strike back with blackness, and they are gloomy beyond compare until one has seen Taygetus, which symbolizes the mysterious state of the Spartans just as the Phædriades hide the mysterious workings of the Delphic oracle.

After all, there is no traveling companion like Nature herself.

To the modern other parts of Greece may seem more fair than Olympia, but the Greek orator who knew Sicily and knew Magna Græcia called it the most beautiful spot in Greece, and he who sympathizes most fully with the Greek understands Olympia best. True, the landscape of Olympia is not unlike what is to be seen elsewhere than in Greece, but it is specifically Greek, because it appeals to universal humanity; for this is the ultimate charm of Hellenism. Human nature cannot become old-fashioned; and he who lives in the Greece of the past lives the full life of the America of to-day. Every one has read the old story how Plato wrote and rewrote the first lines of his Republic, and lo! the finished sentence runs very much as it would in English. So the part of Greece that was most beautiful to the Greek eye has to the American eye all the restfulness of a home landscape.

Of my three days in Olympia, I had one morning to myself. No Pindar, no Pausanias, no lecture. The faithful Baedeker was thrust into a side-pocket. It was a lovely April day. The sky had the azure hue to which I was born, and the earth was tapestried with wild flowers, blue and yellow and purple. Their faces were all familiar, though I could not call them by name, like the human flowers I was afterwards to meet as I rode in from Mistrá to Sparta. Olympia must have been a gaunt place just after the ruins

were laid bare, but in that climate Nature quickly heals the wounds dealt by the spade, and I have been told that flowers unknown before to the region often put forth in wild profusion after the excavators have done their work, — a happy omen for the lover of classical antiquity. I was seated at the foot of Kronion, this side of the thorns which beset the hill as they beset the text of Pindar. Kronion was bathed in sunlight, and I was glad that I had interpreted Pindar's words to mean "sunny Kronion;" but it was not jubilant gladness such as comes to the classical woodpecker when he finds a hollow spot in the oak of antique life. The bliss of such a solitude is calm. Conspicuous all over the circuit was a lonely tree hard by the spot where I was sitting. It held fast by its roots above the treasure-houses. It was companion enough, that fellow guardian of the wealth of the past. Nothing more ancient, nothing more modern, nothing more human, than a lonely tree. Analyze the landscape, describe it, I cannot. I would not if I could. The broken jewels of Greek architecture gleamed resplendent in their setting, and the tide of festal life mantled the cup that was rimmed by the hills of Elis. I looked at the bridal of the earth and sky. The music of the past came down from the opening of Pindar's Rhodian song in which the father of the bride gives to the bridegroom from bounteous hand the goblet bubbling with the dew of the grape. The music of the present came down from Drouva, throbbing in the drum-beat and echoing in the musket-fire that proclaimed the course of a bridal procession along the hills and dales of Pisatis. The life of earth and sky, the life of ancient Greece, and the life of modern Greece, — one sees life whole who sees it at Olympia.

I had an hour all to myself in Delphi, and thought over my day. The drive from Itéa, the port of Delphi, is beautiful. The road is perfect. It is a French road. It passes through olive groves, the like of which for vigorous life I have never seen, or, seeing, have never marked, and then begins the ascent along the zigzags which furrow the face of the mountain. It recalled to my mind the road from Giardini to Taormina, the road from Palermo to Monreale. A very modern dog-cart, driven by a very modern French archæologist with a very modern French girl at his side, came bowling down the road at a reckless pace. The awe of Delphi was not yet upon us. Then we reached a large village, Chryso by name, which is, being interpreted, Goldsborough, — a corruption, it is suggested, of the ancient name Crissa; not an unnatural corruption, if one remembers the popular slanders against Delphi. Chryso seemed larger, even, than it was. Clambering far uphill, it waylays the traveler three times, and as we traversed it three times the children of the village threw wild flowers into our carriages. When we went down, I must add, the withholding of a copper tribute roused the wrath of the youthful neighbors of Delphi, and other missiles than wild flowers were hurled into the carriage that I occupied, the last of the procession. This was the only incivility I ever encountered in Greece, and it was interesting because it seemed to express the traditional hostility of those who dwelt near the ancient shrine; and then the incivility was not without rebuke. The village elders were evidently indignant at the inhospitable conduct of the youngsters, and I noticed a set look on the faces of the village matrons which boded vengeance. The sandal which Aphrodite used on Eros has never gone out of fashion, and the women of Chryso were not all barefoot.

The new Kastri, built to make amends for the old Kastri which formerly occupied the site of ancient Delphi, received the pilgrims, and it was at Kastri, on a balcony which overhung the ravine of Pleistos, that I was sitting when I

thought over the long day. The French archæologists, who carried off the concession from the Americans, appear to have absorbed something of the spirit of a priestly caste, and strictly forbid notebook or camera in the sacred precincts. Here I was free to write what I would. But I have never taken full notes of travel, and in this case it seemed as if the image could never fade, as if there could be no danger of forgetting the narrow ledge, the grim rocks, the fountain of Castaly, the recess of the twin Phædriades. These, after all, were the things to remember, and not the prosaic details which abounded as nowhere else. Digging is poetical, but there was no poetry in the lines of tramway, and in the tilted trucks that shot the refuse earth into the ravine of the Pleistos. Welling water is poetical, but there was no poetry in the bits of tin that served to guide the waters of Castaly, nor in the coils of wet rags that lay about the fountain. Some day the tracks will disappear. Some day the denizens will learn to show reverence to Castaly. Some day the traveler will be permitted to study at his leisure the lines of the structures that have been and shall be revealed. The busy workmen, the rushing cars, the roaring rubbish, the scramble from point to point, made the hurried visit to Delphi a strange antithesis to the peaceful sojourn at Olympia. There a happy calm, here a strange oppression which it might sound affected to call awe. At all events, we found ourselves talking under our breath. While we were in the excavations word was passed from one to another that a wonderful statue had been found, and we hurried to the spot, and, perching on such points of vantage as we could gain, watched in silence the fluted raiment that simulated a column emerging from the earth. Hieron of Syracuse was born again, — feet foremost. There was no noise, no shouting, over the great discovery which made that 28th of April memorable in the annals of the French school.

The victory which the statue commemorates is the victory celebrated in Pindar's First Pythian, and I was back in Taormina, looking at Ætna again and listening to Pindar's resonant verse again, "O Golden Harp!" There is no possibility of vulgarizing Delphi with such a companion as Pindar. No matter which of the pilgrims is reeking with native wine, red or white, resinate or unresinate, another and a better spirit dominates the scene and overrules the prose of the present. This is Apollo's ground, and Pindar was the guest of the god himself, of Phœbus who loved the Castalian fount of Parnassus. It was from this oracle by Castaly that the command went forth to lay the troubled ghost of Phrixus, and bring the Golden Fleece to Greece; and nowhere is the story of the Argonauts more nobly told than in the Fourth Pythian by the god-gifted organ voice of Hellas. Pindar's Jason is the noblest figure of that far-off Hellenic world, and teaches us to forget the half-hearted sophistic lover who plays so miserable a part in the Medea of Euripides. Castaly is safe with Pindar to guard it, and as I saw and heard the rush and the roar of the rubbish that was tilted into the ravine of the Pleistos, prosaic tramway and prosaic truck vanished from my mind, and I thought of Pindar's "treasure of hymns securely walled within the golden gorge of Apollo, — a treasure which neither the wintry rain that cometh from abroad, merciless armament of thunderous cloud, nor storm with its rout of rubble shall bear to the recesses of the deep." The melodious tumult of Pindar's verse drowned the rattle of the cars and the rumble of the rubbish. No better companion, after all, for a trip to Greece than Pindar.

Ich hatt' einen Kameraden, einen bessern find'st du nit.

Basil L. Gildersleeve.

THE DEATHLESS DIARY.

FOUR ways there are of telling a curious world that endless story of the past which it is never tired of hearing. History, memoir, biography, and the diary run back like four smooth roads, connecting our century, our land, our life, with other centuries and lands and lives that have all served in turn to make us what we are. Of these four roads, I like the narrowest best. History is both partial and prejudiced, sinning through lack of sympathy as well as through lack of truth. Memoirs are too often false and malicious. Biographies are misleading in their flattery: there is but one Boswell. Diaries tell their little tales with a directness, a candor, conscious or unconscious, a closeness of outlook, which gratifies our sense of security. Reading them is like gazing through a small clear pane of glass. We may not see far and wide, but we see very distinctly that which comes within our field of vision.

In those happy days when leisure was held to be no sin, men and women wrote journals whose copiousness both delights and dismays us. Neither "eternal youth" nor "nothing else to do" seems an adequate foundation for such structures. They were considered then a profitable waste of time, and children were encouraged to write down in little books the little experiences of their little lives. Thus we have the few priceless pages which tell "pet Marjorie's" story; the incomparable description of Hélène Massalski's schooldays at the Abbaye de Notre Dame aux Bois; the demure vivacity of Anna Green Winslow; the lively, petulant records of Louisa and Richenda Gurney; the amusing experiences of that remarkable and delightful urchin, Richard Doyle. These youthful diaries, whether brief or protracted, have a twofold charm, revealing as they do both child-life and the child itself. It is pleasant to think that one of the little Gurneys, who were all destined to grow into such relentlessly pious women that their adult letters exclude the human element absolutely in favor of spiritual admonitions, was capable, when she was young, of such a defiant sentiment as this: "I read half a Quaker's book through with my father before meeting. I am quite sorry to see him grow so Quakerly." Or, worse and worse: "We went on the highway this afternoon for the purpose of being rude to the folks that passed. I do think being rude is most pleasant sometimes."

Of course she did, poor little over-trained, over-disciplined Richenda, and her open confession of iniquity contrasts agreeably with the anxious assurance given by Anna Winslow to her mother that there had been "no rudeness, mamma, I assure you," at her evening party. Naturally, a diary written by a little girl for the scrutiny and approbation of her parents is a very different thing from a diary written by a little girl for her own solace and diversion. The New England child is always sedate and prim, mindful that she is twelve years old, and that she is expected to live up to a rather rigorous standard of propriety. She would no more dream of going into the highway "for the purpose of being rude to the folks that passed" than she would dream of romping with boys in those decorous Boston streets where, as Mr. Birrell pleasantly puts it, "respectability stalked unchecked." Neither does she consider her diary a vent for naughty humors. She fills it with a faithful account of her daily occupations and amusements, and we learn from her how much wine and punch little New England girls were allowed to drink, a hundred years ago; how they danced five hours on an unsustaining supper of cakes and raisins; how they sewed more than they studied, and

studied more than they played; and what wondrous clothes they wore when they were permitted to be seen in company.

"I was dressed in my yelloe coat black bib and apron," writes Anna in an unpunctuated transport of pride, "black feathers on my head, my paste comb and all my paste garnet marquasett and jet pins, together with my silver plume, my locket, rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts and yards of blue ribbon (black and blue is high taste) striped tucker and ruffles (not my best) and my silk shoes completed my dress."

And none too soon, thinks the astonished reader, who fancied in his ignorance that little girls were plainly clad in those fine old days of simplicity. Neither Marie Bashkirtseff nor Hélène Massalski cared more about her frippery than did this small Puritan maid. Indeed, Hélène, after one passionate outburst, resigned herself with great good humor to the convent uniform, and turned her alert young mind to other interests and pastimes. If the authenticity of her childish copybooks can be placed beyond dispute, no youthful record rivals them in vivacity and grace. It was the fashion among the older *pensionnaires* of Notre Dame aux Bois to keep elaborate journals, and the little Polish princess, though she tells us that she wrote so badly as to be in perpetual penance for her disgraceful "tops and tails," scribbled away page after page with reckless sincerity and spirit. She is so frank and gay, so utterly free from pretense of any kind, that English readers, or at least English reviewers, appear to have been somewhat scandalized by her candor; and these innocent revelations have been made the subject of serious diatribes against convent schools, which, it need hardly be said, have altered radically in the past century, and were, at their worst, better than any home training possible in Hélène Massalski's day. And what fervor and charm in her affectionate description of that wise and witty, that kind and good nun, Madame de Rochechouart! What freedom throughout from the morbid and unchildish vanity of Marie Bashkirtseff, whose diary is simply a vent for her own exhaustless egotism! There must always be some moments in life when it becomes impossible for us, however self-centred, to intrude our personalities further upon our rebellious families and friends. There must come a time when nobody will think of us, nor look at us, nor listen to us another minute. Then how welcome is the poor little journal which cannot refuse our confidences! What Rousseau did on a large scale Marie Bashkirtseff copied on a smaller one. Both made the world their father confessor, and the world has listened with a good deal of attention to their tales, partly from an unquenchable interest in unhealthy souls, and partly from sheer self-complacency and pride. There is nothing more gratifying to human nature than the opportunity of contrasting our own mental and spiritual soundness with the disease which cries aloud to us for scrutiny.

If the best diaries known in literature have been written by men, the greater number have been the work of women. Even little girls, as we have seen, have taken kindly enough to the daily task of translating themselves into pages of pen and ink; but little boys have been wont to consider this a lamentable waste of time. It is true we have such painful and precocious records as that of young Nathaniel Mather, who happily died before reaching manhood, but not before he had scaled the heights of self-esteem and sounded the depths of despair. When a boy, a real human boy, laments and bewails in his journal that he whittled a stick upon the Sabbath Day, "and, for fear of being seen, did it behind the door, — a great reproach of God, and a specimen of that atheism I brought into the world with me," — we recognize the fearful possibilities of untempered sanctimony. Boyhood, thank

Heaven, does not lend itself easily to introspection, and seldom finds leisure for remorse. As a rule, a lad commits himself to a diary, as to any other piece of work, only because it has been forced upon him by the voice of authority. It was the parental mandate, thinly disguised under parental counsel, which started young Dick Doyle on that delightful journal in which spirited sketches alternate with unregenerate adventures and mishaps. He begins it with palpable reluctance the first day of January, 1840; fears modestly that it "will turn out a hash;" hopes he may be "skinned alive by wildcats" if he fails to persevere with it; draws an animated picture of himself in a torn tunic running away from seven of these malignant animals that pursue him over tables and chairs; and finally settles down soberly and cheerfully to work. The entries grow longer and longer, the drawings more and more elaborate, as the diary proceeds. A great deal happened in 1840, and every event is chronicled with fidelity. The queen is married in the beginning of the year; a princess royal is born before its close. "Hurra! Hurra!" cries loyal Dick. Prince Louis Napoleon makes his famous descent upon Boulogne, and Dick sketches him sailing dismally away on a life-buoy. Above all, the young artist scores his first success, and the glory of having one of his drawings actually lithographed and sold is more than he can bear with sobriety. "Just imagine," he writes, "if I was walking coolly along, and came upon the Tournament in a shop window. Oh, cricky! it would be enough to turn me inside out."

He survives this joyous ordeal, however, and toils gayly on until the year is almost up and the appointed task is completed. On the 3d of December a serious-minded uncle invites him to go to Exeter Hall, an entertainment which the other children flatly and wisely decline. What he heard in that abode of dismal oratory we shall never know, for, stopping abruptly in the middle of a sentence, — "Uncle was going somewhere else first, and had started," — Richard Doyle's diary comes to an untimely end.

And this is the fate of all those personal records which have most deeply interested and charmed us. It is so easy to begin a journal, so difficult to continue it, so impossible to persevere with it to the end. Bacon says that the only time a man finds leisure for such an engrossing occupation is when he is on a sea voyage and naturally has nothing to write about. Perhaps the reason why diaries are ever short-lived may be found in the undue ardor with which they are set a-going. Man is sadly diffuse and lamentably unstable. He ends by saying nothing because he begins by leaving nothing unsaid. "Le secret d'ennuyer est de tout dire." Haydon, the painter, it is true, filled twenty-seven volumes with the melancholy record of his high hopes and bitter disappointments; but then he did everything and failed in everything on the same gigantic scale. The early diary of Frances Burney is monumental. Its young writer finds life so full of enjoyment that nothing seems to her too insignificant to be narrated. Long and by no means lively conversations, that must have taken whole hours to write, are minutely and faithfully transcribed. She reads The Vicar of Wakefield, and at once sits down and tells us all she thinks about it. Her praise is guarded and somewhat patronizing, as befits the author of Evelina. She is sorely scandalized by Dr. Primrose's verdict that murder should be the sole crime punishable by death, and proceeds to show, at great length and with pious indignation, how "this doctrine might be contradicted from the very essence of our religion," — quoting Exodus in defense of her orthodoxy. She is charmingly frank and outspoken, and these youthful pages show no trace of that curious, half-conscious pleading with which she strives, in later

days, to make posterity her confidant; to pour into the ears of future partisans like Macaulay her side of the court story, with all its indignities and honors, its hours of painful ennui, its minutes of rapturous delight.

That Macaulay should have worked himself up into a frenzy of indignation over Miss Burney's five years at court is an amusing instance of his unalterable point of view. The sacred and exalted profession of letters had in him its true believer and devotee. That kings and queens and princesses should fail to share this deference, that they should arrogantly assume the privileges of their rank when brought into contact with a successful novelist, was to him an incredible example of barbaric stupidity. The spectacle of Queen Charlotte placidly permitting the authoress of Cecilia to assist at the royal toilet filled him with grief and anger. It is but too apparent that no sense of intellectual unworthiness troubled her Majesty for a moment, and this shameless serenity of spirit was more than the great Whig historian could endure. To less ardent minds it would seem that five years of honorable and well-paid service were amply rewarded by a pension for life; and that Miss Burney, however hard-worked and overdriven, must have had long, long hours of leisure in which to write the endless pages of her journal. Indeed, a woman who had time to listen to Fox speaking "with violence" for five hours had time, one would imagine, for anything. Then what delicious excitation to sit blushing and smiling in the royal box, and hear Miss Farren recite these intoxicating lines!

"Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to nature's laws."

And as if this were not enough, the king, the queen, the royal princesses, all turn their heads and gaze at her for one distracting moment. "To describe my embarrassment," she falters, "would be impossible. I shrunk back, so astonished, and so ashamed of my public situation, that I was almost ready to take to my heels and run away."

Well, well, the days for such delights are over. We may say what we please about the rewards of modern novel-writing; but what, after all, is the cold praise of reviewers compared with this open glory and exaltation? It is moderately impressive to be told over and over again by Marie Corelli's American publishers that the queen of England thinks The Soul of Lilith and The Sorrows of Satan are good novels; but this mere announcement, however reassuring, — and it is a point on which we require a good deal of reassurance, — does not thrill us with the enthusiasm we should feel if her Majesty, and the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, and the British public united in a flattering ovation. The incidents which mark the irresistible and unwelcome changes forced upon the world by each successive generation which inhabits it are the incidents we love to read about, and which are generally considered too insignificant for narration. In a single page Addison tells us more concerning the frivolous, idle, half torpid, wholly contented life of an eighteenth-century citizen than we could learn from a dozen histories. His diaries, meant to be purely satiric, have now become instructive. They show us, as in a mirror, the early hours, the scanty ablutions, — "washed hands, but not face," — the comfortable eating and drinking, the refreshing absence of books, the delightful vagueness and uncertainty of foreign news. A man could interest himself for days in the reported strangling of the Grand Vizier, when no intrusive cablegram came speeding over the wires to silence and refute the pleasant voic[e] of rumor.

It is this wholesome and uni[n]
of detail which lends to a vera[ci]
its indestructible charm. Cha[r]
ney has less to tell us than [h]
sister; but it is to her, after

owe our knowledge of Dr. Johnson's worsted wig, — a present, it seems, from Mr. Thrale, and especially valued for its tendency to stay in curl however roughly used. "The doctor generally diverts himself with lying down just after he has got a fresh wig on," writes Charlotte gayly; and this habit, it must be admitted, is death and destruction to less enduring perukes. Swift's Journal to Stella — a true diary, though cast in the form of correspondence — not only shows us the playful, tender, and caressing moods of the most savage of English cynics, but also enlightens us amazingly as to his daily habits and economies. We learn from his own pen how he bought his fuel by the half-bushel, and would have been glad to buy it by the pound; how his servant, "that extravagant whelp Peter," insisted on making a fire for him, and necessitated his picking off all the coal before going to bed; how he drank brandy every morning, and took his pill as regularly as Mrs. Pullet every night; and how Stella's mother sent him as gifts "a parcel of wax candles and a bandbox full of small plum-cakes," which plum-cakes — oh, miracle of sound digestion! — he eat instead of bread at breakfast for a fortnight.

Now, the spectacle of Dr. Swift breakfasting serenely and successfully upon plum-cakes is like the spectacle of Mr. Pepys dining with far less inward satisfaction at his cousin's table, where "the venison pasty was palpable beef." The most remarkable diary in the world is rich in the insignificance of its details. It is the sole confidant of a man who, as Mr. Lang admirably says, was his own Boswell, and its ruthless sincerity throws the truth-telling of the great biographer into the shade. Were it not for this nge cipher record, ten years long, the r that small portion of it which ry unabridged — would know el Pepys, secretary to the Ad- an excellent public servant, ble, and discreet. The bigger, lazier world, to which he is now a figure so familiar, would never have heard of him at all, thereby losing the most vivid bit of human portraiture ever given for our disedification and delight.

We can understand how Mr. Pepys found time to write his diary when we remember that he was commonly in his office by four o'clock in the morning. We can appreciate its wonderful candor when we realize how safe he thought it from investigation. With the reproaches of his own conscience he was probably familiar, and the crowning cowardice of self-told lies offered no temptation to him. "Why should we seek to be deceived?" asks Bishop Butler, and Mr. Pepys might have answered truthfully that he did n't. The romantic shading, the flimsy and false excuses, with which we are wont to color our inmost thoughts have no place in this extraordinary chronicle. Its writer neither deludes himself, like Bunyan, nor bolsters up his soul, like Rousseau, with swelling and insidious pretenses. It is a true Human Document, full of meanness and kindness, of palpable virtues and substantial misdemeanors. Mr. Pepys is unkind to his wife, yet he loves her. He is selfish and ostentatious, yet he denies himself the coveted glory of a coach and pair to give a marriage portion to his sister. He seeks openly his own profit and gratification, yet he is never without an active interest in the lives and needs of other people. Indeed, so keen and so sensible are his solutions of social problems, or what passed for such in that easy age, that had philanthropy and its rewards been invented in the reign of Charles II. we should doubtless see standing now in London streets a statue of Mr. Samuel Pepys, prison reformer, and founder of benevolent institutions for improving and harrowing the poor.

If the principal interest of this famous diary lies in its unflinching revelation of character, a charm no less enduring may be found in all the daily incidents it narrates. We like to know how a citizen

of London lived two hundred years ago: what clothes he wore, what food he ate, what books he read, what plays he heard, what work and pleasure filled his waking hours. And I would gently suggest to those who hunger and thirst after the glories of the printed page that if they will only consent to write for posterity, — not as the poets say they do, and do not, but as the diarist really and truly does, — posterity will take them to its heart and cherish them. They may have nothing to say which anybody wants to listen to now; but let them jot down truthfully the petty occurrences, the pleasant details of town or country life, and, as surely as the world lasts, they will one day have a hearing. We live in a strange period of transitions. Never before has the old order changed as rapidly as it is changing now. O writers of dull verse and duller prose, quit the well-worked field of fiction, the arid waste of sonnets and sad poems, and chronicle in little leather-covered books the incidents which tell their wondrous tale of resistless and inevitable change. Write of electric motors, of bicycles, of peace societies, of hospitals for pussy cats, of women's clubs and colleges, of the price of food and house rent, of hotel bills, of new fashions in dress and furniture, of gay dinners, of extension lectures, of municipal corruption and reform, of robberies unpunished, of murders unavenged. These things do not interest us profoundly now, being part of our daily surroundings; but the generations that are to come will read of them with mingled envy and derision: envy because we have done so little, derision because we think that we have done so much.

If, then, it is as natural for mankind to peer into the past as to speculate upon the future, where shall we find such windows for our observation as in the diaries which show us day by day the shifting current of what once was life? We can learn from histories all we want to know about the great fire of London, but to realize just how people felt and behaved in that terrible emergency we should watch the alert and alarmed Mr. Pepys burying not only his money and plate, but his wine and Parmesan cheese. We have been taught at school much more than we ever wanted to know about Cromwell and the Protectorate and Puritan England; yet to breathe again that dismal and decorous air we must go to church with John Evelyn, and see, instead of the expected rector, a sour-faced tradesman mount the pulpit, and preach for an hour on the inspiriting text, "And Benaiah . . . went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow." The pious and accomplished Mr. Evelyn does not fancy this strange innovation. Like other conservative English gentlemen, he has little leaning to "novices and novelties" in the house of God; and he is even less pleased when all the churches are closed on Christmas Day, and a Puritan magistrate speaks, in his hearing, "spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity." His horror at King Charles's execution is never mitigated by any of the successive changes that followed that dark deed. He is repelled in turn by the tyranny of Cromwell, the dissoluteness of Charles II., the Catholicity of James, and the heartlessness of Queen Mary, "who came to Whitehall jolly and laughing as to a wedding," without even a decent pretense of pity for her exiled father. He firmly believes in witchcraft, — as did many other learned and pious men, — and he persists in upsetting all our notions of galley slaves and the tragic horror of their lot by affirming the miserable creatures at Marseilles to be "cheerful and full of knavery," and hardly ever without some trifling occupation at which they toiled in free moments, and by which they made a little money for the luxuries and comforts that they craved.

In fact, an air of sincere and inevitable truthfulness robs John Evelyn's diary of all that is romantic and sentimental. We see in it the life of a highly cultivated

and deeply religious man, whose fate it was to witness all those tremendous and sovereign changes which swept over England like successive tidal waves between the execution of the Earl of Strafford and the accession of Queen Anne. Sharp strife; the bitter contention of creeds; England's one plunge into republicanism, and her abrupt withdrawal from its grim embraces; the plague; the great fire, with "ten thousand houses all in one flame;" the depth of national corruption under the last Stuarts; the obnoxious and unpalatable remedy administered by the house of Orange; the dawning of fresh prosperity and of a new literature, — all these things Mr. Evelyn saw, and noted with many comments in his diary. And from all we turn with something like relief to read about the fire-eater, Richardson, who delighted London by cooking an oyster on a red-hot coal in his mouth, or drinking molten glass as though it had been ale, and who would have made the fortune of any modern museum. Or perhaps we pause to pity the sorrows of landlords, always an ill-used and persecuted race; for Sayes Court, the home of the Evelyns, with its famous old trees and beautiful gardens, was rented for several years to Admiral Benbow, who sublet it in the summer of 1698 to Peter the Great, and the royal tenant so trampled down and destroyed the flower-beds that no vestige of their loveliness survived his ruthless tenancy. The Tsar, like Queen Elizabeth, was magnificent when viewed from a distance, but a most disturbing element to introduce beneath a subject's humble roof.

If Defoe, that master of narrative, had written fewer political and religious tracts, and had kept a journal of his eventful career, what welcome and admirable reading it would have made! If Lord Hervey had been content to tell us less about government measures, and more about court and country life, his thick volumes would now be the solace of many an idle hour. So keen a wit, so powerful and graphic a touch, have never been wasted upon matters of evanescent interest. History always holds its share of the world's attention. The charm of personal gossip has never been known to fail. But political issues, once dead, make dull reading for all but students of political economy; and they, browsing by choice amid arid pastures, scorn nothing so much as the recreative. Yet Lord Hervey's epigrammatic definition of the two great parties, patriots and courtiers, as "Whigs out of place and Whigs in place," shows how vital and long-lived is humor; and the trenchant cynicism of his unkind pleasantries is more easily disparaged than forgotten.

On the other hand, we can never be sufficiently grateful that Gouverneur Morris, instead of writing industrious pamphlets on the causes that led to the French Revolution, has left us his delightful diary, with its vivid picture of social life and of the great storm-cloud darkening over France. In his pages we can breathe freely, unchoked by that lurid and sulphuric atmosphere so popular with historians and novelists rehearsing "on the safe side of prophecy." His courage is of the unsentimental order, his perceptions are pitiless, his common sense is invulnerable. He has the purest contempt for the effusive oath-taking of July 14, the purest detestation for the crimes and cruelties that followed. He persistently treads the earth, and is in no way dazzled by the mad flights into ether which were so hopelessly characteristic of the time. Not even Sir Walter Scott — a man as unlike Morris as day is unlike night — could be more absolutely free from the unwholesome influences which threatened the sanity of the world, and of Scott's journal it is difficult to speak with self-possession. Our thanks are due primarily to Lord Byron, whose Ravenna diary first started Sir Walter on this daily task, — a task which grew heavier when the sad years came, but which shows us now, as no word from other

lips or other pen could ever show us, the splendid courage, the boundless charity, the simple unconscious goodness of the man whom we may approach closer and closer, and only love and reverence the more. Were it not for this journal, we should never have known Scott, — never have known how sad he was sometimes, how tired, how discouraged, how clearly aware of his own fast-failing powers. We should never have valued at its real worth his unquenchable gayety of heart, his broad, genial, reasonable outlook on the world. His letters, even in the midst of trouble, are always cheerful, as the letters of a brave man should be. His diary alone tells us how much he suffered at the downfall of hopes and ambitions that had grown deeper and stronger with every year of life. "I feel my dogs' feet on my knees, I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere," he writes pathetically, when the thought of Abbotsford closed and desolate seems more than he can bear; and then, obedient to those unselfish instincts which had always ruled his nature, he adds with nobler sorrow, "Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! This will be news to wring your hearts and many an honest fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Of all the journals bequeathed to the world, and which the wise world has guarded with jealous care, Sir Walter's makes the strongest appeal to honest human nature, which never goes so far afield in its search after strange gods as to lose its love for what is simply and sanely good. We hear a great deal about the nobler standards of modernity, and about virtues so fine and rare that our grandfathers knew them not; but courage and gayety, a pure mind and a kind heart, still give us the assurance of a man. The pleasant duty of admonishing the rich, the holy joy of preaching a crusade against other people's pleasures, are daily gaining favor with the elect; but to the unregenerate there is a wholesome flavor in cheerful enjoyment no less than in open-handed generosity. The one real drawback to a veracious diary is that — life being but a cloudy thing at best — the pages which tell the story make often melancholy reading. Mr. Pepys has, perhaps, the lightest heart of the fraternity, and we cannot help feeling now and then that a little more regret on his part would not be wholly unbecoming. However, his was not a day when people moped in corners over their own or their neighbors' shortcomings; and there is no more curious contrast offered by the wide world of bookland than the life reflected so faithfully in Pepys's diary and in the sombre journal of Judge Sewall. New England is as visible in the one book as is Old England in the other, — New England under the bleak sky of an austere, inexorable, uncompromising Puritanism which dominated every incident of life. If Mr. Pepys went to see a man hanged at Tyburn, the occasion was one of some jollity, alike for crowd and for criminal; an open-air entertainment, in which the leading actor was recompensed in some measure for the severity of his part by the excitement and admiration he aroused. But when Judge Sewall attended the execution of James Morgan, the unfortunate prisoner was first carried into church and prayed over lengthily by Cotton Mather for the edification of the congregation, who came in such numbers and pressed in such unruly fashion around the pulpit that a riot took place within the holy walls, and Morgan was near dying of suffocation in the dullest possible manner without the gallows-tree.

It is not of hangings only and such direful solemnities that we read in Sewall's diary. Every ordinary duty — I cannot say pastime — of life is faithfully portrayed. We know the faults — sins they were considered — of his fourteen children; how they played at prayer-time and began their meals before grace was said, and were duly whipped for

such transgressions. We know how the judge went courting when past middle age; how he gave the elderly Mrs. Winthrop China oranges, sugared almonds, and "gingerbread wrapped in a clean sheet of paper," and how he ingratiated himself into her esteem by hearing her grandchildren recite their catechism. He has a businesslike method of putting down the precise cost of the gifts he offered during the progress of his various wooings; for, in his own serious fashion, this gray-headed Puritan was one of the most amorous of men. A pair of shoe-buckles presented to one fair widow came to no less than five shillings threepence; and "Dr. Mather's sermons, neatly bound," was a still more extravagant *cadeau*. He was also a mighty expounder of the Scriptures, and prayed and wrestled with the sick until they were fain to implore him to desist. There is one pathetic history of a dying neighbor to whose bedside he hastened with two other austere friends, and who was so sorely harried by their prolonged exhortations that, with his last breath, he sobbed out, "Let me alone! my spirits are gone!" — to the terrible distress and scandal of his wife.

On the whole, Judge Sewall's diary is not cheerful reading; but the grayness of its atmosphere is mainly due to the unlovely aspect of colonial life, to the rigors of an inclement climate not yet subdued by the forces of a luxurious civilization, and by a too constant consideration of the probabilities of being eternally damned. There is nowhere in its sedate and troubled pages that piercing sadness, that cry of enigmatic, inexplicable pain which shakes the very centre of our souls when we read the beautiful, short journal of Maurice de Guérin. These few pages, written with no definite purpose by a young man whose life was uneventful and whose genius never flowered into maturity, have a positive as well as a relative value. They are not merely interesting for what they have to tell; they are admirable for the manner of the telling, and the world of letters would be distinctly poorer for their loss. Eugénie de Guérin's journal is charming, but its merits are of a different order. No finer, truer picture than hers has ever been given us of that strange, simple, patriarchal life which we can so little understand, a life full of delicate thinking and homely household duties. At Le Cayla, the lonely Languedoc château, where "one could pass days without seeing any living thing but the sheep, without hearing any living thing but the birds," the young Frenchwoman found in her diary companionship and mental stimulus, a link to bind her day by day to her absent brother for whom she wrote, and a weapon with which to fight the unconquerable disquiet of her heart. Her finely balanced nature, which resisted sorrow and ennui to the end, forced her to adopt that precision of phrase which is the triumph of French prose. There is a tender grace in her descriptions, a restraint in her sweet, sudden confidences, a wistfulness in her joy, and always a nobility of thought which make even her gentleness seem austere.

But Maurice de Guérin had in him a power of enjoyment and of suffering which filled his life with profound emotions, and these emotions break like waves at our feet when we read the brief pages of his diary. There is the record of a single day at Le Val, so brimming with blessedness and beauty that it illustrates the lasting nature of pure earthly happiness; for such days are counted out like fairy gold, and we are richer all our lives for having grasped them once. There are passages of power and subtlety which show that nature took to her heart this trembling seeker after felicity, cast from him the chains of care and thought, and bade him taste for one keen hour "the noble voluptuousness of freedom." Then, breaking swiftly in amid vain dreams of joy, comes the

bitter moment of awakening, and the sad voice of humanity sounds wailing in his ears.

"My God, how I suffer from life! Not from its accidents, — a little philosophy suffices for them, — but from itself, from its substance, from all its phenomena."

And ever wearing away his heart is the restlessness of a nature which craved beauty for its daily food, which longed passionately for whatever was fairest in the world, for the lands and the seas he was destined never to behold. Eugénie, in her solitude at Le Cayla, trained herself to echo with gentle stoicism the words of A Kempis: "What canst thou see anywhere that thou seest not here? Behold the heavens and the earth and all the elements! For out of these are all things made." Her horizon was bounded by the walls of home. She worked, she prayed, she read her few books, she taught the peasant children the little it behooved them to know; she played with the gray cat, and with the three dogs, Lion, Wolf, and little Trilby, whom she loved best of all, and from whom, rather than from a stupid fairy-tale, it may be that Du Maurier stole his heroine's name. She won peace, if not contentment, by the fulfillment of near duties; but in her brother the unquenchable desire of travel burned like a smouldering fire. In dreams he wandered far amid ancient and sunlit lands whose mighty monuments are part of the mysterious legends of humanity. "The road of the wayfarer is a joyous one!" he cries. "Ah! who shall set me adrift upon the Nile!" And with these words the journal of Maurice de Guérin comes to a sudden end. A river deeper than the Nile was opening before his passionate, tired young eyes. Remoter lands than Egypt lay before his feet.

Agnes Repplier.

THE JUGGLER.

IX.

Tubal Cain Sims had long harbored the theory that the juggler's unexplained and lingering stay in Etowah Cove betokened that he sought immunity here from the consequences of crime, and that he was a fugitive from justice. In no other way could he interpret those strange words, "for his life! — his life! — his life!" cried out from troubled dreams in the silence of the dark midnight, — so frequent once, and now so very rare. He had sought to enlist the antagonism and prejudice of the lime-burners, for he would fain rid his house of this ill-flavored association; but of late their ardor had flagged inexplicably. Only Peter Knowles seemed to abide by their earlier impression, but Peter Knowles was now absorbed heart and soul in burning lime, as the time for its use was drawing near. Sims began to understand their lukewarmness when he noted the interest of the young man in his beautiful daughter: they deemed him now merely a lover. This discovery had come but lately to Sims, for he was of a slow and plodding intelligence, and hard upon it followed the revelations he had overheard through the open door the previous night. It was an occasion for haste. While he loitered, this stranger, encouraged by the vicarious coquetry of Jane Ann Sims, might marry Euphemia; and when he was haled to the bar of justice for his crimes, the Cove would probably perceive in the dispensation only a judgment upon the old couple for having made an idol of their own flesh and blood.

He realized, as many another man has done, that in extreme crises, involving risk, quondam friendships are but as broken reeds, and he was leaning stoutly only upon his own fealty to his own best interests, as he jogged along on his old brown mare, with her frisky colt at her heels, down the red clay roads of cove after cove, and through rugged mountain passes into still other coves, on his way to Colbury, the county town. His heart burned hot within him against Jane Ann Sims when he recalled her advice to the man to say nothing to him, the head of the house and the father of the girl! She 'd settle *him!* Would she, indeed? And he relished with a grim zest, as a sort of reparation, the fright she had suffered at the bare possibility of an elopement. Then this recollection, reacting on his own heart, set it all a-plunging, as he toiled on wearily in the hot sun, lest this disaster might chance during his absence, and he found himself leaning appealingly, forlornly, on the honor of the very man whom his mission was to ruin if he could. It was he who had refused to dispense with the father's consent could it be obtained, and only the perfidious Jane Ann Sims had counseled otherwise; he who had taken note of hospitality and courtesy, — much of which, in truth, had been mere seeming. More than once it almost gave Sims pause to reflect to whom he was indebted for any show of consideration. He had, however, but one daughter. This plea, he felt, might serve to excuse unfounded suspicion, and make righteous a breach of hospitality, and justify cruelty. "One darter!" he often said to himself as he went along, all unaware that if he had had six his cares, his solicitude, his paternal affection, would have been meted out sixfold, so elastic is the heart to the strain upon its resources.

For this cause, despite his softened judgment toward the juggler, he did not flinch when he reached Colbury, and made his way across the "Square," where every eye seemed fixed upon him, as if attributing to him some nefarious designs on the liberty of an innocent man. But the town folks of Colbury were far too sophisticated in their own esteem to accord the slightest note to an old codger from the mountains, — a region as remote to the majority, save now and then for a glimpse of an awe-stricken visitor from the backwoods, as the mythical land of Atlantis. For such explorations into the world at large as the ambitious citizens of Colbury adventured led them not into the scorned rural wilds known to them comprehensively as "'way up in the Cove."

Tubal Cain Sims had been here but twice before: once when there was a political rally early after the war, and later as a witness for the defense in a case of murder. The crowded, confused, jostling political experience still thronged unintelligibly the retina of his mind's eye, but order and quiet distinguished the glimpse vouchsafed him of the workings of justice. He had evolved a great respect for judicial methods, and he felt something like a glow of pride to see the brick court-house still standing so spacious and stately, as it seemed to him, within its inclosures, the surrounding grass green and new, and the oak boughs clustering above the columns of the porch. He was not aware how long he stood and gazed at it, his eye alight, his cheek flushed. If the question had been raised, he would have known at once that the Juggernaut car of justice had held steadily on its inexorable way through all the years that had since intervened, and that his individual lack of a use for it had not banished it from the earth; but Tubal Cain was not a man of speculation, and it smote him with a sort of gratified surprise to see the court-house on its stanch stone foundations as it was in the days when he and it conserved so intimate a relation. There were two or three lawyers on the steps or passing in at the gate, but he eyed the crafty tribe askance. The

value which he placed on counsel was such confidence as he might repose in a shooting-iron with a muzzle at both ends, — as liable to go off in one direction as in the other; and thus it was that, with a hitch of the reins, he reminded himself anew of his errand, and took his way down the declivity of a straggling little street, where presently the houses grew few and small, dwindling first to shabby tumble-down old cottages, then to sundry dilapidated blacksmith shops, beyond which stretched a rocky untenanted space, as if all habitation shrunk from neighboring the little jail which stood alone between the outer confines of the town and the creek.

Here also he came to a halt, looking at the surly building with recognizing eyes. And to it too these years had not been vacant. All the time of his absence, in the far-away liberties of the mountains, with the unshackled wind and the free clouds and the spontaneous growths of the earth out of its own untrammeled impulse, this grim place had been making its record of constraints, and captives, and limits, and locks, and longing bursting hearts, and baffled denied eyes, and yearning covetings of freedom, the bitterness of which perhaps no free creature can know. Surely, surely, these darkening elements of the moral atmosphere turned the bricks to their dingy hue. The barred windows gave on vague black interiors. A cloud was in the air above, with now and then a mutter of thunder, and the sullen jail lay in a shadow, and the water ran black in the green-fringed creek at the foot of the hill, while behind him at its summit, where the street intersected the open square, the sunlight fell in such golden suffusions that a clay-bank horse with his rider motionless against the blue sky beyond might have seemed an equestrian statue in bronze commemorating the valiance of some bold cavalry leader. Tubal Cain wondered to see the jail so still and solitary; and where could be the man whom he had pictured sitting in all the luxury of possession on the front doorsteps, smoking his pipe?

This man of his imagination was the sheriff of the county, who did not avail himself of his privilege to appoint a jailer, but turned the keys himself and dwelt in his stronghold. He was of an over-exacting cast of mind. He could never believe a prisoner secure unless with his own hands he had drawn the bolts. On account of the great vogue attained by various crimes at this period, and the consequent overcrowding of the dungeons of the State, a considerable number of federal prisoners had been billeted on the Kildeer County jail while awaiting trial, and by reason of this important charge his vigilance was redoubled. In all the details of his office he carried the traits of a precisian, and was in some sort a thorn in the side of the more easy-going county officers with whom his official duties brought him into contact. Even the judge in his high estate on the bench was now and again nettled by the difficult questions of punctilio with which this servant of the court could contrive to invest some trifling matter, and was known to incline favorably to the salutary theory of rotation in office, — barring, of course, the judicial office. But the sheriff had three minie balls in him which he had collected on various battle-fields in the South; and although he had fought on a side not altogether popular in this region, they counted for him at the polls in successive elections, without the formalities of statutory qualifications and with a wondrous power of reduplication in the number of resulting votes. He was reputed of an extraordinary valor on those hard-contested fields where he had found his bullets, but there were advanced occasionally caviling criticisms of his record on the score that, being incapable of originating a course of action, it never occurred to him to run away when his command was ordered to advance, and that his bravery was simply the fixed stolidity of adhering to another man's

idea in default of any ideas of his own. In proof of this it was cited that when he was detailed among a file to hold a gin-house full of cotton, and the enemy surprised the guard and captured the building, he alone stood like a stock with his rifle still at a serene shoulder arms, where it was ordered to be, while his comrades undertook a deploying evolution of their own invention at a mad double-quick, without a word of command, showing the cleanest of nimble heels across the country. But he was esteemed by these depreciators a lucky fool, for when he was exchanged he was given the right to wear a chevron on his sleeve; and since the war, having an affinity for the office of sheriff, he had more than once been obliged to decline to make the race, and lie off a term or two, because of the law which will not permit the office to be held by the same person eight years without an interval. His fad for being in the direct line of the enemy's fire had only given him some painful hospital experience, for the balls had come to stay; and apparently the hard metal of his constitution served to assimilate them easily enough, for he was hale and hearty, and bade fair to live to a green old age, and they never made themselves heard of save at election times, when in effect they stuffed the ballot-box.

Having voted for him so often, and with that immense estimate of the value of a single ballot common to the backwoodsman little conversant with the power of numbers, Tubal Cain Sims felt a possessory claim on the sheriff as having made him such. He stood in dismay and doubt for a moment, gazing at the stout closed door that opened, when it opened at all, directly on the descending flight of steps, without any ceremonial porch or other introduction to entrance; then, after the manner of Etowah Cove, he lifted up his voice in a stentorian halloo and hailed the grim and silent house.

The sound seemed a spell to waken it into life. The echo of his shouts came back from the brick walls so promptly as to simulate two imperative voices rather than the mimicry of acoustics. Sudden pale faces showed at the bars, wearing the inquiring startled mien of alarm and surprise. The rattle of a chain heralded the approach of a great guard-dog dragging a block from around the corner. With his big bull-like head lowered and his fangs showing between his elastic lips, he stood fiercely surveying the stranger for a short time; then — and Tubal Cain Sims could have more readily forgiven a frantic assault, for he had his pistol in his hand — the sagacious brute sat down abruptly, and continued to contemplate the visitor, but with a certain air of non-committal curiosity, evidently realizing that his vocation was not to deter people from getting into jail, but to prevent them from getting out. The pallid faces at the windows were laughing, despite the bars; and although nettled by the ridicule they expressed, Tubal Sims made bold to lift up his voice again: "Hello, Enott! Enott Blake! Lemme in! Lemme in, I say! Hello, Enott!"

The faces of the spectators were distended anew. At those windows where there was more than one, they were turned toward each other for the luxury of an exchange of winks and leers. When a face was alone it grinned jocular satisfaction to itself, and one man, whose face was large and red and facetious, now and again showed a lifted hand smiting an unseen leg, in the extremity of solitary joy. The dog, with his big head still and his drooping lips a-quiver, gave a surly growl of displeasure, when the colt, having somewhat recovered from the fatigues of its long journey, began to frisk nimbly, and to curvet and caracole; the mare turned her head anxiously about as she watched these gyrations. Tubal Cain glared at the men at the windows. They had little to laugh at, doubtless, but why should they so gratuitously laugh at him? A tide of abashed mortification carried

the blood to his head. His stanch self-respect had heretofore precluded the suspicion that he was ever the object of ridicule, and now his pride revolted at his plight; but since he could not get at his mockers and inflict condign punishment, naught remained but to manfully persist in his course as if they were not. He dismounted, threw the reins over a hitching-post, advanced through the gate of the narrow yard, his pistol in his hand for fear of the formidable dog, and ascended the steps with a resolute tread. He dealt the door a resounding blow with the butt end of his shooting-iron, crying as he did so upon Enott Blake as a "dad-burned buzzard" to open the door or he would break it down. Suddenly it gave way before him, and by the force of his expectant blow he fell forward into the hall; then it closed behind him with a bang that shook the house.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed an irate voice. "Jeemes, take his weepon."

And albeit Tubal Sims stoutly held on to it, a scientific crack on the knuckles administered by a dapper light-haired young man caused the stiff old fingers to relax and yield the pistol to the custody of the law.

He confronted a tall, spare, vigorous man about fifty years of age, with iron-gray hair worn with a certain straight lank effect and parted far on the side, a florid complexion, and a bright yellowish-gray eye which delivered the kind of glance popularly held to resemble an eagle's. His look was very intent as he gazed in the twilight of the grimy hall at Tubal Cain Sims, who began to feel a quiver at the lack of recognition it expressed. To be sure, Tubal Sims knew that he had no acquaintance with the man, but he had not somehow counted on this total unresponsiveness to his claim upon the officer.

"I hev voted fur you-uns fur sher'ff nine time out'n ten," he said, with the rancor of reproach for benefits conferred unworthily.

He stood with a very large majority of the enlightened citizens of the county. Enott Blake had been but recently re-elected, but if his canvass were to be made anew it is barely possible that he would have fancied he might have weathered it without the support of this ancient adherent. His office was of the sort which is not compatible with any show of personal favor, and he resented the reminder of political services as an imputation.

"Well, ye have got a sheriff that knows what attempted house-breaking is," he said severely. "And unless ye can show a good reason for tryin' to break into that door, ye 'll find ye have got a sheriff that will take a power o' pains ye don't break out again soon."

Tubal Cain's face, all wind-blown and red with the sun, and rugged with hard grooved wrinkles, and nervous with the untoward complications of achieving an audience with the man he had ridden so far to see, was shattered from the congruity of his gravity into a sort of fragmentary laughter out of keeping with the light of anxiety in his eyes.

"Did ye ever hear of a man tryin' ter break inter a jail?" he demanded.

"I caught you doin' it to the best of your ability," returned the literal-minded sheriff.

Tubal Cain would have felt as if he were dreaming had it not been for sundry recollections of stories of the matter-of-fact tendencies of the officer which were far from reassuring. He felt that he could hardly have faced the situation had not the dapper round-visaged young deputy, whose blond hair curled like a baby's in tendrils on his red, freckled forehead, glanced up at him with a jocose wink as he proceeded to draw the cartridges from the mountaineer's shooting-iron; the triumph of capture still in his eye, while he lounged carelessly over the banisters of the staircase to evade the responsibility and labor of standing upright.

"Own up, daddy," he cavalierly ad-

monished the elder. "Tell what you were aimin' to do. To rescue prisoners" —his superior snorted at the very word —"or rob us of our vally'bles?" The sheriff turned upon the deputy with a stare of inquiry as if wondering what these might be; then, vaguely apprehending the banter, said severely: —

"Cuttin' jokes about your bizness, Jeemes, so constant, makes me 'feard it 's a leetle bit too confinin' for such a gay bird as you. Bar-keepin' in a saloon would fit your build better 'n the sort o' bar-keepin' we do here, I 'm thinkin'."

Enott Blake might be laughed at on occasion, but he had a trick of making other men as serious as himself when he sought to play upon their foibles. The blond deputy's countenance showed that it had another and deeper tinge of red in its capacity; he came to the perpendicular suddenly as, without lifting his eyes, he continued to revolve the chambers of the pistol seriatim and to draw the cartridges. He was but newly appointed, and zealous of the favor of his superior.

"I dunno how I could bear up, though," he said, with apology in the cadence of his voice, "if I did n't crack a joke wunst in a while, considering I 'm just broke into harness."

"That 's a fact," admitted the martial elder, visibly and solemnly placated. "Do you know what we were doin' while you yelled, an' capered, an' cut up them monkey-shines in front of the jail?" he demanded sternly, turning to Tubal Cain Sims. "We were cuttin' a man down that tried to hang himself."

"Suicidin'," put in the deputy, as if making a nice distinction between this voluntary suspension and the legal execution.

"An' we were bringin' the man to himself agin."

"He 's crazy, crazy as a loon," interpolated the deputy in a mutter, pulling the trigger and snapping the hammer of the empty weapon, and sighting it unpleasantly down the hall, aiming alternately at the sheriff and at Tubal Cain Sims, who could scarcely repress an admonition, but for awe's sake desisted.

"Or more likely, simulatin' insanity," said the sheriff; "it 's plumb epidemic nowadays 'mongst the crim'nals."

"Well, he come mighty nigh lightin' out for a country where no vain pretenses avail," remarked the loquacious deputy, one eye closed, and drawing a very fine line from the bridge of old Sims's nose with the empty pistol.

"This is a country where they don't avail, either," retorted the sheriff, "not with any reasonable jury. And twelve men, though liable to be fools, ain't fools o' the same pattern. That 's the main thing: impanel a variety o' fools, an' the verdic' is generally horse sense. Now, sir," turning on Tubal Cain Sims, who could feel his hat rising up on his hair, "what do you want, anyhow?"

"Ter git out, — that 's all; ter git out o' hyar!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, sickened with a ghastly horror of the presentment of the scene they had left, the walls that harbored it, the roof that sheltered it. Oh for the free pure mountain air, the wild untrodden lengths of the mountain wilderness, fresh with the sun and the dew, and the vigor of natural growths, and the sweet scent of woodland ways! He was suffocated with a moment of this atmosphere; the deadly prison flavor appalled him. As he cast up his eyes to the high window above the staircase he could have cried out aloud to see the bars, and he gazed at the door in a desperation that started the drops on his brow and brought the blood to his face, as if the intensity of his emotion had been some strong physical effort.

"What did you get in here for, then?" demanded the sheriff. "Most folks have to be fetched."

Tubal Cain Sims's heart failed him. Could it be possible that he had ever designed a fate like this for the man who had slept under his roof; who had eaten his bread; who had refused to maintain

secrecy against him; who considered him and his claims, when his own, his very own, passed them by? He could not realize it. He refused to credit his cherished scheme; he felt that if once away from the paralyzing sight of the place, invention would rouse itself anew. Some other device would serve to rid the Cove of the man, and to frustrate his elopement with Euphemia. He could compass a new plan, he was sure, if once more he were free in the clear and open air.

The eagle eye of the sheriff marked the alert turning of Sims's head toward the door. "What did you come here for, then?" he again demanded.

With hot eyes glancing hither and thither like a wild thing's in a trap, Tubal Sims replied, with the inspiration of the moment, "I wanted ter view the man I hev voted fur so often an' so constant."

Now, the sheriff, like many other great men in their several places, had his vanity, and it is not hard to convince one who has been before the public eye that he fills that orb to the exclusion of any less worthy object. That Tubal Cain Sims should have journeyed fully thirty-five miles from the mountains to feast his eyes upon the resplendent dignity of the sheriff in his oft-resumed incumbency seemed possibly no disproportionate tribute to Enott Blake's estimate of his own merits. But this view, however flattering, was hardly compatible with the lordly manner in which the old mountaineer had beaten upon the door of the jail, and the imperative tones with which he had summoned forth the servant of the public who owed his high estate to the suffrages of him aided by the likes of him. A wonderful change is wrought in the moral atmosphere of a man by the event of an election. The candidate's estate is vested by the announcement of the result. He owns his office for the time, and he breathes a free man. It is interesting to see how the muscles of his metaphorical knees straighten out, for the day of genuflection is over. Independence is reasserted in his eye; he bears himself as one who conquers by the prowess of his own bow and spear; and men whom he would fain conciliate last week need to search his eye for an expression they can recognize. They will be treated no more to that mollifying demonstration, the candidate's smile.

The defeated aspirant's once bland countenance, however, has assumed all the contours of the cynic's. A bitter sort of nonchalance with a frequent forced laugh goes better combined with peanuts, if the place is not too high in the official scale and the candidate of no great social pretensions, since the hulls can be cast off with a flouting gesture which aids the general implication that the constituency may appropriately go hang, for all he cares. He is not hurt, — not he! He made the race to oblige his friends and party, and he now and again throws out intimations of a bigger piece of pie saving for him as a reward for filling the breach. Meantime peanuts perforce suffice.

Enott Blake, through much placeholding, had become imbued with the candidate's antagonism to that assumption of all the power residing in the voting masses common to the arrogant but impotent unit. He was never elected by any one man, nor through any definitely exerted political influence. He served the people, and incidentally his own interest, and mighty glad they ought to be to get him, and this was what he felt especially after elections. If ever in the course of a canvass he had a qualm, — and it is said that the least imaginative of men are capable of nightmare, — he had the satisfaction of calling himself a fool thereafter, to think less of himself than people thought of him, and counting endearingly his minie balls. He was a rare instance of a great personal popularity, and he had no mind to abate his pretensions before the preposterous patronage of this old mountaineer who possibly had not paid poll-tax for twenty

years. He could no more be said to possess an enlightened curiosity than the hound trained to trail game could be accredited with an inquisitive interest in the natural history of the subject of his quest. It was with the like rudimentary instinct of the pursuit of prey that he felt stirring a predatory intention to wring from the intruder the real reason for this strange entrance.

"No, no, my friend," he said, with a kindling of his keen eye which expressed a degree of ferocity, "you can't come it that-a-way on me. I 'm a mighty fine man, I know, but folks ain't got to sech a pass as to break into jail for a glimpse of me yet. You don't get out of that door" — he nodded his head at it — "till you give me a reasonable reason for your extraordinary conduc'."

Tubal Cain Sims was silent. His hard old lips suddenly shut fast. His eyes gleamed with a dogged light. He would not speak had he no will to speak, and the officer should see which could hold out the longest at this game. He remembered how often he had hearkened to the complaints of the preternatural quality of his obstinacy with which Jane Ann Sims had beguiled the conjugal way since, a quarter of a century ago, they had left the doorstep of Parson Greenought's house man and wife. Surely, if it had time and again vanquished Jane Ann Sims, how could the sheriff, a mere man, abide it? He had not, however, reckoned on certain means of compulsion which were not within the power of the doughty contestant for domestic supremacy.

There was no visible communication between the older officer and the deputy. Indeed, Tubal Sims was at first disposed to look upon it lightly, as the invention of youth and inexperience, when the young man said appealingly, "Ye won't need handcuffs, Mr. Blake? Leastwise not till after we come from the jestice's?"

"Handcuffs!" screeched Tubal Sims, as violently cast out from the stronghold of his obstinate silence as if he had been hurtled thence by a catapult. "Ye hev got no right to handcuff me! I kem hyar of my own free will an' accord. I ain't no prisoner. Open that thar door," he said, lowering his voice to a tone of command and turning majestically to the sheriff. "Open that door, or I 'll hev the law of ye."

"Not till I have had the law of you," replied the imperturbable functionary. "But, Jeemes," — he turned with a disaffected aside to his young colleague, — "what d' ye go namin' irons for? 'T ain't polite to talk 'bout ironin' a man old enough to be your father."

James looked about in a vague despair. He had but sought the effect of the mention of shackles upon the imagination, and indeed his words had potently affected the fancy of the only man in the room who possessed that illusive pictorial faculty. The stanch old mountaineer was all a-tremble. What would Jane Ann Sims think of this? He might have known that this journeying abroad in secret and without her advice would result disastrously! What indeed would Jane Ann Sims think of this?

"Open that door!" he vociferated. "Ye hev got no right ter detain ME!"

"What for not?" demanded the sheriff sternly. "What d' ye call this fix'n'?" He opposed to Tubal Cain Sims's nose, with the trifling intervenient space of an inch, his own pistol.

"Shootin'-iron!" sputtered Tubal, squinting fearfully at it.

"Worn in defiance o' the law and to the terror o' the people," said the sheriff frowningly. "I have got to be indicted myself or arrest you on that charge. And I reckon you know you ain't got no right to carry concealed weepons."

"Ain't got no right ter w'ar a shootin'-iron!" exclaimed Tubal Sims, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Agin the law," said the deputy airily.

"Agin the law!" echoed Tubal Sims, his back against the wall, and his eyes turning first to one, then to the other of his companions. "Lord! Lord! I never knowed afore how fur the flat-woods war ahint the mountings! How air ye goin' ter pertec' yerself agin yer neighbor 'thout no shootin'-iron?" he asked cogently.

"By the law," said both officers in unison.

"Thar ain't no law in the mountings, thank Gawd!" cried Tubal Sims.

"There is law here," declared the sheriff, "and a plenty of it to go round."

"Thank Gawd!" echoed the pious deputy.

"Come, old man!" said the sheriff. "Come in here an' set down, an' sorter straighten out, an' tell me what in hell ailed ye to come bangin' on the jail door with a weepon called a shootin'-iron till you git yourself arrested for crim'nal offense. Surely, surely, you have got *some* reason in you."

He flung open a door close at hand, and Tubal Cain Sims, his knees trembling under him, so great was the nervous reaction in his metamorphosis from the masterful accuser to the despairing accused, was ushered into a room which seemed to him dark despite the glare of sunlight that fell broadside half across the bare floor from two tall windows, — a gaunt and haggard apartment suggestive of the intention of the building of which it was a part. These windows were not grated, but the fleckings of moving clouds barred the sunlight on the floor, and the mutter of thunder came renewed to the ear. The dust lay thick on the table in the centre of the room. A lounge covered with a startlingly gay quilt was in one corner, where Tubal Cain presumed the sheriff, in moments of fatigue which might be supposed to overpower even his stiff military figure in the deep midnight, slept with one eye open. A desk in the jamb by the fireplace held several bulky books, a large inkstand, a bag of fine-cut tobacco, a coarse glass tumbler which had nothing in it but a rank smell of a strong grade of corn whiskey, and a pipe half full of dead ashes, which the sheriff had hastily laid aside when summoned to the scene of the horrors perpetrated by a forlorn human being in the desperation of the fear of still greater horrors to come.

Tubal Cain Sims's mind, unaccustomed to morbid influences, could not detach itself from the idea. Despite his absorptions on his own account, he followed as an independent train of thought futile speculations as to where in the building this man might be, — close at hand, and he felt a nervous thrill at the possible propinquity, or in some remote cell and out of hearing; what had he guiltily done, or was he falsely accused; had he been really resuscitated, or had the potentialities of life merely flickered up like the spurious quickening of a failing candle before the moment of extinction, and was he even now, while the officers lingered here, dead again, and this time beyond recall; or would he not, left to his own devices, once more attempt his life? The old mountaineer could not forbear. He turned to the sheriff with an excited eye.

"Ain't ye 'feard he 'll hang hisself again?" he said huskily.

The officer stared. "Who?" he inquired, with knitted brow, as if he had forgotten the occurrence absolutely; then with renewing recollection, "You can bet your life he won't."

"Why not?" asked Sims, the clatter of his boots on the bare floor silent as he stopped short.

The deputy gave a fleering laugh, ending in a "ki-yi" of the extremity of derision. He had flung himself into a chair, and, with his elbows on the table, looked up with a scornful grin at Tubal Cain Sims, who seemed to entertain solicitude as to the capacities for management and discipline of Enott Blake, famous as the veriest martinet of a drill-sergeant years before he ever saw the inside of Kildeer County jail.

This absurd officiousness, however, met with more leniency from the high sheriff. Whether it was that, from his steady diet of commendation, his vanity could afford to dispense with such poor crumbs as Tubal Cain Sims might have it in his power to offer, or whether he was desirous of the emollient effects of indulgence to loosen his visitor's tongue, he apparently took no heed of this breach of the proprieties.

"He 's all right now. You need n't have no anxiety 'bout him," he said, as if it were a matter of course to be brought to book in this way.

"He can't hurt himself nor any one else now," echoed the deputy, taking his cue.

Sims turned from one to the other inquiringly.

"Got him in a cage," said the sheriff grimly.

For one moment Tubal Cain Sims silently cursed his curiosity that had elicited this fact for his knowledge and provision for future nightmares. It was of the order of things that sets the natural impulses of humanity and sympathy adverse to all the necessities of law and justice. He stared at the two officers, his gorge rising against them as monsters. Perhaps only his weapon, empty in the deputy's pistol-pocket, persuaded his apparent acquiescence.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, "that 's powerful tur'ble, — powerful tur'ble!"

The sheriff was no mind-reader. He deemed that the allusion applied to the unjudicial hanging.

"Not so very," he said, seating himself in a splint-bottomed chair, and elevating his boots to the topmost bar of the rusty, fireless grate. "'T ain't nigh so bad as havin' 'em fire the jail," he added gloomily. "They have played that joke on me five times. All this part o' the buildin' is new. Burnt spang down the last time we had a fire."

"Take a chair, sir, take a chair," said the conformable deputy, perceiving that politeness had come to be the order of the day.

Tubal Sims, almost paralyzed by the number and character of the new impressions crowded upon his unaccustomed old brain, still stood staring from one to the other, his sunburned, grooved, lank-jawed face showing a sharp contrast with his shock of tow hair, which, having been yellow and growing partially gray, appeared to have reverted to the lighter tint that it had affected when he came into the world. His hat was perched on the back of his head, and now and then he reached up to readjust it there; some subtle connection surely exists between the hat of a man and his brain, some obscure ganglion, for never does embarrassment beset the latter but the solicitous hand travels straight to the outer integument. His creased boot-legs moved slowly forward with the jeans-clothed continuations above them. He doubtfully seized on the back of a chair, and, still gazing from one to the other of his companions, deposited himself with exaggerated caution on the stanch wooden seat as if he half expected it to collapse beneath him.

"Now," said the sheriff smoothly, "you are a sensible man, I know, an' I wish you well."

"How 'bout that thar pistol?" said Tubal Cain Sims, instantly presuming upon this expression of amity.

"I did n't make that law," said Enott Blake testily. "But I 'm here to enforce it, and you 'll find that I know my duty an' will do it."

Tubal Sims relapsed into his friendless despair. And once more the deputy essayed a new device.

He turned his round, red, freckled, good-natured face full upon the visitor across the table, and, pushing back his black hat from the blond tendrils that overhung his forehead like an overgrown infant's, he said, fixing a grave blue eye upon Tubal Sims, "You came here to tell us about some crime you 've s'picioned."

The sheriff plucked up his faculties as if an inspiration had smitten him. "You were going to give us the names an' fac's as far as you knew or they had developed," he followed hard on the heels of the pioneering deputy.

"You caved after you got here, 'cause you wished the man no harm, and the sight o' the jail sorter staggered you," pursued the subordinate.

"But you had some personal motive," interjected the sheriff, suddenly solicitous for the verisimilitude of the sketch of the interior workings of Tubal Cain's astounded intellect. "It has to be a mighty plain, open case, with no s'picion 'bout it, when information ain't got some *personal* motive, — justifiable, maybe, and without direct malice, but *personal* motive."

Tubal Cain Sims's head turned from one to the other with a pivotal action which was less suggestive of muscles than of machinery. His eyes were starting from beneath his shaggy, overhanging eyebrows. His lower jaw had dropped. Thus dangled before him, his own identity was as recognizable to him as to their divination. If he had had time to think, there might have seemed something uncanny in this facile meddling with the secrets of his inner consciousness, hardly so plain to his own prognosis as in their exposition, but moment by moment he was hurried on.

"Your personal motive in giving this information," continued the deputy, "is because you are afraid of the man."

"Not for myse'f," blurted out Tubal Sims. "Before Gawd, I 'll swear, not for myse'f." He was all unaware of an impending disclosure of the facts that he had resolved to hide, since all the horrors of the jail, the true, visible presentment of the abstract idea of imprisonment, had burst upon his shuddering realization. He had forgotten his caution. His obstinate reticence relaxed. All the manhood within him roused to the alarum of the possibility that these officers should impute to him fear of any man for his own sake. He lifted a trembling, stiffened old hand with a deprecatory gesture. "Jes' one — jes' one darter!" He lowered his voice in expostulation.

"One daughter!" echoed the sheriff in surprise.

"Gittin' interestin'," murmured the flippant deputy.

"An' this hyar man wants ter marry her, an' she is willin' ter marry him, an' — an' he spoke of runnin' away." Tubal Cain Sims brought this enormity out with a sudden dilation of the eyes irresistible to the impudent deputy.

"Powerful painful to the survivors!" he snorted in a choking chuckle, "but not even a misdemeanor agin the law o' the land."

The sheriff's countenance changed. Not that he apprehended any cause for mirth, for it might be safely said that he had not laughed at a joke for the past six years, and it would have been a matter of some interest to know how he appraised the cachinnation habitually going on all around about him, and which he was temperamentally debarred from sharing. His face merely took on a perplexed and keenly inquisitive expression as he bent his brow as to a worthy mystery.

"You know a man can't be arrested for runnin' away with a young woman an' marryin' her," he expostulated. "You ain't such a fool as to think you can take the law to him to prevent that."

There are few people in this world who do not arrogate to themselves special mental supremacy. Folly is like unto the jewel in the forehead of the toad in that the creature thus endowed is unaware of its possession. Tubal Cain Sims had perceived subacutely the acumen of both the officers, and was emulous of demonstrating his own intellectual gifts. The word "fool" is a lash that stings, and, smarting, he protested: —

"The law would purvent it mighty quick by not waitin' fur him, ef he hed commit crimes."

"What 'd he ever do?" demanded the sheriff incredulously. And the deputy sat very still and silent.

Now, the peculiarity of being literal-minded has special reference to exoteric phenomena introduced for mental contemplation, but is easily coexistent with the evolution of an esoteric train of ideas, the complication of which is nullified by familiarity incident to their production. The sheriff was a plain man, a serious-minded man, who could not see a joke when it was before his nose; so literal-minded a man that because he never perceived the latent scheme of another, he himself was never suspected of scheming.

"What 'd he ever do?" he repeated, and it did not occur to Tubal Cain Sims that he had not yet mentioned the juggler's name, nor so much as suggested his own or the locality whence he came.

"I ain't keerin' ter know *whut* he done!" he asseverated, led on by the non-compliant look of the other. "I *know* he done *somewhut;* an' Phemie ain't goin' ter be 'lowed ter marry no evil-doer an' crim'nal agin the law."

The pause that ensued was suffered to continue, while the thunder rolled anew, and the dashing of the water of the surly black creek at the foot of the hill came to their ears. The sunshine on the floor faded out suddenly and all at once, and the murky gray light was devoid of any lingering shimmer. If the deputy breathed, he did not hear the heaving of his own chest, so still he was.

The sheriff, having allowed in vain a goodly margin for continuance, went on abruptly: "That 's the way you fellows, with no sense of the obligations of the law, carry on. You have got no information to give. You have got some personal motive, an' that 's the way to get an officer into trouble, false arrests an' charges of stirrin' up of strife an' such like, an' it 's personal motive always. I 'll bet this man o' yourn ain't committed no crime," and he turned his calm gray eyes on Tubal Cain Sims, seated in the midst of his consciousness of a fool errand to the great county town. Mortified pride surged to his face in a scarlet flood, and vehement argument rose to his lips.

"Why can't he sleep quiet nights in his bed, then?" he retorted. "Why do he holler out so pitiful, fit ter split yer heart, in his sleep, 'What can I do? For his life! — his life! — his life! Oh, what can I do — for his life! — his life! — his life!'?"

The wind came surging against the windows with a sudden burst of fury, and the sashes rattled in their casings. As the gust passed to the different angles of the house, the sound of other shaking casements came from the rooms above and across the hall, dulled with the distance, till a single remote vibration of glass and wood told that even in the furthest cells the inmates of this drear place might share the gloomy influences of the storm, though fair weather meant little to them, and naught the sweet o' the year. A yellow flash, swift and sinister, illumined the dull, gray room, that reverted instantly into its gloom, and, as if the lightning were resolved into rain, the panes showed a fusillade of the hurtling drops, and then their dusty, cobwebbed surfaces were streaked with coursing rivulets mingling together here and there as they ran.

The sheriff sat silently awaiting further disclosures, his eyes on the window, his guarded thoughts elsewhere. "The same words every night?" he asked at last.

"The same words every night," repeated Tubal Cain reluctantly, as if making an admission.

"Oh, you can't arrest a man for talking in his sleep," put in the deputy, with the air of flouting the whole revelation as a triviality; and he yawned with much verisimilitude, showing a very red mouth inside and two rows of stanch white teeth.

"I ain't sech a fool ez that, Mr. Dep'ty," snarled Tubal Sims raucously;

"but puttin' sech ez that tergether with a pale face an' blue circles round the eyes, in the mornin', o' the stronges', finest-built, heartiest young rooster I ever seen in my life, — he could fling you or the sher'ff from hyar clean acrost that creek, — an' layin' on the ruver-bank day arter day fishin' with no bait on his hook" —

"What 'd he catch?" queried the deputy, affecting anxious eagerness.

"All he expected, I reckon," retorted Sims. "A-layin' thar, with his hat over his eyes, week arter week; an' his eyes looked ez tormented ez — ez a deer I shot wunst ez could n't git up ter run an' could n't hurry up an' die in time, an' jes' laid thar an' watched me an' the dogs come up. An' this man's eyes looked jes' like that deer's, — an' I never let the dogs worry him, but jes' whipped out my knife an' cut his throat."

The deputy's eyes widened with pretended horror. He snatched a pair of handcuffs from the drawer at the side of the table, and, rising, exclaimed dramatically, "You say, in cold blood, you whipped out your knife and cut the man's throat!"

"Ye think ye air powerful smart, Mr. Dep'ty," sneered Sims, out of countenance, nevertheless. "But thar ain't much credit in baitin' an' badgerin' a man old enough ter be yer father," remembering the sheriff's rebuke on this score, and imputing to him a veneration for the aged.

"Yes, stop that monkeyin', Jeemes," Blake solemnly admonished his junior. Then, after silently eying the rain still turbulently dashing against the windows, he said reflectively, "Don't ye think, Mr. — Mr. — I disremember your name?"

"Sims, — Tubal Cain Sims," replied the owner of that appellation.

"Oh yes; Mr. Sims. Don't you think the feller 's jest a leetle lazy? There 's no law against laziness, though it needs legislation, being a deal more like the tap-root of evil than what money is, — though I don't set up my views against the Good Book."

"'Pears like 't warn't laziness, which may be a sin, but makes men fat, an' ez long ez the pot holds out ter bile, happy. This man warn't happy nor fat, an' he looked like the devils hed thar home with him."

"Where did he come from, and what 's his name?"

"He 'lowed, one day, from Happy Valley, but he did n't know where Happy Valley war. An' he talks like a town man, an' reads a power, an' tells tales ez Phemie say air out o' books; an' he gin a show" —

"A show?" the sheriff interrupted.

"A juggling show," pursued Tubal Sims, in better feather since they no longer dissimulated their absorption in these details. "He calls hisse'f a juggler, though his name is John Leonard."

"What 's he live on?" demanded the sheriff.

"The money he made at his show. He 'lowed ter gin more, but the church folks gin it out he war in league with Satan, an' threated ter dump him in the ruver, so he quit jugglin'."

The deputy with difficulty repressed a guffaw, but asked, with a keen curiosity, "Was it a pretty good show?"

"Ye never seen nuthin' like it in yer life. He jes'" —

"What sort of lookin' man is he?" interrupted the sheriff. He cast a glance at the deputy, who unobtrusively began to busy himself with pen, ink, and paper where he sat, and was presently scribbling briskly as Tubal Cain Sims sought to describe the stranger.

"He looks some like a mountain feller now," he said. "He paid my wife ter make him some clothes; but shucks!" his eye kindling with the glow of discursive reminiscence, "the clothes he kem thar in war a sight fur the jay-birds, — leetle tight pants ez kem down no furder 'n that, an' long stockin's like a gal's, an' no mo' 'shamed of 'em 'n I

am o' my coat-collar; a striped black-an'-red coat he hed on, an' long, p'inted reddish shoes." He paused to laugh, while a glance of fiery excitement and significance shot from the eyes of one officer into those of the other.

Far better than Tubal Sims they knew how to place the wearer of this sophisticated costume. For although their bailiwick was the compass of the county, their official duties carried them occasionally to neighboring cities and their suburbs; and while rolling so rapidly was not conducive to gathering moss for their own embellishment, it afforded opportunity for observation not altogether thrown away. This man was out of place, — a wanderer, evidently; but whether a fugitive from justice remained to be proved.

And while Tubal Cain Sims talked convulsively on, hardly realizing whither his reminiscence led, the expert penman was quietly noting down all the traits of description of poor Lucien Royce, — his height, his weight, his size, the color of his hair and eyes, the quality of his complexion, the method of his enunciation, and the polish of his manner, — all in the due and accepted form of advertisement for criminals, minus the alluring sum offered for their apprehension by the governor of the State.

Tubal Cain Sims did not note the cessation of the scraping of the pen, but the sheriff did, and it was within a few moments that he said, "Well, Mr. Sims, this offers no ground for arrestin' the man. But I 'll give you a piece of advice, — don't let him know of your errand here, or he 'll take French leave of you and take the girl with him. I can't arrest him for you" —

"Courtin' 's the inalienable right of man, and, in leap year, of woman too," sputtered the deputy, with his pen in his mouth and his laugh crowding it.

"But you had better keep a strict watch on him for a while," continued the sheriff; "and as I have some business up that way, I may come over. But keep that close, or you 'll lose your daughter, — just one daughter."

"One darter," echoed Tubal Sims, his eyes absorbed and docile as he followed the crafty officer's speech.

"Say nothin' to nobody, and I 'll see you before long." Then suddenly leaving the subject, with a briskening style he turned to the deputy. "Jeemes, take Mr. Sims before a magistrate, — Squair Purdy, I 'd recommend, — on a charge of carrying weepons with the intent o' goin' armed. Let him know, though, Mr. Sims, 't was in ignorance of the law, and a-travelin'. Remind him that the code says the statute is to be liberally construed. And remember that Jeemes can't swear that old army pistol was *concealed* on *no account*. *I* don't b'lieve Jeemes kin make out a case agin ye. Squair Purdy is mighty lenient."

"Ain't you-uns goin'?" quavered Mr. Sims, distrusting the tender mercies of the facetious James.

"No, sir," replied the sheriff, now far away in the contemplation of other matters. "Jeemes, go to the telephone and ring up the cap'n in Knoxville. I want to speak to him."

It only seemed a great babbling of a little bell in the grim twilight of the hall of the jail as James piloted Tubal Cain Sims out of the door which had so obdurately closed on him. And how should his ignorance conceive that within three minutes the chief of police in Knoxville was listening to the description of poor Lucien Royce, given by the sheriff of Kildeer County, and trying for his life to reconcile its dissimilarities with the physical traits of various missing malefactors sadly wanted by the police in divers localities?

Charles Egbert Craddock.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VII.

KANSAS AND JOHN BROWN.

Coming into Boston Harbor in September, 1856, after a long and stormy passage in a sailing vessel from the island of Fayal, the passengers, of whom I was one, awaited with eager interest the arrival of the pilot. He proved to be one of the most stolid and reticent of his tribe, as impenetrable to our curiosity as were his own canvas garments to raindrops. At last, as if to shake us off, he tugged from some remote pocket a torn fragment of a daily newspaper, large enough to set before our eyes at a glance the momentous news of the assault on Charles Sumner in the United States Senate, and of the blockading of the Missouri River against Free State emigrants. Arrived on shore, my immediate party went at once to Worcester; and the public meeting held by my friends to welcome me back became also a summons to call out volunteer emigrants for Kansas. Worcester had been thoroughly wakened to the needs of the new Territory through the formation of the Emigrant Aid Society, which had done much good by directing public attention to the opportunities offered by Kansas, though the enterprise had already lost some momentum by the obvious limitations of its method of "organized emigration." It had been shown that it was easy to get people to go together to a new colony, but hard to keep them united after they got there, since they could not readily escape the American impulse to disregard organization and go to work, each for himself; this desire being as promptly visible in the leaders as in anybody else. Moreover, it seemed necessary to arm any party of colonists more openly and thoroughly than had been the policy of the Emigrant Aid Society; and so a new movement became needful. A committee was appointed, of which I was secretary, with a view to sending a series of parties from Worcester; and of these we in the end furnished three.

First, however, I was sent to St. Louis to meet a party of Massachusetts emigrants, under Dr. Calvin Cutter, who had been turned back from the river by the Missourians, or "Border Ruffians," as they had then begun to be called. I was charged with funds to meet the necessities of this body, and was also to report on the practicability of either breaking the river blockade or flanking it. A little inquiry served to show that only the latter method would as yet be available. Events moved rapidly; a national committee was soon formed, with headquarters at Chicago, and it was decided to send all future emigrants across Iowa and Nebraska, fighting their way, if necessary, into Kansas. Our three parties, accordingly, went by that route; the men being provided with rifles, revolvers, and camp equipage. Two of these parties made their rendezvous in Worcester, one under command of my friend Stowell; the third party was formed largely of Maine lumbermen, recruited in a body for the service. I never saw thirty men of finer physique, as they strode through Boston in their red shirts and rough trousers to meet us at the Emigrant Aid Society rooms, which had been kindly lent us for the purpose. The rest of the men came to us singly, from all over New England, some of the best being from Vermont, including William Thompson, afterwards John Brown's son-in-law, killed at Harper's Ferry. I have never ceased to regret that all the correspondence relating to these companies, though most carefully preserved for years, was

finally lost through a casualty, and they must go forever unrecorded; but it was all really a rehearsal in advance of the great enlistments of the Civil War. The men were personally of as high a grade as the later recruits, perhaps even higher; they were of course mostly undisciplined, and those who had known something of military service — as in the Mexican War, for instance — were usually the hardest to manage, save and except the stalwart lumbermen, who were from the beginning a thorn in the flesh to the worthy Orthodox Congregational clergyman whom it became necessary to put in charge of this final party of emigrants. He wrote back to me that if I had any lingering doubts of the doctrine of total depravity, I had better organize another party of Maine lumbermen and pilot them to Kansas. Sympathy was certainly due to him; and yet I should have liked to try the experiment.

Being appointed as an agent of the National Kansas Committee, I went out in September, 1856, to meet and direct this very party, and others — including several hundred men — which had been collected on the Nebraska border. The events of the six weeks following were described by me in a series of letters, signed "Worcester," in the New York Tribune, and later collected in a pamphlet entitled A Ride through Kansas. It was a period when history was being made very rapidly, — a period which saw a policy of active oppression at last put down and defeated, although backed by the action or sustained by the vacillation of the national government. The essential difference between the Northern and the Southern forces in Kansas at that period was that the Northern men went as *bona fide* settlers, and the Southerners mainly to break up elections and so make it a Slave Territory. Every member of our Worcester parties signed a pledge to settle in Kansas, and nearly all kept it. On the other hand, the parties from South Carolina and Virginia, whom I afterwards encountered, had gone there simply on a lark, meaning to return home when it was over, as they freely admitted. This difference of material, rather than any superiority of organization, was what finally gave Kansas to freedom.

The end of Western railway communication was then Iowa City, in Iowa, and those who would reach Kansas had six hundred miles farther to walk or ride. I myself rode across Iowa for four days and nights on the top of a stage-coach, in the path of my emigrants, — watching the sun go down blazing, and sometimes pear-shaped, over the prairie horizon, just as it goes down beyond the ocean, and then seeing it rise in the same way. When the stage at last rolled me into Nebraska City, it seemed as if I had crossed the continent. The village bearing this sonorous name had been known as Council Bluffs until within a short time, and in my school geography had figured as the very outpost of the nation. Once arrived there, I felt as bewildered as a little boy on the Canadian railway who, when the conductor announced the small village called London, waked from a doze and exclaimed in my hearing, "Do we really pass through London, that great city?" One of the first needful duties was to visit our party of lumbermen and restore peace, if possible, between them and their officers. For this purpose I made my first stump speech, in a literal sense, standing on a simple pedestal of that description, and reasoning with the mutineers to the best of my ability. They had behaved so like grown-up children that I fear my discourse was somewhat in the line adopted in later years by a brilliant woman of my acquaintance, whose son had got into a college difficulty. I asked her, "Did you talk the matter over with him?" "Certainly," she said eagerly. "I reasoned with him. I said to him, 'L——, you are a great fool!'" It was not necessary to be quite so plain-spoken in this case; and as

I was fortified by the fact of having all their means of subsistence in a money-belt about my waist, the advantage was clearly on my side, and some order was finally brought out of chaos.

Soon after arriving I had to drive from Nebraska City to Tabor, over about twenty miles of debatable ground, absolutely alone, on an errand. It had been swept by the hostile parties of both factions; there was no more law than in the Scottish Highlands; every swell of the rolling prairie offered a possible surprise, and I had some of the stirring sensations of a moss-trooper. Never before in my life had I been, distinctively and unequivocally, outside of the world of human law; it had been ready to protect me, even when I disobeyed it. Here it had ceased to exist; my Sharp's rifle, my revolvers, — or, these failing, my own ingenuity and ready wit, — were all the protection I had. It was a delightful sensation; I could quote to myself from Browning's magnificent soliloquy in Colombe's Birthday: —

"When is man strong until he feels alone?"

and there came to mind some thrilling passages from Mackay's Ballads of the Cavaliers and Roundheads or from the Jacobite Minstrelsy. On this very track a carrier had been waylaid and killed by the Missourians only a few days before. The clear air, the fresh breeze, gave an invigorating delight, impaired by nothing but the yellow and muddy streams of that region, which seemed to my New England eye such a poor accompaniment for the land of the free. Tabor itself was then known far and wide as a Free State town from the warm sympathy of its people for the struggles of their neighbors, and I met there with the heartiest encouragement, and had an escort back.

The tavern where I lodged in Nebraska City was miserable enough; the beds being fearfully dirty, the food indigestible, and the table eagerly beset by three successive relays of men. One day a commotion took place in the street: people ran out to the doors; and some thirty rough-riders came cantering up to the hostelry. They might have been border raiders, for all appearance of cavalry order: some rode horses, some mules; some had bridles, others had lariats of rope; one man had on a slight semblance of uniform, and seemed a sort of lieutenant. The leader was a thin man of middle age, in a gray woolen shirt, with keen eyes, smooth tongue, and a suggestion of courteous and even fascinating manners; a sort of Prince Rupert of humbler grade. This was the then celebrated Jim Lane, afterwards Senator James H. Lane, of the United States Congress; at this time calling himself only "Major-General commanding the Free State Forces of Kansas." He was now retreating from the Territory with his men, in deference to the orders of the new United States governor, Geary, who was making an attempt, more or less serious, to clear Kansas of all armed bands. Lane stopped two days in Nebraska City, and I did something towards renewing the clothing of his band. He made a speech to the citizens of the town, — they being then half balanced between anti-slavery and pro-slavery sympathies, — and I have seldom heard eloquence more thrilling, more tactful, better adjusted to the occasion. Mr. R. W. Emerson, I remember, was much impressed by a report of this speech as sent by me to some Boston newspaper. Lane went with me, I think, to see our emigrants, encamped near by; gave me some capital suggestions as to our march into the Territory; and ended by handing me a bit of crumpled paper, appointing me a member of his staff with the rank of brigadier-general.

As I rode out of Nebraska City on the march, next day, my companion, Samuel F. Tappan, riding at my side, took occasion to exhibit casually a similar bit of paper in his own possession; and we thus found that the Kansas guerrilla

leader carried out the habit of partisan chiefs in all history, who have usually made up in titles and honors what they could not bestow in actual emoluments. After this discovery Tappan and I rode on in conscious inward importance, a sort of dignity *à deux*, yet not knowing but that at any moment some third brigadier-general might cross our path. We accompanied and partially directed the march of about a hundred and sixty men, with some twenty women and children. There were twenty-eight wagons, all but eight being drawn by horses. The nightly tents made quite an imposing encampment; while some of the men fed and watered the stock, others brought wood from far and near, others cleaned their rifles, others prepared the wagons for sleeping; the cooks fried pork and made bread; women with their babies sat round the fire; and a saddler brought out his board and leather every night and made belts and holsters for the emigrants. Each man kept watch for an hour, striding in thick boots through the prairie grass heavy with frost. Danger had always to be guarded against, though we were never actually attacked; and while we went towards Kansas, we met armed parties day after day fleeing from it, hopeless of peace. When at last we reached the Kansas River, we found on its muddy banks nineteen wagons with emigrants, retreating with heavy hearts from the land of promise so eagerly sought two years before. "The Missourians could not conquer us," they said, "but Governor Geary has."

On my first morning in Lawrence, Kansas, I waked before daybreak, and looking out saw the house surrounded by dragoons, each sitting silent on his horse. This again was a new experience in those ante-bellum days. A party of a hundred and fifty of these men had been sent to intercept us, we learned, under the command of Colonel Preston and Captain Walker of the United States Army; the latter, luckily, being an old acquaintance of my own. As a result, I went with Charles Robinson, the Free State governor, and James Redpath for a half-amicable, half-compulsory interview with the actual governor, Geary; and we parted, leaving everything undecided, — indeed, nothing ever seemed to be decided in Kansas; the whole destiny of the Territory was one of drifting, until it finally drifted into freedom. Yet in view of the fact that certain rifles which we had brought, and which had been left at Tabor, Iowa, for future emergencies, were the same weapons which ultimately armed John Brown and his men at Harper's Ferry, it is plain that neither Governor Geary's solicitude nor the military expedition of Colonel Preston was at all misplaced.

I formed that day a very unfavorable impression of Governor Geary, and a favorable one of Governor Robinson, and lived to modify both opinions. The former, though vacillating in Kansas, did himself great credit afterwards in the Civil War; while the latter did himself very little credit in Kansas politics, whose bitter hostilities and narrow vindictiveness he was the first to foster. Jealousy of the influence of Brown, Lane, and Montgomery led him in later years to be chiefly responsible for that curious myth concerning the Kansas conflict which has wholly taken possession of many minds, and has completely perverted the history of that State written by Professor Spring, — a theory to the effect that there existed from the beginning among the Free State people two well-defined parties, the one wishing to carry its ends by war, the other by peace. As a matter of fact there was no such division. In regard to the most extreme act of John Brown's Kansas career, the so-called "Pottawatomie massacre" of May 24, 1856, I can testify that in September of that year there appeared to be but one way of thinking among the Kansas Free State men, this being precisely the fact pointed out by

Colonel William A. Phillips in his Conquest of Kansas, which is altogether the best and fairest book upon the confused history of that time and place. I heard of no one who did not approve of the act, and its beneficial effects were universally asserted; Governor Robinson himself fully indorsing it to me, and maintaining, like the rest, that it had given an immediate check to the armed aggressions of the Missourians. It is certain that at a public meeting held at Lawrence, Kansas, three years later (December 15, 1859), Robinson supported resolutions saying that the act was done "from sad necessity;" that on August 30, 1877, at the unveiling of Brown's monument at Osawatomie, he compared Brown to Jesus Christ; and that on February 5, 1878, he wrote in a letter to James Hanway, "I never had much doubt that Captain Brown was the author of the blow at Pottawatomie, for the reason that he was the only man who comprehended the situation and saw the absolute necessity of some such blow and had the nerve to strike it." Personally, I have never fully reconciled myself to this vindication of "the blow;" but that Charles Robinson, after justifying it for nearly thirty years, and after the fighting men of the Territory (Brown, Lane, Montgomery) were dead, should have begun to pose as a non-resistant, and should later have spoken of "the punishment due Brown for his crimes in Kansas," — this appears to me to have been either simply disgraceful, or else the product of a disordered mind.

The people in Lawrence had been passing through a variety of scenes of danger and discomfort before the arrival of our party; and though the Missouri attacks had practically ceased, their effects remained in the form of general poverty and of privations as to food, especially as regarded breadstuffs. The hotel and Governor Robinson's house had been burned, as well as many mills and bridges; some of the best citizens were in jail as prisoners of state, and their families were really suffering. When I visited these prisoners at Lecompton, one man reported to me that he had left six children at home, all ill, and his wife accidentally away and unable to get back; but he supposed that "some of the neighbors would look after them." Another had in his arms his crying baby, said to be the first child born in Lawrence, and named after the settlement. Such imprisonment was the lot of more than a hundred of the Free State men. In the more rural regions — though everything in Kansas was then rural, but treeless — there was a perpetual guerrilla warfare going on in a vague and desultory way; and the parties were so far defined that their labels attached even to dumb animals, and people spoke of an anti-slavery colt or a pro-slavery cow. Several of us visited, near Blanton's Bridge, the ruins of a large mill, built by a Pennsylvanian named Straub. We met there his daughter, who was a noble-looking girl of twenty, but rather needlessly defiant in manner, as we thought, till at last she said frankly, "Why, I thought you were Missourians, and I was resolved that you should hear the truth." We being three to one, this attitude was certainly plucky; but I heard later that this girl had walked alone into the midst of the Missourians, while the mill was burning, and had called on one of them to give up her favorite horse which he had taken. This she did with such spirit that his comrades compelled him to dismount and surrender it. She mounted it and was riding away, when the man followed and attempted to get the halter from her hand; she held on; he took his bowie-knife and threatened to cut her hand off; she dared him to do it; he cut the rope close to her hand and got control of the horse. She slipped off, defeated; but presently two of the fellow's companions rode up and gave her the horse once more. It was a time when

a horse was worth more than a life in Kansas, and we can estimate the completeness of the triumph.

As I had been urged to preach to the people of Lawrence, it seemed well to take for my text that which was employed by the Rev. John Martin on the Sunday after he had fought at Bunker Hill: "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses." Riding a few days after to Leavenworth, then a "Border Ruffian" town, to witness an election under the auspices of that faction, I found myself in a village provided with more than fifty liquor shops for two thousand inhabitants, while the doors of the hotel were almost barricaded with whiskey casks. Strangers were begged to take a hand in the voting, as if it were something to drink; I was several times asked to do this, and my plea that I was only a traveler was set aside as quite irrelevant. Many debated on the most available point at which to cast their pro-slavery votes — for the Free State men denied the validity of the election and would not vote at all — as coolly as a knot of village shopkeepers might debate whether to go to Boston or New York for purchases. Once the conversation began to grow rather personal. Said one man, just from Lecompton, "Tell you what, we 've found out one thing: there 's a preacher going about here preaching politics." "Fact?" and "Is that so?" were echoed with virtuous indignation on all sides. "That 's so," continued he, "and he fixes it this way: first, he has his text and preaches religion; then he drops that, and pitches into politics; and then he drops that too, and begins about the sufferin' niggers" (this with ineffable contempt). "And what 's more, he 's here in Leavenworth now." "What 's his name?" exclaimed several eagerly. "Just what I don't know," was the sorrowful reply, "and I should n't know him if I saw him; but he 's here, boys, and in a day or two there 'll be some gentlemen here that know him." (At my last speech in Lawrence I had been warned that three Missouri spies were present.) "It 's well we 've got him here, to take care of him," said one. "Won't our boys enjoy running him out of town?" added another affectionately; while I listened with dubious enjoyment, thinking that I might perhaps afford useful information. But the "gentlemen" did not appear, or else were in search of higher game; and I was to leave town that night, at any rate, for St. Louis.

I took the steamer Cataract on October 9, 1856, and went down the river; my chief companions being a large party of youths from Virginia and South Carolina, who had come into the Territory of Kansas confessedly to take a hand in the election, and also in the fighting, should a chance be offered. They were drunken, gambling, quarrelsome boys, but otherwise affable enough, with the pleasant manners and soft accent of the South. Nothing could be more naïve than their confidences. "Don't you remember," said one, with a sort of tender regret, "how when we went up the river we were all of us drunk all the time?" "So we would be now," replied his friend sadly, "only we ain't got no money." They said that they had been inveigled into coming by Atchison and others, on the promise of support for a year and fifty dollars bonus, but that they had got neither, and had barely enough to take them to St. Louis. "Let me once get home," said the same youth who made the above confession, "and I 'd stay at home, sure. It has cost me the price of one good nigger just for board and liquor, since I left home." Curiously enough, in reading a copy of Mrs. Stowe's Dred, just published, which I had bought in Lawrence, I opened soon after on the apt Scriptural quotation, "Woe unto them, for they have cast lots for my people, . . . and sold a girl for wine, that they may drink!"

The few Free State men on board were naturally not aggressive, although we spent a whole day on a sand-bank, a thing not conducive to serenity of mind; but the steamer which pulled us off had on board the secretary of the Kansas State Committee, Miles Moore, and there had been an effort to lynch him, prevented only by Governor Cobb, of Alabama, who was on the boat. Renewal of hostilities being threatened, I invited Moore on board the Cataract at Jefferson City, where we lay overnight. He and I barricaded ourselves in my stateroom, with our revolvers ready, but heard only occasional threats from outside; there was no actual assault. When we reached St. Louis, — after more than four days on board the steamboat, — and I finally discharged my revolver and put it away in my trunk, there occurred the most curious reaction from the feeling with which I had first loaded it. When it fully came home to me that all the tonic life of the last six weeks was ended, and that thenceforward, if any danger impended, the proper thing would be to look meekly about for a policeman, it seemed as if all the vigor had suddenly gone out of me, and a despicable effeminacy had set in. I could at that moment perfectly understand how Rob Roy, wishing to repay a debt he owed to the Edinburgh professor, offered to take his benefactor's son back into the Highlands "and make a man of him." In twenty-four hours, however, civilization reassumed its force, and Kansas appeared as far off as Culloden.

After returning home, I kept up for a long time an active correspondence with some of the leading Kansas men, including Montgomery, Hinton, my old ally Martin Stowell, and my associate brigadier, Samuel F. Tappan, afterwards lieutenant-colonel of the First Colorado Cavalry. Some of these wrote and received letters under feigned names, because many of the post-offices in the Territory were in the hands of pro-slavery men who were suspected of tampering with correspondence. I also spoke on Kansas matters, by request, before the legislatures of Massachusetts and Vermont, and was nominated by the Worcester Republicans for the state legislature on the issue of Kansas sympathy; but declined, feeling that I had tested to the last degree the claim of the Free Church on my attention. I was brought much in contact with that noble and self-devoted man, George Luther Stearns, of Medford, who gave, first and last, ten thousand dollars to maintain liberty in the new Territory; and also with Dr. Howe and Frank Sanborn, then the leading men in the Massachusetts Kansas Committee. In looking back on the inevitable confusion of that period, and the strange way in which men who had been heroic in danger grew demoralized in politics, I have often recalled as true the remark made by Sanborn, that it was difficult for a man to have much to do with the affairs of Kansas, even at long range, without developing a crack in his brain.

It will doubtless seem to some readers a very natural transition to pass from this assertion to the later events which brought some of the above-named men into intimate relations with Captain John Brown. It has never been quite clear to me whether I saw him in Kansas or not; he was then in hiding, and I remember to have been taken somewhat covertly to a house in Lawrence, for an interview with a fugitive slave who was being sheltered by a white man; and though this man's name, which I have forgotten, was certainly not Brown, it may have been one of Brown's aliases. My first conscious acquaintance with that leader was nearly a year and a half later, when I received from him this communication, implying, as will be seen, that we had met before: —

ROCHESTER, N. Y. 2*d Feb'y*, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am here *concealing my whereabouts* for good reasons

(as I think) not however from any anxiety about my personal safety. I have been told that you are both a true *man:* and a true *abolitionist;* "and I partly believe," the whole story. Last fall I undertook to raise from $500 to $1000, for *secret service*, and succeeded in getting $500. I now want to get for the *perfecting* of BY FAR the most *important* undertaking of my whole life; from $500 to $800 within the next sixty days. I have written Rev. Theodore Parker, George L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn Esqrs. on the subject; but do not know as either Mr. Stearns or Mr. Sanborn are abolitionists. I suppose they are. Can you be induced to opperate at Worcester and elsewhere during that time to raise from *anti*-slavery *men* and *women* (or any other parties) some part of that amount? I wish to keep it entirely still about where I am; and will be *greatly obliged* if you will consider this communication *strictly confidential:* unless it may be with such as you are *sure* will *feel and act and keep very still.* Please be so kind as to write N. Hawkins on the subject, Care of Wm. I. Watkins, Esqr. Rochester, N. Y. Should be most happy to meet you again; and talk matters more freely. Hope this is my last effort in the begging line.

Very Respectfully your Friend,

JOHN BROWN.

This name, "N. Hawkins," was Brown's favorite alias. The phrase "partly believe" was a bit of newspaper slang of that period. I wrote in return, wishing for farther information, and asking if the "underground railroad" business was what he had in view. In a few days came this reply: —

ROCHESTER, N. Y. 12*th Feb'y*, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have just read your kind letter of the 8th inst., and will now say that Rail Road business on a *somewhat extended* scale is the *identical* object for which I am trying to get means. I have been connected with that business as *commonly conducted* from my boyhood and *never* let an opportunity slip. I have been opperating to some purpose *the past season;* but I now have a measure on *foot* that I feel *sure* would awaken in you something more than a *common interest* if you could understand it. I have just written my friends G. L. Stearns and F. B. Sanborn asking them to meet me for consultation at Gerrit Smith's, Peterboro' [N. Y.]. I am very anxious to have *you come along; certain as I feel*, that you will never regret having been one of the council. I would most gladly pay your expenses had I the means to spare. *Will you come on?* Please write as before.

Your Friend JOHN BROWN.

As I could not go to Peterboro', he made an appointment in Boston, and I met him in his room at the American House in March, 1858. I saw before me a man whose mere appearance and bearing refuted in advance some of the strange perversions which have found their way into many books, and which have often wholly missed the type to which he belonged. In his thin, worn, resolute face there were the signs of a fire which might wear him out, and practically did so, but nothing of pettiness or baseness; and his talk was calm, persuasive, and coherent. He was simply a high-minded, unselfish, belated Covenanter; a man whom Sir Walter Scott might have drawn, but whom such writers as Nicolay and Hay, for instance, have utterly failed to delineate. To describe him in their words as "clean but coarse" is curiously wide of the mark; he had no more of coarseness than was to be found in Habakkuk Mucklewrath or in George Eliot's Adam Bede; he had, on the contrary, that religious elevation which is itself a kind of refinement, — the quality one may see expressed in many a venerable Quaker face at yearly meeting. Coarseness absolutely repelled

him; he was so strict as to the demeanor of his men that his band was always kept small, while that of Lane was large; he had little humor, and none of the humorist's temptation towards questionable conversation. Again, to call him "ambitious to irritation," in the words of the same authors, is equally wide of the mark. I saw him afterwards deeply disappointed and thwarted, and this long before his final failure, but never could find in him a trace of mere ambition; he lived, as he finally died, absolutely absorbed in one idea; and it is as a pure enthusiast — fanatic, if you please — that he is to be judged. His belief was that an all-seeing God had created the Alleghany Mountains from all eternity as the predestined refuge for a body of fugitive slaves. He had traversed those mountains in his youth, as a surveyor, and knew points which could be held by a hundred men against a thousand; he showed me rough charts of some of those localities and plans of connected mountain fortresses which he had devised.

Of grand tactics and strategy Brown knew as little as Garibaldi; but he had studied guerrilla warfare for himself in books, as well as in Europe, and had for a preceptor Hugh Forbes, an Englishman who had been a Garibaldian soldier. Brown's plan was simply to penetrate Virginia with a few comrades, to keep utterly clear of all attempt to create slave insurrection, but to get together bands and families of fugitive slaves, and then be guided by events. If he could establish them permanently in those fastnesses, like the Maroons of Jamaica and Surinam, so much the better; if not, he would make a break from time to time, and take parties to Canada, by paths already familiar to him. All this he explained to me and others, plainly and calmly, and there was nothing in it that we considered either objectionable or impracticable; so that his friends in Boston — Theodore Parker, Howe, Stearns, Sanborn, and myself — were ready to coöperate in his plan as thus limited. Of the wider organization and membership afterwards formed by him in Canada we of course knew nothing, nor could we foresee the imprudence which finally perverted the attack into a defeat. We helped him in raising the money, and he seemed drawing toward the consummation of his plans, when letters began to come to his Massachusetts supporters from Hugh Forbes, already mentioned, threatening to make the whole matter public unless we could satisfy certain very unreasonable demands for money. On this point our committee was at once divided, not as to refusing the preposterous demands, but because the majority thought that this threat of disclosure made necessary an indefinite postponement of the whole affair; while Howe and myself, and Brown also, as it proved, thought otherwise.

He came again to Boston (May 31, 1858), when I talked with him alone, and he held, as I had done, that Forbes could do him no real harm; that if people believed Forbes they would underrate his (Brown's) strength, which was just the thing he wished; or if they overrated it, "the increased terror would perhaps counterbalance this. If he had the means, he would not lose a day." But as I could not, unaided, provide the means, I was obliged to yield, as he did. He consented to postpone the enterprise and return to Kansas, carrying with him $500 in gold, and an order for certain arms at Tabor, which had belonged originally to the State Kansas Committee, but had since been transferred, in consideration of a debt, to our friend Stearns, who gave them to Brown on his own responsibility. Nearly a year now passed, during which I rarely heard from Brown, and thought that perhaps his whole project had been abandoned. A new effort was made at Boston in the spring of 1859, but I took little part in it. It had all begun to seem to me rather chimerical. The amount of $2000 was,

nevertheless, raised for him at Boston, in June, 1859, and I find that Sanborn wrote to me (June 4), "Brown has set out on his expedition;" and then on October 6, "The $300 desired has been made up and received. Four or five men will be on the ground next week from these regions and elsewhere." Brown's address was at this time at West Andover, Ohio, and the impression was that the foray would begin in that region, if at all. Nobody mentioned Harper's Ferry.

Ten days later the blow came. I went into a newspaper shop in Worcester one morning, and heard some one remark casually, "Old Osawatomie Brown has got himself into a tight place at last." I grasped eagerly at the morning paper, and read the whole story. Naturally, my first feeling was one of remorse, that the men who had given him money and arms should not actually have been by his side. In my own case, however, the justification was perfectly clear. Repeated postponements had taken the edge off from expectation, and the whole enterprise had grown rather vague and dubious in my mind. I certainly had not that degree of faith in it which would have led me to abandon all else, and wait nearly a year and a half for the opportunity of fulfillment; and indeed it became obvious at last that this longer postponement had somewhat disturbed the delicate balance of the zealot's mind, and had made him, at the very outset, defy the whole power of the United States government, and that within easy reach of Washington. Nothing of this kind was included in his original plans.

At any rate, since we were not with him, the first question was what part we were now to take. It will be remembered that the explosion of the Brown affair caused at once a vast amount of inquiry at Washington, and many were the threats of prosecuting Brown's previous friends and supporters. There was some talk of flight to Canada, and one or two of these persons actually went thither or to Europe. It always seemed to me undesirable to do this; it rather looked as if, having befriended Brown's plans so far as we understood them, it was our duty to stand our ground and give him our moral support, at least on the witness-stand. This view was perhaps easier for me to take, as my name was only incidentally mentioned in the newspapers; and it is only within a few months that I have discovered that it had been early brought, with that of Sanborn, to the express attention of Governor Wise, of Virginia. Among his papers captured at Richmond by Major James Savage, of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, was this anonymous letter, received by the Virginia governor, and indorsed by him for transmission to some one else, probably in Congress, — but perhaps never forwarded. It read as follows: "There are two persons in Massachusetts, and I think only two, who, if summoned as witnesses, can explain the whole of Brown's plot. Their names are Francis B. Sanborn, of Concord, and T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, Mass. No time should be lost, as they may abscond, but I do not think they will, as they think you would not think it best to send for them. A Friend of Order." This was indorsed "A Friend to Gov. Wise, Oct., 1859. Call attention to this." And just below, "Sent to me, now sent to you for what it is worth. Richmond, Oct. 29, H. A. W. [Henry A. Wise]. A. Huntin [presumably the name of a secretary]."

This communication was written during the trial of Captain Brown, and a few days before his sentence, which was pronounced on November 2. It is hard to say whether it had any direct bearing on the arrest of Sanborn at Concord in the following April. It is very probable that it had, and if so, his arrest, had it been sustained by the court, might have been followed by mine; but it would have been quite superfluous, for I should at any time have been ready to go if summoned, and

should, in fact, have thought it rather due to the memory of Brown. I could at least have made it plain that anything like slave insurrection, in the ordinary sense of the word, was remote from his thoughts, and that his plan was wholly different. He would have limited himself to advising a fugitive slave, if intercepted, to shoot down any one who attempted to arrest him; and this advice would have been given by every Abolitionist, unless a non-resistant.

There was, of course, an immediate impulse to rescue Brown from prison. I do not know how far this extended, and can only vouch for myself. The primary obstacle to it was that one of Brown's first acts, on meeting a Northern friend in his prison, had been positively to prohibit any such attempt; the message being sent North by Judge Thomas Russell, from whom I received it at the railway station on his arrival. This barred the way effectually, for after Brown had taken that position he would have adhered to it. It occurred to me, however, that his wife's presence would move him, if anything could, and that she might also be a valuable medium of communication, should he finally yield to the wishes of his friends. For this purpose I went to North Elba, New York, the mountain home of the Browns, to fetch her, and wrote, after that memorable trip, a full account of it, which was prefixed to Redpath's Life of Brown. Upon entering for the first time the superb scenery of the Adirondacks, I saw myself in a region which was a fit setting for the heroic family to be visited. I found them poor, abstemious, patient, unflinching. They felt that the men of their household had given their lives for freedom, and there was no weak regret, no wish to hold them back. In the family was Annie Brown, who had been with the conspirators in Virginia, and had kept house and cooked for them. There were also the widows of the two slain sons, young girls of sixteen and twenty, one of them having also lost two brothers at Harper's Ferry. It illustrates the frugal way in which the Browns had lived that the younger of these two widows was not regarded by the household as being absolutely destitute, because her husband had left her five sheep, valued at two dollars apiece. On my return, Mrs. Brown the elder rode with me for a whole day on a buckboard to Keeseville, and I had much talk with her. I have never in my life been in contact with a nature more dignified and noble; a Roman matron touched with the finer element of Christianity. She told me that this plan had occupied her husband's thoughts and prayers for twenty years; that he always believed himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, and she believed it, too. She had always prayed that he might be killed in fight rather than fall into the hands of slaveholders, but she "could not regret it now, in view of the noble words of freedom which it had been his privilege to utter." She also said, "I have had thirteen children, and only four are left; but if I am to see the ruin of my house, I cannot but hope that Providence may bring out of it some benefit for the poor slaves." She little foresaw how, within two years, her dead husband's name would ring through the defiles of the Virginia mountains in the songs of the Union soldiers. When, the next day, I had to put into her hands, in the railway-car, the newspaper containing his death-warrant, she bent her head for a few moments on the back of the seat before us, and then lifted it again unchanged. Her errand was absolutely in vain, Brown refusing even to see her, possibly distrusting his own firmness, or wishing to put it above all possibility of peril; and she returned to her mountain home.

Meanwhile, one of the few of his band who had escaped — Francis J. Merriam — had come to my door one day in Worcester. He was the only one among

the band who was of rather feeble intellect, and he would probably have had no place there but that he alone had money and furnished it liberally. When he reached my house, he appeared utterly demented after the danger and privations of his flight through the mountains. He could not speak two coherent sentences, and I was grateful when, after twenty-four hours, I could send him to his friends in Boston. Another and far abler refugee from Harper's Ferry was Charles Plummer Tidd, one of our Worcester emigrants, — afterwards well known as Sergeant Charles Plummer of the Twenty-First Massachusetts, — who told me, in an interview on February 10, 1860, of which I have the written record, "All the boys opposed Harper's Ferry, the younger Browns most of all. In September it nearly broke up the camp. He himself [Tidd] left, almost quarreling with Brown. Finally, when they consented, it was with the agreement that men should be sent in each direction to burn bridges," — which was not done, however. Tidd pronounced the Harper's Ferry attack "the only mistake Brown ever made," and attributed it, as it is now generally assigned, to a final loss of mental balance from overbrooding on one idea. Brown's general project he still heartily indorsed; saying that the Virginia mountains were "the best guerrilla country in the world," — all crags and dense laurel thickets; that "twenty-five men there could paralyze the whole business of the South," and that "nobody could take them." The negroes, he said, had proved ready enough to follow Brown, but naturally slipped back to their masters when they saw that the enterprise was to fail.

The same question of a rescue presented itself, after Captain Brown's execution, in regard to the two members of his party whose trial and conviction took place two months later, — Stevens and Hazlett, the former of whom I had met with Lane's party in Kansas. In February, 1860, after urgent appeals from Mrs. Rebecca Spring, of New York, who had visited these men, I made up my mind to use for their relief a portion of certain funds placed in my hands for the benefit of the Brown family; first, of course, consulting Mrs. Brown, who fully approved. Thayer and Eldridge, two young publishers in Boston, also took an interest in raising funds for this purpose; and the fact is fixed in my memory by the circumstance that, on visiting their shop one day, during the negotiations, I met for the first and only time Walt Whitman. He was there to consult them about the publication of his poems, and I saw before me, sitting on the counter, a handsome, burly man, heavily built, and not looking, to my gymnasium-trained eye, in really good condition for athletic work. I perhaps felt a little prejudiced against him from having read his Leaves of Grass on a voyage, in the early stages of seasickness, — a fact which doubtless increased for me the intrinsic unsavoriness of certain passages. But the personal impression made on me by the poet was not so much of manliness as of Boweriness, if I may coin the phrase; indeed, rather suggesting Sidney Lanier's subsequent vigorous phrase, "a dandy roustabout." This passing impression did not hinder me from thinking of Whitman with hope and satisfaction at a later day when regiments were to be raised for the war, when the Bowery seemed the very place to enlist them, and even "Billy Wilson's Zouaves" were hailed with delight. When, however, after waiting a year or more, Whitman decided that the proper post for him was hospital service, I confess to feeling a reaction, which was rather increased than diminished by his profuse celebration of his own labors in that direction. Hospital attendance is a fine thing, no doubt, yet if all men, South and North, had taken the same view of their duty that Whitman held, there would have been no occasion for hospitals on either side.

The only persons beside myself who were intimately acquainted with the project formed for rescuing Stevens and Hazlett were Richard H. Hinton, already mentioned, and John W. LeBarnes, afterwards lieutenant of a German company in the Second Massachusetts Infantry during the Civil War. It was decided that an attempt at rescue could best be made from a rendezvous at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and that Hinton should go to Kansas, supplied with money by LeBarnes and myself, to get the coöperation of Captain James Montgomery and eight or ten tried and trusty men. I was to meet these men at Harrisburg, while LeBarnes was to secure a reinforcement of German-Americans, among whom he had much influence, from New York. Only one man in Harrisburg, an active Abolitionist, knew of our purpose, and I met Montgomery at this man's house, after taking up my own residence, on February 17, 1860, at the United States Hotel, under the name of Charles P. Carter. I had met the guerrilla leader once before in Kansas, and we now consulted about the expedition, which presented no ordinary obstacles. The enterprise would involve traversing fifty miles of mountain country by night, at the rate of about ten miles each night, carrying arms, ammunition, blankets, and a week's rations, with the frequent necessity of camping without fire in February, and with the certainty of detection in case of snow. It would include crossing the Potomac, possibly at a point where there was neither a bridge nor a ford. It would culminate in an attack on a building with a wall fourteen feet high, with two sentinels outside and twenty-five inside; with a certainty of raising the town in the process, and then, if successful, with the need of retreating, perhaps with wounded men and probably by daylight. These were the difficulties that Montgomery, as our leader, had to face; and although, in Kansas, he had taken Fort Scott with twenty-two men against sixty-eight, yet this was quite a different affair. For myself, I had at that time such confidence in his guidance that the words of the Scotch ballad often rang in my ears: —

> "I could ha'e ridden the border through
> Had Christie Graeme been at my back."

Lithe, quick, low-voiced, reticent, keen, he seemed the ideal of a partisan leader, and was, indeed, a curious compound of the moss-trooper and the detective. Among his men were Carpenter, Pike, Seamans, Rice, Gardner, Willis, and Silas Soule, all well known in Kansas. The last three of these men had lately been among the rescuers of Dr. Doy from jail at St. Joseph, Missouri, — a town of eleven thousand inhabitants, — under circumstances of peculiar daring; one of them personating a horse-thief and two others the officers who had arrested him, and thus getting admission to the jail.

The first need was to make exploration of the localities, and, taking with him one of his companions, — a man, as it proved, of great resources, — Montgomery set out by night and was gone several days. While he examined the whole region, — his native Kentucky accent saving him from all suspicion, — his comrade penetrated into the very jail, in the guise of a jovial, half-drunken Irishman, and got speech with the prisoners, who were thus notified of the proposed rescue. They expressed great distrust of it, and this partly because, even if successful, it would endanger the life of the jailer, Avis, who had won their gratitude, as well as Brown's, by his great kindness. I have never known whether this opposition had any covert influence on the mind of Montgomery, but I know that he came back at last, and quenched all our hopes by deciding that a severe snowstorm which had just occurred rendered the enterprise absolutely hopeless. I was not at the time quite satisfied with this opinion, but it was impossible to overrule our leader; and on visiting that region and the jail

itself, many years later, I was forced to believe him wholly right. At any rate, it was decided by vote of the party to abandon the expedition, and the men were sent back to Kansas, their arms being forwarded to Worcester, while I went to Antioch, Ohio, to give a promised lecture to the college students, and then returned home. I now recognize how almost hopeless the whole enterprise had appeared in my own mind: the first entry in my notebook, after returning (March 1, 1860), is headed with the words of that celebrated message in the First Book of Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities, — "Recalled to Life."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO IZUMO.

I.

MATSUÉ, *June* 28.

I FELT curious in advance as to the nature of the impressions I was going to receive on revisiting, after years of absence, a place known only in the time when I imagined that all Japan was like Izumo. For, as a general rule, impressions of the novel belong as much to illusion as to actuality: and this not only because the receptivity of the senses is seldom perfect (as shown by the fact that it is never quite the same in any two human beings), but much more because the quality of any fresh impression is apt to depend upon the individual mood of the moment. Inexperience — except when guided by pure instinct — is usually dull. A landscape, a street, a house, even a face, when once familiar, takes aspects totally invisible at the time when it was first seen. So I kept asking myself: "What will the old town now look like? Will it still seem to me beautiful? Will the queer, queer charm of other days return?"

Well, some of the charm returned, and keenly, as if reinforced by absence. As a tiny steamer bore me back to the quaint town, — up the long glassy waterways between leagues of rice-lands, and under just such alternations of sunshine and sudden shower as used to mark the gusty summer of Izumo, — sensations of my first sojourn thronged out to meet me at the sight of well-known peaks, in the scent of blue wood-smoke from the hamlets, in the familiar clayey odors of the fields. Above me, as of yore, circled the kites with their melancholy *piyorō-yorō;* voices of wild doves and of *uguisu* purled from wooded hills; and brown fishermen, in boats shaped like new moons, were singing the same song to which I had so often listened at night, in my chamber over the lake, the Izumo-Bushi: —

"Yasugi sengen, na no deta tokoro;
Tokamiyama kara Oki mireba,
Doko no funé yara tetsu tsundé,
Yasa-ho!
Yasa-ho! — to
Kami noboru!" [1]

Then as we glided up to the well-remembered bridge, the long Ōhashi, — past temple gate and *torii* and white-walled *kura* and balconied houses of many stories rising straight from the flood, and between ranks of high-pooped junks and shoals of boats of all shapes and sizes, — nothing seemed to have been changed. All the junks I thought

[1] "Yasugi has a thousand houses; the name of the place goes abroad. From Tokami mountain the Islands of the Offing can be seen. Wherever the vessel be from, iron-laden, — *Yasa-ho! yasa-ho!* — and up it goes!" *Yasa-ho* is a sailors' cry; also used by men at heavy labor, such as lifting cargo.

I knew by sight: they were moored in the same old places, every one of them, — as if they had been waiting for me to come back. The white bridge had turned, I fancied, somewhat gray: that was the only difference I could find to assure me that I had really been years away, that I had not been dreaming.

Entering the streets, however, I was almost startled to find them very much narrower and smaller than they had seemed in memory. Their pleasing queerness was the same; but why did they appear to have shrunk? Probably because I had become accustomed to the larger vistas of larger cities, Ōsaka, Kyōto, Kobé.

But this impression of smallness proved only temporary. It passed; and every thing began to look as in former days, yet with a new character toning the familiar aspect. The peculiarly Western style of the buildings, the singular forms of objects in the shops, though clearly remembered, began to interest me in a novel way. All I saw seemed more odd, more extraordinary, than ever before: and this seeming was not fanciful, for Izumo still not only makes things in her own old way, but obliges the manufacturers of Ōsaka and other centres of supply to consult provincial tastes. Even the fans displayed were unlike those seen elsewhere in Japan: they were made beautiful with old-time designs, — such, for example, as a blue-and-white mackerel sky, *semi* on a plum branch, silkworms feeding and spinning, waves and crabs on a beach. Presently I found myself also able to distinguish the purely local character of costumes, coiffures, songs of the street, *samisen* rhythms, etc. Izumo having been the first part of Japan in which I made a long sojourn, I had not before perceived that nearly all things there — the bronzes, the porcelains, the domestic utensils, the woodwork, the agricultural and fishing implements, the amusements, the holidays, the rites and ceremonies — were as special to the province as was its own antique dialect.

II.

Matsué, *June* 30.

I wandered yesterday morning about the town.

Everywhere I found the sunlight and the colors of seven years before; the same-seeming shadows trembling to the same lake wind, the same flower-odors wafted from yellow-walled gardens of old samurai *yashiki*, — magical gardens that no Western eye will see before brute commerce buys them up to destroy them. I went to my former home, tenanted now by its owner, where I was welcomed as a friend, and allowed to look at the lotos-pond, the chrysanthemums, and the little shrine of Inari under the dove-haunted hill. Then I crossed the moat bridge to the old castle, and found that the citizens had liberally subscribed to repair the tower: all the tiling was new and blue; all the worm-eaten beams had been replaced or reinforced. But I regretted that certain fish-shaped gable-ornaments had disappeared; and the raw tints of clean roof and renovated wall-surface were not beautiful, as had been the colors of decay. The lookout chamber of the turret had been decorated with photographs and drawings of scenes of the war in China, and part of a lower room had been converted into a military museum. It contained Chinese cannon, rifles, swords, flags, accoutrements of all sorts captured by Izumo troops. Above this curious display was hung a terrestrial globe, on which perched a prodigious dragon-fly, — the symbol of Japan,[1] — a dragon-fly perhaps five feet long, with wings of tinted gauze. From the castle I went to Gesshōji, to revisit the wonderful cemetery of the Izumo daimyō, — still, in my humble opinion, the most romantic family cemetery in Japan, — and I grieved that the people

[1] *Akitsusu*, the "Land of the Dragon-Fly," is one of the many names of Japan. It is said to have been suggested by the shape of the main island.

had not been more zealous to preserve it. It had been sadly neglected, — probably because of want of means to cover the expense of keeping it in good order, — and a silk-factory, built too near the weirdly carven gate, was pouring volumes of coal-smoke from an ugly brick chimney, and blackening the green neighborhood with cinder-heaps. But this was almost the only sad thing I saw. I went to the middle school; and a new director took me to the rooms in which I used to teach, and new classes of students stood up to salute me after the manner of other times. Presently I was introduced to another visitor, a Japanese naval lieutenant in full uniform. He had been one of the earliest pupils of the school, and was now one of the heroes of the battle of the Yalu. During the war he had served on the Naniwa Kan, the cruiser which struck the first blow at China by sinking the transport Kowshing. The students assembled in the big lecture-hall to greet him. He made them an address; first speaking of his own student days in the school, then telling the story of the destruction of the Chinese fleet in a simple, direct, soldierly way that delighted everybody.

By invitation I went in the evening to a charming little banquet, at which I met some dear old friends. There were recitations of poems by guests, and there were dances by dancing-girls. One of the latter, whom I remembered having seen when a very small child-*maiko*, during an official dinner given at the governor's house in the twenty-third year of Meiji, had grown up into a tall and graceful woman. She attired herself like a young warrior of old time, — a two-sworded *bushi*, with white cloth tied round her head, sleeves bound back, and skirts tucked up, — to sing a national song of the war, now all the rage. This was for me one of the most interesting incidents of the entertainment. The song is not one of loud triumph, like our Western war-songs; but the melody expresses a peculiar something in Japanese national character that the Occident knows yet very little about. The air is excessively simple, and must be sung in a low, slow way; but every tone in it is a tone of penetrating irony, — the tone of one expressing amused contempt for an enemy, yet careful not to seem boastful. Now, it is just this vocal irony which takes a Japanese audience by storm, — provoking wild shouts, old samurai battle-cries, as it did on this occasion even before the girl had finished the first four lines: —

> "*Nisshin dampan haraisushité*
> *Waga Teikoku no Kantai wa*
> *Daidōkō wo nori idasu*
> '*Hiyei*,' '*Matsushima*,' '*Yoshino Kan.*'"

Her performance was indeed like a new interpretation. But I think that any man perfectly understanding the inner spirit of the Japanese — their contempt of brag, their measure of strength by modesty, their ideas of decorous reserve in the relating of success — could scarcely hear that song well sung anywhere without feeling stirred to the marrow of his bones. The words are nothing! The stir in the blood is made only by the singer's art *in suggesting the suppression by will of the true and natural feeling*, — the soldier's scornful pride, his exultation, his sense of glory.

Then, at my request, the girl danced the dance of Urashima. I asked her because I had seen her dance it when she was a child. This time she danced it using a mask, — the mask of old age, — deftly slipped on at the moment when Urashima looks into the box which he was told never to open. Afterwards she brought me the mask to look at. I thought that its pasteboard features had a faint mocking resemblance to my own; and I suppose that I must have fallen into a little reverie, for a friend laughingly handed me a wine-cup, with the wise remark, "To-night we must think only of happy things." As a matter of fact I ought to have been very happy.

But, after all, nobody can revisit with absolute impunity a place once loved and deserted. Something had vanished, something immaterial, of which the absence made a vague sadness within me. I tried to think what it could be. Old friends had entertained me. The city had remained beautiful for me in the light of fairest summer days. The queer street vistas, the familiar shops, the quaint temples, the silent yashiki with their fairy gardens, were unchanged. The landscape looked as it used to look; the songs of birds from the holy groves, the shrilling of the cicadæ, the blossom-scents of the lanes, the many-tinted beauty of wood and vale, were just the same. Was not the lost charm something that had evaporated out of my own life, — something belonging to the first irrevocable illusion of Japan?

I was not sure. But presently I found myself wondering whether most human happiness does not depend upon not seeing things as they are, upon not penetrating surfaces, upon psychical myopia, — or, in other words, upon ignorance of the sharply real; and there recurred to me with fresh meaning a singular Japanese proverb, "Shiranu ga Hotoké" (Not to know is to become a Buddha).

III.

MATSUÉ, *July* 3.

It is the Japanese custom to take an afternoon nap during the heated term; and yesterday, not being inclined either to sleep or to remain within doors, I decided, while my human friends were reposing, to visit certain of my superhuman friends who are not supposed to sleep at all. So I went out alone to the Street of the Temples. I entered all the remembered courts, and saw the children playing there as they used to play, and visited some graves, and observed the offerings laid before the statues of Jizō. I was glad to find no change. Both the Hotoké and the Kami appeared to enjoy the same love and reverence as of yore, and their gardens and dwelling-places remained beautiful and well kept. Here and there, before the Shintō shrines, were relics of the recent war, brought from China by victorious soldiers and seamen, — *spolia opima*.

Indeed, the influences of the nineteenth century have little affected the real spirit of Shintō, if they can be said to have done so at all, in any part of Japan. The faith remains not less earnest, though its manifestations often assume a character peculiar to the Meiji era. The offerings to the gods are as numerous as ever, but many of them are strictly modern, and some quite Occidental. At the great shrine of Kompira, for instance, you will find a curiously modern ex-voto, — a life-preserver, bearing in English letters the name of the ship, Tosa, to which it belonged; and you may notice there, also, among old-fashioned ex-voto pictures of junks saved from wreck by divine power, new pictures of steamers and modern schooners similarly rescued by the god. At nearly all of the greater temples, and at many of the smaller ones, you can see spoils of the war with China. Among these are Gatling and Armstrong guns, canister-shot and 32-centimetre shells, Mannlicher and Martini rifles, Colt revolvers and Winchester repeaters, not to speak of Chinese banners, uniforms, and lances, — a vast part of the captured armament having been thus disposed of.[1] The soldier of Meiji indeed salutes the gods as he salutes his commanders, and the officer, unsheathing his sword, presents

[1] Many cannon, however, were melted down and converted into memorial medals for the soldiery. In a few cases the offerings made to great shrines by the returning armies were interesting in quite another way. For example, the fine pair of stone lions (*karashishi*) brought from China, and now placed before the great Shintō temple called Yasukuni-Jinja in Kudan, Tōkyō, well deserve the attention of the art student.

arms before the Shintō shrine in Western military fashion; but the reverence expressed is the reverence unchanged of a thousand years ago. The festival for the military dead is celebrated now with horse-races and with modern gymnastic games; but the old belief in the real presence of hero-souls makes the same appeal as in other days to the heart of camps. How little, also, the influence of Buddhism has been weakened even in the military world may be divined from the fact of the great festival held in 1896 on behalf of the spirits of the cavalry horses that perished in the war.

Then I found my way beyond the streets, and took a familiar road that winds along the base of a range of hills overlooking a rice-plain. The rice-fields, extending to another line of hills several miles away, presented one unbroken warm green surface, rippling under a west wind almost like a lake. Over those green ripplings fishing-boats were sailing, or at least appeared to be sailing, — some of them so near that I could see the faces of men and boys on board. From the level of the road one could see nothing of the canals along which they really were moving, the water being hidden by the rice-grass: one saw only the hulls and the sails — white in the sun like snow — gliding over those bright green undulations. Many times in other years I had watched the same odd spectacle: it still makes one of the particular charms of an Izumo landscape.

From the other side of the road, at long intervals, narrow steep flights of stone steps lead up under trees to the places of old shrines upon the heights. But for the torii prefacing them, one might easily pass without noticing their existence; so disjointed and worn and mossed they have become as to seem to the careless eye no more than a suggestion of steps, — a mere succession of irregularities, uniform in tone with the green and gray of the hillside. Should you climb one of these flights of steps, you would find at the top another torii flanked by stone lamps and lions, and see a shrine beyond, shadowed by great trees having ropes of straw tied round them in token of their sacredness.

Ascending to one of these holy places to look for a certain stone bearing a curious inscription, I saw a young man, in the common dress of a farmer, praying earnestly before the shrine, and clapping his hands at regular intervals, in the Western Shintō manner. There was no other person in the court. I wandered about, but could not find the stone. It occurred to me to ask the young man at prayer. He answered kindly: "I have been away with the army, and have only now returned, so I am not quite sure. But I think you will find that stone at the east end of the grove, behind the two *ichō*-trees." I thanked him, and left him to his prayers. The stone I found in the spot to which he had directed me. I wondered how often to the memory of that young peasant soldier — in reveries of sentry solitude in the snows of Manchuria, or in dreams of the night before a battle — the vision of his own parish temple had returned, vividly as I saw it then. Doubtless he had played as a child before the same gray shrine. Descending the hill, I took the path to the shrine of O-Kyaku-San; but all the way I kept thinking of that solitary praying figure in the gold-flecked twilight of the holy grove.

The little temple of O-Kyaku-San stands outside the village called Sugatamura, on the slope of a ridge overlooking leagues of rice-fields. It is a very simple Shintō *miya*, with a thatched roof, but there is a handsome granite torii at the entrance to its court. To this torii are fastened tresses of human hair as votive offerings, — long hair of women and children. There are stone lamps and stone lions in the court, and a dancing-platform protected by a straw roof. Children

sometimes dance sacred dances there to please the divinity. The shrine itself is nearly black with age. To its gratings, also, are tied offerings of hair, together with strands of hemp dyed so as to look like real hair. And on its walls, especially under the broad eaves and on either side of the gratings, are pasted cheap colored prints of the kind called Edo-yé, or Yedo-pictures, — views of Tōkyō, landscapes, heads of pretty singing-girls, and, curiously enough, scenes of the late war with China. The shrine is elevated about two feet above the ground, and the vacant space under its floor is almost filled with smooth, round stones, apparently gathered from some river-course.

There is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of the shrine or in the general character of its ex-votos; offerings of hair and pictures and heapings of little stones may be seen at hundreds of other *yashiro*. But the story of the temple and the character of the worship paid to its divinity are both peculiar and interesting.

Prayers for handsome hair are made to O-Kyaku-San. Perhaps the visitor will notice that some of the offerings of real hair are not black, but brown. Girls who have brown or wavy hair pray O-Kyaku-San to make it black and straight. Mothers visit the temple to pray that the hair of their children may be beautiful. Each petitioner selects a stone from the pile under the shrine and takes it home, and every day strokes with it her own hair or the hair of her child, with a prayer to O-Kyaku-San. After the prayer has been granted, the stone must be returned to its place under the shrine. (Such prayers would seem often to have been heard, for although many Japanese children are born with brown hair, the hair darkens as they grow up.) Nearly all the stones which I saw at the shrine had become quite polished on one side; very probably they had been pressed upon many generations of young heads.

Who is, or rather, who was O-Kyaku-San? The appellation is a singular one; it means "the honorable Lady-Guest." I can only answer by repeating the story told at Sugata-mura.

The term "honorable Lady-Guest" was once a respectful designation for the favorite — not the wife — of a prince or grandee. Tradition says that the O-Kyaku-San of Sugata-mura occupied such a place hundreds of years ago in the court of a daimyō. She had great beauty, and the prince loved her, but she had many jealous enemies who intrigued against her. These discovered that her hair was not perfectly black, and they reproached her so persistently and so maliciously with this defect that she became tired of living, and killed herself. But her fate evoked much sympathy and sorrow, and a temple was built for her spirit by way of atonement. And the peasant women pray to her for beautiful hair, and they buy Yedo-pictures for her, because it is still remembered that she used to be very fond of such pictures.[1]

On the way back I stopped at the bridge called Baba-bashi to look for the curious divinity who had given her own name to the bridge,— Seki-Baba, the Old Woman of Coughs and Colds. Formerly, her little stone image, sheltered by a wooden shrine, used to occupy a corner on one of the abutments of the bridge, and daily incense was burned in front of it, and special offerings of sprigs of *nanten* (*Nandina domestica*) were set before it in bamboo cups. Judging from the statue only, one would have supposed Seki-Baba to be a popular form of some Buddhist personage, but she had nothing to do with Buddhism. She belonged to the same curious human family of gods

[1] Offerings of tobacco are also made to O-Kyaku-San, — the only instance I know (though there are others, no doubt, to be found) of tobacco being used as an offering at any shrine. Ordinarily, the peasant simply takes a pinch of tobacco out of his pouch and throws it into the shrine-box.

as O-Kyaku-San. Tradition says that Seki-Baba was a woman who suffered so much from a cough that she ended her pain by throwing herself from the bridge subsequently called Baba-bashi. After her death the people set up on the stone-work of the bridge a little shrine for her spirit, and placed in it a statue to represent her, and all who suffered from bad coughs would go to the bridge to pray to her to cure them, so that she became a kind of special deity of coughs and colds.[1] Nearly every pious person who had to pass over that bridge would say a prayer to Seki-Baba, and set a rod of incense smouldering before the statue.

I was sorry to find that Seki-Baba had disappeared. Upon inquiry, I learned that a few years previously the bridge had been repaired, and that during the work of reconstruction the little shrine and statue had been removed and lost. No effort had been made to replace them.

Gods in the agricultural districts survive all disasters and social changes. But when, in this tumultuous era of Meiji and in the heart of a city, any very small local god is displaced and forgotten even for one year, the chances are that such a god will never again be seen or heard of in this world. Seki-Baba was gone, probably to the cemetery of dead mythologies; but I found another not less curious old acquaintance, Shiroko Jizō, in the grounds of a mouldering Buddhist temple on the outskirts of the city. This figure of Shiroko Jizō, or White-Faced Jizō, is cut in relief upon a granite block, and the head is whitened with toilet powder such as women use for their necks and faces. Girls who believe themselves too swarthy touch the powdered surface of the image, and then their own faces, so as to transfer some of the powder on the statue to their skin; praying the while for a fairer complexion. For generations this has been done, with the result that the original features of Jizō have been completely worn away merely by the touch of women's fingers. There is no face, — nothing but a round, smooth boss of stone representing the head.

IV.

KABANA, *August* 22.

Gardens excepted, there are no outward manifestations of the old poetry of Japanese life so remarkable as those summer-houses occupying all the picturesque sites of the country. Wherever there is a view worth going to see, you will almost certainly find a summer-house built to command it, no matter how wild or poor the district. You will find summer-houses clinging to sea-cliffs over the thunder of breakers; nestling in shadows of gorges over the roaring of rapids; strutted out from precipice-fronts under the rainbows of cascades; perched, like eagles' nests, at the verge of dead craters. For in Japan there will always be summer guests wherever there is summer beauty, — travelers happy to please their eyes and to rest their feet, and to leave some coppers in payment for the privilege of the vision and the repose.

The summer-house at which I am now staying is typical of the class: a skeleton structure of two stories, simply and strongly built after the manner of peasants' dwellings, and at a cost of perhaps sixty dollars. Timber is cheap here; on the other side of Japan such a building could not be put up for three hundred dollars. It stands on the edge of a lofty cliff, and overlooks a little bay near ancient Mionoseki. From ground-floor to roof it is open on three sides;

[1] There are hundreds of queer old beliefs connected with bridges, a number of which relate to the prevention or the getting rid of sickness. One Izumo belief was that a bad cold might be cured by passing over seven bridges, and repeating a special prayer at each bridge. It was necessary, however, that the petitioner should not recross any one of the seven bridges on his or her way back, but should return by another road.

and on the seaward side shelter from sun and wind is given by trees rooted in the cliff below, but towering far above the eaves, — enormous pines, with branches many feet in girth. Between the zigzags of those mighty limbs there are glimpses of sea, and fishing-sails (canvas or straw) flitting like white or yellow butterflies, and the far pale threadline of the Hōki coast, and Daisen's cone thrusting into the clear sky like some prodigious blue crystal. Or, looking directly down over the needle foliage of younger pines, you see the wimpling of the bay, and bathers laughing among the rocks, and children playing with seaweed and shells. You view the world as a fish-hawk views it, — though I presume with vastly different sensations. After a swim, it is delightful to sleep here, with a wooden pillow under your neck, and the sharp sweet sea wind in your hair. You are furnished with a bathing-dress, sandals, a big straw hat of curious shape to keep off the sun, barley tea and cakes, a smoking-box, and a pillow; and the price per day of this entertainment is — three cents! Of course the guest is expected to bring his own food with him, and to provide himself with towels.

These summer-houses are manifestations of something higher than the mere sense of beauty: they teach us also how fully Old Japan understood that the secret of happiness was to be found in content, — content with the sober necessaries of life, content with the simple pleasures that nature offers equally to all, content with what every-day humanity can give of unselfish companionship. Something of the old idyllic condition still lingers in Japan, despite the changes of the years of Meiji; and to one who has dwelt in it even but a little while, our trained Western notions about the "battle for existence," the "duty of struggle," the "obligation" of triumphing over our weaker brethren in the miserable striving for wealth and position, seem the doctrines of a monstrous social condition. Ages and ages ago the Japanese discovered that the sole requirements for unselfish happiness were health, ability to earn a bare livelihood, and the natural cultivation of those moral and æsthetic sentiments possessed by every well-balanced mind. All else that made life worth living nature alone could furnish, — joy, beauty, love, rest.

Very little indeed would be needed for happiness, according to the old Japanese ideal; and sometimes I am inclined to think that ideal the best imaginable. For what does a man really want beyond the common necessaries of life? Clothing? — enough only for warmth and neatness. Furniture? — in Japan not more than three dollars can buy. Books? — well, for one who knows how to read (I did not learn how to read until I began to get old) twenty volumes might be sufficient. By preference I should live in the old Japanese fashion, did I not lack the indispensable requisite of a Japanese constitution.

There are certain small conventions which the visitor to these places should be able to observe in order to enjoy the whole Japanese quality of the experience. The general signification of these is only that you take your part in contributing to the general happiness, — not a difficult matter among the politest people in the world. What you can do will of course depend somewhat upon the character of the resort. At summering-places near the great cities of the east coast, where life is becoming unamiably modernized, the rule, for reasons obvious, is caution. It is in the far-away country districts, where the old manners still prevail, that the social charm is greatest and the customs are free from reserve. There you can safely afford to be as good-natured as you can. You have only to accept and to return little courtesies, and never to take offense at any curious interest shown

in your own foreign personality; for the apparent inquisitiveness is nearly always kindly. The simpler the people, the more fraternal you should be with them. If the place be frequented chiefly by the more refined classes, there will be some preliminary exclusiveness, and friendships will be formed more slowly. But once formed, they are likely to prove as lasting as they are delicious; for there are beautiful surprises of human nature to be found in Old Japan, true realizations of Buddhist ideals. Yet how speak of them? How describe a character-charm unfamiliar as the scent of some exotic blossom still unknown to the West?

Some of the friendships to which I refer are brought about by children. I have noted the story of such an evolution, exemplifying many. Two little boys, strangers to each other, begin to play together. The elder, seven years old, is from Tōkyō; the younger is the son of an Izumo school-teacher. The Tōkyō boy's parents are rich: he has many pretty things, — toys of the latest fashion, nice clothes, a naval uniform, and a marvelous cap of white and red cloth, so made that the flat top of it represents the national flag, — a blood-red sun sending out broadening rays like spokes. This he permits the Izumo boy to wear. Day by day, as the friendship grows, the Tōkyō boy gives presents to his new playfellow: gives him toy after toy, gives him picture-books, gives him at last even the wonderful white and red cap, — the *Manzai-boshi*,[1] as he calls it. When he has nothing more to give away, his sister, a sweet girl of eleven, comes to the rescue with a supply of pretty trifles from her own belongings. The Izumo boy, however, cannot give much in return; and his parents protest in vain, for the Tōkyō people are too wise to restrain in their children those affectionate impulses which the world will wither up all too soon. But the respective fathers and mothers have to talk over the matter, and so become loving friends, and pass a good deal of time together. The parting day comes; the Tōkyō folk must begin their long journey home. Early after sunrise the *kuruma* come. The farewells are antiquely graceful, antiquely formal: everything nice is done or said according to rule; but there is no rule for the tears in everybody's eyes. The Izumo boy has to be forcibly taken out of sight and hearing by his nurse; his grief is a little too passionate. But he is only four years old! The Tōkyō children turn away their faces and look brave: they have already been trained to self-control. Although the difference in the social position of the two families is great, the bond of love now made between them will probably never be broken. Very happy things may come of it at some far-off day.

[1] Perhaps the only possible translation would be "hurrah cap."

V.

Hiroshima, *August* 29.

At Kabé, while waiting with my *kurumaya* to cross the river by the ferry, I was joined by a number of other travelers, chiefly peasant women. The ferry-boat was a large, solid construction, built to bear loaded wains, and made only a fixed number of trips per hour. Just as we were pushing off, a belated little pilgrim came running, and leaped in lightly, — a boy of perhaps thirteen. He was all in white from head to foot, after the fashion of summer pilgrims, — broad shadowing white hat, white upper dress (*oidzura*), white leggings, white *tabi*, — and looked fresh as one who had never trodden the path of hardship. Everybody's gaze was at once turned upon him, and there remained; for a more attractive boy it would have been hard to find, comely and graceful. He seemed accustomed to being looked at, and returned our silent interest with a smile, showing teeth like porcelain. Then I observed those hard-working peasant

women, one after the other, pull out their wretched little purses to give him alms. And they gave generously. He had not asked them; he had not even made a gesture: I could only surmise that his smile had touched their Buddhist hearts, or had made them think, perhaps, about boys of their own. One asked him whither he was going; and he answered, in a musical contralto, that he was on the great pilgrimage to the Eighty-eight Temples of Kōbōdaishi (a pilgrimage requiring years to complete). He said no more about himself, and no other questions were asked of him. As we touched the further shore I put into his hand a small coin: he did not look at it, but looked into my face to smile his thanks; and I wondered at the beauty of his eyes. Meeting their laughing liquid gaze under the shadow of the pilgrim hat, I was aware of a thrill of sudden love and pity and admiration in my innermost self, and I understood better why those poor women had so freely opened their purses. As we prepared to go our several ways the lad saluted us, and then resumed his journey, — following the river toward a blue mystery of peaks that thronged into the horizon, range beyond range. Still for a while I watched the slender figure, butterfly-white against the green of the river-shore; then, as my kurumaya made a quick turn that ended the vision, I felt sad, — because the sunshine of those eyes had entered my heart and stayed there. (They are smiling at me now.)

And my heart followed the pilgrim's feet through the golden day, northwest, till the blue of the peaks turned green; and up winding paths where shadows shake to the torrent roar of gorges; and higher than heights of pine to luminous breezy sites of temples above the clouds; and down again to moist, dim, quaggy valleys, full of creeping water and bubbling of frogs; and upward again to vaster altitudes of azure and wind and sun; while shapes of Arhat and Rishi and Bodhisattva, and the heroes of old, and the gods of the ancient days, ever kept us good ghostly company, and entered with us to rest at pilgrim-inns, and made wonderful the thoughts of our sleep.

Probably on my way to Tōkyō comes the very last apparition of Old Japan, — the charming Old Japan that must remain eternally young in the story of human faith and art, like our own Hellas of the West; Old Japan joying in the daily beauty of the world, satisfied with nature's perpetual poem, and filled with perfect trust in the Buddhist gospel of love! For me the New Japan is waiting; the great capital, so long dreaded, draws me to her vortex at last. And the question I now keep asking myself is whether in that New Japan I can be fortunate enough at happy moments to meet with something of the Old.

Lafcadio Hearn.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XIX.

March 10. For the remainder of my visit, it seemed as if your prophecy of friendship were to be fulfilled. From the moment of my confidence to you, all the reserves that had been raised by my slighting of your invitations disappeared, perhaps because the secret I had shared with you served to make my past conduct less unreasonable; still more, I believe, because of the faith in you it

evidenced in me. Certain I am that in the following week I felt able to be my true self when with you, for the first time since we were boy and girl together. The difference was so marked that you commented on the change.

"Do you remember," you asked me, "our conversation in Mr. Whitely's study, when I spoke of how little people really knew one another? Here we have been meeting for over three years, and yet I find that I have n't in the least known you."

It is a pleasure to me to recall that whole conversation, for it was by far the most intimate that we ever had, — so personal that I think I should but have had to question to learn what I have longed to know. In response to my slight assistance, to the sympathy I had shown, you opened for the moment your heart; willing, apparently, that I should fathom your true nature.

We had gone to dinner at the Grangers' merely to please Mrs. Blodgett, for we mutually agreed that in the country formal dinners were a weariness of the flesh; and I presume that with you, as with me, this general objection of ours was greatly strengthened when we found Mrs. Polhemus among the guests. It is always painful to me to be near her, and her dislike of you is obvious enough to make me sure that her presence is equally disagreeable to you. It is a strange warp and woof life weaves, that I owe to one for whom we both feel such repulsion the most sympathetic, the tenderest conversation I have ever had with you.

I was talking with Miss Granger, and thus did not hear the beginning of my mother's girds at you; but Agnes, who sat on my left, told me later that, as usual, Mrs. Polhemus set out to bait you by remarks superficially inoffensive, but covertly planned to embarrass or sting. The first thing which attracted my notice was her voice distinctly raised, as if she wished the whole table to listen, and in fact loud enough to make Miss Granger stop in the middle of a sentence and draw our attention to the speaker.

"— sound very well," Mrs. Polhemus was saying, "and are to be expected from any one who strives to be thought romantically sentimental."

"I did not know," you replied in a low voice, "that a 'romantically sentimental' nature was needed to produce belief in honesty."

"It is easy enough to talk the high morals of honesty," retorted your assailant, "and I suppose, Miss Walton, that for you it is not difficult to live up to your conversational ideals. But we unfortunate earthly creatures, who cannot achieve so rarefied a life, dare not make a parade of our ethical natures. The saintly woman is an enormously difficult rôle to play since miracles went out of style."

"Oh, leave us an occasional ideal, Mrs. Polhemus," laughed a guest. "I for one wish that fairy rings and genii were still the vogue."

"But we have some kinds of miracles," asserted Mrs. Granger. "Remember the distich: —

> 'God still works wonders now and then:
> Behold! two lawyers, honest men!'"

"With all due deference to Miss Walton's championing of absolute perfection," continued my mother, with a cleverly detached manner, to veil what lay back of the sneer, "I find it much easier to accept the miracle of an honest lawyer than that of an absolutely uncattish woman," — a speech which, like most of those of Mrs. Polhemus, drew a laugh from the men.

"That 's because you don't know Miss Walton!" exclaimed Agnes warmly, evidently fretted by such conduct towards you.

"On the contrary," answered my mother, speaking coolly and evenly, "I presume I have known Miss Walton longer and better than any one else in this room;

and I remember when her views of honesty were such that her ideal was personified by a pair of embezzlers."

You had been meeting her gaze across the table as she spoke, but now you dropped your lids, hiding your eyes behind their long lashes, and nothing but the color receding from your cheeks, leaving them as white as your throat and brow, told of what you felt.

"Oh, say something," appealed Agnes to me in a whisper. "Anything to divert the" —

"And I really think," went on Mrs. Polhemus, smiling sweetly, with her eyes on you, "that if you were as thoroughly honest with us as, a moment ago, you were insistent on the world's being, you would confess to a *tendresse* still felt for that particular form of obliquity."

I shall recall the moment which followed that speech if it shall ever fall to me to sit in the jury-box and pass judgment on a murderer, for I know that had I been armed, and my mother a man, I should have killed her; and it taught me that murder is in every man's heart. Yet I was not out of my head, but was curiously clear-minded. Though allusion to my shame had hitherto always made me dumb, I was able to speak now without the slightest difficulty; I imagine because the thought of your pain made me forget my own.

"Which is better, Mrs. Polhemus," I asked, with a calmness that I marveled at afterwards, "to love dishonesty or to dishonestly love?"

"Is this a riddle?" she said, though not removing her eyes from you.

"I suppose, since right and wrong are evolutionary," I rejoined, "that every ethical question is more or less of a conundrum. But the thought in my mind was that there is something noble in a love so great that it can outlast even wrong-doing." Then, in my controlled passion, I stabbed her as deeply as I could make words stab. "Compare such a love, for instance, with another of which I have heard, — that of a woman who so valued the world's opinion that she would not get a divorce from an embezzling husband, because of the social stigma it involved, yet who remarried within a week of hearing of her first husband's death, because she thought that fact could not be known. Which love is the higher?"

The color blazed up in my mother's cheeks, and she turned from you to look at me, with eyes that would have killed if they could; and it was her manner, far more than even the implication of my words, which told the rest of the table that my nominally impersonal case was truly a thrust of the knife. A moment's appalling pause followed, and then, though the fruit was being passed, the hostess broke the terrible spell by rising, as if the time had come for the ladies to withdraw.

When, later, the men followed them, Agnes intercepted me at the door, and whispered, "Oh, doctor, it was magnificent! I was so afraid Maizie would break down if — I never dreamed you could do it so splendidly. You 're almost as much of a love as papa! Now, do you want to be extra good?"

"So long as you don't want any more vitriol-throwing," I assented, smiling. "Remember that a hostess deserves some consideration."

"I told Mrs. Granger that you did it at my request, and there was n't a woman in the room who did n't want to cheer. We all love Maizie, and hate Mrs. Polhemus; and it is n't a bit because you geese of men think she 's handsome and clever, either. Poor Maizie wanted to be by herself, and went out on the veranda. I think she 's had time enough, and that it 's best for some one to go to her. Won't you slip out quietly?"

I nodded, and instantly she spoke aloud of the moon, and we went to the French window on the pretense of look-

ing at it, where, after a moment, I left her. At first I could not discover you, the vines so shadowed your retreat; and when I did, it was to find you with bowed head buried in your arms as they rested on the verandá rail. The whole attitude was so suggestive of grief that I did not dare to speak, and moved to go away. Just as I turned, however, you looked up, as if suddenly conscious of some presence.

"I did not intend to intrude, Miss Walton, and don't let me disturb you. I will rejoin" —

"If you came out for the moonlight and quiet, sit down here," you said, making room for me.

I seated myself beside you, but made no reply, thinking your allusion to quiet perhaps voiced your own preference.

"It seems needless," you began, after a slight pause, "to ignore your kindness, even though it was veiled. I never felt so completely in another's power, and though I tried to — to say something — to strike back — I could n't. Did my face so betray me to you all that you knew I needed help?"

"Your face told us nothing, so it seemed to me."

"But that makes it positively uncanny. Over and over again you appear to divine my thoughts or moods. Do you?"

"Little more than any one can of a person in whom one is interested enough to notice keenly."

"Yet no one else does it with me. And several times, when we have caught each other's eyes, we have — at least I have felt sure that you were laughing with me, though your face was grave."

"Who was uncannily mind-reading then?"

"An adequate *tu quoque*," you said, laughing; then you went on seriously: "Still, to be frank, as now I think we can be, I have never made any pretense that I was n't very much interested in you — while you — well — till very lately, I have n't been able to make up my mind that you did not actually — no, not dislike — for I knew that you — I could not be unconscious of the genuine esteem you have made so evident — yet there has always been, until the last two weeks, an indefinable barrier, of your making, as it appeared to me, and from that I could only infer some — I can give it no name."

"Were there no natural barriers to a friendship between a struggling writer and Miss Walton?"

"Surely you are above that!" you exclaimed. "You have not let such a distinction — Oh no, for it has not stood in the way of friendship with the Blodgetts."

A moment's silence ensued, and then you spoke again: "Perhaps there was a motive that explains it. Please don't reply, if it is a question I ought not to put, but after your confidence of last week I feel as if you had given me the privilege to ask it. I have always thought — or rather hoped — that you cared for Agnes. If" —

"And so you married me to her in the novel," I interrupted, in an effort to change the subject, dreading to what it might lead.

You laughed merrily as you said, "Oh, I 'm so glad you spoke of that. I have always wondered if you recognized the attempted portrait, — which now I know is not a bit of a likeness, — and have longed to ask you. I never should have dared to sketch it, but I thought my pen name would conceal my criminality; and then what a fatality for you to read it! What have you thought of me?"

"That you drew a very pleasant picture of my supposed mental and moral attainments, at the expense of my ambition and will. My true sympathy, however, went out to the girl whom you offered up as a heart-restorer for my earlier attachment."

"I 'm thankful we are in the shadow," you laughed, "so that my red cheeks

don't show. You are taking a most thorough-going revenge."

"That was the last thought in my mind."

"Then, my woman's curiosity having been appeased, be doubly generous and spare my absurd blushes. I don't know when I have been made to feel so young and foolish."

"Clearly you are no hardened match-maker, Miss Walton. Usually match-makers glory in their shame."

"Perhaps I should if I had not been detected, or if I had succeeded better."

"You took, I fear, a difficult subject for what may truly be called your maiden experiment."

"Did I not? And yet — You see I recognized potentialities for loving in you. You can — Ah, you have suggested to me a revenge for your jokes. Did you — were you the man who coined the phrase that my eyes were too dressy for the daytime?"

"Yes," I confessed guiltily, "but" —

"No, don't dare to try to explain it away," you ordered. "How could you say it? We can never be friends, after all."

Though you spoke in evident gayety, I answered gravely: "You will forgive me when I tell you that it was to parry a thrust of Mrs. Polhemus's at you, and I made a joke of it only because I did not choose to treat her gibe seriously. I hoped it would not come back to you."

"Every friend I have has quoted it, not once, but a dozen times, in my presence. If you knew how I have been persecuted and teased with that remark! You are twice the criminal that I have been, for at least my libel was never published. Yet you are unblushing."

We both sat silent for a little while, and then you began: "You interrupted a question of mine just now. Was it a chance or a purposed diversion? You see," you added hastily, "I am presuming that henceforth we are to be candid."

"I confess to an intention in the dodging, not because I feared the question, for a simple negative was all it needed, but I was afraid of what might follow."

"I hoped, after the trust of the other day — You do not want to tell me your story?"

"Are there not some things that cannot be put into words, Miss Walton? Could you tell me your story?"

"But mine is no mystery," you replied. "It has been the world's property for years. Why, your very help to-night proves that it is known to you, — that you know, indeed, facts that were unknown to me."

"Facts, yes; feelings, no."

"Do you appreciate the subtilty of the compliment? You really care for such valueless and indefinable things as feelings?"

"Yes."

"A bargain, then, while you are in this mood of giving something for nothing. Question for question, if you choose."

"You can tell your secrets?"

"To you, yes, for you have told me your greatest."

"Then, with the privilege of silence for both, begin."

"Ah, you begin already to fear the gimlet. Yes. Nothing is to be told that — There again we lack a definition, do we not? Never mind. We shall understand. You knew her in Germany?"

"Yes."

"And she — You wear a mask, at moments even merry-faced, but now and again I have surprised a look of such sadness in your eyes that — Is that why you came to America? She" —

"No. She was, and is, in so different a class, that I never" —

"You should not allow that to be a bar! Any woman" —

"But even more, there are other claims upon me, which make marriage out of the question."

"And this is why you have resigned

reputation for money-making? Is there no escape? Oh, it seems too cruel to be!"

"You draw it worse than it is, Miss Walton, forgetting that I told you of my happiness in loving."

"You make me proud to feel that we are friends, Dr. Hartzmann," you said gently. "I hope she is worthy of such a love?"

I merely nodded; and after a slight pause you remarked, "Now it is only fair to give you a turn."

I had been pondering, after my first impulsive assent, over my right to win your confidence, with the one inevitable conclusion that was so clear, and I answered, "I have no questions to ask, Miss Walton."

"Then I can ask no more, of course," you replied quietly, and at once turned the conversation into less personal subjects, until the time came for our return to My Fancy.

When we parted in the upper hall, that evening, you said to me, "I always value your opinion, and it always influences me. Do you, as your speech to-night implied, think it right to go on loving baseness?"

"It is not a question of right and wrong, but only whether the love remains."

"Then you don't think it a duty to crush it out?"

"No. All love is noble that is distinct from self."

You held out your hand. "I am so glad you think so, and that you spoke your thought. You have done me a great kindness, — greater far than you can ever know. Thank you, and good-night."

Good-night, Maizie.

XX.

March 11. When I left My Fancy, after my visit, Agnes had nothing but praise for me. "I was certain that you and Maizie would be friends if you ever really knew each other," she said triumphantly. Unfortunately, our first meeting in the city served only to prove the reverse. In one of my daily walks up town, I met you both outside a shop where you had been buying Christmas gifts for the boys of your neighborhood guild. You were looking for the carriage, about which there had been some mistake, and I helped you search. When our hunt was unsuccessful, you both said you would rather walk than let me get a cab, having been deterred only by the growing darkness, and not by the snow. So away we went, chatting merrily, through the elfin flakes which seemed so eager to kiss your cheeks, till your home was reached.

"If we come in, will you give us some tea?" asked Agnes.

"Tea, cake, chocolates, and conversation," you promised.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I cannot spare the time."

I thought you and Agnes exchanged glances. "Please, Doc—" she began; but you interrupted her by saying proudly, "We must not take any more of Dr. Hartzmann's time, Agnes. Will you come in?"

"No," replied Agnes. "I 'll go home before it 's any darker. Good-night."

I started to walk with her the short distance; but the moment we were out of hearing she turned towards me and cried, "I hate you!" As I made no reply, she demanded impatiently, "What makes you behave so abominably?" When I was still silent she continued: "I told you how Maizie felt, and I thought it was all right, and now you do it again. It 's too bad! Well, can't you say something? Why do you do it?"

"There is nothing for me to say, Miss Blodgett," I responded sadly.

"You might at least do it to please me," she went on, "even if you don't like Maizie."

I made no answer, and we walked the rest of the distance in silence. At the stoop, however, Agnes asked, "Will you go with me to call on Maizie, some afternoon?"

I shook my head.

"Not even to please mamma and me?" she questioned.

Again I gave the same answer, and without a word of parting she left me and passed through the doorway. From that time she has treated me coldly.

Another complication only tended to increase the coldness as well as to involve me with Mrs. Blodgett. In December, Mr. Blodgett came into Mr. Whitely's office and announced, "I've been taking a liberty with your name, doctor."

"What kindness am I indebted for now?" I inquired.

"I 'm a member of the Philomathean," he said, — "not because I 'm an author, or artist, or engineer, or scientist, but because I 'm a big frog in my own puddle, and they want samples of us, just to see what we 're like. I was talking with Professor Eaton in September, and we agreed you ought to be one of us; so we stuck your name up, and Saturday evening the club elected you."

"I can't afford it" — I began; but he interrupted with: —

"I knew you 'd say that, and so did n't tell you beforehand. I 'll bet you your initiation fee and a year's dues against a share of R. T. common that you 'll make enough out of your membership to pay you five times over."

"How can I do that?"

"All the editors and publishers are members," he replied, "and to meet them over the rum punch we serve on meeting nights is worth money to the most celebrated author living. Then you 'll have the best club library in this country at your elbow for working purposes."

"I don't think I ought, Mr. Blodgett."

He was about to protest, when Mr. Whitely broke in upon us, saying, "Accept your membership, Dr. Hartzmann, and the paper shall pay your initiation and dues."

I do not know whether Mr. Blodgett or myself was the more surprised at this unexpected and liberal offer. Our amazement was so obvious that Mr. Whitely continued: "I think it 'll be an excellent idea for the paper to have a member of its staff in the Philomathean, and so the office shall pay for it."

"Whitely," observed Mr. Blodgett admiringly, "you 're a good business man, whatever else you are!"

"I wish, Blodgett," inquired Mr. Whitely, "you would tell me why I have been kept waiting so long?"

"Many a name 's been up longer than yours," replied Mr. Blodgett in a comforting voice. "You don't seem to realize that the Philomathean 's a pretty stiff club to get into."

"But here Dr. Hartzmann is elected within four months of his posting?"

"Well, the doctor has the great advantage of being a sort of natural Philomath, you see," Mr. Blodgett explained genially. "He was born that way, and so is ripe for membership without any closet mellowing."

"But my reputation as a writer is greater than Dr." — began Mr. Whitely; but a laugh from Mr. Blodgett made him halt.

"Oh come, now, Whitely!"

"What 's the matter?" asked my employer.

"Once St. Peter and St. Paul stopped at a tavern to quench their thirst," said Mr. Blodgett, "and when the time came to pay, they tossed dice for it. Paul threw double sixes, and smiled. Peter smiled back, and threw double sevens. What do you suppose Paul said, Whitely?"

"What?"

"'Oh, Peter, Peter! No miracles between friends.'"

"I don't follow you," rejoined Mr. Whitely.

Mr. Blodgett turned and said to me, "I'm going West for two months, and while I'm gone the Twelfth-night revel at the Philomathean is to come off. Will you see that the boss and Agnes get cards?" Then he faced about and remarked, "Whitely, I'd give a big gold certificate to know what nerve food you use!" and went out, laughing.

When I took the invitations to Mrs. Blodgett, I found you all with your heads full of a benefit for the guild, to be given at your home, — a musical evening, with several well-known stars as magnets, and admission by invitation as an additional attraction. Mrs. Blodgett said to me in her decisive way, "Dr. Hartzmann, the invitations are five dollars each, and you are to take one."

I half suspected that it was only a desire to get me within your doors, though every society woman feels at liberty to whitemail her social circle to an unlimited degree. But the fact that the entertainment was to be in your home, even more than my poverty, compelled me to refuse to be a victim of her charitable kindness or her charitable greed. I merely shook my head.

"Oh, but you must," she urged. "It will be a delightful evening, and then it's such a fine object."

"Do not ask it of Dr. Hartzmann," you protested, coming to my aid. "No one" —

"I'm sure it's very little to ask," remarked Mrs. Blodgett, in a disappointed way.

"Mrs. Blodgett," I said, in desperation, "for years I have denied myself every luxury and almost every comfort. I have lived at the cheapest of boarding-houses; I have walked down town, rain or shine, to save ten cents a day; I have" — I stopped there, ashamed of my outbreak.

"I suppose, Dr. Hartzmann," retorted Agnes, with no attempt to conceal the irritation she felt towards me, "that the Philomathean is one of your ten-cent economies?"

Before I could speak you changed the subject, and the matter was dropped, — I hoped for all time. It was, however, to reappear, and to make my position more difficult and painful than ever.

At Mrs. Blodgett's request, made that very day, I sent you an invitation to the Philomathean ladies' day. It was with no hope of being there myself, since my editorial duties covered the hours of the exhibition; but good or bad fortune aided me, for Mr. Whitely asked me for a ticket, and his absence from the office set me free. The crowd was great, but, like most people who try for one thing only, I attained my desire by quickly finding you, and we spent an enjoyable hour together, studying the delicious jokes and pranks of the artist members. The truly marvelous admixture of absurdity and cleverness called out the real mirth of your nature, and our happiness and gayety over the pictures strangely recalled to me our similarly spent days in Paris and elsewhere. You too, I think, remembered the same experience, for when we had finished, and were ascending the stairs to the dining-room, you remarked to me, "I never dreamed that one could be so merry after one had ceased to be a child. For the last hour I have felt as if teens were yet unventured lands."

I confess I sought a secluded spot in an alcove, hoping still to keep you to myself; but the project failed, for when I returned from getting you an ice, I found that Mr. Whitely had joined you. The pictures, of course, were the subject of discussion, and you asked him, "Are all the other members as clever in their own professions as your artists have shown themselves to be?"

"The Philomathean is made up of an able body of men," replied Mr. Whitely in a delightfully patronizing tone. "Some few of the very ablest, perhaps, do not care to be members; but of the

second rank, you may say, broadly speaking, that it includes all men of prominence in this city."

"But why should the abler men not belong?"

"They are too occupied with more vital matters," explained my employer.

"Yet surely they must need a club, and what one so appropriate as this?"

"It is natural to reason so," assented the would-be member. "But as an actual fact, some of the most prominent men in this city are not members," and he mentioned three well-known names.

The inference was so unjust that I observed, "Should you not add, Mr. Whitely, that they are not members, either because they know it is useless to apply, or because they have applied in vain; and that their exclusion, though superficially a small affair, probably means to them, by the implication it carries, one of the keenest mortifications of their lives?"

"You mean that the Philomathean refuses to admit such men as Mr. Whitely named?" you asked incredulously.

I smiled. "The worldly reputation and the professional reputation of men occasionally differ very greatly, Miss Walton. We do not accept a man here because his name appears often in the newspapers, but because of what the men of his own calling know and think of him."

"And of course they are always jealous of a man who has surpassed them," contended Mr. Whitely.

"There must be something more against a man than envy of his confrères to exclude him," I answered. "My loyalty to the Philomathean, Miss Walton, is due to the influence it exerts in this very matter. Errors are possible, but the intention is that no man shall be of our brotherhood who is not honestly doing something worth the doing, for other reasons than mere money-making. And for that very reason, we are supposed, within these walls, to be friends, whether or not there is acquaintance outside of them. We are the one club in New York which dares to trust its membership list implicitly to that extent. Charlatanry and dishonesty may succeed with the world, but here they fail."

"You make me envious of you both," you sighed, just as Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes joined us.

"What are you envying them?" asked Agnes, as she shook hands with you. "They were monopolizing you. How selfish men are!"

"In monopolizing this club?"

"Was that what you envied them?" ejaculated Mrs. Blodgett. "I for one am glad there 's a place to which I can't go, where I can send my husband when I want to be rid of him." Then she turned to Mr. Whitely, and with her usual directness remarked, "So they 've let you in? Mr. Blodgett told me you would surely be rejected."

Mr. Whitely reddened and bit his lip, for which he is hardly to be blamed. But he only bowed slightly in reply, leaving the inference in your minds that he was a Philomath. How the man dares so often to —

The striking clock tells me it is later than I thought, and I must stop.

Good-night, dear heart.

XXI.

March 12. Our talk at the Philomathean and Mr. Whitely's tacit assumption of membership had their penalty for me, — a penalty which, to reverse the old adage, I first thought an undisguised blessing. When we separated, he asked me to dinner the following evening, to fill in a place unexpectedly left vacant; and as I knew, from a chance allusion, that you were to be there, I accepted a courtesy at his hands.

Although there were several celebrities at the meal, it fell to my lot to sit on your right; my host, who took you down, evidently preferring to have no

dangerous rival in your attention. But Mrs. Blodgett, who sat on his other side, engaged him as much as she chose, and thus gave me more of your time than I should otherwise have had. If you knew how happy it made me that, whenever she interrupted his monopoly of you, instead of making a trialogue with them, you never failed to turn to me!

"I have just re-read Mr. Whitely's book," you remarked, in one of these interruptions, "and I have been trying to express to him my genuine admiration for it. I thought of it highly when first I read it, last autumn, but now I am really an enthusiast."

I suppose my face must have shown some of the joy your words gave me, for you continued, "Clearly, you like it too, and are pleased to hear it praised. But then it's notorious that writers are jealous of one another! Tell me what you think of it."

I tried to keep all bitterness out of my voice as I laughed. "Think how unprofessional it would be in me to discuss my employer's book: if I praised it, how necessary; if I disparaged it, how disloyal!"

"You are as unsatisfactory as Mr. Whitely," you complained. "I can't get him to speak about it, either. He smiles and bows his head to my praise, but not a word can he be made to say. Evidently he has a form of modesty — not stage fright, but book fright — that I never before encountered. Every other author I have met was fatiguingly anxious to talk about his own writings."

"Remember in our behalf that a book stands very much in the same relation to a writer that a baby does to its mother. We are tolerant of her admiration; be equally lenient to the author's harmless prattle."

"I suppose, too," you went on, "that the historian is less liable to the disease, because his work is so much less his own flesh and blood; so much less emotional than that of the poet or novelist."

"No book worth reading ever fails to be steeped with the spirit of the person who wrote it. The man on the stage is instinct with emotion and feeling, but does he express more of his true individuality than the man in real life? The historian puts fewer of his own feelings into his work, but he plays far less to the gallery, and so is more truthful in what he reveals of himself."

"Your simile reminds me of a thought of my own, after my first reading of this book: that the novelist is the demagogue of letters, striving to please, and suing for public favor by catering to all its whims and weaknesses; but the historian is the aristocrat of literature, knowing the right, and proudly above taking heed of popular prejudice or moods. I liked Mr. Whitely's book for many things, but most of all for its fearless attitude towards whatever it touched upon. I felt that it was the truth, because the whole atmosphere told me that a man was writing, too brave to tell what was untrue. That evidently pleases you, again," you laughed. "Oh, it is horrible to see this consuming jealousy!"

When the ladies withdrew, the men, as usual, clustered at one end of the table; but my host beckoned me to join him, and sat down apart from his guests.

"Dr. Hartzmann, what is the matter at the Philomathean?" he demanded in a low voice.

"Matter?" I questioned.

"Yes. What is the reason they don't elect me?"

"I am not on the membership committee, Mr. Whitely," I replied.

"Are you popular up there? Mr. Blodgett said that you were."

"I have some good friends," I answered.

"Then electioneer and get me put in," he explained, revealing to me in a flash why he had volunteered that the paper should pay the expenses of my membership.

"I am hardly in a position to do that."

"Why not?"

"I am a new member, and my position under you is so well known that it would be very indelicate in me to appear in the matter."

"For what do you suppose I helped you, then?" he asked severely.

"I did not understand till now."

"Well, then, drop your talk about delicacy, and get your friends to elect me."

"I do not think I can do that," I answered mildly.

"Then you won't earn your pay?"

"Mr. Whitely, when you made the offer, you put it on an entirely different ground, and it is unfair to claim that it involved any condition that was not then expressed."

"But you ought to be willing to do it. Have n't you any gratitude about you?"

"I understood that you wanted one of your staff a member of that club. Had you mentioned your present motive, I should certainly have refused to accept the offer; and under these circumstances I decline to recognize any cause for gratitude."

"What is your objection to doing it, though?" he persisted.

"Indeed, Mr. Whitely, I do not think I am called upon to say more than I have said."

"Do you want me in the club or not?" he demanded.

"I shall certainly never oppose your election in any way whatsoever."

"But you will not work for me?"

"No."

"Are you waiting to see how much I 'll give?"

My hand trembled at the insult, but I made no reply.

"Come," he continued, "are you standing out in hopes I will offer you something?"

"No."

"How much?" he asked.

"I have been elected to the Philomathean, Mr. Whitely," I said, concluding that an explanation might be the easiest escape, after all, "and to it I owe a distinct duty. If you were not my employer, I should work against you."

"Why?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Is it necessary to say?" I answered.

"Yes. What is your objection to me?"

"Did you never read Æsop's fable of the jackdaw?" I asked.

"That 's it, is it? And you are opposing my election?"

"By not the slightest act."

"Then why did Blodgett predict that I would surely be rejected? I 've a reputation as a writer, as a philanthropist, and as a successful business man. What more do they want?"

"As I told Miss Walton yesterday," I explained, "a man's true and eventual reputation depends, not on what the world thinks of him, but on what his fellow-craft decide."

"Well?"

"There is scarcely an author or editor at the Philomathean who is not opposed to your election, Mr. Whitely."

"You have been telling tales," he muttered angrily.

"You should know better."

"Then what have they against me?"

"Any man who works with his pen learns that no one can write either editorials or books, of the kind credited to you, without years of training. The most embarrassing ordeal I have to undergo is the joking and questioning with which the fraternity tease me. But you need never fear my not keeping faith."

"Yet you won't help me into the Philomathean?"

"No."

"So you 'll make money out of me, but think your club too good?"

"I owe my club a duty."

"I know," he went on smoothly, "that you 're an awful screw, when

there's a dollar in sight. How much do you want?"

My silence should have warned him, but he was too self-absorbed to feel anything but his own mood.

"How much do you want?" he repeated; and I still sat without speaking, though the room blurred, and I felt as if I were stifling. "The day I 'm elected to the Philomathean, I 'll give you" —

I rose and interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Whitely, if you wish me to leave your house and employment, you can obtain my absence in an easier way than by insulting me."

For a moment we faced each other in silence, and then he rose. "Hereafter, Dr. Hartzmann, you will pay those dues yourself," he said in a low voice, as he moved towards the door.

I only bowed, glad that the matter was so easily ended; and for nearly two months our relations have been of the most formal kind that can exist between employer and employed.

Far more bitter was another break. When the moment of farewell came, that evening, I waited to put you and Mrs. Blodgett into your carriages, and while we were delayed in the vestibule you thanked me again for the pleasure of the previous afternoon, and then continued: "I understood why you did not feel able to please Mrs. Blodgett about the concert. But won't you let me acknowledge the pleasure of yesterday by sending you a ticket? I have taken a number, and as all my circle have done the same, I am finding it hard to get rid of them."

"That 's all right, Maizie," interjected Mrs. Blodgett, who had caught, or inferred from an occasional word that she heard, what you were saying. "We took an extra ticket, and I am going to use the doctor for an escort that evening."

"I thank you both," I answered, "but I shall not be able to attend the concert."

"Nonsense!" sniffed Mrs. Blodgett, as I helped her into her carriage. "You 're going to do as I tell you."

You did not speak in the moment we waited for your coupé to take its place, but as the tiger opened the door you looked in my face for the first time since my words, showing me eyes that told of the pain I had inflicted.

"I am so sorry," you said quietly. "I had thought — hoped — that we were to be friends."

There was nothing for me to say, and we parted thus. From that time I have seen little of you, for when I meet you in society you no longer make it possible for me to have much of your society. And my persistent refusal to go to the concert with Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes completed their irritation against me, so that I am no longer asked to their home, and thus have lost my most frequent opportunity of meeting you. But harder even than this deprivation is the thought that I have given you pain; made all the greater, perhaps, because so ill deserved and apparently unreasonable. I find myself longing for the hour when we shall meet at that far-away tribunal, where all our lives, and not alone that which is seen, will stand revealed. For two months I have not had a single moment of happiness or even hope. I am lonely and weary, while my strength and courage seem to lessen day by day. Oh, my darling, I pray God that thought of you will make me stronger and braver, so that I may go on with my fight. Good-night.

XXII.

March 13. Last night, at the Philomathean, Mr. Blodgett joined me, and asked me why I had not dined with them lately. He returned only a few days ago, and was thus ignorant that I have not been inside his door for weeks. I hesitated for an instant, and then replied, "I have been working very hard."

"What are you usually doing?" he asked, smiling. "Come in to Sunday dinner to-morrow."

"I shall be too busy with a lot of manuscripts I have on hand, that must be read," I told him.

"Stop killing yourself," he ordered. "As it is, you look as if you were on the brink of a bad illness. You won't get on a bit faster by dying young."

There the matter rested, and I did not go to dinner to-day, being indeed glad to stay indoors; for I very foolishly walked up town yesterday through the slush, and caught a bad cold. While I was trying to keep warm, this evening, a note was brought me from Mr. Blodgett, asking me to come to him at once; and fearing something important, I braved the cold without delay, ill though I felt. I was shown at once into his den, which was so cheerful with its open fire that I felt it was a good exchange for my cold room, where I had sat coughing and shivering all the afternoon.

"Twice in my life I 've really lost my temper with the boss," he began, before I had even sat down, though he closed the door while speaking. "Never mind about the first time, but to-day I got mad enough to last me for the rest of my life."

"May I sit down?" I interrupted.

He nodded his head, and took a position in front of me, with his back to the fire, as he continued: "Women are enough to make a man frantic when they get a fixed idea! Now, to-day, at dinner, I said I 'd invited you, and I saw in a moment something was in the wind; so when we had finished I told them to come in here, and it did n't take me long to find out the trouble."

"I did n't like to" — I began; but he went on: —

"And that was the beginning of their trouble. I tell you, there was Cain here for about ten minutes, and there were n't two worse scared women this side of the grave, while I was ranting; for the boss remembered the other time, and Agnes had never seen me break loose. I told them they 'd done their best to drive you crazy with grief; that if they 'd searched for ten years they could n't have found a meaner or crueler thing, or one that would have hurt you more; that nine men out of ten, in your shoes, would have acted dishonestly or cut their throat, but that you had toed the chalk-line right along, and never once winced. And I let them know that for five dollars they 'd added the last straw of pain to a fellow who deserved only kindness and help from them."

"Really, Mr. Blodgett" — I protested.

"Hold on. Don't attempt to stop me, for the fit 's on me still," he growled. "They tried to come the surprised, and then the offended, but they did n't fool me. I never let up on them till I had said all I wanted to say, and they won't forget it for a day or two. When I sent Agnes upstairs, she was sobbing her eyes out, and the boss would have given her pin money for ten years to have escaped with her."

"It 's too bad to" —

"That 's just what it was!" he cried. "To think of those screws trying to blackmail you, and then telling me you were a skinflint because you would n't do what they wanted! Well, after Agnes had gone, I gave the boss a supplementary and special dose of her own. I told her she could double discount you on meanness, and then give you forty-nine points; and to make sure of good measurement, I added in the whole female sex along with her. I told her that if she knew the facts of your life, she 'd get down on her knees and crawl round to your place to ask your pardon, and then she would n't be fit to have it. I told her that when the day of judgment came, she 'd just go the other way in preference to hearing what the recording angel had written of her."

"I am afraid my welcome will be scantier than ever."

"Not a bit of it. I 'm the master of this house, as they found out this afternoon, and I say who 'll come into it, and who 'll not. I shan't need to interfere in your case, for you 'll get a warm welcome from both."

"You did n't tell them?" I exclaimed, starting forward in my seat.

"Not a word, though the boss nearly went crazy with curiosity. But I did say that you were making a splendid uphill fight, and if they knew the facts of the case they 'd be proud to black your boots. My word goes in this family about as well as it does on the street, and you 'll get all the welcome you can stand from now on."

"You make me very proud and happy."

"You have reason to be proud," he asserted. "I 'm not a man who slobbers much, but I 'm going to tell you what I think of you. When you first came here, I sized you up as rather a softy, your manner was so quiet and gentle. I got over that delusion precious quick, and I want to say that for pluck and grit you 're a trump, and there 's my hand on it."

He went to the table, poured out a couple of glasses of whiskey and seltzer, and brought them to the fire. "You need something for that graveyard cough of yours," he said, handing one to me. "Well," he went on, "I did n't bring you out such a night as this to tell you of my scrap; but after the row, the boss was so ashamed of herself that she trumped up an A 1 excuse (as she thought) for having treated you as she had, and that led to a talk, and that 's why I sent round for you. What do you suppose she has got into her head?"

"I can't imagine."

"I need n't tell you," he remarked, "that women always know an awful lot that is n't so. But just because they do, they every now and then discover a truth that can't be come at in any other way. Now the boss thinks she 's done this, and I 'm not sure that she has n't. She says you are in love."

"I never knew a man that was n't," I replied, trying to smile. "If it is n't with a woman, then it 's always with himself."

"But the boss thinks she knows the girl, and has a down on you because you — because you don't try for her."

I laughed bitterly, and said, "You needed no explanation for that."

"That 's what made the boss's idea reasonable to me," he explained. "She could n't conceive why you should keep silent, and so was ready to pitch into you on the slightest pretense. Women have n't much use for a man who falls in love and does n't say so. But of course I knew that your debt put marriage out of the question."

I merely nodded my head, for even to him I could not speak of my love for you, it was so sacred to me.

He drew up a chair to the fire, and continued: "There is n't another man to whom I 'd care to say what I 'm going to say to you, but you 've got a heart and a head both, and won't misunderstand me." He finished his glass, and set it on the mantel. "Now I don't have to tell you that the boss is fond of you, and when I told her that I knew of a reason why you could n't marry, she forgave you on the spot. What 's more, she first wished to learn what it was; and failing in that, she then wanted to know if it could be remedied, so that you might have a chance to win the girl."

"She of course knows nothing of my position?"

"No," he said, "but she knows something of your character, and she 's ordered me that, if it 's possible, I 'm to help you get the girl you care for."

"But my debt!" I exclaimed.

"How much is it now?" he queried.

"One hundred and eighteen thousand."

"Well, I 'll lend Agnes's husband one

hundred and eighteen thousand dollars at three per cent, and leave her the note when I die. From what I know of marriage, I can only say that if she squeezes him for payment it will be his own fault."

I sat speechless for a moment, too bewildered by the unexpected turn to even think.

"I was as surprised as you look," he went on, "for although I had seen that you and Agnes" —

"Indeed, Mr. Blodgett," I exclaimed hastily, "I am no more to Miss Agnes than a dozen of her friends! I" —

"So the boss says," he interrupted. "But that does n't mean that you can't be. Though to speak the truth, my boy," he continued, resting his hand on my knee, "this was n't my plan. I had hoped that you and Maizie would take a shine to each other, and so kiss the chalk-marks off that old score. But when I spoke of the scheme to the boss, this evening, she told me there had never been a chance of it; that you did n't like Mai, and that she is practically engaged to Whitely, and is only — Better have some more whiskey, or that cough will shake you to pieces."

I could only shake my head in my misery, but after a moment I was able to say, "Mr. Blodgett, I did not understand — I" —

"I want to tell you," he broke in, "before you say anything more, that I never believe in putting one's fingers into love affairs, and I should n't in this case if the boss did n't feel so keen about it, but I don't choose to be the one to stand in her way. And now I 'm not offering my daughter's hand. You know as well as I that Agnes is n't the kind of girl who needs a prospectus or a gold clause to work her off. If she dropped her handkerchief to-morrow, fifty men would be scrambling for it, eh?"

"Yes." Then I added, "And, Mr. Blodgett, I can't find the words to tell how I thank you both for such a compliment. If" —

"I knew you would n't misunderstand me," he went on. "It 's a good deal of a start in life to be born a gentleman."

"But, Mr. Blodgett," I said, "there has been a mistake. I — it is hard to say, but" — then I faltered.

He looked at me keenly for a moment. "So the boss was wrong? It 's only friendship, not love?"

"Just what she has given to me," I answered.

"Very well. Then if you want to please the boss — and me — let that friendship grow into something better. But don't misunderstand me. You must win Agnes, if she is won. We do nothing."

"Mr. Blodgett, should you be willing to let me try to win Miss Agnes, if I tell you that I do not love her as a man should love the woman he seeks for his wife?"

"Marriage is a funny business," he responded. "Now there 's the boss. When I married her I thought she was so and so; little by little I found she was n't; but by the time I had found it out, I would n't have swapped her for ten of the women I had thought she was. Some men have no business to marry unless they 're pretty strongly attached, for they don't run steady; but you 're a fellow that would keep in the traces no matter what happened, and before long you 'd find yourself mighty fond of Agnes. A sense of duty is about as good a basis to marry on, if there 's natural sympathy and liking, as all this ideal make-believe. I don't think you dislike Agnes, do you?"

"Indeed, no!" I exclaimed. "Nobody could. She is too charming and sweet for any one to do that. Miss Agnes deserves far more than I can bring her. What have I to give in return for all this?"

"You can settle that with Agnes,"

he laughed; and then, as if to lessen my poverty in my own eyes, he kindly added, "In the first place, I 'll get a son-in-law chock-full of heart and grit and brains; and I 've had pretty good evidence that he is n't fortune-hunting, which is Agnes's great danger. But that is n't all, and I want you to know I 'm not a fool. I 'm a big fellow down in Wall Street, and even on the Royal Exchange, but do you think I don't know my position? They kept me up over two years at the Philomathean, and you four months. After you 've worked ten years over books with your own name on them, you 'll be received and kotowed to by people who would n't crook a finger to know me. You won't be famous as I am, for the number of naughts I can write after a figure, but your name will be known everywhere, and will be familiar long after mine has been forgotten. Who were the bankers and rich men fifty years ago? There is n't one person in a thousand can tell you. But who has n't heard of Thackeray and Hawthorne, Macaulay and Motley? Don't you see I 'm doing my level best for Agnes, and making a regular Jew bargain?"

"Perhaps Miss Agnes will not agree."

"We 've got to take that chance; but she likes you, and good women think a heap more of brains than they do of money. If you 'll let me tell her your story, it won't be long before she 'll take notice. I should n't have had to ask the boss twice if I 'd had any such trump card as you 've got, and she was a sight less tender-hearted than Agnes!"

"Mr. Blodgett," I said, "I can't tell you the gratitude I feel, but I must be frank."

"Hold on!" he cried. "I don't want you to say anything now. You are to take a week on it, and not give me your answer till the end. If you have half the gratitude in you that you pretend, you 'll do as the boss wants."

I had manned myself to tell him of my love for you, but I bowed assent, for indeed I was too bewildered to think clearly, and was glad to have a respite. We shook hands without further parley, and I came back here, to cough and shiver while trying to think it all out. An hour ago I went to bed, but I was wakeful, and so sit here trying to write myself into sleepiness.

I have thought out what my course must be. If it is true, as indeed I know it to be, that Mr. Whitely has won you, Mr. Blodgett shall have the truth. I shall tell him that I will put you out of my heart, as perforce I must, and that if he is still willing I will go to Agnes, tell her too the whole truth, and promise her such love and devotion as I can give. So sweet a girl deserves far more, and I cannot believe that she will accept the little I can offer; but if she does, it shall be the labor of my life to be to her a true and tender husband. And even if she were not what she is, the thought that through her I have made reparation for the wrong done you will make easy both tenderness and love for her.

For the last time, perhaps, I have the right to say, "Good-night, my love."

Paul Leicester Ford.

THE ENEMY LISTENS.

How long it has lain drowsing in my heart,
The torpid fear, half witless of its sting,
Who knows? . . . Yet haply He has smiled apart,
All-knowing and all-silent: ay, at this,
How it uncoils slow length, awakening,
And wakes to hiss!

Here may I lean and glory in my wings
While all the stars go singing, sphere on sphere
Bound to an orbit; and with echoings
They set the darkness throbbing. Oh, I hear
How they all sing, to bind
Me, — where I poise and laugh at them like wind,
But none too near.

If He be All in All, why stays He yet
To burn moth-wings that fly athwart His will?
If He be master, why has He not set
A hand upon my mouth, to say, *Be still*,
As snowfall dumbs the Earth,
And with the leaves all laughterless, her mirth
Falls brown and chill!

Why is He silent? For the seasons shift,
A rainbow change of summer and of cold,
And light and dark, like flickering clouds that drift
Across a bubble, rose and green and gold
All in a bright dismay,
Before it vanish in a little spray:
The Earth grows old.

Yet all the while unshadowed, I take care
To lie in wait for eager ships that be
So brave to follow, — hunt them to my lair
And drag them down, a-quiver to be free,
With broken wings, until,
Struck through with fangs of lightning, they lie still
To feed the Sea.

Is He not vext? Myself, I like them well:
They coax me like the foolish nest, unsought,
Loath to be taken, that must ever tell
Where music is. So have I often caught
The winds to pluck their sting
And send them weaponless and wandering
And good for naught.

Have I not stirred the swarms that work men ill?
Raveled time's work? Have I not laughed to see
How they cursed Him, unwitting of my will,
For all the bickering hate, when straight as bee
Homeward at evening,
With ruin laden every pest took wing
Homeward to me!

What have I spared save those mad stars of His
Because I would not come too near their song,
Urging to madness everything that is,
Luring to follow, drawing me along
To follow on the height,
A foolish pathway trodden into light
By all the throng!

Look how they all go timely, one and one,
To do His bidding; they that might go free,
And do His bidding, — moon and star and sun,
Singing the spell that reaches after me!
They know not they are mad:
Even the Earth, wan drudge, goes ever sad
And bright to see.

I would not listen, — nay, I will not hear.
So the sea-tides at ebb and flow may plead
With sea-drift. So it is, if you come near,
A world would whirl you whither it may lead.
So may the wind — who knows? —
Urge all the petals of a doubtful rose:
My rose, take heed!

I will not listen. Like a flock of birds
Circled about the tamer, set to sing
With hearts abeat to his unspoken words, —
Wild joys, all bright and unremembering, —
So it may be that each
Has faltered, trembled, felt the tamer reach
To bind his wing.

Is it His spell that measures what they sing?
Some rhythm within His silence that they hear,
Whence all the echoes widen, ring on ring,
With all the irised light from sphere to sphere?
Surely the currents start
Pulsing high tide from some immortal heart:
There wakes the fear.

Why does He tarry? Say I fear Him not,
Reach up and blow the stars out one by one,

Unleash, to exultations long forgot,
The planets He hath charmed: were it well done?
Bind all the winds that be,
Shake meteors from their husks, drink of the sea,
Outstare the sun!

Would it avail? So I make shift to break
The enringing song and scatter it through space
Like rainfall fair to see, — and if I take
The lordship on me in that desert place:
To be alone with Him
There in the void, among dead worlds left dim,
And face to face?

What if His silence waits me, like a net
Hid in the midst of them that lure and call,
Till I — I falter, tremble, and forget
Glory and joyance to be tamed His thrall?
Even now on tardy wing, —
Even now too long I listen, wondering
If He be All!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

COMMENT ON RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.

The notion of "complete works" used to bring up the vision of a solemn row of learned treatises; now we have our fiction on dress parade, and so eager are we to have uniform and complete sets that hardly has a writer made a few successful ventures than he is set forth in purple and fine linen, and given all the outward show of a classic. Not only this, but his 'prentice work is diligently searched out, and if he is very complacent he addresses his readers from behind historical prefaces. One is easily persuaded, however, that the initiative in such matters is taken by the publisher rather than by the author. Here is Mr. Barrie, for example, whose Sentimental Tommy is still a very new book, and whose Auld Licht Idylls is not an old one, gathering his Novels, Tales, and Sketches into eight volumes almost to be called stately. (Scribners.) He has prefixed brief introductions which have a somewhat reluctant air, as if he found it rather difficult to treat his performances as matters of history; but in them he does, in a half-covert way, take the reader a little into his confidence. These introductions, brief as they are, may yet be read to advantage as a group, since they make one somewhat acquainted, before he begins the tales, with the humor and point of view of the author. One discovers that one has to do with a personality which hides behind an open window. In one of his books, Margaret Ogilvy, Mr. Barrie makes a confession which throws a flood of light not only on his own writing, but on that of Scots generally.

"It seems to be a law of nature," he says, "that we must show our true selves at some time; and as the Scot must do it at home, and squeeze a day

into an hour, what follows is that he is self-revealing in the superlative degree, the feelings so long dammed up overflow, and thus a Scotch family are probably better acquainted with each other, and more ignorant of the life outside their circle, than any other family in the world. And as knowledge is sympathy, the affection existing between them is almost painful in its intensity; they have not more to give than their neighbors, but it is bestowed upon a few instead of being distributed among many; they are reputed niggardly, but for family affection, at least, they pay in gold. In this, I believe, we shall find the true explanation why Scotch literature, since long before the days of Burns, has been so often inspired by the domestic hearth, and has treated it with a passionate understanding."

The book from which this passage is taken may be regarded as the most significant illustration of Mr. Barrie's statement to be found in Scottish literature. It is a sketch of his mother by a son who never forgets that he is a novelist, — a novelist who is conscious in an intense sort of his sonship. It affects different temperaments differently, but when one comes back to it, after reading all the other writings of Mr. Barrie, one finds it less difficult to understand how the author could write it in the innocence of his heart and the ripe intelligence of his literary consciousness. For all the creations of his higher art are true to a single principle: the concentration of attention upon the details of a single community, and the interpretation, through the most concrete expression, of the deepest and the shallowest moments of the life there to be discovered.

It is nothing new for a novelist to be interested in persons, but it is rare for one to be so absolutely concerned with them as Mr. Barrie shows himself to be. In his portraitures of acknowledged men, as in his group An Edinburgh Eleven, he shows how cleverly he can hit off peculiarities, and how careless he is of any attempt at exact and rounded character-sketching. The novelist is always getting in his way and teasing him, not to make caricatures, but to draw pictures, like a schoolboy with his slate before him and sums to do. With the freedom of a story-teller when his figures are not already public characters, he makes the field which he has chosen for his own, the imaginary village of Thrums, instinct with actual life. Here are several tales and groups of sketches, — A Window in Thrums, The Little Minister, Auld Licht Idylls, and Sentimental Tommy; and as Tommy, with his imagination, succeeds in persuading himself and his sister and their friends that London is but the penumbra of Thrums, so Mr. Barrie, by his genius, finds this little village all the world he needs for displaying the whole range of human nature. It is enough for him, because it is not the incidents of the village life, but the persons enacting the scenes, that he is engaged with.

Indeed, the note that jars makes more evident the source of Mr. Barrie's real power. In The Little Minister he has introduced as a principal figure the half-gypsy creature, Babbie, and has married her to Mr. Dishart. The introduction and treatment are a *tour de force*, and we observe that he lets the girl discreetly alone, once she is married; in the other books, although Mr. Dishart comes and goes, Mrs. Dishart is the merest shadow. She is more distinctly an invention, as we suspect the Painted Lady of being; the other characters are true imaginative portraits, derived from sympathetic study of life. The sureness of the touch is discoverable in multitudinous passages, phrases, words, in the wit and humor, and above all in the freedom with which hard, unlovely qualities are drawn without a particle of sentimentality or cynicism. We should place the element of truthfulness as the very highest trait in Mr. Barrie's work.

The value of these Scottish stories is all the more noticeable because of the experimental and amateurish character of other of his writings which he has thought best to include in this series. It is the sketch which shows Mr. Barrie at his best; his latest long story, Sentimental Tommy, is a prolonged, delightful sketch, full of ingenuity and broken lines, genuinely analytic without having the corrosiveness of much modern analysis. The explanation lies in the fact that the author delights in what Tommy does, and that his analysis of a character dominated by the imaginative force is nothing more or less than a curious tracing of the embryonic activity of a nature which shows itself in fuller life capable of possessing and dramatizing the men, women, and children of Thrums. It is indeed a singularly comprehensive and simple personality which is reflected by this series of writings, deriving its quickening power from a mother, and shadowing forth its fullness of art in the varied play of a boy's mind.

Though Mr. Barrie dubs his latest hero "sentimental," the name is a little misleading unless to Scotch ears. "Imaginative" comes nearer the mark, and Mr. Barrie's work is strongly characterized by the healthy absence of sentimentalism. Mr. Watson, Ian Maclaren, comes perilously near wearing the title. His sketches, with all their humor, have been rather close to the rainy weather region. His first novel, Kate Carnegie (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not, properly speaking, a novel at all, but is a series of sketches of life in Drumtochty, especially of its ministers and their clerical brethren in the neighborhood, connected by a slight thread of story, telling of the loves of the heroine and John Carmichael, of which the interest is correspondingly weak. Indeed, the young Free Church minister and the General's daughter would have been more convincing if their love had never got beyond the region of fancy, and they had each married in their own world, as the least sophisticated reader knows they would have done except for the author's will. But setting this aside, the book is very pleasant reading, and in certain of its chapters shows Mr. Watson at his best. It abounds in admirable bits of character-drawing, and is illumined everywhere by the writer's very real gift of humor, — a humor unforced, quickly perceptive, and as far removed from cynicism as from any tinge of vulgarity. Nowhere has the Kirk, its ministers, its forms and customs, — those enormously important factors in Scottish life, — been more sympathetically dealt with. The book is a study of the humors of a rural parish; its rare touches of pathos are poignant rather than tearful. Its strongest and also its finest character-sketch is that of the Rev. Jeremiah Saunderson, minister of the Free Church of Kilbogie, the profundity of whose learning is equaled only by his inability to put it to any practical use, and whose tenderness and guilelessness in no way modify an unwavering belief in the extremest tenets of Calvinism, which compels him to denounce to the Presbytery (quite harmlessly) the heresy of the young man he loves as a son. In contrast is Dr. Davidson, parish minister of Drumtochty, — a Moderate, suave, courtly, ruling his little domain with a wise, gentle, but very firm hand, and keeping peace in his time. These studies, with the delightfully humorous yet unexaggerated sketch of John, the beadle, who advised or encouraged trembling probationers, and "carried the books" before the Doctor in a stately procession of two, and was in himself an embodiment of the dignity of the Auld Kirk, would alone give the book an abundant reason for being, the more because in Drumtochty, as elsewhere, the old order changeth.

The Scots are having it much their own way. It was tolerably certain that Mr. Crockett would sooner or later take the Ayrshire Tragedy for the subject of

one of his historical, or, as they might be called, chronicle tales; for these loosely woven narratives, with their crowd of characters, small and great, in form resemble more closely old family or county histories than compactly constructed novels. The Gray Man (Harpers), dealing with what the law — uniformly set at naught by the *dramatis personæ* — accurately termed "the heathenish and accursed practice of Deadly Feud," is of course a tale of continuous fighting, inglorious neighborhood or family brawls marked by much reckless bravery, a good deal of bloodshed, and the natural accompaniments of brutality and treachery. The author describes these conflicts with an immense deal of spirit and fervor, and a rather unusually good reproduction of the temper of the time in more points than one, and he imparts some of his excitement even to unimpressionable readers. Launcelot Kennedy, the narrator, has a fair measure of vitality, but the youth's conceit might have been more subtly indicated, while his hoidenish sweetheart is of a type that is already familiar to Mr. Crockett's readers. The events which lead to the murder of Sir Thomas Kennedy of Culzean (which Sir Walter phonetically spelled "Cullayne," to the advantage of the non-Scottish public) by John Mure of Auchendrayne, and thereafter to the apprehension and execution of that consummate villain and his son, are set forth with reasonable fidelity to facts, often forcibly, and occasionally with a genuine dramatic touch. The mystery, however, which in the beginning is supposed to attend the appearances of John Mure as the Gray Man, really comes to little, the narrative growing notably more direct and graphic as it goes on. It is quite strong enough, after its kind, to have spared Sawny Bean's cave and its unhuman inmates; the tale has sufficient barbarism without that final horror. The author seems at times deliberately to have sought merely sensational effects, always to the weakening of his work artistically as well as realistically.

The popular favor which has been bestowed on Mrs. Steel's latest book will prove grateful to those who have followed her work with ever growing interest, — an interest first roused by certain unsigned magazine sketches, differing as widely as might be from the earlier stories of Kipling that had preceded them, but to be placed second to no lesser studies than his. On the Face of the Waters (Macmillan) is emphatically the best tale of the Mutiny yet written, though its readers may recall others, from the pens of men who lived through that time of terror, that in their treatment of one or another aspect of the great tragedy might rival it; but which of them has the comprehensiveness, the insight, and the strength of this? In regard to the truth of the picture, the author says: "I have not allowed fiction to interfere with fact in the slightest degree. . . . Every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." When it is remembered how large a license the great historical novelists have taken in these things, Mrs. Steel's fear lest her book, in attempting to be at once a story and a history, should fail in either aim, is not uncalled for, nor, it must be owned, without justification, in so far as the occasional and quite natural refusal of the two elements to intermingle is concerned.

The interest of the story is centred upon the fortunes of two men and two women, but they are in the foreground of a very crowded scene, every part of which is full of vivid life, — Anglo-Indians, civilian and military of all degrees, the sham court at Delhi with its doting representative of the Great Moguls and his evil wife, Sepoys, devotees, jugglers, women of the bazaar; vigorously realistic portraits many of these, the color

surrounding them, the atmosphere they breathe, becoming evident to the reader, and this without too visible effort on the writer's part. She has assimilated India, so to speak, and does not dwell on things new or strange as one to whom the scene is foreign. The four characters we have spoken of — Jim Douglas, keen, alert, capable, his career ruined because of an act of generous boyish folly; Major Erlton, slow-witted, sensual, without even the conventional honor of a gentleman, and who yet dies bravely, as does the light woman, Alice Gissing; and last, Mrs. Erlton, in saving whom Douglas loses the chance which comes to him of retrieving the past, and yet works out his own salvation thereby — are all sketched with admirable skill, but it must be said with most notable success in the case of the undeserving pair. The author's greatest shortcoming, her occasional want of lucidity, — the more trying because she shows so often that she can write with as much clearness as force, — is to be found in this book as well as in its predecessors. Perhaps the West can never really understand the East, but Mrs. Steel is one of the few writers who can give it some measure of comprehension; so it is the greater pity when the results of her wealth of knowledge, her delicate and sympathetic insight, are obscured by a mist of her own creating.

The historical novel subtends a wide arc when it takes in the English conquest of India and the Christian conquest of Rome. In Quo Vadis, a Narrative of Rome at the Time of Nero (Little, Brown & Co.), the Polish giant, Henryk Sienkiewicz, takes his turn at wrestling, for a fall, with the most difficult as well as the most importunate of historical problems: how it was, practically, that the empire of Christ came to replace, in its own seat, the empire of the Roman Cæsars. He brings to the adventure some great qualifications, — a thorough acquaintance with the records of the time, a virile and prolific imagination, the elemental force and unspent passion of the Slav, along with his natural proclivity to mysticism, — and all these fused by the ardor of an apparently recent conversion to the ideas of what the French call *Néo-Christianisme.*

Happily, there is no question of bringing upon the stage in person the Author of the most radical of all revolutions. But the plain testimony of the Apostles Peter and Paul to the facts of their own experience with regard to the Christ is represented as finding ready credence with open-minded Romans, who attach no supernatural significance whatever to the circumstances; and one of these Romans makes a statement, in a private letter, of the questions at issue between the old world and the new, which is even startling in its clearness: —

"I know not how the Christians order their own lives, but I know that where their religion begins Roman rule ends; our mode of life ends; the distinction between conquered and conqueror, rich and poor, master and slave, ends; government ends; Cæsar ends; law and all the order of the world ends: and in place of these appears Christ, with a certain mercy not existent hitherto, and a kindness opposed to human and our Roman instincts."

The Neo-Christian, or the Christian socialist, — for they are essentially one, whatever shade of doctrinal difference may lie between them, — would say much the same concerning the powers in present possession of the world. For him, the day, more than three hundred years later than Nero's time, when Christianity became the state religion, and fashionable among the great, was a day of arrested development rather than of victory achieved. The true revivals of that faith he discerns there only where its beginnings had been, in deserts and in dungeons. The foremost apostle of the new Christianity, the Slavic Tolstoi, has embraced poverty as ardently and un-

reservedly as did the saint of Assisi, or those "men of the Spirit" who fled in his wake from the tyranny of a ruthless ecclesiasticism to the snowy solitudes of the winter Apennines. From this point of view, so powerful a writer as Sienkiewicz could hardly fail to present an impressive picture of the first great Christian persecution, and the truth is that he has succeeded in restoring that dreadful period after a somewhat new and altogether masterly fashion. He lays hold of its horrors with a simple and unshrinking directness which reminds one most of all of the Russian painter, Vasili Verestchagin. He designs with the same strange mixture of poetic breadth and precise realism. Surely the might of these men is to some extent a matter of unworn race! No writer, whether of history or of fiction, whom we remember, has drawn so living and speaking a likeness of the Emperor Nero as has this Polish novelist. No one else has made that curious moral monster so consistent in his inconsistencies, so inevitable both in his fatuities and in his enormities, so clear to the mind's eye in the uncanny and repulsive peculiarities of his person. There is a description in chapter vii. of an imperial banquet, at which the Christian maiden Lygia was forced to appear, which illumines one of the most hackneyed of subjects, and seizes the imagination with irresistible power. The midnight services of the proscribed, the incidents of the great fire, and the scenes in the amphitheatre, for those who have the nerve to dwell on their details, are made equally vivid and convincing. Yet there is no display of erudition. All the preliminary labor is hidden, subdued, absorbed, as it ought to be; telling only in the astonishing solidity of the representation. The English of the translation is very bad, in parts; obscure and evidently inadequate to the author's meaning, and very little assisted by what would appear to have been the incessant references of the translator to a French version which he understood hardly better than the original Polish. Certain puerile mistakes — like rendering *sang-froid* by *cool blood*, and confusing the Campagna of modern Rome with the territory of Campania — occur over and over again. Yet all these minor imperfections are overborne by the rush of the narrative and the energy of the author's purpose. Occasionally, indeed, the very uncouthness of the diction seems to give a peculiar and touching force to the utterances of unlettered confessor and stammering slave. Sometimes, on the other hand, the translator stumbles, as it were, on an expression of singular beauty; as where he says that, to the watchers in the early dawn outside the Mamertine prison, the whole structure began to "sound like a harp" with the matin hymn of the prisoners; or where he tells yet once again, in bald and broken but most poignant phrases, the always overpowering story of the martyrs' constancy under torture.

The reason why, with all its power, Quo Vadis fails as a Christian or even a Neo-Christian tract — for as such, after all, it does fail — is that, in spite of his own evident intention to the contrary, Sienkiewicz makes his pagans, man for man, so much more real and individual than his Christians. We simply do not believe in the conversion of Vinicius. We wonder how he could ever have imposed upon the Apostles, and especially upon Paul. It was the mere might of his very human passion for Lygia which carried the young patrician through all that he endured. No doubt that passion is magnificently portrayed. But it finds its fitting consummation and reward, — exactly where the just instinct of the author has placed them; not in victorious martyrdom and the trance of a blessed immortality, but in the melodramatic deliverance from the arena, and the conventional "happy ever after" of the safe retreat in Sicily. It is that gracious and polished heathen, Petronius Arbiter, who

is the true hero of the book. There is an exquisite point of irony in his amiable letter to the married and settled lovers, wherein he declines their earnest invitation to join them in Sicily, on the plea of his own implicit engagement to die at Rome; and then reminds them, with a suave apology, that he does not need to learn of them — or of any Christian — how to do that. And the scene of the suicide of Petronius and Eunice, in its chastened splendor and grave decorum, is, upon the whole, the greatest and most memorable in the book.

We naturally compare Quo Vadis not only with the Fabiolas and Calistas of the Catholic revival in England, but with that later work which so far surpasses them all, even Cardinal Newman's Tale of the Catacombs, in delicate research and literary distinction, the Marius of the late Walter Pater. To go back to Marius after Quo Vadis is to assuage the fierce thirst of fever with a cooling and healing draught. It is not a little singular that the Neo-pagan should leave upon the mind of his reader so much more winning and persuasive an impression than does the Neo-Christian of the balm, the brightness, the divine serenity and refreshment, brought into the diseased and moribund society of Rome by the coming of Christ in Judæa. It is the Good Shepherd of the earliest Ravanese mosaics, youthful, gentle, and debonair, who looks wistfully at us out of the concluding pages of Marius the Epicurean. It is true that Marius lived a century later than Vinicius; not under Nero, but under the all but saintly Marcus Aurelius, during that "minor peace of the Church" of which the early knell was to ring at Lyons, before the blameless though still benighted Emperor died without hope. The epoch of Mr. Pater's beautiful study is admirably chosen; that was a part of Mr. Pater's art. No modern writer of them all has shed so mild and full a light as he on the evolution of Christian ritual. None has depicted more tenderly the noiseless widening of the new dawn; the natural flowering of Christian precept in civic obedience and domestic order, stainless love and happy hope; the penetrative and transforming power of Christian example over many who never bore the Christian name. The childlike simplicity with which the young Epicurean lays down his life for his friend; the uncalculated, unappreciated, almost unconscious sacrifice of the *anima naturaliter Christiana*, speaks to the heart, or at all events to certain hearts, almost more intimately and irresistibly than the hecatombs of the amphitheatre.

If Mr. Pater's unfinished romance, Gaston de Latour (Macmillan), had ever been completed, it would have been a parallel study of character to Marius, "the scene shifted to another age of transition, when the old fabric of belief was breaking up, and when the problem of man's destiny and his relations to the unseen was undergoing a new solution. The interest would have centred round the spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind, capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the intellect, but destined to find its complete satisfaction in that which transcends both." So Mr. Charles L. Shadwell describes the author's purpose in beginning a work destined to remain a fragment, but a fragment so exquisite that its readers will feel grateful to the editor who has, we suspect with some reluctance, reproduced it in its present form.

Mr. Pater's style is here at its very best, the perfect art concealing the careful elaboration, and from the outset he casts his spell upon the reader, who gladly follows wheresoever he leads. What a series of pictures are to be found in the opening chapters: the Château of Deux-manoirs in the pleasant plain of La Beauce; the parish church where the young Gaston kneels to be "made a clerk;" the chamber where Gabrielle de Latour had died of joy; above all, the

glowing presentment of Notre Dame de Chartres, of whose life the boy is a part. And here it may be well to say that the reader in search of a historical romance of any accepted fashion will hardly find it in these studies of certain moods of the spirit in the men of the French Renaissance. To be sure, the terrible reality of the St. Bartholomew comes into the history, and Gaston's wife is one of its victims, but the husband is far away, and his connection therewith has none of the vividness of his visit to Ronsard, the young clerk full of the "modern" spirit, intoxicated with the wine of the new verse, pitying the men of the classic past for not being aboveground to read it; or that memorable sojourn with Montaigne when in discourse with the youthful disciple the quintessence of the essays is given us. As for the Huguenots, they are rather outside the writer's consciousness, having a shadowy and, it must be added, exceedingly conventional existence in his pages. At the last, if we may use that word, the book seems to be resolving into a series of essays, Gaston's relation to the study of Bruno being of the slightest. The editor may be right in thinking it not impossible that the author was dissatisfied with the work which he had begun, and so deliberately abandoned it. However that may be, we are thankful for the visionary beauty of these glimpses of the young Gaston and of his world, without and within; and while we must regret that no later volume can come to us from a writer whose style, in its fascination and subtle grace, was a thing apart, full acquiescence must be accorded to the decision of those in charge of his papers that no work of his shall appear in a form less complete than he would himself have approved. In our haste we might say that they also stand apart among literary executors.

It is a pleasure to see a second book show a distinct gain over the first, and this pleasure Mrs. Helen Choate Prince has given us in A Transatlantic Chatelaine. (Houghton.) The gain is in the direction of concentration and of singleness of purpose. Christine Rochefort had qualities of cleverness and seriousness; but there was a suspicion that the author helped herself to current movements in the industrial world without making any contribution to their solution by penetrative interpretation, and with the effect of weakening the emphasis upon the characters involved in the disturbances. In this second book historic scenes serve as backgrounds; but Mrs. Prince's real business, and the business of the reader, is with the heroine and her foils. Not for a moment is the interest withdrawn from the young American girl who has to fight her way through life; the struggle is made more dramatic from the fact that she has wealth and beauty on her side. The other characters fall admirably into place, and each is succinctly, clearly projected: the devoted maid, Justine; the well-bred, selfish, and affectionate adventuress, Mrs. Lee Blair; the noble and pathetic figure, Madame de la Roche. The men who enter the heroine's life are more sketchily drawn, but again the art of the novel is true in the fullness with which the character of Philippe is studied, and the comparatively fainter lines given to the sketch of the two Regniers. The unfolding of Sylvia's character from its self-contained intellectualism to a generous womanhood is clearly disclosed through the succession of shocks which she receives. We shall look with interest for further work from a writer who has shown herself thus capable of imagining characters. We suspect, as she gets a firmer hold on the instrument of her art, there may be a less strenuous tone, a greater freedom in the play of life, possibly even a warmer humor. With this mellowness of a riper power, there ought to be a product well worth waiting for.

MEN AND LETTERS.

ON A DICTUM OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S.

I HAVE never yet been quite able to make up my mind to accept Matthew Arnold's dictum that literary criticism is an effort to see the object as in itself it really is, because our impression of the object is the only reality to us; or that other version of the same idea, that "the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way, and to let humanity decide." This dictum seems to undervalue the personal element which gives the flavor to all purely literary productions, and to imply that there may be something like a scientific method in literary criticism. Get one's prejudices and prepossessions and special aversions of one kind and another out of the way, certainly, but not the real self, not that which stamps him as a particular person, differentiating him from all other men, and giving him a point of view of his own. In all subjective matters we see through a glass, if not darkly, then chromatically, as through the colored medium of one's temperament and predisposition. It is this that gives the life to literature. In the objective world of science we see through the colorless medium of the understanding, and the personal element must be kept in abeyance. It is here that we make the effort to see the object as it really is in itself and in its relation to other objects. But when we survey a poem, or a story, or our neighbor's creed, political or religious, we see it much more as it stands related to us, to our point of view, to our mental and spiritual wants and experiences. What does it signify to you and to me? — that is the question.

The scientific method seeks to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is true, that which is verifiable. The critical method, so far as there is one, seeks to try all things, and to hold fast that which is good, — good when brought to the test of our personal wants, tastes, affinities, etc. In literary criticism, one readily flatters one's self that he is making an effort to see the thing as in itself it really is; he may not be conscious of any other effort, but what he actually does is to restate his subject in the terms of his own thinking and experience, to bring it to the test of his own character and knowledge or turn it into his own ideal values.

It is always profitable and interesting to see how any given thing strikes another mind, but that the impression it makes upon any mind is the real one, in the sense of being final and complete and the end of discussion in that direction, can be affirmed, I think, in but very few cases. When, for instance, we attempt a criticism of Goethe or of Arnold himself, the conscious effort is to get at the real Goethe or the real Arnold, to explore him, to find his real boundaries, etc.; but in effect we only develop the subject as it stands related to our point of view, as it is convertible into our knowledge. We see the real Goethe or the real Arnold only so far as we have that within us that answers to what there is in him. If there is a vein of mysticism in the subject, and none in the critic, the result will be unsatisfactory; or if there is in the subject a keen sense of humor, or of the pathos or the solemnity of life, and none, or a much less measure of it, in the critic, the result will be unsatisfactory. Like responds to like. We find what we bring. Criticism is appreciation. It seems that Johnson did not appreciate the poet Gray. Arnold says that he was not naturally in sympathy with Gray, and therefore his judgment is inadequate. Sympathy is a great matter. Can there be any true or helpful criticism without it?

If an author's thinking and experience be adequate, the reader will be edified by criticism of any given subject; if they be inadequate, as is so often the case, he will be the reverse of edified. Hence no author can be satisfactorily criticised but by his equal; we must bring equal values — moral, æsthetic, intellectual — into which those of our subject are to be converted. The pleasure and profit of criticism are in this convertibility or exchangeability of ideas and literary values. We are no nearer to seeing the thing as in itself it really is; we see it as it is when viewed through another medium or when measured by other standards. Truth, in the subjective world, is not a definite something that may be surely run to cover and captured: it is relative and circumstantial; it is a tone, a quality, a harmony, that hovers lightly, that comes and goes, that is obvious from this point of view, but disappears from that. The angle of vision is everything: what I see you may not see, what you see I may miss; the drop of dew or of rain on the spray, which the sun turns to a jewel for me, may appear only a colorless drop of water to you. The poem that thrills one man leaves another cold and unmoved. Only such truth or beauty as the critic sees can he give the equivalent of in his criticism.

The Protestant criticises the religion of the Catholic, and *vice versa;* each thinks he sees the creed of the other as in itself it really is, but he sees it only as it is related to *him*, as it is measured by his standards. In itself it is nothing; it *is* what it awakens in another mind. Huxley impresses me in a way vastly different from that in which he impresses my orthodox neighbor. If we were each to write a criticism of his works, how wide apart would be our conclusions! I should draw out and express in the terms of my thinking and experience the value of Huxley to me, or from my point of view; my neighbor would treat of him as he stands related to his thinking and experience, or to his point of view: and probably our differences would be much more numerous than our agreements.

What I mean to insist upon is that Arnold's dictum that "the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way, and to let humanity decide," is an impossible one. The one's self, the personal equation, colors all, and the value of the result is exactly measured by the value of this same one's self, — the depth, width, and vitality of its relation to the mass of mankind.

When Arnold criticises Byron, Shelley, Burns, Wordsworth, or Emerson, does he get himself out of the way and let humanity speak? What speaks is of course more or less our common humanity, but it speaks through a particular Oxford-bred, Greek-nursed, pedagogical-born Englishman, — a man of marvelously quick and clear intelligence and judicious temper, but who, like the rest of us, turned everything into his own values, and pronounced of little worth what he did not find in himself the equivalents of. Arnold was a great critic because he was a great mind, but his criticism is no more final than that of a lesser man. He could no more escape the bias of his training, his inheritance, his environment, than he could change his form and stature.

I think one might infer from Arnold that poetic truth is some fixed and definite thing, like scientific truth, and that the old Greek poets had a monopoly of it. Arnold would bring, as a touchstone to modern poems, a few lines or phrases culled from the Greek classics: if the newcomers have not the accent and quality of these, they are spurious. How would Kipling fare under such a test? Yet Kipling's poetic truth is probably as genuine as that of Pindar. A fresh feeling for life and nature, a style that really lays hold of things and incorporates itself with them, — that is the source of poetic truth in all literatures. The stamp of a new personality is indispen-

sable; general humanity is not enough, — it must take on new and particular features.

A critical method can only be a search for the vital, the real, as the scientific method is a search for the true. But there must of necessity be this other difference: the true can be demonstrated, but the vital and the real are matters of taste and opinion. As Lowell says, "there are born Popists and born Wordsworthians," and no method can lead both to the same results.

Arnold's own criticism is very valuable, but are there not times when one tires of its air of scientific definition and classification in matters that do not admit of such treatment, but only of approximate or literary definition and classification? He talks of what he calls the natural magic of certain poets as if it were something as fixed and definite as chemical affinity. He professes to judge the quality of a poet by a single line or half-line, as a mineralogist judges of a rock by a fragment broken off with his hammer. The chief value of any man's criticism lies in this: How large an arc of human life and experience does it subtend? with how large a portion of mankind's thinking and feeling does it agree? Then, to what extent does it have the freshness and piquancy that belong to a new, vigorous, unhackneyed personality?

The search after the truth in these things is always a search after one's self, after what is agreeable to one's constitutional bias or innate partialities. One tries to divest his mind of all veils and hindrances, and to see the thing as it really is; but the best he can do is to see it as it stands related to his individual fragment of existence, which indeed is seeing it as it is so far as he is concerned. There is no escaping from one's own demon; and this demon is not merely one's prejudices or crudenesses or narrownesses; it is the particular pattern and complexion of one's soul and mentality. We would fain view an author's performance, not as it stands related to our own private likes and dislikes, but as it stands related to what is excellent and permanent in literature. Yet what is excellent and permanent in literature? Is it what you and I dislike and cannot tolerate? I am not arguing in favor of the personal estimate, against the fallacy of which Arnold warned us, except in the largest, freest sense. I only insist that the verdict is my verdict or your verdict, and not that of composite humanity, and may, or most likely will, be modified or even reversed by other competent observers; in other words, that behind all literary judgments, even those of Mr. Arnold, the personal estimate plays an important part. Temperament, disposition, bent of mind, one's outlook upon life, etc., are all involved. The elective affinities are at work in our reading as in our lives. One poet finds me, another finds you. There is generally either a natural antagonism between the critic and his author or a natural affinity. Mr. Saintsbury sees this inevitable antagonism between Scherer and Carlyle in the essay of the Frenchman upon the Scotchman. As a result of it, Scherer does not draw out and give his reader the best there is in Carlyle.

Whitman says truly, I think, "No man can understand any greatness or goodness but his own, or the indications of his own." Our serious reading of the poets is a search for our own. He is the greatest poet in whom most eminent minds, age after age, find their own. Emerson cared little for Shelley, but much more for Herbert and Donne. Scherer, as quoted by Mr. Saintsbury, finds Lamartine more sublime, more grand, more poetic, than Wordsworth, and Taine expresses his preference for Alfred de Musset over Tennyson, — both of which verdicts, I fancy, will puzzle English readers. Every reader is likely to feel, first, that the poets of his own country touch him more closely than do those of another; and second, that

the poets of his own temperament, of his own personal equation, his own turn of mind, poets who are going his own way, are apt to be more to him than those of other types and temperaments.

I conclude, therefore, that one need not be much afraid, in criticism, of what is called the personal estimate. Either the poet is of your class, or he is not; and conceal the fact as dexterously as you may, your criticism of him is at bottom an expression of your liking or disliking for the particular quality of mind and soul which he brings.

There is and can be no science of criticism. Criticism is the critic, as Mr. James happily says. We cannot say that science is the scientist, because science is accumulated knowledge; each man may begin where his predecessor left off, but the critic, like any artist, has always to begin at the beginning. He cannot stand on the shoulders of his predecessors, but must stand upon the ground, as they did.

Eminent critics often arrive at directly opposite results. Two such judges and lovers of poetry as Emerson and Lowell, for instance, held directly opposite views about Whitman. A little search would no doubt reveal the grounds of this difference. Whitman approximated to the Emersonian type more than to the Lowellian, — the type of the skald, the prophet. Lowell was a professional critic and scholar; he was of the order of the true men of letters; while Emerson suggests the *sacer vates* of a nation. Lowell's sense of literature as a craft, as the work of scholars, his academic pride and *esprit*, were offended by Whitman's rude open-air spirit and his scorn of the stock poetic. Shall we prefer poetry in its shirt-sleeves to poetry in a dress-suit? All the collegian in him revolted. Lowell would read Whitman through Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Harvard College, and would find that he did not square with any of these poets, or with a taste founded upon them. Emerson would read Whitman with much more individual eyes, through his appreciation of the great mystics, prophets, and seers, and his enormous appetite for the audacious, the independent, the heroic in life and character. Whitman appealed to his hunger for individuality and the absolutely self-reliant man. Here was egoism that was like heat, or cold, or gravitation, and could not be brushed aside.

Emerson's point of view was more fixed and limited than Lowell's. A writer in a late number of The Atlantic has well said that as a critic Emerson was like a search-light on a tower; he threw his beam far and near, but it was only to find his own. There was something searching in all his appreciation; he was looking for some particular thing. This fixed, concentrated, and darting quality of Emerson's mind makes him more warming and stimulating as a writer and poet than illuminating as a critic. With certain well-recognized orders of minds he has little affinity, and such orders — Shelley, Poe, Swinburne — will not fare well at his hands. He was a born eclectic in literature as in philosophy.

Lowell was a strict belle-lettrist: his ruling passion was for letters pure and simple. Emerson was a belle-lettrist plus the mystic and philosopher, a poet with a strong dash of the seer and prophet. It is easy to see that such a mind will find more in a writer like Whitman, who shocked the good dame Belles-Lettres beyond measure, than did or could Lowell.

The same thing is seen again in the attitude of two such critics as Mr. Gosse and Mr. Symonds toward the poet of Democracy; they arrive at like opposite conclusions, and for similar reasons.

I think one can demand of the critic only that he come to his subject with open mind; that his special aversions and prepossessions of one kind or another be kept as far in the background as possible; and that what candor and clear vision there be in him have free play,

— a "free play of mind" upon the subject. Arnold was right here, — *my* mind, *your* mind; only be sure that it is our real mind, and not some whim or prejudice or half-ripe opinion. The personal estimate is what we want, so that it be the genuine person, and not some made-up or make-believe person. This is the explanation of the keener interest we feel in signed articles and criticisms than in the unsigned: we associate them with a definite personality; a real man speaks, and not some impersonal method.

In the region of taste and opinion we demand sincerity and strength: these alone give validity. What a man really feels and expresses with clearness and vigor, — that, in the subjective world, is the truth, no matter how it diverges from my view or your view of the matter in hand. In the main, mankind will in time doubtless come to agree upon all essential matters in morals and æsthetics, but it will be because we are all made of one stuff, and not because we bring ourselves consciously to accept one another's conclusions.

John Burroughs.

MR. KENNAN'S APPRENTICESHIP IN COURAGE.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN'S great work in Russian exploration and in the investigation of Russian institutions has been due to certain qualities of character which impress every one who knows him well. Of these qualities, bravery and strength of will are not the least conspicuous. In his conversations with me, he has often spoken of certain things in connection with his own development and training, which are of much interest. Once when I spoke to him of his bravery and coolness under danger, he said: —

"Many things which have been significant and controlling in what I may call my psychological life are wholly unknown to my friends, and yet they might be made public, if you wish. For instance, as I look back to my boyhood, the cause of the only unhappiness that boyhood had for me was a secret but deeply rooted suspicion that I was physically a coward. This gave me intense suffering. I do not know precisely at what time I first became conscious of it, but when I peered, one day, through the window of a surgeon's office to see an amputation I had proof of my fear. One of my playmates had caught his hand between two cog-wheels in a mill, and his arm had been badly crushed. When he was taken to the surgeon's office, I followed to see what was going to be done with him. While I was watching the amputation, with my face pressed to the glass of the window, the surgeon accidentally let slip from his forceps the end of one of the severed arteries, and a jet of blood spurted against the inside of the window-pane. The result upon me was a sensation that I had never had before in all my life, — a sensation of nausea, faintness, and overwhelming fear. I was twenty-four hours in recovering from the shock, and from that time I began to think about the nature of my emotions and the unsuspected weakness of my character.

"I had a nervous, imaginative temperament, and not long after this incident I began to be tortured by a vague suspicion that I was lacking in what we now call 'nerve,' that I was afraid of things that involved suffering or peril. I brooded over this suggestion of physical cowardice until I became almost convinced of its reality, and at last I came to be afraid of things that I had never before thought about. In less than a year I had lost much of my self-respect, and was as miserable as a boy could be. It all seems now very absurd and childish, but at that time, with my boyish visions of travel and exploration, it was a spiritual tragedy. 'Of what use is it to think of exploration and wild life in wild countries,' I used to ask myself, 'if the first time my courage or forti-

tude is put to the test I become faint and sick?'

"I began at last to experiment upon myself, — to do things that were dangerous merely to see whether I dared do them; but the results were only partially reassuring. I could not get into much danger in a sleepy little village like Norwalk, Ohio, and although I found that I could force myself to walk around the six-inch stone coping of a bell-tower five stories from the ground (a most perilous and foolhardy exploit), and go and sit alone in a graveyard in the middle of dark, still nights, I failed to recover my own respect. My self-reproach continued for a year or two, during which I was as wretched as a boy can be who admires courage above all things and has a high ideal of intrepid manhood, but who secretly fears that he himself is hopelessly weak and nerveless. There was hardly a day that I did not say to myself, 'You 'll never be able to do the things that you dream about; you have n't any self-reliance or nerve. Even as a little child you were afraid of the dark; you shrink now from fights and rows, and you turn faint at the mere sight of blood. You 're nothing but a coward.'

"At last, when I was seventeen or eighteen years of age, I went to Cincinnati as a telegraph operator. I had become so morbid and miserable by that time that I said one day, 'I 'm going to put an end to this state of affairs here and now. If I 'm afraid of anything, I 'll conquer my fear of it or die. If I 'm a coward I might as well be dead, because I can never feel any self-respect or have any happiness in life; and I 'd rather get killed trying to do something that I 'm afraid to do than to live in this way.' I was at that time working at night, and had to go home from the office between midnight and four o'clock A. M. It was during the Civil War, and Cincinnati was a more lawless city than it has ever been since. Street robberies and murders were of daily occurrence, and all of the 'night men' in our office carried weapons as a matter of course. I bought a revolver, and commenced a course of experiments upon myself. When I finished my night work at the office, instead of going directly home through well-lighted and police-patrolled streets, I directed my steps to the slums and explored the worst haunts of vice and crime in the city. If there was a dark, narrow, cut-throat alley down by the river that I felt afraid to go through at that hour of the night, I clenched my teeth, cocked my revolver, and went through it, — sometimes twice in succession. If I read in the morning papers that a man had been robbed or murdered on a certain street, I went to that street the next night. I explored the dark river-banks, hung around low drinking-dives and the resorts of thieves and other criminals, and made it an invariable rule to do at all hazards the thing that I thought I might be afraid to do. Of course I had all sorts of experiences and adventures. One night I saw a man attacked by highwaymen and knocked down with a slung-shot, just across the street. I ran to his assistance, frightened away the robbers, and picked him up from the gutter in a state of unconsciousness. Another night, after two o'clock, I saw a man's throat cut, down by the river, — and a ghastly sight it was; but although somewhat shaken, I did not become faint or sick. Every time I went through a street that I believed to be dangerous, or had any startling experience, I felt an accession of self-respect.

"In less than three months I had satisfied myself that while I did feel fear, I was not so much daunted by any undertaking but I could do it if I willed to do it, and then I began to feel better.

"Not long after this I went on my first expedition to Siberia, and there, in almost daily struggles with difficulties, dangers, and sufferings of all sorts, I finally lost the fear of being afraid which

had poisoned the happiness of my boyhood. It has never troubled me, I think, since the fall of 1867, when I was blown out to sea one cold and pitch-dark night in a dismasted and sinking sailboat, in a heavy offshore gale, without a swallow of water or a mouthful of food. I faced then for about four hours what seemed to be certain death, but I was steady, calm, and under perfect self-control."

Kenyon West.

MILLET AND WALT WHITMAN.

THE notion that this country should have a distinctive literature is both widely held and often condemned. I have scoffed at it in my time, as others have done; and yet, when one stops to think of it, it seems plain enough that democracy, being practically a new thing in the history of the world, should find a new expression in art and in literature. The mistake has been made of confusing form and substance. There is but one kind of form, of technique; it is the same in Europe as in America, and, what is more, we of the new country must go to Europe to learn it. Walt Whitman was unable or unwilling to master the art of writing, and consequently his works, though abounding in lines and phrases of the highest excellence in form as well as in substance, are so uneven and unfinished that he cannot be called a great writer, and can hardly be expected to endure. But he was a man of great democratic ideas. He is the only author yet produced, in this country or in any other, who has perceived what democracy really means, and who has appreciated the beauty and the heroism which are found in the daily lives of the common people.

Millet troubled himself not at all about political theories or forms of government, but his whole life was devoted to the representation upon canvas of those same qualities of every-day beauty and heroism which were the delight and the study of Walt Whitman. An appropriate line from Whitman's prose or verse could easily be found to put beneath every one of Millet's pictures. Of Millet's peasants it might be said as Whitman wrote of his American farmers: —

> "They are tanned in the face by shining suns and blowing winds."

Millet thought as Whitman said: —

> "Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,
> It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

"I had rather," wrote Millet to a friend in Paris, "see the peasants — men and women — at work on the plain, watching their sheep or cows, or the wood-cutters in the forest, than all the pomaded heads of your clerks and city folk."

Millet's interest was confined to the peasants, and Whitman's extended to inhabitants of the city as well as of the country; but it was always the people who toiled, — the ferry-boat hand or the 'bus driver, — not the gentlemen of leisure, not the commercial or the academic class. "Millet," writes one of his biographers, "was never tired of watching the peasants at work: the women pulling potatoes and carrying them home in sacks, the men ploughing and carting manure, or hoeing and digging the ground. The rise and fall of the hoe, the regular movement of the spade, had for him a curious fascination. He loved to watch the unconscious grace of the digger's action." Whitman had the same taste and habit.

> "I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron teakettle and baking shortcake."

The two men were of similar origin. Millet was descended from stout yeomen who tilled the soil on the coast of Normandy, Whitman from stout yeomen who tilled the soil on the coast of Long Island. Both were of strong physique and large frame, and both grew up with an intense love of nature and

of solitude, of the sea, of country life, of all rural sights and sounds. There were, of course, great differences between them. Millet was by far the more chastened and complete character. He had none of the egotism and conceit of Whitman; he was more religious by nature, and he had an exquisite sense of form and proportion. But Whitman, although too uproarious and too ungoverned in his youth to submit to the technique of his trade, had a true eye for artistic effect; he had indeed the eye of a painter. A hundred passages from his books might be cited to illustrate this faculty; I will quote but one:

"Probably the reader has seen physiognomies (often old farmers, sea-captains, and such) that, behind their homeliness, or even ugliness, held superior points so subtle, yet so palpable, making the real life of their faces almost as impossible to depict as a wild perfume or fruit-taste, or a passionate tone of the living voice: and such was Lincoln's face, the peculiar color, the lines of it, the eyes, mouth, expression. Of technical beauty it had nothing, but to the eye of a great artist it furnished a rare study, a feast and fascination."

"The expression," said Millet, "the character of the face and action, are everything."

Only one person, so far as I know, was intimate with both men, and that was Mr. Wyatt Eaton, the artist; and Millet, he said, reminded him of Walt Whitman, especially in his "large and easy manner." The only artist, I believe, whose pictures are mentioned by Whitman is Millet. He once saw a small collection of his paintings in the possession of Mr. Quincy Shaw; and of these he wrote in his diary: "Two rapt hours. Never before have I been so penetrated by this kind of expression. I stood long and long before the sower. . . . There is something in this that could hardly be caught again, — a sublime murkiness and original pent fury. . . . All his pictures are perfect as pictures, works of mere art, and then, it seemed to me, with that last impalpable ethic purpose from the artist (most likely unconscious to himself) which I am always looking for. . . . Will America ever have such an artist out of her own gestation, body, soul?"

Millet suffered much in his lifetime. One winter in Paris, he and his wife were for two days without food or fuel. These privations permanently affected his health, and he was naturally of a grave disposition. Whitman, on the other hand, never lacked food, though it was sometimes plain and scanty, and his health was perfect until he broke down with paralysis. Moreover, he was born under the optimistic sky of America. And yet even in Walt Whitman's writings there is an undertone of sadness, — the same tone that has been remarked in Greek literature, and which in Millet's painting is predominant. It is that pensive, unrebellious sadness which comes to those who live much with Nature and watch her operations, — so beautiful and yet so cruel; it is the sadness of those who love solitude and the wide, open spaces of land or sea.

Henry Childs Merwin.

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GREECE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The eyes of all the world are now turned toward the Greeks. Among the great peoples of Europe they are a feeble folk, the mere remnant of an ancient greatness. In despite of the practical judgment of those who are wise after the wisdom of this world, and in defiance of the restraint of the strong, they have entered their protest against a wrong to their race and to humanity, and have registered their self-assertion, even at the hazard of war and in the face of tremendous odds. The little Greek nation, like a tender shoot sprung up from the root of a grand old tree long since hewn down, had encouraged the hopes of a new life; but practical arboriculture is pitiless of sentiment. In the court of worldly wisdom, sentiment and patriotism find no other sympathy than that the Theban elders meted out to Antigone and her impulse of duty: "For now the light of hope had shone above the last root of Œdipus's house, but now again the bloody pruning-knife of the nether gods slashes it down, — yea, folly of word and frenzy of mind." [1]

The practical politician and the practical diplomat are of the same household of faith. The one abhors the division of parties on the basis of principle; the other abhors the adjustment of national boundaries to sentiments of race, or language, or religion. Austria, built out of a congeries of race and language fragments, is the diplomat's ideal of a nation. The partition of Poland is a specimen of his handiwork. The absorption of Crete into Greece, on the score of community of blood, language, and religion, is a good representative of the things which he does not like to have happen. In this particular case, too, the precedent would be an unusually bad one. If Crete goes to Greece because it is Greek, why not Cyprus, why not Chios and Samos, why not Epirus, why not the coast of Macedonia? And where would be the end? The balance of power is a business arrangement, and sentiment must always yield to business principles.

Look now at the situation as the Greek sees it. He has not ranged abroad like a knight in the saddle, seeking occasion for the exercise of sentiment. The necessity has come to his doors. Every few years, for the past three decades, tidings have reached him from Crete of oppression, disorder, and massacre, — tidings brought by the unhappy victims themselves. Refugees have swarmed on his coasts, — this year to the number of twenty thousand. The government has been obliged to feed and shelter them. At last it became too much for flesh and blood to stand. That matters came to such a pass is the fault, not of Greece, but of the six Great Powers of Europe who have guaranteed to the Turk the undisturbed right of misgovernment. The utter failure of all attempts to check the Turk in his purpose of exterminating the Armenians spread far and wide among the Greeks of European and Asiatic Turkey the conviction that they were

[1] Sophocles, Antigone, 599 ff.

destined to be next in turn. The instinct of self-preservation became aroused throughout the little race. King George is a sagacious man, by no means given to quixotic enterprises, but, as the leader of a people, he could not afford longer to withstand what had become the people's fixed conviction of duty to themselves and their race. Outmatched they were, of course, on every hand. It was sentimental politics, indeed, but at the base were the sentiment of kinship of blood and kinship of faith, and the instinct of self-preservation. Be it right or wrong, be it wisely or in folly, sentiment at last burst through the barriers by which diplomatic politics had for two generations held it in restraint, and in defiance of the consolidated power of Europe the expedition of rescue set forth for Crete.

Once it was upon the seas, the Eastern Question was reopened. And when the Eastern Question is reopened all the world is concerned. Russia is concerned because it affects her route to the sea, and, what is more, her relations to England in Asia. Austria is concerned because it affects her prospects among the Balkan states on the southeast. France is concerned because it affects her commercial ambitions in the Orient, her claims in Africa, her route to the East, and the interests of her great ally. Germany, although Bismarck has said the Eastern Question is not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier, is yet actively concerned because of her relations to Russia and France. England is concerned because of Russia and her life-and-death interest, as the maintainer of a world-empire, in the Suez Canal. All her colonial interests in southern Asia and in Africa are involved. International politics all over the world, whatever the apparent issue and habitat, are resolvable into some form of the Eastern Question, and stand in some sensitive connection with this great political storm-centre of the world, the Ægean and the Bosporus. America is well isolated and self-absorbed, but the great question it is now considering, that of the International Arbitration Treaty, is most delicately articulated with the Eastern Question in its larger bearings.

How should a little state like Greece, practically bankrupt, with a population of but two millions and a territory only half the size of the State of New York, avail to affect interests of so wide a reach by interfering in the affairs of an island only a half larger than Long Island? The answer is a matter of geography, and of history as interpreted by geography.

One who has stood by the Straits of Salamis, wandered over the fields of Marathon and Platæa, coasted among the islands that dot the Ægean, entered in at the Dardanelles, disembarked on the plain of Troy; who has seen the restless conflicts of the heterogeneous peoples and creeds which crowd together about the Bosporus, has heard the murmurings of discontent in Macedonia and Epirus, has seen the outbreak of revolt in Crete, has noted the greedy, nervous intensity of Eastern diplomacy, cannot well escape an impression of the grim pertinacity with which the Eastern Question haunts the history of civilized mankind.

The Eastern Question is not a question of to-day nor of yesterday. When European history first began to be written, it was already there. It had its being before there was any Russia, or any Turkey, or any England. Indeed, it created the ancient nationality of Greece so far as such nationality ever existed. Greece sprang into being as a nationality out of its discordant elements in order to face the Eastern Question. It is not a problem merely of the possession of Constantinople. This is only a phase of a greater problem, which one must understand in order to have proper perspective in the lesser. It is a question which in its reality concerns the perennial antithesis between Occidentalism and Orientalism, and which in its practical statement for

us and ours means this: Who is to lead, who is to champion, who is to represent Occidentalism in its inevitable conflicts with Orientalism? That is what I call the Greater Eastern Question.

When one crosses the Ægean, which at one place is only a hundred miles wide, or crosses the Bosporus, which is merely a broad river, deep and strong, flowing down from the Black Sea, and comes to the shores of Asia Minor, he is made aware that he has passed out of one world into another world. He has passed out of the Occident into the Orient; and where the boundary is today, there it was of yore, fixed as by the decree of Fate. Who has crossed that boundary has left the active and ambitioned Occident, and has entered into the vast, dreamy, passive, timeless, fatalistic Orient.

The contrast between those two things, Occidentalism and Orientalism, you cannot mistake. You feel it in the air, and yet it may not be easy to define; it may not apply in every case nor fit every man, but in the main it is this: you have passed out of the time-land into the timeless. The Occident lives in time; life is its clock; heart-beats are its ticks. Action followed by achievement is indissolubly joined with the progress of time. Change, development, progress, are the certain products of the union. Action looks to the recombination of old materials for the creation of new. The East, on the other hand, is timeless. There one day is as a thousand years. The great East has time and to spare. In the West, men have so much to do, and so little time in which to do it, that they crowd time by deviceful effort to the full. Action is for the purpose of creation, — of re-shaping, re-forming, creating new things; for personality in the Western sense is endowed with the right of origination. In the East, action looks to continuance, not to creation; for personality is not there conceived of as endowed with the right of origination and creation. Personality in the governance of the universe has had allotted to it no autonomy even in things belonging unto itself. That empire of the universe the East conceives of as a great despotism of Fate. In it personality has no suffrage, no appeal; there is only the opportunity of abject resignation to the inevitable. In the West, life is a boat, with a rudder and a keel, that can cross the stream. In the East, life, personality, is a chip swept on in the great current. The West is given preëminently to activity in creating and shaping. It deals, therefore, largely with the shaping of the material universe which is the environment of the individual, and in subduing it to his control. The East is given to introspection. The West tends more to materialism, the East to communion with the things of the spirit. The West is full of creation, progress, restlessness, achievement, failure, disappointment, exultation; the East abounds in quietism, resignation, and blissful stagnation.

Such are the main outlines of the difference, but they are outlines which force an absolute frontier through the life, through the nations of men. Right there at the Ægean and the Bosporus that frontier has stood all the ages, and along its line the conflicts between Occidentalism and Orientalism have again and again been fought out. Over that frontier influences have gone from one to the other. Greece stood there at the gateway, and whatever came from Asia to Europe came through it. Its islands are a bridge. The sea itself is, as it were, a bridge, and over it Asia has come into Europe. Greece is the waist of the hourglass, through which everything that has passed from the one greater to the other greater has been forced to go; and it is an old rule of history that the people which has held that gate has determined the development of European civilization.

The old-fashioned way of accounting

for the beginning of European civilization dealt largely in migrations, and particularly in migrations of races from Asia into Europe. Civilization was conceived of as transported, so to speak, in knapsacks on the backs of men. We are inclined now to think that the migration theory has been applied much too freely. Wholesale movements of peoples or tribes, entirely dislodging other tribes, occurred even in prehistoric times far less frequently than was formerly supposed. Much that has been called migration was movement, not of peoples, but of power.

We have come to recognize, furthermore, that at the time which yields us the first clues to knowledge the general direction of the movement of peoples on the frontier between Asia and Europe, whether it were the push of peoples or the push of conquest, was, not from Asia toward Europe, but from Europe toward Asia. The prehistoric and the earliest historic push was from the north toward the south, or rather from the northwest toward the southeast. We know, however, that the movement of civilization was in the reverse direction. Coming out of Asia into Europe, it followed the reversed track of the movement of peoples or of power. It is not, therefore, the figure of the knapsack which expresses it, but the figure of the lamp-wick. The oil ascends the wick which is thrust down into it.

When the Aryan races first came in contact with the Asiatic peoples they were undoubtedly vastly inferior in cultivation and in the arts of settled life, but very soon, on more intimate contact, they absorbed the Asiatic civilization, and passed it on to those behind them as by capillary attraction. The Greeks were the first to reach the boundaries of the Orient by the Ægean. Through them, when Rome pushed her empire eastward, civilization moved up the wick into Italy; the Gaul, passing over the Alps into the Po valley, drew back the dangerous oil into France; finally, the Teuton, pushing down into Italy, made it a way into the north countries, and that meant ultimately the civilization of Germany. This is the lesson of early European civilization. Will, force, empire, came down from the north; refinement, sense of form in life, in manners, in thought, and in the arts of settled life, moved back in the reverse of their track.

Later history, too, illustrates abundantly the same general principle. The incursions of the Goths were only repetitions of those early movements which we call the Aryan migrations, and which had placed the dark-haired Mediterranean populations under the domination of a fair-haired aristocracy. Mediterranean civilization over and over again has refreshed its will-power by draughts from the north.

Let us return now to our two types of human life, Occidentalism and Orientalism. The shores of the Ægean have been their natural meeting-point. Here they have come together, and the pressure exerted from either side has brought them in closest contact. The pressure has varied at different times, and as a result of the varying of pressure the Occidental tide has flowed, or stayed, or ebbed. Thus the first pressure from the West begins in recorded history when the Greek colonies pushed over toward Asia from the Greek coast. The first stories about the settling of the Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor belong to that time when the Occidental tide was in the flow. Just as sure as the foreign substance intruded itself into the Orient the oil came back upon the wick with refinement and civilization, and we find the eastern shores of Greece half orientalized. We know that for a long time people in Ionia and even in Athens dressed in Oriental styles, plaited their hair in queues, and wore tunics of linen. Altogether, the dress, the habits of life, were Oriental until the reaction came, and we

can trace the recuperation of Occidental spirit by the adoption, after the Persian wars, of a native costume, going back to the rough woolens of the Dorians.

This first wave, then, that surged over in the form of Greek colonization was in its turn pushed back when Orientalism found leadership in the Persians. The Persians were Indo-Europeans, who had come over the mountains into the Mesopotamian valley and assumed the leadership of an alien civilization. Under Darius and Xerxes the flood of Orientalism swept out toward the west, crossed the sea, but met a barrier in the solid dykes of Marathon and Salamis and Platæa. Then for a while there is a standstill in the waters while the Greeks contend among themselves for supremacy.

The efforts of Pericles toward consolidating Greece and creating a leadership were all made in view of the Eastern Question. The Parthenon and the glories of the Acropolis are due to the agitation of the Eastern Question. The Delian confederacy was a partial unification of Greece, an attempted confederation for the purpose of offsetting the strength of united Greece against that of the Orient. Greece failed, however, for the time, to unite. Then comes, in the next century, the struggle with Macedon. The public orations of Demosthenes belong to the discussion of the Eastern Question. The subject in hand in most of these orations is, Shall we entrust Greece to the leadership of Macedon? There was a party, a most respectable party, in Athens, that believed this to be good policy. Demosthenes believed it was not. He was a states' rights man; he held to the old-fashioned ideas of city liberties, and was unwilling to commit the whole government of Greece into the hands of a military leader, Philip of Macedon. Be it as it may, Demosthenes failed in his politics; Philip became leader. His son, Alexander, in a series of brilliant achievements, led Occidentalism out in one great sweep over the plains of Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, and to the gates of India. Those were the richest victories that Occidentalism ever won. As Homer had sung of the first Occidental onpush, and Herodotus had told the story of the Oriental back-flow, so now Xenophon and Arrian became the historians of the second Occidental wave. Just so certain as Occidentalism went out with power, civilization returned on the reversed track with equal power. The great mass of Oriental ideas which enriched Europe belong to that time. Christianity is illustration enough. Then Greece flagged. Alexander died; his successors were not leaders; Greece was unable to hold the tiller, and Rome took it. Rome entered into the administration of the Greek Empire. Civilization, in its back-flow, pushed into Italy. Italy became thus the medium through which the wisdom and manners of the Orient, as well as of Greece, were handed over to northern Europe. The Roman Empire signifies in history a successful administration of the Greek Empire, a successful leadership of Occidentalism, — an Occidentalism which had taken essentially the Greek form.

Because Rome undertook the leadership of what had then become the Mediterranean civilization, receiving it from Greece, we have learned the things which have come from that meeting-point of the peoples by way of Italy. Thus it is that we have a Latinized philosophy, a Latinized medicine, a Latinized art, a Latinized philology, and a Latinized Christianity. What made the Renaissance except the determination no longer to follow the devious route by way of Italy in getting back to sources, but to strike across by a direct route leading straight to Aristotle, straight to Hippocrates, straight to the Parthenon, straight to the pages of the Greek New Testament? If Alexander had not died a young man, if he had lived to solidify his empire, if he had found some one to

follow him who would have been a leader like himself, then we should not have had a Latinized philosophy and a Latinized Christianity; we should have had a democratic, and not an oligarchic Christian Church; we should have had a spiritual, and not a physical doctrine of the Incarnation; we should have learned philosophy, not out of translations and misunderstandings, but from the fountainhead of the great schools of Greece. We should have been spared Latin grammar, and we should have gained in the schools our acquaintance with Greek oratory direct from Demosthenes, and not at second hand through Cicero; we should have learned what epic poetry is from the great soul of it, Homer, and not from its reflection, Virgil. We should have had in the arts and sciences a nineteenth century instead of a ninth, for Aristotle brought men almost to the gate. But these things were not to be. If we look at history as Providence, it required Rome to insert into Greek history the element of respect for order, and of individual subordination to the general purposes of the community. From this may we not learn how important it has been, for the civilized world of the West, who sat at the gate by the Ægean? For the one who controlled that gateway put his stamp on what came through it.

The reaction from Alexander's inroads upon the East came late, but it came strong. It came in the form of Islam. Mohammedanism is inspired Orientalism; it is Orientalism set on fire. On Islam hurled itself in tremendous power; one might think it held within it something of the force gathered from the vehement impact of Alexander's onslaught, a thousand years before, — a force pent up for centuries under the firm weight of the Roman Empire. It came on in a terrible tidal wave, swept across northern Africa, across Spain, half across France, over Asia Minor, up into Europe to the gates of Vienna, and buried old Greece under a bitter slavery of centuries.

The tide of Islam spent itself. Slowly the waters receded. Spain long since became dry land. This century has done noble work in ditching and draining. The Balkan states have been freed; Greece has been free since the twenties. But the Sick Man lingers still on European soil. He stays where he is by sufferance of the Powers. He stays by virtue of the seeming fact that in the multitude of powers there is weakness. The Persian Empire survived the defeats of Salamis and Platæa for five generations, so long as the Greeks could not agree among themselves as to who should be their leader; so Turkey tarries in Europe because the forces of modern Occidentalism are not united under leadership. They are suspicious of one another. They unite for the purpose of preventing things from being done. Each thinks he can hold his neighbor in check most effectively by coöperating with him. The concert of the Great Powers is devoted to the rendering of harmonious silence. The Turkey in Europe of to-day is a monument to the saving grace of the balance of power doctrine. So long as the forces of Occidentalism are disunited, or merely united in a sham accord, the Turkish barrier will deny the Western world entrance to Asia; but when the leader emerges, Occidentalism will straightway push out over Alexander's track to the Persian Gulf, and this time it will build its roads with iron. Who is to be that leader? Who is to be Occidentalism's champion in the twentieth century?

It is to hear the answer to this question that the world is waiting now. What it will be no man can foretell. We must wait for the coming century to tell it to us. And yet it would seem to be within our power to narrow the question down within the range of a few possible answers. The factors of the situation, the data of the problem, lie open to our view. Let us review them.

As a state, Turkey is a heterogeneous

assemblage of peoples under the absolute sway of the Sultan. It is a government lacking altogether a sense for the right of a community to choose concerning its own government. It thoroughly represents the Oriental idea, whereby government is transcendent, a power above and outside the people, and not immanent, a power within the people. And herein lies the application of the Occidental-Oriental antithesis to political institutions. The Occidental conception of life as active and creative, inhering in active and self-moving autonomous personalities, begets the political idea of what we call self-government. The idea which represents personality as self-directed in the fulfillment of its own purposes becomes, when applied to politics, the idea that communities shall be self-governed in things belonging to themselves. This is the political upshot of Occidentalism. The opposite thereto is the upshot of Orientalism. A potentate seated on a very high throne under a very broad canopy, and loaded with very costly jewels, with prostrate subjects bowing in obeisance before him, — that is the tableau of Oriental government.

Turkey is thoroughly Oriental, representatively Oriental, in its political spirit. Its location upon Occidental soil is a geographical misfit, an historical anachronism. It is a stranded wreck, left high and dry beyond the sea-wall by a receding tidal wave; but no one undertakes to clear it away, because the land on which it rests is in litigation.

Among the various peoples and races whom the fate of history has assigned to Turkish sway are the Armenians. Though their proper district is a province in northeastern Asia Minor, they are found scattered all through the Orient, nearly a quarter million of them living in Constantinople alone, and constituting almost a quarter of its population. They are in race the Thraco-Phrygians of old, Indo-Europeans like ourselves, descendants of a people some of whom almost beyond a doubt defended ancient Troy against the Greeks, — the kin, therefore, of Hector and Priam. It is a quaint disposition of historic fate that the modern representatives of Orientalism are finding their chief difficulties to-day in dealing with the modern representatives of Hector and Priam on the one hand, and of Achilles and Agamemnon on the other. So constant are the factors of history.

The Armenians preserve their distinct language, an earlier form of which is embalmed in a rich and various literature, reaching from the first translations of Greek works of science, literature, philosophy, and religion in the fifth century of our era down through a long series of more independent productions to the twelfth century. A modern literature couched in a modern idiom abounds since the eighteenth century. The people are adherents of Christianity, and have had a church form of their own distinct from the Greek since the sixth century. They have a language of their own, a literature of their own, a religion of their own, a well-characterized national and racial type; and we Occidentals believe that a people possessing so many of the elements of individuality and personality have a right to a government of their own. The Turkish Empire, however, in its lack of sense for what we may call distributed government, has no place for their individuality in its scheme. As far as they possess individuality and the tendency to use it, they are to the Turks simply a plague-spot on the empire.

It must be admitted that the Armenians are not an easy people to get on with. They are distinguished by an energy, a busy-ness, and a fondness for acquisition that are almost super-Occidental. They are selfish, personally unattractive, and strikingly lacking in traits of nobility and self-respect. The average Armenian is unquestionably of sharp intelligence so far as small things go. The saying is that it takes ten Jews to outwit one

Greek, and ten Greeks to outwit one Armenian. He is, unquestionably, extremely irritating to the quietistic, resigned, fatalistic Turk. The two have little in common. The Armenian is clearly a pestilent fellow, and the Turk has decided to get rid of him. The Armenian is a persistent source of unrest. He is a "kicker." What men do with "kickers," in the Occidental scheme of things, is to vote them down. The Turk knows no other way than to club them down, cut their heads off, or sink them in the Sea of Marmora. He is applying this threefold recipe with patient zeal as occasion offers.

Crete is another plague-spot on the Turkish map. The population of the island is essentially Greek. Of its quarter million inhabitants, there are perhaps fifty thousand Mussulmans, but all speak Greek. Since the seventeenth century it has been in the hands of Turkey. The insurrection of 1866–68 stirred profoundly the sympathy of Christian peoples, but the governments of Europe as represented by the Powers insisted, even with a severe menace to Greece, in maintaining the *status quo* of Turkish possession. Repeated insurrections have taken place, notably those of 1891 and 1896; indeed, the island has been in a perpetual state of unrest during most of this century. Various promises of reformed administration have been made by Turkey at different times, but no satisfactory government has resulted. Turkey treats the island as spoil, and seeks only to exploit it, not to guarantee it order and the opportunity of self-government. Turkey is unable to administer the government. Local self-government is an impossible and unthinkable thing within her borders except as she is hired by the form of a tribute to stay away. Crete deserves at least autonomy. Autonomy under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey would have been a possible temporary solution, awhile ago. Such autonomy has been accorded the island of Samos and the Libanon provinces, and is said to work satisfactorily. Delay has made it now more difficult. The Cretan people undoubtedly desire annexation to Greece. A few weeks ago the Greek flag was carried on to its shores, and Greek soldiery assumed the protection of the inhabitants. The stories we have received of the enthusiasm with which this oppressed and suffering people greeted the appearance of their deliverers constitute a touching appeal to every heart in Christendom in which abides a love of liberty, — a love of liberty which teaches that a people have the right to a government whose sources and ultimate sanctions are from within itself. Turkish authority in any form has almost ceased to be a fact in the island. Such order as there is now is maintained by the Greek regular troops, by the insurgents, and in a few towns by the Powers.

To the mind of the Turk, the Greek is what the Armenian is, a nuisance. The Turkish theory of government offers no full solution for the problems raised by his presence except utter subjugation or extermination. Conditions similar to those in Crete exist in the coast districts of Macedonia and in Epirus, although in the latter the discontent is not so acute or so well formulated. In both the prevailing population is Greek, and the language, even of the Mussulman in Epirus, is Greek. The unnaturalness of the situation teaches that postponement of a settlement can only be temporary. These districts represent areas still half submerged in the stagnant pools of Islam's retreating tide. No fresh wave is coming. The sooner they are drained off and returned to tillage the better for the world. Still the selfish cowardliness of the Powers hesitates.

Why are the great nations of Europe united in such apparent earnestness of effort to keep little Greece from her own? It certainly does not seem likely that the addition of an island containing but a quarter of a million of inhabitants

to a state containing only two millions would seriously disturb the balance of power. But that is not the whole of the matter. The Greeks are a people that must, at least to some extent, be reckoned with in the future settlement of Eastern questions. Commercial interests around the entire line of the Ægean are largely in Greek hands. One third the population of Constantinople itself is Greek. Now that the Greek state has been created, it constitutes a rendezvous and *point d'appui* for the sentiment of nationality among the scattered millions of Greek blood and language. The Greek nation itself is bankrupt. The land offers no abundant promise of greatness under present-day conditions. It is not suited to agriculture. It has neither water-power, minerals in abundance, nor coal supply. But it has an energetic, active, optimistic, though restless and impulsive, and as yet half-educated people. They are abstemious and thrifty. In foreign lands they accumulate wealth. They are profoundly patriotic. All the traditions of their glorious past are moulded into the substance of their modern national life. They are thorough Occidentals, and their antagonism to Orientalism, both in spirit and in the concrete forms of Turkey and the Turks, is deep-seated. The conflict between the two is on, and it will last to the death, because it is grounded in an indestructible difference of thought, mood, and character.

If all the territory in which the Greek blood and the Greek speech predominate were to be formed into a nation, we should have a Pan-Hellenic state ten millions strong, that would surround the entire Ægean, and menace, if not control, the waterways to the Black Sea. By ties of religion this nationality would be affiliated with Russia; by facts of blood, of speech, of political instinct, of national traditions, it would be a new and independent element intruded into the political situation, a strong, effective bar in the waterway between Russia and the Mediterranean as well as between England and the East, and a solid wedge between the Kaaba and the Lateran. The policy of the balance of power does not favor the creation of nationality on the lines of race and speech.

Any disturbance, furthermore, of existing conditions at so sensitive a spot as the Ægean, be the dislodgment ever so slight, is viewed with suspicion and even with dread. There is a long list of claims filed against the estate of Turkey, and the Powers are loath to recognize any preferred creditors. They all wish to be present when the division is made. If Crete is to be assigned to Greece, other claimants must be appeased with some consideration. To release it now were to relinquish elements of a future barter.

But there are other elements of the question. When Russia comes down to the Mediterranean, as she confidently expects to do before many years, she must secure her path through the Ægean. Her claim on Athos was long since filed; Imbros too she will need, and why not Crete? But Crete lies where the waterways of Russia and England meet. The track from Gibraltar to the Suez Canal passes Crete. The world-empire of England demands the maintenance of her route by the canal. Can England be sure that Greece will never become the tool of Russia? The ties of the common faith are strong.

Among the small states of the Balkan Peninsula, Bulgaria is now the one developing most rapidly in strength and prestige. She has become the rival of Greece among the lesser states. They both look with greedy eyes toward Macedonia, whose inland population is Slavic, but whose coast population is Greek. They both, though more remotely, are interested in the question of the ultimate disposition of Constantinople. It has been the dream of Greek politicians for generations, the so-called *grande idée*, that some day Constantinople should be restored to Greek possession. It is an

old-time prophecy that when Greece should have a Constantine as king and a Sophia as queen, then she would return to the throne of Byzantium. These conditions are likely to be fulfilled when the present Crown Prince comes into the succession. This fancy plays some part in the imaginations of the people, and in disturbing times like these no small part. One third of the present population of Constantinople is Greek. The language of its commerce is largely Greek. It is an old Greek town. Within the dome of St. Sophia the face of the Christos Pankrator peers dimly forth from the grand Byzantine mosaics through the black paint with which the Moslem has smeared it. It waits for the day when the cross shall replace the crescent on the dome. It would be historic justice if the Greek might place it there.

But Bulgaria is on the highroad, and behind is the solid push of Pan-Slavism. Bulgaria is now reconciled with Servia and Montenegro, and by the formal act of allowing the baptism of the Crown Prince into the Eastern Church she sealed her acceptance of Russia's headship. Those were significant words spoken by the Prince of Bulgaria on the occasion of the baptism: "I sunder the ties that bind me to the West, and turn my face toward the East and the rising sun." All the Balkan states, with the exception of Roumania, have therefore now virtually accepted the suzerainty of Russia. Roumania, in her isolation, has reëstablished friendly relations with Greece.

Austria, of all the Great Powers, fears most acutely the reopening of the Eastern Question at this juncture. The Slavic-Balkan states, consolidated under Russia's protection, interpose between her and the Ægean a solid wall. It has been her eager ambition to secure a port on the Ægean (Saloniki), and a right of way to it. She has no chance now. Any dislodgment of conditions in the Orient at this time could bring her no good, and only relative injury. For the time being her mission in the southeast is closed.

Germany utilizes her influence as a power apparently in Russia's behalf, so far as the Eastern Question is concerned. Direct interest she claims to have none; but she has a great interest in retaining the friendship of Russia. She stands between the upper and nether millstones of France and Russia. If both are hostile, she is lost. It is therefore her policy to trade her Eastern emoluments for Russian favors. The failure of England's effort, a year ago, to extort reforms from the Sultan, the fiasco of Salisbury and Saloniki, was due more or less directly to Germany's duplicity. Germany played secretly Russia's game, with the result that Turkey became practically a province of Russia.

This pro-Russian policy of Germany has taken more visible form in recent years, but it is of long standing. The dying words of the old Emperor showed what was his great solicitude: "The Czar of Russia must be treated with consideration." There were men who feared, and with reason, that Frederick, when he came to the throne, would have English rather than Russian sympathies. These same men tried to prevent his reigning, and rejoiced when the ninety-nine days came to their tragic end. In the recent dealings between the Powers there have been indications of the development of a line of fracture. It runs between France-Italy-England and Germany-Russia. When the time comes that France shall turn to England for alliance, we may know the fracture is complete; then the world's great struggle is at hand.

One reason for Germany's unfriendly attitude toward Greece, at the present juncture, is found in the fact that the Greek debt was negotiated through Berlin bankers, and is still largely held in Germany. War is a menace to values, and the banker is naturally in favor of peace, and peace at all costs to all senti-

ment. How large a part personal dislikes may play in determining the action of the Kaiser it is not easy to estimate. He is an able, energetic, but withal somewhat unaccountable man.

This brings us to Russia. What power is there in the neighborhood of Constantinople competent to enter in and possess it? Russia seems to-day the destined possessor. She was once at its gates, and only England's interposition kept her out. England's prestige in the Orient has just now suffered severe loss by the collapse of her Armenian policy. Russia has made steady gains. The Slavic-Balkan states are her children: first by moral claims, for she freed them; now by formal diplomatic recognition. They are closing in steadily about Constantinople. Russia has, besides, a natural geographic claim. So great a power as that cannot be cooped up away from the seaboard. The Bosporus is her natural exit. She is a great world-power bestriding Europe and Asia. France and China, as well as Turkey, are her allies, almost her provinces. She is immensely strong in her situation with her back against the ice of the north, and no enemy to menace her there but the polar bears. She is strong for diplomatic aggression, because her whole power can be swung by a single hand. Safe in her position, unmenaced from the rear, she has only to bide her time, and as occasion offers to push forward. The awful consistency of her foreign policy, ruthless of right, reckless of truth, framed on a plan that spans generations, conceived in terms of world-empire, may well appall us. That policy long ago assigned the United States to the list of traditional friends. The purpose was to alienate us from her future rival, England. A recent occurrence exemplifies most grimly how firm the consistency is. When, after President Cleveland's Venezuelan message, our treasury was threatened with embarrassment by the outflow of gold, Russia offered privately through her legation to furnish us fifty millions of gold. We were to understand that we were not to be losers in opposing England.

She is strong, furthermore, in a certain sympathy her semi-barbarism has with that of the border peoples of Asia. The peoples of the East have always preferred the Russian to the Englishman. The Englishman they find to be blunt. They think him harsh and selfish. They think him blunt chiefly because he tells the truth. Russian diplomacy understands the Oriental use of language. Language is used by the Oriental for the purpose of producing kindly feeling or of inducing another mortal to see things as he does, but certainly not for the purpose of reporting upon objective verities. It is the mechanism for reporting upon the greater subjective verities. The Englishman is not liked, though England is everywhere respected, feared, and trusted.

Many believe that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated, last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that, of the nineteen ships lying at Saloniki, six must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks to-day as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the Eastern Question, and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Ægean. But the opening of the Suez Canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geographic fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting-ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez Canal and its approaches.

In severe contrast with Russia, England stands in political isolation, — a grand isolation; strong, not by alliances, but in and by her own intelligence, rectitude, and Anglo-Saxon grit. England has made up her mind that she must be strong enough, if necessary, to face all Europe single-handed. Within the last five years her navy has been doubled in strength. Within the next two years her army will be. She is preparing for an inevitable conflict. That conflict concerns this question: Who is to be the leader and champion of Occidentalism in the twentieth century, — shall it be the Anglo-Saxon or the Slav?

Has Russia the natural right to be the leader of Occidentalism? Occidentalism grounds itself in the right of the individual personality and the individual community to find the law of its action in its own purposes of being. Russia represents government from above and from outside. It means consolidation, not distribution of government. It pushes its interests by appeal to the unreal and by use of deceit. The English Empire, ill defined as it may be in its apparent organization, is so by virtue of reliance on the immanent governing power of self-directing bodies of men of whom it may be said, "The law is within them."

The world is arraying itself in two great camps. Russia spans the north from China to France, and, guiding the foreign policy of Germany, rules, in the last decisions, northern Asia and all Europe except England and Italy. England spans the seas, and holds in a mysterious bond of common interest and guaranteed justice the diverse elements of her world-empire. It is possible that Russia's strength has been greatly overestimated. The bonds which hold her empire together might weaken under the testing of adversity. Those which bind the British Empire together would strengthen. The financial difficulties which Russia would have to face, in the event of a great struggle, are an element of weakness in her situation. England's resources are unlimited, infinitely varied, and self-supplied. The power of the British Empire as it is now organized has never been called to the test. I believe it to be enormously underrated.

The battle is being arrayed. The prize of victory is the same for which the battle was set of old on the field of Chæronea, — the leadership of Occidentalism. It may not, we trust it will not, be a battle of arms. It may well become a battle of latent forces. Whatever be its form, it will be a battle between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon; and when it comes, the Anglo-Saxon world must not be divided against itself. The question now pending in the Senate at Washington is a constituent part of the great Eastern Question. When England, in the cause of Occidental righteousness, essayed to establish an Occidental principle for the Armenian issue, she found Anglo-Saxondom divided against itself. If out of the Venezuelan controversy shall finally issue an agreement for permanent international arbitration, then Anglo-Saxon spirit may well enough set out to face the world. In the Arbitration Treaty the Anglo-Saxons will say to themselves: We will not spend our strength in fighting each other. In the Venezuelan settlement England says to the United States: We leave you to fulfill your mission as representing the Anglo-Saxon spirit in the New World. We shall not be hampered in fulfilling ours in the Old. That mission means, what in general has come to expression wherever in the past English sway has gone, selfish and coarse as at times it may have been: Equal justice shall be guaranteed to weak and strong. The weak shall not have fewer rights because they are weak, or the strong more rights because they are strong, but men shall have equal rights before the law because they are men. The law shall have its ultimate power in the respect of the governed. Government shall find its sanctions in express-

ing the purposes and interests of the community governed. Equal justice, personal rights, distributed government, immanency of law, — this is the Occidental idea which the Anglo-Saxon spirit offers to champion before the world.

It is no longer a question merely who shall hold Constantinople, or who shall control the Suez Canal, or who shall command the pass of Thermopylæ, or who shall dictate the oracles of Delphi. It is in essence the old question, but it is stated now in terms of greater things. The battle opens on the same old field, but the habitable globe is involved. The issue is stated in terms of Greece, but it is written in terms of the succession to her ancient leadership in human civilization. In the spoils of the battle little Greece will have small part; but then, it is only one more illustration of the fate of history that has left her desolate, while her ideas have gone forth into the great world, following the course of the wick, and shedding their light through the lamps of others whose strength avails to set them higher and give their beams a wider and a surer reach.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM AND GREATER NEW YORK.

Our American capacity for self-government has of late been subjected to more than one severe test. Last year the democracy of the United States gave itself up to the study of monetary science, and decided, by a fairly conclusive majority, in favor of a policy of prudence and conservatism. Regardless of the merits of the question, the result was reassuring, for it evinced a power of self-restraint that gave the whole world a new respect for republican government in the United States. The American people can rise to an emergency, and they can solve their political and social problems. They will, therefore, let us be assured, work out some tolerable solution of that remaining and disquieting problem, how to govern their great cities. I could readily show, if that were my present task, a hundred evidences of hopeful progress toward the reform of American municipal government, even under our practically unchangeable condition of universal suffrage.

One of the greatest difficulties, obviously enough, lies in our apparent inability to reach any stable equilibrium in the matter of the framework of municipal organization. It is a most unhappy circumstance that we alone, of all people in the world, should be forever recasting and overhauling the mechanisms of municipal government. If our great American towns could only have a uniform charter provided for them, we should at least have some reason to hope for stability. Then we should be able to turn our attention away from the mere structure of the municipal government to those vital questions of municipal housekeeping and modern development and progress that ought chiefly to concern us in this decade of scientific advance and new social ideals.

The baffling diversity and frequent change in the forms of American municipal government are in some part the result of the great number of sovereign States. The one or two big towns in each State cannot easily be made to conform to any regular scheme of organization under terms of general law, and state legislatures are readily enough induced, from time to time, to deal radically with particular local matters. Because England, France, Prussia, and Italy are large countries, it has not been

very difficult for them to systematize municipal government on a permanent plan. In Great Britain, London alone has been excepted from the scheme of general uniformity; and in France, Paris has remained the only city under an exceptional régime. But in the United States we have almost as many sovereign law-making bodies as we have large cities; and the legislative balance-wheels at the state capitals are not heavy enough to revolve steadily under variations of pressure from the great towns.

The people actually pertaining to the metropolitan centre about the harbor of New York constitute half the population of the State. Temporary exigencies in the great town assume, therefore, a large importance, and find ready recognition in the halls of legislation at Albany. It has been comparatively easy, in States like Iowa and Kansas, where the very large town does not exist, to bring municipal government under the terms of general legislation. In Minnesota and Wisconsin, on the other hand, it has not been easy, because St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Milwaukee, being relatively large, and hence occupying a specially influential position, must needs demand a peculiar charter of its own; and this charter must furthermore be subject to constant overhauling at the behest of the party or faction enjoying its little day of brief authority. In Illinois, twenty-seven years ago, a new constitution was adopted, under which local and municipal administration was reduced to a uniform and lucid system, suggesting in some respects the local-government codes of France and Italy. But it was found that Chicago had to stand alone as a "city of the first class." For cities and towns of the lower grades the framework of organization remains, for the most part, permanent and undisturbed; but for Chicago new legislation is constantly pending, because first one element, then another, finds itself able to command the balance of power in the state legislature at Springfield. I need not multiply illustrations, for it is enough to remark that a somewhat similar situation will be found in San Francisco and New Orleans, in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and in Boston, as well as in New York and Brooklyn.

Evidently, the ease with which the legislature can be invoked by the municipal element or faction which for the time being finds itself influential with the legislative majority, must make it peculiarly difficult to reach permanence and stable equilibrium in the structural features of our American municipal government. This is so importantly true that I am certain we can never have a permanent basis until we have given to our municipal governments, in a very high degree, the qualities of simplicity and unity. Municipal home rule must be achieved in such a form that the people of a large town may feel that they have their own municipal weal or woe clearly and definitely in their own hands. Then a strong public opinion will assert itself for the protection of such municipal home rule; and with or without constitutional safeguards, we shall find municipal government going on steadily, its main features remaining unaltered, just as the essential structure of our state governments is seldom disturbed.

St. Louis, of all the large cities in this country, furnishes us an object-lesson in this regard. Since 1876 it has enjoyed municipal home rule. For a part of the time the city has been well governed, and for a part of the time it has been governed badly. But the people consider that misgovernment is not the fault of the system, and that their remedy always lies in the election of better men for the assembly or the mayoralty. Their system, it appears to me, might be a little less complicated, but it is workable and can be readily understood; and thus local public opinion protects its continuity.

The governmental structure of the existing city of New York, on the other

hand, is a monumental instance of complexity. Its numerous parts do not seem to be vitally related to one another; and since the community at large does not in the least understand the system, public opinion does not assert itself against this change or that impairment which might be thought to destroy the harmony of a well balanced and well understood scheme. The government of the city cannot be comprehended by virtue of its logic or of its analogies, for it was not constructed as a logical whole, nor does it follow the analogy of any other form of government whatsoever. It can really be mastered only as one studies patiently the long course of political history which has gradually given the system its present arbitrary character.

The charter for the proposed Greater New York, furthermore, is even more complicated, if possible, than the arrangements it will supersede; and it may be fairly said that to understand it wholly — an achievement of intellect to which few men can lay claim — one must have learned the peculiar political history of Brooklyn as well as that of the city of New York, and must also know enough about several other American cities to appreciate the manner in which their systems have influenced the work of the commissioners who have drafted the Greater New York charter. The mere bulk of the new charter (it comprises not far from a thousand octavo pages) would incidentally bear out the assertion that it is an elaborate and a complicated instrument. Its intricacies are greatly increased by the method, or rather lack of method, in the arrangement of its parts. An analysis of this remarkable scheme of government can hardly be understood, nor can it be very useful, unless one approaches it with some distinct point of view or some standard of comparison. I am not in any sense demanding that American city government in general — and much less the government of the Greater New York — should conform to European models. Nevertheless, because municipal government in Europe is very simple, it supplies a convenient norm or measure by which to test the variations and complexities of our American systems.

The fundamental machinery of municipal government anywhere outside of our own country is a perfectly simple matter. No one has difficulty in understanding it, if he cares to try. In England, for instance, the municipal voters elect a large committee of their own number, called the town council; and that is the end of the whole affair. They watch that town council somewhat as the stockholders in a commercial corporation would endeavor to watch the board of directors. The council elects its own chairman, and calls him mayor. It designates its own standing committees, and these are the boards that give oversight to the different departments of administration. Each of these boards, or committees, selects the best man it can find for the salaried executive headship of the department it supervises. The municipal council levies the taxes, votes the appropriations, and is at once a legislative (or rather, ordinance-making), an administrative, and a financial body. It evolves the executive government out of its own authority, and keeps it under full control. In this council is reposed the power to exercise all the authority that belongs to the municipality.

In France, one starts with the same fact: the voters elect their municipal council. The council chooses a mayor, and sets apart a group of its own oldest and wisest members to serve with the mayor as an "executive corps." The members of the executive corps are the chairmen of important committees, are at the heads of administrative departments, and constitute an inner group, which assembles much more frequently than the whole council, and which carries on the practical work of administra-

tion; being responsible, however, to the full council.

In Germany, again, as in England or France or Italy, the single-chambered elective municipal council is the starting-point. But in Germany, where officialism is glorified, this council selects the mayor (burgomaster) quite as an American board of railroad directors might select a president. The German mayor is not to be regarded as a representative citizen, holding an honorary office for a short time, but rather as a highly expert and able administrator, exercising large executive functions, and holding office for a long term, or even for life. The council appoints as his associates in the administrative work a number of efficient and well salaried specialists, who are known as city magistrates, and who also hold office for long terms. They take their places respectively at the head of the municipal corporation's legal department, its fiscal affairs, its architectural and constructive work, its health administration, its schools, its great supply services of water or lighting, its park system, and so on. This group of high officials, sitting with the mayor and known as the council of magistrates, is charged with most of the ordinary and detailed business of running the city. But it is always responsible to the people's elected representatives in the *Gemeindesrath*, or town council. There are many variations in the detailed structure of municipal government in the several European countries, but in them all one finds the same fundamental fact, namely, that the basis of municipal government is the single-chambered municipal council, out of which, or by authority of which, is evolved some system of executive administration.

Now, there was a time, in the earlier history of New York, when the framework of the municipal government was analogous to this European framework that I have described. The people elected the municipal council, and the council elected a mayor and set in motion the administrative organization. But one change followed another. In our national and state governments we had adopted the plan of the separation of the deliberative from the executive function; and in order that the two branches might be really of coördinate rank, we had allowed each to take its mandate directly from the voters. There is much to be said in favor of such a system in national and state government, and manifestly there is much that can be said against it. However that may be, there was a period in American history when, by common consent, our national and state constitutions were regarded as embodying the finality of wisdom so far as their distribution of powers was concerned, and nothing could have been more natural than the tendency to carry the structure of the State into the organization of the municipality.

The changes that have succeeded one another in the essential frame of New York's municipal government are so numerous that to recount them all would bewilder rather than instruct. To know its ins and outs is not so much like knowing the parts and the workings of a finely adjusted machine as it is like knowing the obscure topography of the great Dismal Swamp considered as a place of refuge for criminals. Thus, those political scientists and municipal statesmen who best know its ways and workings are members of the Tammany Wigwam in Fourteenth Street.

A few main facts, however, in the evolution of the present system, may be recalled. There came a time when the board of aldermen had degenerated and its deeds were found to be evil. Anywhere else in the world, the obvious remedy would have been for an awakened people to elect honest and capable aldermen; but that is not our American way. Having already been relieved of direct responsibility for executive work

by the popular election of the mayor, the board at last was deprived also of the power to confirm the mayor's appointments. As its scope and authority became restricted, its dignity declined; and with its loss of dignity came the opportunity of the smallest and worst ward politicians to secure election to it. The ward bosses in New York have generally been saloon-keepers; and thus the board of aldermen has at times been something like a grand committee of publicans, not to say sinners. Public confidence having been withdrawn, great works of improvement or important public services were no longer allowed to come under the board's control. Education, public health, the water supply, the docks, and various other services were made over to separate administrative boards of commissioners. The city having fallen into the hands of political spoilsmen allied to the Democratic party, the Republican government of the State must needs deprive the municipality of control over elections; and because the work of the police force might at any time have a direct bearing upon the methods and results of an election, the city must also be deprived of control over its own police. Thus there came to be a board of metropolitan police, who supervised elections, appointed at Albany. Gradually, almost every conspicuous municipal service was committed to a separate board of commissioners.

Normally, the primary attribute of a representative body like a town council or a board of aldermen is the budgetary function; that is to say, its first duty everywhere in the world, and its principal reason for existence, is the voting of annual appropriations for the expenses of government and the prosecution of public works, and the levy of taxes to supply a revenue equal to the sums appropriated. But in New York the board of aldermen lost also the budgetary function, and that power was conferred upon a group of five high officials acting as a board of estimate and apportionment. This board consists of the mayor, the comptroller, the president of the tax department, the corporation counsel, and the president of the board of aldermen.

In Brooklyn, the course of municipal evolution, while different in detail, was somewhat analogous. But Brooklyn succeeded in obtaining a new charter, which concentrated executive authority in the hands of the mayor. It gave him the power of appointment and removal, and it swept away the old boards and placed a single executive head over each department, to be appointed by the mayor and subject to removal. The board of aldermen was permitted to survive, but the budgetary function was transferred to a board of estimate, consisting of five high officials, as in New York. Seth Low was the first mayor of Brooklyn, under the new régime. His powers were autocratic, and Brooklyn realized good city government in a trice. The example had a great influence upon the further course of municipal reform in New York; and the plan of a strong mayor came — as I think, rightly — to be regarded as the only practicable one for the accomplishment of immediate reform. By one enactment and another, the authority of the mayor of New York was increased, and the administrative boards, while continuing to exist, were all made subject to the mayor's power of appointment. The election of the present mayor of New York happened to be coincident with a Republican majority in the state government. For the benefit of Mayor Strong, therefore, a special act was passed by the legislature, giving him for a period of six months a sweeping power to dismiss heads of departments. This enabled him to remove Tammany commissioners, and to select for the various boards and commissionerships which control the working departments a set of men who, in his judgment, possessed "integrity, ability,

and conscientious desire to make the city's interests the first object of their thought." Thus, by virtue of this special enabling act, Mayor Strong entered upon his administration with almost as complete an autocratic authority as that of the mayor of Brooklyn.

There remained, however, a very essential difference in the theory and practice of municipal government in the two cities. In Brooklyn, the mayor's executive authority somewhat resembles that of the President of the United States. The heads of departments form a sort of cabinet for the mayor, following the analogy of the President's cabinet at Washington. The cabinet members at Washington are the administrative chiefs of their departments; but it is also clearly understood that they are carrying out the general policy of a superior. They are accountable to the President, and the President is accountable to the people. In a similar way, the heads of municipal departments in Brooklyn are responsible, not to the public, but to the mayor, and the mayor is responsible to the whole community. He is, therefore, to the full extent, the executive head of the municipal corporation, and in charge of all its activities.

It is otherwise with the mayor of New York. To quote Mayor Strong: "The actual administration of municipal affairs in this city is in the hands of commissioners, and not in the hands of the mayor. The duty of these commissioners and their authority are as clearly defined as are those of the mayor, and after their appointments the real responsibility of the mayor ceases. He is properly chargeable, however, — and for myself I accept the result of my own exercise of that power, — with appointing to these positions men of integrity, ability, and conscientious desire to make the city's interests the first object of their thought."

The Brooklyn system has always reminded me of a corporation fallen into the hands of a receiver. The normal methods of administration having become disordered, inefficient, distrusted, or corrupt, everything is superseded by one man to whom is entrusted the management of the corporation's affairs. If the receiver be trustworthy and competent, an almost magical improvement results. Such a government, however, at the hands of a receiver — or a periodically elected dictator — would seem of necessity to be a temporary resort, for the simple reason that it makes no adequate provision for the exercise of the deliberative function. A railroad in the hands of a receiver may be kept from utter wreck, it may be economically managed, its resources may be carefully husbanded, and critical emergencies may be tided over. But it is always to be taken for granted that the receivership exists only pending a reorganization. For it is not supposed that a receivership can exercise any broad initiative, that it can create or carry out policies of development, or that it can do anything else except maintain the *status quo* in a decent and economical manner. Now, it happens that we live in a time of enormous social transitions, the largest factor in the movement of our day being the aggregation of population in the great towns, and the evolution of town life to meet the necessities of a population brought under totally new conditions. The splendid and intelligent transformation of municipal conditions in European cities has not been brought about through the mere application of those negative ideals of "good government" which so many of our American reformers cherish. Civil service reform, I admit, is a *sine qua non*, while honesty and economy in government are virtues that cannot be praised too highly. But just as a railroad receivership is not expected to consolidate and develop transportation systems, to create branch lines as feeders, to provide advantageous terminals, or to do anything that involves questions of creative policy, so the government of a city by the Brooklyn plan of

an executive dictatorship does not make due allowance for the exercise of the deliberative function, to which must belong all important innovations of policy.

I do not make this criticism in a controversial spirit, and I can readily understand that exceptions may be taken to my view. I do not assert that the Brooklyn system renders large public improvements impossible, by any means, for there is always open the resort to the state legislature; that is to say, the appeal to an extraneous authority. But I must stoutly affirm that the Brooklyn system lacks equilibrium, and cannot be regarded as a permanently wise mode of municipal government, because it does not make provision for the normal exercise, within the municipal corporation itself, of those full and complete deliberative decisions and judgments without which a town may indeed be policed and administered, but without which it cannot develop and grow on the broad lines of policy that the modern municipal corporation ought to prescribe for itself.

It is not necessary that I should take up the arguments for or against the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn. The amalgamation of these two towns, with adjacent suburban territories, into a larger corporate entity is intended to correspond with the real fact of the existence of a metropolis having organic unity. Brooklyn is as much a part of the actual metropolitan community of New York as London south of the Thames or Paris south of the Seine is a part of its respective metropolitan area. I believe in the advantage of metropolitan union under some form of metropolitan municipal government; but I recognize the many difficulties involved in the actual accomplishment of consolidation, and I think that the process should be deliberate and well considered at every stage. It has been convincingly asserted that the union of New York and Brooklyn could not be suitably or safely consummated at a date earlier than the beginning of the year 1900 or 1901.

By the new constitution of the State of New York there was provided a rearrangement of electoral periods on a plan which brings municipal elections into the years between general elections, and thus makes possible the consideration of municipal questions upon their own merits, with comparative freedom from an admixture of state and national issues. This separation of elections was regarded by all municipal reformers in New York as the very first requisite for anything like permanent municipal reform, because it was only by such means that good citizens could hope to elect a mayor who would be in any wise independent of the rival political machines. Separate elections thus might bring disinterested and efficient administration.

But it still remained true, as the wiser and more discerning minds admitted, that the municipal progress of New York urgently required the creation of a body of citizens representing the community in the best sense, and charged with the exercise of what we may call the deliberative and budgetary functions. Some sort of municipal parliament, of full dignity and with authority to give the municipal corporation its policies, was declared to be requisite. These wiser and more discerning minds were of the opinion that this body of men should be of considerable size; that its members should be elected entirely, or for the most part, at large on a general ticket; and that they should have long terms and should be divided into classes, preferably three, so that the body should have a high degree of continuity, with the English or German idea of partial renewal. In view of the character of the city of New York, it was also believed that the election of this single-chambered municipal council ought to include a plan of proportional or minority representation.

One reason why the municipal reform-

ers were at first ready to acquiesce in the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn lay in their belief that an intelligent commission, charged with the task of preparing a charter for the Greater New York, could not fail, in the light of local facts and of universal experience, to create a municipal parliament possessing real authority, and therefore real dignity, in which the best men of the metropolis would be willing to hold seats. The example of the London county council, with its splendid array of men of distinction, ability, and zeal, had unquestionably made a great impression upon the minds of many leading citizens of New York. The evils of a reliance upon the state legislature at Albany for the exercise of deliberative judgment upon matters affecting New York city had become more and more intolerable. Everybody perceived not only the inadequacy, but the scandalous iniquity, of the relations between the legislature of the State and the corporate affairs of the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The first task, therefore, which the Greater New York charter commission, appointed by Governor Morton, recognized as devolving upon it was the creation or revival of a representative body which should exercise, responsibly, in open session, from time to time, in the city hall at New York, those legislative powers respecting local and municipal matters that are now actually exercised, irresponsibly or at the dictation of bosses, by the state legislature at Albany. Municipal home rule was to be the foundation-stone upon which the new charter was to be constructed.

Whatever the details of the new system might be, it was understood on all sides that within the sphere of strictly municipal concerns the Greater New York was to be self-governing. It was evident that this must mean the transfer from Albany to New York of the scores, even hundreds, of measures of a purely local and special nature which are every year introduced as bills in the state legislature; and it was also commonly thought that there could be no way to transfer the consideration of these matters from the state government to the municipal government except by the creation of some local body which should be analogous in its parliamentary methods to a state legislature.

The inquirer who dips casually into the bulky document which the charter commission has constructed will obtain the impression that there is created for the enlarged city of New York a local legislature almost exactly corresponding to the state legislature at Albany. At present, the state legislature has two different kinds of work laid upon it every winter: first, the proper work of general legislation, such as every law-making body has to deal with; and second, an enormous mass of concrete business relating to the separate affairs of the more than thirty municipal corporations of New York State, every one of which has its distinct and separate method of government. In the field of general legislation, the state legislature will continue to exercise its functions, as before, for all the people; but in the work of local and special legislation, the new charter for the Greater New York undertakes to relieve the state legislature of nearly or quite all of the bills relating to the municipalities of New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City. For the transaction of this local legislative work the charter commissioners have provided what they call a municipal assembly, and have made it, in outward form, very nearly a reproduction of the Greater New York city half of the state legislature.

Thus the lower chamber of the municipal assembly, known as the board of aldermen, is to be made up of members elected, man for man, from the districts which send members to the assembly, or lower house of the state legislature. This board of aldermen will contain sixty members. If the analogy had been

perfect, we should have had the upper branch of the municipal assembly, which is called the council, made up of men elected from the districts which send senators to the upper branch of the state legislature, but that plan has not been followed. Large council districts have been formed by the grouping of state senatorial districts, and from these large council districts members of the upper chamber are elected in groups of three on a general district ticket. The total membership of the upper chamber (the council) is twenty-nine. The president of this chamber is elected, like the mayor, at large, by the votes of the whole city. The members of the board of aldermen are to be chosen every two years, the entire body retiring together. The members of the council are to be elected for four-year terms, the entire body also going out together. The mayor has a four-year term, and is chosen at the same election with the members of the council, whose presiding officer is related to the mayor in about the same way that the lieutenant-governor of the State is related to the governor: he presides over the upper branch of the municipal legislature, and would become acting mayor in case of necessity.

The reformers were disappointed by the charter commission in their desire for a municipal parliament in a single chamber. They were disappointed in their request for long terms with partial renewal, in order to provide for continuity. And above all, they were disappointed in their expectation that the municipal assembly would be — in large part, at least — elected on a general ticket rather than from wards or districts. It is only fair to explain, however, that the districts into which the city is divided for the election of members of the upper branch are large, having an average population of nearly 350,000, while the small districts which choose aldermen have about 50,000 each.

As one reads the report made by the charter commissioners, accompanying the document itself, and even as one dips into the text of the charter, the impression is received that this municipal assembly possesses authority coördinate with that of the executive department; and it is natural to infer that we have here another instance of the familiar type of American government, that separates executive from deliberative functions, but gives full legislative and budgetary authority to the representative assembly.

A further study of the New York charter, however, reveals the fact that no such simple and familiar scheme of government has actually been created by the charter commissioners. It is true that the charter provides for the transfer of an immense range of deliberative and legislative business from Albany to New York; and the new municipal assembly would seem, at the outset of our inquiry, to have fallen heir to all those transferred activities. But the real case is very different; for it is provided that the legislative authority of the new municipal assembly is to be limited by grants of authority conferred elsewhere in the new charter upon the administrative boards and heads of departments. One is obliged, therefore, to search the charter through in order to ascertain to what extent the appointive boards and heads of departments are given a power which impinges upon that which would otherwise be exercised by the municipal assembly.

Let us now examine the organization of the executive government of the Greater New York. First comes the mayor, who is entitled the chief executive. He is to be elected for four years and is not eligible for an immediate reëlection, and his salary is to be $15,000 a year. The business of city administration is divided into eighteen executive departments. These are the departments of finance, of law, of police, of water supply, of highways, of street-cleaning, of sewers, of public buildings, lighting, and supplies, of

bridges, of parks, of building, of public charities, of correction, of fire, of docks and ferries, of taxes and assessments, of education, and of health. Some of these departments are to be administered by a single head or commissioner, and others are to be administered by groups of several commissioners. The charter-makers have considered that the work of certain departments involves a relatively large element of deliberation or discretion. Those departments have been placed under boards made up of several commissioners. The finance department has at its head the city comptroller, who is elected by the people. The law department has the corporation counsel at its head, and he is to be appointed by the mayor for a four-year term. The police department is in charge of four police commissioners, appointed for four years, one going out of office every year, his successor being appointed by the mayor, on the bi-partisan principle. Each of the six departments of water supply, highways, street-cleaning, sewers, public buildings, lighting, and supplies, and bridges has a single appointive commissioner at its head, holding office for a term of six years. These six commissioners together form a board of public improvements, with a seventh official (appointed by the mayor), known as the president of the board of public improvements, sitting as their chairman. I shall have occasion to speak further of the functions of this board. The park department, the building department, and the department of docks and ferries are each controlled by a board of three commissioners, holding office for six-year terms, one man retiring every two years. The charities department, the department of correction, the fire department, are each under charge of a single commissioner. The department of taxes and assessments comes under control of a board of five members, one of them designated as president of the board, and all of them appointed by the mayor. The president of this tax board is appointed for six years, and his four colleagues for four-year terms, one of the four retiring every year. The department of health is under control of a board of six, presided over by the health commissioner, with the health officer of the port and the president of the police board included *ex officio*, and three other members appointed by the mayor. It remains to mention the department of education, at the head of which is a board of nineteen members, evolved out of the several large school boards for the different "boroughs" (that is to say, the main constituent parts) of the Greater New York. These borough school boards are made up of appointees of the mayor, and the general board of nineteen is made up of the delegates of the local boards.

An incoming mayor of the Greater New York will have the right to remove all commissioners and heads of departments by summary process, and to replace them with his own selections. But he will lose this power at the end of six months. After that, his power of removal will be so hedged about as to become practically non-existent. The mayor of the Greater New York is not to be, as is the present mayor of Brooklyn, in charge of the actual executive government. The system provided for in the new charter puts the executive government wholly into the hands of the eighteen departments, which are practically supreme in their respective eighteen spheres, except as they are limited by two important groups, or boards, namely, the board of estimate and apportionment and the board of public improvements. One discovers with some surprise that the ordinance-making power, which would normally belong exclusively to the municipal assembly, is, in the Greater New York charter, conferred upon all the executive departments. The park board, for example, has full authority to make all ordinances which have to do with the regulation and management of the park sys-

tem. The dock board, in like fashion, makes all the rules and regulations which pertain to that very important department, including those that govern the ferries which connect the different parts of the Greater New York. Within the sphere of the six working departments which are grouped together to form the board of public improvements, the municipal chambers are especially restricted in their legislative or ordinance-making authority. In a general way, the new charter seems to intend not only that the executive departments shall make the rules and regulations that concern their spheres of municipal activity, but also that they shall have the initiative in matters that involve change or origination in their respective spheres.

Moreover, the new charter preserves the board of estimate and apportionment, and this board remains in the fullest sense the budgetary authority in the new scheme of government. Thus the eighteen executive departments take away from the municipal assembly the larger part of the ordinance-making power; the board of public improvements in practice controls municipal plans and policies as regards the construction of works, and the board of estimate and apportionment intervenes to prepare the budget, both on the side of income and on that of disbursement.

It may perhaps be said with some measure of truth that the essential nature of any municipal government, or, for that matter, of any other government, will be revealed when one follows the concrete processes involved in the preparation and adoption of the annual budget. Let us see, then, what course the budget must pursue under the government provided for the Greater New York, and then let us follow the process of instituting some work of public improvement.

To begin with the budget. Each of the eighteen departments will work out its own estimates for the coming year. Those departments, it is to be remembered, are so devised as to cover the whole range of the city's ordinary activities. In the case of the six departments which are affiliated to form the board of public improvements, the estimates of the individual departments will be sifted through the board before they are sent on to join the estimates furnished by the other twelve departments. Altogether, the eighteen departmental budgets will come into the hands of the board of estimate and apportionment, This board of five thereupon proceeds to deal with the estimates as it sees fit. It throws its sessions open for a few public hearings, and then completes its work. There is no limit whatever to its right to add to or subtract from departmental estimates. It is under no compulsion, except that it must provide for interest on the bonded debt, for the sinking fund, for the state school fund, and for a few similar items prescribed by the law of the State. The estimates are finally sent to the municipal assembly, which must abandon its two-chamber meetings, and come together as one body for the consideration of the budget. It must complete its action within a certain number of days. It may not add a penny to the estimates at any point whatsoever. It is permitted to throw out items or to make reductions, but it must not offset these by voting increased sums for any object. When it has completed its consideration, the budget goes to the mayor for his final action. The mayor has authority to veto any amendments that the municipal assembly may have made. That is to say, he may restore any amounts that have been subtracted. There are reasons for supposing that the mayor would exercise this veto power, especially in the first year or two of his term; for in the first place, the estimates as prepared come from departments controlled by the mayor's own appointees; in the second place, the estimates are all passed upon and readjusted by the board of estimate and apportionment, of which the mayor himself is chair-

man, while two other members are his own appointees. It is to be presumed, then, that the budget as sent to the municipal assembly would represent the mayor's views. If it should be cut down, it is to be expected that the mayor would interpose his veto power. The assembly can override the mayor's veto of the budget only by a vote of five sixths of all the members elected to both chambers. Ordinarily, it would be impossible to pass any budgetary amendments over the mayor's head; and, as any one can see on a moment's reflection, the consideration of the budget by the municipal assembly becomes merely a grand farce.

Since there is no power that amounts to anything in the carrying on of the municipal government, except the ordinance-making power, the appointing power, and above all, the spending power; and since the ordinance-making power in this charter is for the most part reposed absolutely in the administrative departments, while the appointing power is reposed absolutely in the mayor, and the budgetary power is given beyond hope of modification to the board of estimate and apportionment, the members of the first municipal assembly elected under this voluminous charter may well ask, with some amazement, as the situation gradually dawns upon them, What are we here for? And there can be only one answer: they are there to carry on a debating society, and to rage in vain at their own impotence. It is a somewhat curious fact that this state of affairs is not even hinted at in the report of the commissioners to the legislature. The assignment of powers is so widely scattered through the thousand pages, more or less, of the bulky document, that it takes some study to arrive at the ultimate facts. It would seem likely that the commissioners, entertaining a profound distrust of the average American city council, do not believe that authority can safely be entrusted to the municipal assembly for the Greater New York. Nevertheless, recognizing the demand for a municipal legislature, they provided a showy and specious assembly, which apparently forms the basis of the whole structure, and they then proceeded ingeniously to weave into the scheme checks and balances which will make it impossible for the municipal parliament to do any positive harm.

Now, to show how the system would work in a matter of public improvement, let us suppose that an additional bridge is to be built between the two principal parts of the Greater New York. Presumably, the initiative would be taken by the bridge commissioner. The engineers and technical officials of his department would fix tentatively upon the location, and would work out the architectural and engineering details. For a second consideration, the matter must go to the board of public improvements, where approval or disapproval would be likely to turn upon questions of a technical or engineering character, although it is easy to see how the other members of the board of public improvements, each of them desiring the expenditure of public money in his own department, might, through jealousy, suppress or postpone the scheme of a new bridge. But if the plan at last runs the gauntlet of the board of public improvements, it must go, for a third consideration, to the board of estimate and apportionment. Here it is supposed to be examined in its financial aspects. Can the city, compatibly with its debt conditions and general financial state, afford the new public improvement, and are the proposed plans economical and advisable from the point of view of the municipal purse? While these aspects of the scheme would in theory govern the action taken by the board of estimate and apportionment, it is easy to foresee that political and other motives might actually control the decision of the board. Then, if the scheme is approved, it goes for its fourth consideration to one of the chambers of the municipal assembly, and for a fifth consideration to the

other chamber. If, as is likely enough, the two chambers differ as to the location of the bridge, or the materials from which it is to be built, or its cost, or some other essential thing, there ensues a legislative deadlock to be overcome; and for a sixth consideration the matter must go to a conference committee representing the two chambers. Taking it for granted that an agreement is reached, we need not count the necessary ratification by the two chambers, but will follow the bridge scheme to the mayor, whose right of veto implies a seventh independent consideration. If he should approve, the bridge would probably be built, though there would still remain some possible obstacles.

If the mayor should veto the measure, the municipal assembly could carry it over his head, provided a large enough majority could be secured. And this leads me to say that no man will ever become intimate enough with the provisions of this charter — no matter how many years he may sit in the municipal assembly — to know for a certainty, without careful reference to the document, by what kind of a majority a particular piece of business must be carried to have validity. Some actions in the municipal assembly may be taken by a majority of those present and voting, provided there is a quorum. Other things may be done by a simple majority of all those elected; still others require a two thirds majority of all those elected, others a three fourths majority, others a four fifths majority, others a five sixths majority, and others absolute unanimity. I suspect that there may be still other percentages or proportions requisite for certain actions; but the seven that I have mentioned have caught my attention, as I have endeavored to run through the document. I cite them as instances of the astounding complexity of the government that seems destined to go into operation at New York within a year.

If, under this charter, the mayor had absolute power to remove commissioners and heads of departments summarily throughout his term, and to appoint their successors, the city would have a municipal government more autocratic than any of which I have ever heard, for it would be the Brooklyn plan idealized. Apart from the shadowy municipal assembly, however, it would have the merit of unity and effectiveness for purposes of ordinary administration. But as the matter stands, let us suppose Tammany to be victorious, and to elect what we may term without euphemism a bad mayor. He has six months in which to turn out of office all the good department heads and commissioners, and to replace them with machine politicians, ward bosses, and subservient creatures of his own. It is true that these men may not continue to be his creatures after the end of the first six months, for then he loses his power to remove them; but he will probably have made the government of the city thoroughly bad; and, for good citizens, it may not matter much whether it is harmoniously bad or inharmoniously bad.

Now let us suppose, on the other hand, that the Citizens' Union — which is taking its place in the field somewhat hopefully at the present moment — should succeed in electing, next November, a good and efficient mayor. Such a man will dislike to make sweeping and arbitrary removals. He will, however, to the best of his ability, in the course of the first six months, appoint good men for the boards and commissionerships. After that he will continue to hold office for three years and six months longer, with no power residing in him to make changes for the sake of efficiency and harmony. Most of the departments, doubtless, will go on fairly well, but some of them will be almost sure to get into trouble, which can be satisfactorily remedied only by a change in one or more commissionerships.

The ordinary administration of the great city will, then, after the first six

months of every four years, be carried on by eighteen separate departments. The charter does not make these departments directly responsible or accountable to anybody. They do not derive authority directly from the people, and they certainly owe nothing to the municipal assembly. On the other hand, there is no power in the mayor to hold them accountable, for there is no practicable way to get rid of them unless they have committed some heinous crime. The mayor will have spent six months in winding up the machine, and he will have forty-two months in which to watch it gradually run down. This is government, not by the municipal parliament, not by an autocratic mayor, nor yet by the familiar American system of an executive and a legislature counterbalancing each other. But it is bureaucracy pure and simple. I am not ready to assert it positively, but I am of the impression, from some knowledge of the subject, that the very shadowy municipal assemblies provided some years ago for St. Petersburg and Moscow had a greater legislative and financial authority than the new municipal assembly of the Greater New York; and I am inclined to believe that neither in the administration of those Russian cities nor in the administration of the Russian provincial governments will one find a bureaucratic system so complete and so indirect in its responsibilities to the public as the bureaucracy which the Greater New York charter creates.

The arguments advanced by the commissioners for a municipal assembly in two chambers seem altogether amusing when one considers how carefully they have guarded against any real exercise of power by the people's representatives. Their provision, so they declare, of an assembly sitting in two chambers is to insure careful and deliberate action and to guard against the evils of legislative haste. But in view of the processes by which the budget is to be adopted, and by which other matters sift through the bureaus and boards before they can reach the municipal assembly, haste would seem to be the one thing most to be desired at the end. Moreover, the municipal assembly is in any case to sit as one chamber in consideration of the budget; and why it should not transact all of its other business as one body is not explained in the report.

President Seth Low, of Columbia University, and Mayor Strong, protested strenuously against the six months' limit on the mayor's power of removal, and the gravely objectionable scheme of a police commission of four members, to be appointed on the absurd and impossible bi-partisan plan. And it is well known, furthermore, that President Low, if he could have had his own way, would have merged the two chambers of the municipal assembly into one. He also greatly desired to secure the election of a part, at least, of the members of one or both houses of the municipal assembly on a general ticket. It should be said, too, that the commissioners as a body were decidedly friendly to the idea of proportional or minority representation, and that in their report they declare that the only reason for omitting that principle was their fear lest it should be found unconstitutional. They have therefore submitted the draft of a constitutional amendment, which they ask the legislature to adopt, clearly granting to municipalities the right to try some form of proportional representation in the choosing of boards of aldermen or municipal councils.

The chief difficulty this charter will meet in practice will be found to lie in that great law of nature by which water flows downhill, and everything else tends to follow the lines of least resistance. For it should be remembered that the Empire State express train will continue to fly from New York to Albany every day, and that the legislative power at the state Capitol which confers

this elaborate charter upon the city of New York can at any time amend it or supersede it. A member of the state Senate remarked to me, in the mayor's office, the other day, that this new charter was quite too complicated for his purposes, and that when his constituents wanted anything done (he represented a city district) he should make it his business to take the matter straight to the legislature and carry it through. With several scores of politicians from New York city districts sitting in the state legislature, there will be no public opinion strong enough to prevent the resumption of the present and long-continued practice of state intervention. If the city falls into bad hands under the new charter, the municipal reformers and good citizens will assuredly not wait for the next municipal election, but will hurry to Albany with a movement for getting the bad commissioners legislated out of office. If good men hold the reins of authority in the metropolis, while the tools of the boss fill the halls of legislation at Albany, the boss will undoubtedly conclude to alter the charter, and incidentally to legislate the good men out of office.

The very complications in the charter, the very system of bolts and combination time-locks which form so amazingly ingenious a scheme, are what make it certain that everybody in turn will take the short cut to Albany. The only kind of municipal government which can make municipal home rule for New York a tolerably assured fact must be one possessing the utmost simplicity, responding readily and obviously to the will of the community. Public opinion would then ordain that New York should attend to its own affairs. As I have shown, St. Louis has attained real home rule because its organization is sufficiently responsive to meet local demands, and public opinion would condemn frequency of resort to the state legislature.

This prediction that the Albany short cut will inevitably be used has striking confirmation already; for no sooner had the new charter been approved by both houses of the legislature, in the latter days of March, than there were taken up for consideration great public improvements for New York city, and also for Brooklyn, involving expenditures in the aggregate of probably $50,000,000. One of these special measures attempted to create a board of commissioners to have full control of a proposed boulevard system for the upper part of New York city. Several practical politicians were named in the bill as commissioners, and were given authority to spend a vast amount of money every year for an indefinite number of years, each commissioner to draw a large salary from the date of the passage of the act. There was no urgency about this matter, and no one could deny that it was intended to take a critically important public enterprise out of the hands of the street department and board of public improvements, as provided for in the new charter. Meanwhile, another bill called for the creation of a great trunk sewer in the valley of the Bronx, also in the upper part of the Greater New York area. This public work, too, according to the bill, was to be entrusted to a separate commission, the commissioners being named in the act; and the sole urgency lay in the desire to take the proposed improvement away from the sewer department and the board of public improvements, which, under the new charter, should have full control of all such matters.

It is sufficient to name these two illustrations. Both bills seemed likely to pass. It may be mentioned that the rapid transit scheme, which has been pending for a long time, is also in charge of a special board of commissioners, who will presumably have the oversight of the expenditure of a sum of public money that will not fall below $50,000,000. What will be left for the board of public improvements? If the very legislature which

has enacted the Greater New York charter (with the avowed object of transferring legislative work of a local character from Albany to New York) proceeds in the order of its calendar to make the charter unavailing by setting up special commissions to do the business that properly belongs to the municipal authorities, what can be expected of future legislatures? Assuredly, they will not hesitate for a moment to override the charter and set it aside, whenever an inducement offers.

The real hope, of course, for good government in New York, as everywhere else, lies in the development of a sound and true civic spirit. The mechanism of municipal government is a secondary matter. Nevertheless, it is of high importance that the mechanism should have simplicity and unity, and that it should be obviously responsive to the public will. In New York, as in many cities, the crying demand at the present moment is for nomination reform. Until the party organizations give us a radically improved nominating system, it will, in the opinion of many experienced men, be the duty of municipal reformers to assume the aggressive, and to put into the field independent citizens' tickets on a non-partisan platform. There has been good government in New York city (except for a few weak spots) for more than two years. But this fact is wholly due to the action of the Committee of Seventy, formed by the business men of New York and the municipal reform elements, led by the Chamber of Commerce. The Committee of Seventy selected Mayor Strong, and secured the power of removal act. Incidentally Mayor Strong is a Republican, but primarily he is a business man of high character, whose sole motive is the true welfare of the municipality. New York will have fairly good government, probably, for several years to come, if all the disinterested elements that are working for that end unite and succeed, next November, in electing their ticket. But as for an ideal municipal charter, or any equilibrium or stability in the structure of the municipal system as such, there are no bright prospects in the neighborhood of New York. The country must look elsewhere if it seeks instruction in the framing of charters.

In justice to the work of the framers of the New York charter, it must be said that their great document is very much more than a municipal constitution. It is also a municipal code; and in the framing of particular chapters of this code very admirable work has been accomplished. Those chapters, however, form a distinct subject, or series of subjects; and it would be impossible for me even to allude to them here. An intelligent regard for municipal rights and municipal progress has been shown in such matters as the treatment of franchises, of docks and ferries, and of public assets in general. Moreover, at many points of detail in the chapters regulating the various departments, positive improvements have been made over existing arrangements. Nevertheless, the chapters have been so framed as to continue, with incidental improvements, such administrative arrangements as now exist in the Greater New York. The signs of real progress are to be found in the improved quality of much of the departmental work. Public opinion will never again tolerate filthy streets, for example; and the average standard of municipal housekeeping in New York is advancing hopefully, regardless of charter-building controversies.

Albert Shaw.

THE LOCK-STEP OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE usual system of grading pupils in the public schools and of promoting them from one class to another is mediæval; for although the American graded school was not transplanted from the Old World, in its methods of grading and promotion it differs but little from the first school of the kind, founded by Sturm at Strasburg. In spite of the progress that has been made in other ways, it is almost as rigid as its prototype of three hundred and sixty years ago. In the ungraded school, so far as possible, the instruction has been suited to the individual. This adaptability to individual teaching is its strong feature, and it must be acknowledged that for the favored few it has a manifest advantage. Although the graded school yields the greatest good to the greatest number in the least time, at the least expense, it does not often provide properly for the individual differences of the pupils; it is not sufficiently flexible to accommodate itself to them, but it demands that they accommodate themselves to it: therefore, the usual method of grading, which was intended to serve the children, has become their cruel master. It keeps all the pupils in an intellectual lock-step, month after month, year after year, for their whole school lives.

The course of study is usually divided arbitrarily into a number of grades, generally a year apart, and the work for each grade is laid out for either bright, slow, or average pupils. Many schools are graded for the bright pupils, and all the rest, dragged over far more work than they can understand, become discouraged and drop out of school. Many more schools are graded for the slower ones, with manifest injustice to those who could go forward more rapidly; and not only is the progress of all kept to the pace of the slow, but habits of indolence and inattention are acquired by the alert, who are thus injured both mentally and morally. By far the largest number of schools, however, are supposed to be graded for the average pupils. At first sight this system seems reasonable; but the truth is that, neglecting the individual pupil of flesh and blood and soul and life and infinite possibilities, most of us have attempted to reach all the pupils by shaping the work to the mythical average pupil. Then, at a season when the sun has reached a certain altitude in the heavens, and the thermometer registers ninety-five degrees, and the pupils' energy is low, we subject all to a useless examination, which the lucky ones pass, while the rest lose a year or leave school. Thus in chain-gangs are the bright and the slow bound and forced to move at the same pace. Yet many wonder why eighty per cent of the pupils finish only four years of a twelve years' course; why but two per cent are graduated; and, worse than all, why the graduates do not illustrate the law of the survival of the fittest.

Another serious weakness in the present system is that even the brightest cannot gain time, and if any except the brightest are absent for but a short period, they are unable to pass to advanced work, and therefore lose a whole year when they may be only a month or two behind. Less than one per cent of the pupils of the public schools can successfully skip the work of a whole year. About thirty-five per cent fail to be promoted. Some claim that those who fail do better work the following year, but statistics that I have collected show that the large majority of the pupils do not return, and few of those who do return do good work. In a vague way, everybody knows that there is an amazing loss of pupils' time, yet none but those who

have studied the matter carefully can know how great the loss is. Statistics, gathered with much labor and care, show that eighty per cent lose from one to four years. For every one hundred pupils in the schools that I myself examined, there had been from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy years lost during their course of study. Such loss is inevitable whenever the teacher is forced to forget that the class is composed of fifty individuals, and to think only of the fact that all must reach a certain place by a given time. It is not too much to say that on all sides interested parents and thoughtful educators are dissatisfied with the usual system, which cuts short the school period of the majority, and menaces the intellectual life of every boy and girl in the graded schools.

For several years I sought diligently, but unsuccessfully, for some better method. By letters of inquiry, by examining courses of study, and by visits to fifty different cities, I procured information concerning the needs and conditions in more than two hundred cities in different parts of the United States, in the hope that I should find a plan which was satisfactory. While all thoughtful teachers felt the need of some reform in the manner of grading, practical methods for correcting the evil had not appeared. Nearly all agreed that grading for annual promotion was a failure. Some had tried semi-annual promotion, but the results showed this plan little, if any, more pliant. Others had set apart an ungraded room in every building, but they found that by this device they reached only a very small part of the pupils. A few others, despairing of anything better, had returned to the system of the ungraded school, only to learn that with so many classes good results could not be secured.

At last I worked out, and put into operation in three different cities, under varying and unfavorable conditions, a plan of grading and promoting pupils which adapts the training to the individual. It is not necessary to explain the many devices which some years' experience has evolved, but it may be of interest to mention the most important methods and results. The plan has now stood the test of several years' trial, and has proved to be very satisfactory. Although its main features were worked out ten years ago, while I had charge of a school in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, it was further developed in the schools of New Castle, Pennsylvania, whither I went as superintendent for the single purpose of proving that it was possible to carry out a more pliable method of grading than any I had been able to find. It is now in operation in the city of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The promotion examination has been abolished, and its abandonment is a necessary first step to any more pliant plan of grading; for the making of the time-limit the same for all pupils is the very basis of the disastrous "uniformity" in school work. This uniform time-limit came with Sturm's iron-clad system, and even now it is the greatest obstacle to a more flexible arrangement. So long as it remains, so long will the serious complaint that "the graded school machinery requires uniformity in every child" be well founded. It is encouraging that from all sides there come unmistakable indications of a strong reaction against the promotion examination. Although the teaching test is a necessary part of all true teaching, yet those who have considered the promotion test from the standpoint of the pupil, or of the parent, or of the teacher have been led unhesitatingly to condemn the test used to determine promotion. The attempt to cure the evil of wrong grading without entirely cutting off the promotion examination is as senseless as trying to cure any other malady without striking at its root. Few cities now dare

cling to the promotion test as they once did. In many it is a small factor in deciding on promotion. The results show that though lessening the importance of the promotion examination may have lessened the strain on the pupils, the hope that its abolition would mitigate the acknowledged evil in grading was unfounded. Yet, strange to relate, some who claim to have an "ideal system of grading" still hold to the final examination, and in reality have what all authorities condemn as a "Procrustean bed of grades."

The promotion examination is a test of memory rather than of power. It may show some things that the pupil does not know, but it cannot show what the pupil does know; it destroys or prevents broad and intelligent teaching, makes of the teacher a grind, and turns out pupils by machinery. It forces pupils to go over far more work than they can grasp or understand, and it causes many to leave school. It brings senseless worry to the nervous, who often fail to pass, while the less worthy succeed. It is, moreover, a great temptation to deceit. It demands one third more time than is necessary to impart the same knowledge and to give better training. It puts a premium, not upon the work done day by day during the year, but upon the amount of "stuffing" that can be done at the end of the term. These are a few of the many reasons why it has been condemned as a moral injustice to pupils and teachers, and as one of the greatest of educational blunders.

The promotion examination having been abandoned, the teacher's estimate of the pupil's ability to do advanced work settles his promotion. As the teacher's estimate is shown on the report, the pupil and his parents with him know monthly what progress he is making towards advanced work. In the primary grades the teacher's judgment determines the record, and in the higher grades the teacher's judgment is corrected by written recitations and tests. This method puts a premium on the daily work, and affords a moderate but continuous stimulus rather than an excessive and a spasmodic one. Tests given by the principal and the superintendent show the proper completion of work, and are useful to direct and broaden the instruction, but have nothing to do with promotion. Pupils promoted prematurely are returned whence they came, and teachers become more careful thereafter.

It may be said that the teaching test is only another name for the promotion examination, but a moment's thought will show that there is a great difference between the two. One is a careful diagnosis at frequent intervals for the purpose of discovering the disease in its incipiency, in order to apply the proper remedies and to save the patient. The other is a blundering post-mortem to learn the cause of death. Common sense and experience unite in declaring that every efficient teacher knows which pupils are ready for advanced work better than a superintendent can know. All who have had experience with this method of promotion agree that never before were promotions made so satisfactorily, and never before did the teachers study individuals so closely.

A distinguishing feature of this plan is that in essential studies the pupils of every grade or class are subdivided, according to ability and acquirements, into several small classes. The number of divisions in a grade varies with the number of rooms of the same grade in the building, with the importance of the subject, with the efficiency of the teacher, and with other limiting conditions. The number of divisions in each subject is also determined by these conditions, after a careful consideration of the subjects in each grade, and by the results of an analysis of the records of ten thousand children of different grades. This study of the pupils' records shows that in al-

most every case the difficulty that they encounter arises at certain points in each grade, so that by providing for individual instruction at these danger-points all cause of failure is removed. Likewise, the number of pupils in each division varies with limiting conditions. The larger the number of pupils to select from, the greater the number that can go together without injury. The more nearly uniform the pupils of a class are in ability and attainments, the better can the instruction be suited to their needs, the greater is the power of emulation, the larger is the number that can successfully be taught together, the easier it is to hold the attention and concentrate it upon the subject presented, and therefore the better is the training given. No matter how closely we grade, it is found that there is always sufficient difference in the pupils of each group to give that quickening influence which is such an important result of class teaching.

The accurate grading of pupils into classes of from eight to twenty, instead of roughly herding them in classes of from forty to sixty, furnishes a practical method of reaching the individual, and thus makes possible the mental growth that is dependent upon constant, healthy, beneficial activity. It not only secures from each his best work, but it prevents overwork on the part of the nervous pupils, and on the part of others who, for any reason, should not have severe mental labor.

It has not been found necessary to divide the grades into small classes except in the essential branches, which vary somewhat with the courses of study and are different in the several grades. The number of recitations is not greater than is usual in those schools which have more than one grade to the room. Take, for example, a grade where there are six studies. Since many schools have pupils of two different grades in each room, twelve daily recitations are required. In those schools which have three grades in each room, provision has to be made for at least eighteen recitations. Under the new plan of grading, three or four divisions are made in each of the two most important subjects, and two divisions in the next most important subject. As the pupils in each room are nearly equal in acquirements, it has proved very satisfactory to have them recite together in the other, the less important branches, in which it is easy to hold the attention, and in which future work is not so dependent upon what has been learned. Thus by providing for but twelve or fifteen daily recitations the desired end is reached. Since most public school buildings have from two to four rooms of the same grade, it is easy to have, not three or four, but ten or twelve divisions in the essential subjects of each grade. Under such conditions, there could be in the usual eight grades from seventy to eighty divisions below the high school, instead of the eight large classes which the usual plan requires. But experience has proved that a much smaller number than seventy or eighty meets all the requirements. New divisions are made by the teacher when they are necessary properly to accommodate the pupils in her room, and they are not continued longer than they are beneficial. Instead of making the pupils fit the grades, the purpose is to make the divisions suit the needs of the pupils. As the divisions are quite small, better results can be obtained with shorter recitations, and time is saved for individual work at those points where the study of the pupil's record shows that individual work is most needed. The records that I have gathered in Elizabeth, New Jersey, show that in one grade ninety-two per cent of the failures were in arithmetic and grammar. By providing for small classes and individual work in these subjects the cause of failure was removed, and but few pupils were kept back. While the apparent increase in the number of recitations led teachers to look with disfavor on the plan before

they understood it, at the end of the first year's experience with it they not only favored it, but ninety-four per cent of them have written their reasons for preferring it to any other plan of which they have knowledge.

Since all pupils are placed in divisions with those of the same ability, the instruction can be carefully adjusted to the needs of each. That the instruction should be accurately adjusted, both in matter and in method, to the ability and attainments of the individual pupil is a pedagogical axiom. Yet everybody knows that it is violated daily in almost every school in the land; for, as schools are graded, the extremes of the class are so far apart that the individual does not receive accurately adjusted instruction. The most careless observer of children knows that they naturally love to learn what is new, and are always interested in doing what they can do with reasonable ease. When suitable work is assigned to them the tendency to idleness is greatly lessened, and many a listless "time-killer" is transformed into an earnest worker; the necessity of punishment is greatly diminished in all classes, and has entirely disappeared from many. Indeed, the new plan of grading has practically solved the problem of the bad boy, and has proved that the majority of the so-called bad boys are the logical result of a bad method. The bright boys are not kept busy under the usual plan; therefore they are the ones who get into mischief, for the idle brain is still the devil's workshop.

Another all-important feature peculiar to this method of grading is that no fixed amount of work is demanded of any division within a given time. Every division goes as fast as it can do thorough work, and no faster. The greatest mistake of the usual plan is that, though there can be no uniformity of conditions, uniformity of results is demanded of all. The teachers are now no longer compelled to drive their pupils through a course of study. Courses of study we must have, and perhaps it is even necessary to give all pupils the same drill in grammar, the same exercise in arithmetic, and the same number of miles of writing to do. But no effort is now made to give all the same amount in the same time, regardless of the differences between them. While, under this system of grading, pupils are required to do thoroughly all the essential work before passing to advanced work, pupils and teachers know that they are not expected to finish it in a shorter time than is required to do it satisfactorily. The consequent relief to the teacher is as great as the benefit to the pupil. Many a faithful teacher endures a terrible strain for years, lest she be blamed if all her pupils do not finish the given course in a fixed time. One teacher expressed a common sentiment when she said: "It seemed as if this new plan had raised from my shoulders a terrible load which threatened to crush me. I knew that it was an outrage to drive some of the pupils as I was obliged to drive them, but what was I to do? I was told that by June all had to be ready for the examinations. Now my task is a very much more pleasant and satisfactory one. I am no longer forced to be a pupil-driver, but I can be a teacher in the true sense of the word; and school is, to pupils and to teacher, an entirely different sort of place." It is time that blame for many failures be taken from teachers and principals, and placed on the shoulders of those who are responsible for the system. Let them bear this great responsibility.

Instead of waiting till all are ready, and then moving forward by battalions, pupils are promoted whenever they are prepared. A pupil's promotion is determined, not by the lapse of time, but by his ability and preparation to do advanced work. While there are still general promotions to higher grades at the end of the year, each division goes forward just as far as it can, and at the be-

ginning of the next year pupils take up the work where they left off. The majority of the irregular promotions are made at the end of each month, but no pupil need remain where he is one day after he has demonstrated his ability to do work in advance of his division. The classification is so accurate that the changes from division to division are not so frequent as to affect the stability of the division.

Although most superintendents favor the promotion, at any time, of a pupil who is prepared to be put forward, yet all know very well that, under the usual plan of grading, it is practically impossible to advance such a student. Even the best pupil, who can keep up with his class by attending two days a week, cannot successfully skip the work of six months or a year. Statistics prove that the majority of those who seem to do so lose more time later.

An important feature of the new plan of grading is the keeping of a complete record of every pupil. This record is given to the new teacher whenever a pupil is promoted. The record shows clearly the exact amount and character of the work done by each child in every subject. It shows also all that the previous teachers and principals have been able to learn concerning the children's mental, moral, and physical defects; all they know of their likes and dislikes; all that has been found out concerning their home life and social environment; and everything else that may have a bearing on the character of the work which may reasonably be expected from each, or that may be of use in properly understanding the individual characteristics. Thus each teacher has the accumulated experience of other teachers. Ten minutes' study of a pupil's past record, if it has been made and kept accurately, gives more valuable information than many a teacher gets in months by her own observation. Surely it is time to act on the principle that it is necessary to know an individual before you try to instruct or to govern him. Only thus can the teacher find that ever present but often hidden germ of character, which, when found and brought into contact with the warm nature of the earnest, sympathetic teacher and principal, is so developed that it transforms the lazy, listless school "terror" into an obedient, thoughtful pupil.

One very important result is the more thorough work done by pupils in essential branches. As no teacher is expected to take the pupils of any division faster than they should go, it is not found difficult for the teachers to secure the thoroughness required. Every teacher knows that, under the usual plan, a great many who are promoted to advanced work have not mastered what they have passed over. Under this new plan, all other requirements are secondary to thoroughness in essentials, and no pupil is allowed to move forward until he is so well grounded in the work gone over that he is thoroughly prepared for advanced work. Much has been done to clear up the old mystery why pupils went to school so many years and knew so little when they stopped.

Another important result is this: since the pupils are divided into small divisions and work as individuals, child study becomes not only practicable, but necessary. There are times when the teacher comes into close contact with every pupil. Otherwise there cannot be proper mental growth. By the study of the individual child's needs and the separate ministering to those needs, and only in this way, can the true teacher come into life-giving contact with the weaker mind of the child, for restraint, guidance, and development. Only thus can the teacher properly influence the pupil, warm into life his dormant powers, and stimulate the neglected capacities into healthy and well proportioned growth.

When the brighter pupils from a lower class enter a higher class they are at

a slight disadvantage; therefore, those members of the higher class who have not before shown great ambition are stirred up to excel the newcomers and to advance with them. Such an effect upon this kind of pupils, though unforeseen, has been to me one of the most gratifying results of the plan, and has repaid me for the many hours spent in the study of this problem and the many conflicts with those wedded to the old method. The slower pupils, under the old classification, not only lose the confidence of parents, teachers, and friends, but, worse than all, they lose confidence in themselves. When the lazy ones find that they are likely to be left behind even by the plodders, it is inspiring to see them take on a new life and show what they can do if they make up their minds to work. Indeed, most pupils, when a chance for promotion is constantly within reach, are inspired with enthusiasm. If promotion to a higher grade does not depend upon the time of year, nor upon the ability of all in the school to advance at a certain pace, nor upon the result of an examination, but upon the work that the individual pupil does day by day, a new sort of stimulus is given to the whole school. One teacher testifies: "I should not have believed it possible there could be such a change in the spirit of all." Another says: "Even the 'dummies' are surprising their best friends, and proving that they were not dull, but that their only trouble was that they were dragged too rapidly forward. All they needed was a chance to work where they were prepared to work. Who can estimate how many so-called 'dummies' have been forced out of school and had life's prospects blighted?" Such expressions are heard almost daily from teachers who at first were opposed to this method of grading.

The plan makes possible frequent reclassification, and frequent reclassification is the only means of preventing the sacrifice of the pupils to the mere machinery of the school. In a school, as in every other living organism, many forces are at work to produce disorganization, and constant reorganization is necessary to preserve the health of the organism. Such pupils as fall behind need not lose a whole year, but only a part of it, and because of the ease of reclassification this may soon be regained. In spite of limiting conditions, more than forty per cent of the pupils in the schools where the plan has been tried were reclassified during the first eight months; that is to say, when the pupils had been classified according to their acquirements and their ability, it was found that forty per cent had been put into other divisions where they could work to better advantage, — classified as they could not have been under the old method.

Since in the essential studies there are many divisions a short distance apart, instead of eight divisions a year apart, it is possible to "sift the pupils up" instead of always "sifting them down." Except for absence, few of the slow are put back, but the brighter pupils are frequently promoted.

There has been a great increase in the number of pupils in the grammar schools and the high school in Elizabeth, New Jersey. In fact, the present graduating class of our high school is a hundred per cent greater than the largest class that ever graduated. Many pupils remain in school longer than they would have remained under the usual plan of grading. Some would have gone away because they were disgusted with the treadmill; others, because they became discouraged when forced to go faster than they could grasp the work; others, because they failed to pass the examination, or feared lest they might fail; others, for many different reasons which the present plan has entirely removed.

Such a change is important, for where the old method prevails eighty per cent of the pupils attend the public schools four years or less. A late report of

Newark, New Jersey, gives the following facts, which show a better state of affairs than exists in other cities: Forty-six per cent of the children of school age in the city were not in the public schools. Eighty-three per cent of those in school were under thirteen years. Seventy-seven per cent did not reach the grammar grades. Thirty-one per cent of those in school attended less than half a year. Less than four per cent reached the high school. Not one fourth of one per cent finished the four years' course in the high school.

Though the improved mental training is one of the most important benefits of the plan, it must not be forgotten that there is a great saving of time and money. While under the usual method seventy-five per cent of the public school pupils lose from one to four years, under this plan seventy-five per cent will save from one to four years. Those who attend school only until they are of a certain age will receive considerably more training than under the old system. Those who wish to attend school only until a certain point in the course of study is reached will get to that point in less time. If all pupils are given the same training that they would receive under the usual plan, they will get it in from one to four years' less time. When this gain per pupil is multiplied by thousands, the financial saving becomes apparent. Even if pupils did not gain time, but simply passed regularly through the grades without unnecessary loss of time, there would be a great saving of time and money. In fact, the loss caused by the shortening of the productive lives of thousands and the financial loss to both the pupil and the community become so appalling that one can hardly believe that attention has not been called to it long ago.

Thus I have explained briefly some of the most important steps leading to a plan of grading that has proved far more satisfactory than the usual method. My experience in working out this plan and putting it into operation shows that the opposition to it comes from those who have grown to believe that the schools are for them rather than for the children. Being more anxious to save themselves trouble than to benefit the children, they prefer to continue in the "good old way" rather than to make the necessary effort to get out of the rut. It is a pleasure to say that the beneficial results to pupils and teachers have been so many and so marked that not only are the principals and teachers who have worked under the new plan almost unanimous in their hearty approval of it, but parents and pupils also are enthusiastic in their praise of the method.

When, less than two years ago, I became superintendent of the schools of Elizabeth, New Jersey, this plan of grading was introduced into all the schools of the city. I will briefly summarize the beneficial results following its adoption in one of the grammar schools: By the end of last June the pupils of the advanced division of the seventh year grade had done all the work of that grade and part of the eighth year work. When they returned to school in September, they took up the work where they had left it. By the end of December they had finished all the work of the grammar grades. To the satisfaction of superintendent, principal, and teachers it was proved that no class had ever accomplished the work more thoroughly. Those who wished to do so entered the high school in January instead of waiting nine months. The teachers of the high school bear witness that the pupils are not only doing better work than any previous class, but, because of the methods of study during the past year, they have gained the power of close application which so few have when they enter the high school. In two months they made such progress as to be able to recite with that division of the September class which had fallen behind the rest. It is hardly necessary to say that the

sight of pupils overtaking those who had started so far ahead of them has had a stimulating influence all along the line. The next division of the highest grammar grade finished the work of the grade in March, and at once entered upon the high school work, instead of waiting until next September, when the others in the same room will be able to advance. Similar results are found throughout the schools, even to the lowest primary grade. The reports of the principal show that during the past year and a half, in addition to the regular promotion, twenty-three per cent of the pupils earned irregular promotion to advanced work. Not less than eighty-five per cent of the pupils are from one to nine months further advanced than they would otherwise have been, and sixty per cent have been reclassified and placed where they could do better work. The number in the grammar grades has increased twelve per cent. Teachers who before failed to hold the attention and to secure satisfactory order now succeed in both respects.

These results are the more gratifying because they have not required the employment of an additional teacher nor the expenditure of an extra dollar. Having put the plan in operation under varying and most unfavorable conditions, I know that it is as practicable for schools having three teachers as for those having thirty teachers. It can therefore be adopted in the schools of any town or city.

The great interest manifested in the plan by prominent educators and journals in every part of the country, from Boston to San Francisco, indicates that the general need of a change from the stereotyped system of grading is keenly felt. I believe that the day is not far distant when, with a system of grading which exists for the proper development of the pupils, with better teachers, — for whom there is an ever increasing demand, — and with a course of study suited to the growth of the mind, we shall have a system of public education superior to any other in the world.

William J. Shearer.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE AND HIS CRITICAL METHOD.

I.

"The French," says Joubert, "seem to love the arts less for themselves than for the pleasure to be had from criticising them." It is a striking proof of this naturally critical bent of the French mind that, since the time of Ronsard, criticism in French literature has always preceded or accompanied creation. Of late, it has been tending more and more to take the place of creation. It forms the most interesting and important part of French literary production at the present day. The critics are already beginning to have no resource except to criticise one another. It may be said, indeed, that French literature is suffering from a surfeit of criticism, whereas in English there is a conspicuous lack not only of good individual critics, but still more of a recognized critical method and of a critical tradition.

We may admire and imitate French literary criticism as we admire and imitate French art, but with very much the same reservations. We receive the impression, when in the presence of the pictures of a French Salon, that mere *procédé* — the mastery of technique and execution — has taken in large measure the place of creation. In like manner, in recent French criticism, an adroit manipulation of a large critical vocabulary

and of highly perfected critical methods frequently serves as a substitute for insight and original reflection. Sainte-Beuve said of the critics of his day that they abounded in all the needful critical virtues except the essential virtues of authority and judgment. It may be said with even more truth of many of the present generation of French critics that what they have gained in brilliancy and versatility they seem to have lost in weight and impressiveness. The critic is too often only a clever dilettante, who has no aim beyond that of entertaining the public with a display of his own intellectual virtuosity.

It is the distinction of M. Brunetière to have avoided the reproach of Sainte-Beuve, and to have given back to the word "critic" something of its former meaning. He has had an ideal and convictions, and has insisted on judging with reference to them, at a time when ideals and convictions, at least among the educated classes, have almost completely gone out of fashion. He has possessed something of the power that usually belongs to those who have convictions, to impose themselves upon those who have none. He has persisted in the somewhat antiquated notion that books exist primarily to express ideas, whereas most people nowadays turn to books, not for ideas, but for entertainment, or at best for elegant æsthetic sensation. The first impression, indeed, the reader of M. Brunetière receives is that of a man who, by temperament and instinct, has found himself thrown into natural contradiction with his contemporaries. He has made himself the champion of the classical tradition and proclaimed the supremacy of reason at an epoch when art has been given over to every form of morbid subjectivity. He has been stern and ascetic in his attitude toward life in a period of easy-going self-indulgence, and strenuous in the midst of general relaxation. He has produced work marked by eminently masculine qualities at a time when literature has fallen to a great extent under the influence of women. He has restricted his style to the syntax and the vocabulary of Bossuet in an age which has seen the publication of the sonnets of Mallarmé and of the Journal of the Goncourts.

We feel in reading M. Brunetière as we feel in reading Taine, that something of scholasticism still lingers in the land of its origin. Though they have both tried to apply the methods of inductive science, they remain scholastic in their passion for vast structures of original ideas conceived with geometric symmetry, and with reference less to the observed facts than to a logical requirement of the mind; they are scholastic by their use as well as by their abuse of dialectic, by their proneness to mistake ratiocination for reason. There has survived in the case of M. Brunetière something also of the scholastic temper. He is imperious and dogmatic in tone, and at slight provocation grows disputatious and polemical. In default of a real adversary, he frequently addresses himself to an imaginary one. A modern Siger of Brabant, he has looked upon it as his mission to syllogize truths unpalatable to most of his countrymen. He has been called the inventor of "militant" criticism. "Behind his battering-rams," says M. Jules Lemaître, "there is always a reserve of catapults."

The history of M. Brunetière's work as a critic is, to a great extent, the history of his polemics. Three of these polemics in particular deserve attention. At the very beginning of his career as a writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes he singled out M. Zola and the naturalists for his attacks, and continued these attacks in a running fire of articles extending over a period of nearly twelve years. Later on, he proclaimed that modern science was bankrupt, that it had failed to keep its promise, and he thus became involved in a war of pamphlets with M. Berthelot and other ad-

vocates of purely experimental methods. And finally, for a number of years he has never lost an opportunity to assail M. Jules Lemaître and M. Anatole France and the partisans of "impressionistic" criticism. He has thrown himself with special ardor into this last controversy. It has been for him a conflict *pro aris et focis*, involving as it does the very life of criticism. Man, according to the impressionists, is absolutely imprisoned in his own subjectivity, and the most the critic can hope to do is, not to pronounce judgment, but merely to express his own tastes and preferences. The cultivation of literary criticism in France for several centuries has had the somewhat paradoxical result of producing critics who deny the possibility of criticism. "As for myself," says M. France in the preface to the fourth volume of his critical studies, "I am not in the least a critic. I have no talent for working the threshing-machines into which ingenious persons put the literary harvest in order to separate the grain from the chaff." His utmost endeavor, he adds elsewhere, is to tell pleasantly of the "adventures" of his soul as it ranges at large in the ample domain of books. M. France, it may be noted in passing, is fond of talking of his "soul," when he means in reality his nerves and sensibility. M. Lemaître and M. France are both *des féminins*. To the personality of M. France in particular there attaches something of that elusive feminine charm which makes its possessor a baffling problem to others, and very often to himself. The debate between him and M. Brunetière has at times taken on the aspect of a warfare between the masculine and the feminine principles. Strength has been pitted against charm, and reason has been arrayed against sensibility.

While it is not easy to confine in a formula such subtle clerks as M. Lemaître and M. France, we may say that in the general position they have taken in denying all fixed standards they have only given an extreme expression to what was already in germ in their masters, Sainte-Beuve and Renan. Sainte-Beuve, instead of judging literary work with reference to an absolute standard, had sought rather to explain it, to show how far it was purely relative, — the necessary result of the temperament of the writer and of the time in which he lived. Criticism, during the classical period of French literature, had rested on the assumption not only that this æsthetic absolute existed, but that it had found expression in a code of established rules. The individual author, isolated from his environment and looked upon as a free agent, was awarded praise or blame according as he approached or fell short of the perfect standard. Each advance of criticism during the present century has tended, on the one hand, to limit personal responsibility in literary creation, and, on the other hand, to weaken the belief in an absolute beauty. The last step was taken when Taine attempted to prove that a writer is the necessary product of his race, heredity, and environment. With the determinism of Taine, both art and artist pass from the domain of the absolute into the region of pure relativity.

The substitution of the notion of the relative for the notion of the absolute, — this indeed would seem in the retrospect to have been the characteristic achievement of the nineteenth century, not only in literary criticism, but in all departments of thought. From Hegel to Darwin, the idea of "becoming," of growth and development, has, in a hundred forms, so penetrated and transformed the mental habits of the modern man as to make it increasingly difficult for him to look upon anything as fixed and final. Emerson, says Mr. Chapman in The Atlantic Monthly for January, 1897, "is probably the last great writer to look at life from a stationary standpoint," to live in the habitual consciousness of the

permanent rather than of the transitory. "The absolute is dead!" exclaimed Edmond Scherer in 1860. But the heart refused to ratify this verdict of the head. It was in the conflict between the modern doctrine of the relative and the temperamental craving for an absolute that lay the life tragedy of Scherer, and, in a lesser degree, of Matthew Arnold. Renan's attempt to reconcile in himself the old man with the new resulted in his theory of a God who does not yet exist, but is in process of "becoming." It was left for the disciples of Renan, and especially for M. Anatole France, to rid themselves of these weak scruples, and to arrive at what may be termed the doctrine of the absolutely relative. The affirmation of M. France that he is absolutely imprisoned in his own personality, that there is no ideal standard to which he may refer either his own opinions or those of others, has as its corollary a doctrine of universal illusion. The immense indulgence that he professes comes in part, indeed, from his power of sympathy, but it arises even more from a tranquil contempt for human nature thus looked upon as the mere puppet of illusion. The new sect of "flowing" philosophers to which M. France belongs has arrived at a conception of life closely corresponding to that of the "flowing" philosophers of old.

"All thoughts, all creeds, all dreams, are true,
All visions wild and strange;
Man is the measure of all truth
Unto himself. All truth is change."

The Oriental doctrine of illusion has thus appeared in Western thought, but not accompanied, as it was in the mind of the Hindoo, by a vision of the One. Leconte de Lisle, who is the poet of this modern doctrine of illusion, is the diametrical opposite of Emerson: he excels in seizing and rendering with extraordinary intensity the most fugitive appearances of space and time, and all without the slightest sentiment of a spiritual reality either in man or behind the shows of nature. There has passed into his verse something of the horror and vertigo that come from thus contemplating the meaningless flow of phenomena as they start up from vacancy, stand out for a moment on a background of deepest black, and then vanish into the void.

"Éclair, rêve sinistre, éternité qui ment,
La Vie antique est faite inépuisablement
Du tourbillon sans fin des apparences vaines."

II.

In a society which can no longer offer its members any ideal ends to which they may aspire in common, the individual is left largely to his own resources. In the absence of any fixed rule of conduct he follows his temperamental leaning, and frequently ends by falling, as the French adage puts it, in the direction in which he leans. M. Berthelot, the eminent professor of chemistry at the Collège de France, naturally inclined toward a blind faith in experimental methods; he proved that he had fallen victim to this inclination when he proclaimed, a few years ago, that science holds the key to all knowledge, and that "there are no more mysteries." M. Brunetière has protested, though in a different spirit from Emerson, against the "impudent knowingness" of contemporary science. M. Berthelot's readiness to reject all knowledge not derived directly from observation and analysis has been characteristic of one very large class of minds during the latter half of the century. Emerson's distrust of this whole modern view of knowledge was based on the perception that it would lead to a loss of faith in the freedom of the will. It is interesting to compare what he wrote, in his essay on Experience, of the dangers of a scientific fatalism with what has actually resulted from the diffusion of the doctrines of Taine.

M. Émile Zola took as motto for one of his first novels a phrase of Taine's: "Virtue and vice are products, no less than sugar and vitriol." He proposed to

prove by examples what Taine had thus stated abstractly, and to show by means of "human documents" that a man's character is determined by his blood and nerves. M. Brunetière, in the pitiless polemic he has waged against M. Zola and the naturalists, has taken special pains to demolish their scientific pretensions. He has stripped from their work its veneer of pseudo-science, and has shown that at bottom, so far from being a reaction against romanticism, it is in many ways its logical continuation. "French literature," says Taine in his essay on Édouard Bertin, "has followed since 1830 a rapidly descending path;" and he adds elsewhere in the same essay that this path has led always in one direction, — in the direction of "sensation, absorbing, physical, and personal." Naturalism is only a more advanced stage than romanticism in this lapse of literature from the region of ideas and objective thought into the region of pure sensation. The best critics are agreed that the temperament of M. Zola reproduces on a lower plane the temperament of Hugo. Naturalism, indeed, is already in germ in the confessions of Rousseau. What was only morbid subjectivity in the earlier of Rousseau's descendants has, in the case of men like M. Zola and M. Huysmans, passed over into a state bordering on hallucination. "I await impatiently the appearance of his next nightmare," says M. Lemaître, referring to the approaching publication of a novel by M. Zola.

M. Brunetière has taken a distinctly hostile attitude not only toward M. Zola and the naturalists, but also toward romanticism and the whole literature issued from Rousseau. He has been one of the first to point out what he calls the essentially "lyrical" character of the great romantic writers: and by this he means their complete self-absorption, their unwillingness to occupy themselves with anything except their own emotions, their imperviousness to ideas. At the distance of nearly a century, the attempt of Chateaubriand to stem the current of modern thought, and to react in the name of religion toward the Middle Ages, is seen to have resulted, not in the maintenance of a Christian ideal in literature, but in the profound isolation of literature from life. It had been the ambition of André Chénier to effect a reconciliation between the artistic imagination and modern science, but the writers who followed in the lead of Chateaubriand took a certain pride in remaining ignorant of the intellectual and scientific aspirations of their age. The penalty they paid was an increasing incapacity for ideas. Chateaubriand himself was concerned more with the images and the musical cadences of his periods than with their intellectual content. Resolutely silencing in himself any velleity he may have had to think, and bidding defiance to the *bourgeois*, Gautier gave himself up exclusively to the search for rare and refined æsthetic sensation. In the case of Gautier and the "Parnassiens" his imitators, this sensation consisted, for the most part, in the attempt to produce with words the effects of painting and sculpture. The poetry of Paul Verlaine marks the transition from the "Parnassiens" to the "symbolists," who have sought to obtain æsthetic enjoyment not so much through forms and colors as by the medium of sound, by dissolving the personality in vague and voluptuous musical reverie. As time has gone on, the means employed by the different schools to arrive at a titillation of the æsthetic faculty have grown increasingly complex and incomprehensible to the uninitiated. "Literature," says M. Lemaître, "tends more and more to become a mysterious diversion of mandarins."

If such has been the fate of a literature devoid of intellectual qualities, science, bereft of the succor of the imagination, has only too often fallen into arid analysis. The result has been the formation in society of two classes, one com-

posed of æsthetes and the other of analysts, — *les artistes* and *les intellectuels*, — mutually incapable of understanding each other. In spite of their apparent divergence, however, the two classes have had one important point of resemblance. The artist has pursued his æsthetic sensation, and the scientist his analysis, mechanically, and as ends in themselves, without reference to any ideal which would have brought them into contact with life as a whole. They have refused equally to take cognizance of that higher region of their own natures which is independent of both sensation and analysis, and they have thus cut themselves off from the insight which alone makes possible a belief in the freedom of the will. In this way it has come to pass that M. Zola, one of the extreme representatives of a literature of pure sensation, is able to agree with Taine, one of the extreme representatives of a science of pure analysis, in the affirmation that "virtue and vice are products, no less than sugar and vitriol!"

M. Brunetière has not only deplored this isolation of literature from life, but he has also had a clear insight into the remedy. He has declared that literature may escape from dilettante trifling only by proposing for itself some ideal aim. It is likewise through his sense of the need of an ideal and of a principle of authority in modern society that he has been led on various occasions to make concessions to Catholicism which may very well seem excessive. It is in defense of what he believes to be the ideal rights of man that he has been drawn into all his polemics. He has been hostile to M. France and the "impressionists" because they have denied that, in addition to an apparent self of sensations and impressions, there exists in each man a real self which he possesses in common with all men. He has attacked M. Zola and the naturalists because of their disregard of those qualities which are most truly human, because of their attempt to reduce man to the plane of animal instinct. And finally, in the face of a science of pure observation, he has affirmed that there are faculties in man which learn, not by observation, but by intuition, and whose needs are not the needs of the senses and understanding. According to his own definition, his work has been a reaction against nineteenth-century naturalism, a protest against the absorption of man into nature. "There is surely," says Sir Thomas Browne, "a piece of divinity in us; something that was before the elements and owes no homage unto the Sun." Much of what M. Brunetière has written has been a plea, in one form or another, for this transcendental portion of man which distinguishes him from nature; and yet he differs from Sir Thomas Browne in that he seems to have arrived at the notion of this supersensuous self more by logic than by direct vision. His idealism, resting as it does on ratiocination rather than on insight, remains essentially negative, and so has failed to console him. There is abundant evidence in his work that he too has suffered from the despondency and low spiritual vitality from which few French men of letters of the present generation have escaped.

M. Brunetière is fond of speaking of Christianity and Buddhism as the great pessimistic religions, and of identifying their doctrines with those of Schopenhauer. In one of his essays, indeed, he seems to put the system of Schopenhauer above Christianity and Buddhism. He fails, on the one hand, to feel the essentially negative character of the philosophy of Schopenhauer; and on the other hand, he has no organ to appreciate that positive principle of joy and illumination which is the saving element of both Christianity and Buddhism. "Let us live happily, then, though we call nothing our own; for so shall we be like to the bright gods feeding on happiness." There is something in the ring of this passage which will serve once for all to

mark the difference between the temper of Buddhism and the acrid disillusion of Schopenhauer; and what is true of Buddhism, it scarcely need be added, is still truer of Christianity.

III.

Sainte-Beuve, almost alone of modern critics, succeeded in practicing criticism both as a science and as an art; or, as he himself puts it, in combining poetry with physiology. Taine, the most distinguished of Sainte-Beuve's disciples, attempted to make of criticism a pure science, while others, like M. Lemaître, have cultivated criticism almost entirely as an art. M. Brunetière also has aimed to make of criticism both a science and an art, but it is evident at a first glance that his art is not the art of Sainte-Beuve. By his dogmatic temper he is naturally fitted to keep alive that tradition of classical criticism which, begun in Latin by Scaliger, was continued in French by a series of critics extending from Malherbe and Boileau to Nisard. If he has been more than a mere "dogmatic" critic, it is because, in addition to his cult of the past, he has had a certain amount of scientific instinct, and at the same time a strong sense of historical development.

It is this sense of historical development which has led M. Brunetière to his attempt at constructive criticism. In his first series of lectures on L'Évolution des Genres, at the École Normale, in 1889, he declared his intention of seeking the same help from the doctrines of Darwin that Taine had sought from the doctrines of Cuvier. This literary Darwinism of M. Brunetière is in general an attempt to demonstrate that the different *genres*, or kinds of composition, evolve in much the same way as the animal species. He has proposed to show "in virtue of what circumstances of time and place they originate; how they grow after the manner of living beings, adapting or assimilating all that helps their development; how they perish; and how their disintegrated elements enter into the formation of a new genre." For instance, the mediæval Chansons de Geste ramified into prose chronicles and Round Table romances, and these romances, in the course of evolution, have passed over into the modern novel.

M. Brunetière's evolutionary theory is admirable when thus stated in general terms. It is only when he begins to descend into details that we hesitate to follow him. We feel that in the working out of his system his scholasticism has often got the better of his science, and that he has been led astray by his love of logical symmetry. For example, Darwin has attempted to account for the origin of species by supposing that certain animals tend, for some unexplained reason, even under the same influences of environment, to diverge and become different from others of their kind. In the same way, M. Brunetière tells us, individuals appear from time to time who have the power to modify the course of literature and to originate new literary genres. He thus uses a doubtful analogy with what is in itself most hypothetical in Darwin's doctrine to explain the one supremely important event in art, namely, the rise of a creator. It is hard to find a firm foundation for a belief in inspiration on the shifting sands of evolution. If M. Brunetière's parallel be exact, the individual who innovates in literature does so in obedience to a blind cosmic impulse rather than by a deliberate act of his own will. The genres, as M. Lemaître points out, become in his hands pure scholastic entities, vegetative abstractions, evolving in virtue of a life of their own, and with little reference to the authors through whose brains they pass.

But how does M. Brunetière, after thus abandoning to evolution, to the region of the relative, nearly everything that was regarded as fixed and stationary by old-time critics, manage to find a basis for

"dogmatic" criticism? What standard is there raised above the realm of flux and change, with reference to which a work of art may be ranked as good or bad? How are we to escape, in our literary judgments, from the web of illusion thrown about us by our own temperaments, and from the fancies and passing fashions of the society in which we live? How, finally, are we to be rescued from the "impressions" of M. Anatole France? M. Brunetière's immediate answer to these questions is that we must subordinate our sensations and emotions to reason. If we enter more deeply into his thought, we find that he has been led, in the search for an absolute, to what may be termed the belief in an absolute man, to the Platonic, or the scholastic conception of "humanity." Emerson, with his admirable instinct for what makes for unity rather than diversity in human nature, says somewhere that the masterpieces of literature seem to have been written by one all-wise, all-seeing gentleman. In the same spirit, M. Brunetière would measure the value of a work of art according as it expresses this universal and essential humanity; according as it unites the power of giving a high degree of æsthetic pleasure with that of suggesting truly human thoughts and emotions. This standard does not differ fundamentally from Matthew Arnold's when he attempted to classify writers by the depth and seriousness of their criticism of life.

The doctrine of the absolute man is in itself only a metaphysical abstraction, and M. Brunetière has refused to rest his criticism directly upon it. For an absolute based on this speculative unity of the human spirit he has substituted in practice an absolute based on the unity of the human spirit as it has manifested itself in history. To the personal preferences and impressions of any particular man he opposes the testimony and experience of all men as embodied in tradition. That writer is most truly human, and consequently most worthy of praise, who has appealed through successive generations to the largest number of men. An opinion carries weight with M. Brunetière in proportion as it is ancient and universal. He has given a new application to the old church maxim, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum;" he has not hesitated to curtail the individual's right of independent judgment, as he has curtailed the individual's right of independent creation, and all to the greater glory and profit of human nature in general.

IV.

It will be seen from the foregoing study that neither the idealism nor the evolution of M. Brunetière is altogether satisfactory; but it is in the effort to unite these seeming opposites, to reconcile idealism with evolution, the absolute with the relative, that the real originality of M. Brunetière lies; it is this which makes him one of the most noteworthy figures in recent European thought. In this respect, so far from being a mere reactionary, he may have given some indication of the way in which the men of the twentieth century will attempt to complete the thought of their predecessors of the nineteenth.

For one who has lived like M. Brunetière in an age of spiritual and intellectual confusion, it is no mean achievement to have attained, as he has done, if not an essential, at least an outward and logical unity in his work. This logical coherency has given him an easy superiority in his polemic with the impressionists. In the eyes of the more serious part of the public, M. Lemaître and M. France have tended to fall to the rank of clever entertainers, while M. Brunetière, for a number of years, has been gaining steadily in authority. His influence in the main has been tonic and invigorating, and, unlike Taine and Renan, he has been honored in his disciples. What reservations are to be made fall mainly upon matters of detail; he

has been justly reproached with a certain ungraciousness and lack of amenity in his tone. M. Brunetière says of the images of Leconte de Lisle that they are too precise and sharply defined, and that they are deficient in power of poetical suggestion. In much the same way, the ideas of M. Brunetière may be said to be deficient in power of intellectual suggestion. There is a certain angularity and lack of atmosphere in his thought. His style is always lucid, but rarely luminous. M. Lemaître, on the contrary, has written admirable single pages, pages which Sainte-Beuve would probably be more willing to sign than those of any other living French critic. Animation, sprightliness, sparkling wit, and at the same time the power to insinuate deep and penetrating reflection under cover of a light and airy irresponsibility, — these and other literary virtues abound in M. Lemaître. Yet his work as a whole is almost entirely without the sense of direction. It bears marks of that spiritual bewilderment which seems of late to have overtaken most educated Frenchmen.

It is possible, again, to lavish praise on particular features of the writings of M. France. With his exquisite sensibility and profound appreciation of the sensuous side of life, he is an artist even more than a critic; and yet, once beyond the allurement and fascination of his form, we find that his philosophy of life is nothing better than a subtle hedonism. In our total estimate of M. France we are forced to agree with M. Gréard, who, on receiving him, a few months ago, at the Academy, contrived to slip some very disagreeable reservations into the midst of much unctuous eulogy. The books of M. France have encouraged what M. Gréard calls "*les songeries malsaines et les dilettantismes dissolvants.*" He has exercised an unwholesome influence on young men in France, for much the same reasons that Walter Pater is said to have exercised an unwholesome influence on the youth of Oxford. Culture like that of Walter Pater and M. France represents the running out of a certain type of humanism. Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, apart from its charm of manner, offers in the person of its hero the spectacle of humanism fallen into its dotage.

V.

From the visit of M. Brunetière to this country, and from the lectures he has given at different American universities, only good can follow, though unfortunately it has hardly been possible for him, in so brief a stay, to make his influence fully felt. He has furnished American scholars with a much needed example of the way in which vast and exact learning may be united with a sense for literary form, and with the love and capacity for general ideas. There exists in many American college faculties a division similar to that in France between "les artistes" and "les intellectuels," the æsthetes and the analysts. Only on this side of the ocean the second class greatly outnumbers the first; and such æsthetes as we have are of inferior quality as compared with the analysts. One of the first things that struck M. Brunetière, on coming into contact with our university life, was this predominance of purely analytical scholarship, — a predominance which he attributes to an excessive imitation of German models. He even agreed with the opinion expressed by one of the Harvard professors, that several of our great universities are in danger of degenerating into mere technical schools, as a result of losing hold on the old humanistic ideal; and yet M. Brunetière would be the first to recognize that it is too late to think of an entire return to the humanistic tradition. M. France, as we have seen, represents in some respects the running out of this tradition. It has rather been the aim of M. Brunetière to gather up what is vital in humanism and to com-

bine it with modern science. By this endeavor to humanize science, as well as by his other qualities, he deserves to rank as a French scholar of the best type. As such, he stands for many things which we in the United States appreciate imperfectly as yet, but which we may profitably learn, if we are to avoid a one-sided development in our national culture. Matthew Arnold has said of Voltaire that people of Anglo-Saxon blood are in no danger of catching his faults, whereas they are seriously in need of many of his virtues. This remark may be made with equal truth of M. Brunetière.

Irving Babbitt.

TENDENCIES OF HIGHER LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

In a recent number of The Atlantic I endeavored to describe certain characteristic features of the inhabitants of the various Southern States, and to discuss the condition of the section as a whole from the point of view of economics and politics. In the present paper I shall essay the more complex task of describing the progress that the South has made in literature and education, in manners and morals, or, to be brief, in the higher phases of culture.

I have attempted to determine what is the present status of criticism in the South and what the chances are for its development, since it is almost self-evident that it is only through adequate criticism of themselves that any people can hope to evolve a consistently great literature or a rational system of education, or to make appreciable progress in their manners and morals. That such an undertaking should be difficult follows from the elusive and indeterminate nature of those protean terms "criticism" and the "critical spirit" which we have so constantly to employ; that it is doubly difficult in the case of the Southern people follows from the fact that few of them have ever been critical enough to gather materials that would be useful to the student of their culture. That this is true of the Old South has long been generally admitted, but that it is at least partly true of the New South is clear from a tribute lately paid to the literary ability of his forerunners by a Southern writer of wide and deserved reputation, who informs us gravely that "there was sufficient poetry and wisdom delivered on the porticoes and in the halls of the Southern people to have enriched the ages, had it but been transmitted in permanent form," — an extravagant statement, which would not be true of Athens in the days of Pericles.

It is fortunate for the purposes of the first branch of our inquiry that nowadays few intelligent persons will dispute the proposition that sound criticism is an indispensable basis for the development of a consistently great national literature; it is unfortunate that so much has been said and written recently about the literary awakening of the South. That there has been an awakening, and that many individual Southern men and women have done excellent work in certain lines, is plain; but the chorus of laudation that has followed in consequence has led to an almost complete ignoring of the fact that very little attention has been paid to criticism, and that there is as yet no stable foundation laid for the development of a literature of high and lasting value. What assurance have the editors and critics of other sections, who have so generously welcomed the young writers of the South, that the vaunted literary outburst illus-

trates anything more than that phase of the parable which relates to the seed that fell on stony ground, which sprang up, but soon withered because it had no depth of earth?

It is by no means surprising that there is already a literature of the New South that possesses a certain original flavor and consequent value. There was never any great lack of mild literary aspiration in the Old South, as will be clear to every student who does not rely wholly on histories of literature compiled by Northern writers. There was never any dearth of intelligence, though it was generally diverted to other than literary channels, and suffered from the effects of the provincialism and kindred evils engendered by slavery. When, therefore, men's minds were more or less liberated by the overthrow of the "peculiar institution," and when, in the common upheaval, it behooved every one to exert to the utmost whatsoever talents he felt himself to possess, it was natural that here and there a man or a woman should turn to a way of making money that required for visible capital only a few postage-stamps and sheets of paper. At first circumstances were unfavorable, even a veteran author like Simms finding little market for his wares. But with returning prosperity manifest on all sides publishers grew less cautious, and the magazines, which had taken a great leap forward in the fifties, became still more enterprising and influential. A change, too, had come over literature itself. The day of the romance and of the sprawling novel of domestic manners was past for the time being, and provincial fiction of a more or less realistic type was the prevailing mode. The short story, also, was gaining ground daily. For the short story and for provincial fiction in general the new Southern writers were well equipped. Their want of training, their inability to criticise themselves, their lack of grasp upon life in its complexity, stood less in their way in this *genre* of composition than would have been the case with any other form of literature, and they had admirable materials to work upon. The South as a field for fiction had never been really exploited, Simms and Esten Cooke having merely skimmed over its surface. The negro and the "poor white trash" and the primitive mountaineer were subjects fully equal in attractiveness to Mr. Hardy's Wessex peasants, and it would have been a miracle of stupidity if, in the midst of the literary revival and in the heyday of provincial fiction, the writers of the New South had missed their golden opportunity.

It would not be fair or sensible, indeed, to deny or to detract from the merits of some of these authors, whose works have found their way wherever the English language is read, and whose names are familiar to all who care for good literature. The creator of Uncle Remus — or, if we prefer to be more accurate, his intermediary with the public — is not simply a man endowed with a genius for story-telling, but is truly a benefactor of his kind. The writers of fiction grouped around him have produced a body of work that will compare most favorably with whatever has been done in the last twenty years by their rivals of the East and West. In the higher domain of poetry, also, the South has one name which is steadily gaining lustre, although some of us may shake our heads and wonder at the phenomenon. Sidney Lanier is considered by many to be the best poet that this country has produced since the New England school was in its prime; and though this may not seem to be high praise from some points of view, it has a distinct bearing on our endeavor to estimate the relative importance of the contributions made to American literature by the respective sections of the country. In face of these facts, it would be as idle as it would be wrong to belittle the work of the writers of the New South. But it is just as idle

and just as wrong to magnify it. Say what we will, there is as yet no positive proof that, to borrow a figure of Whipple's, these authors have struck a lead rather than an exceptionally rich pocket. Picturesque and attractive subjects lay ready to their hands, and they proceeded to exploit them with whatever of untrained talents or genius they possessed. Of careful analysis of social conditions, of profound study and comprehension of the principles of human action, and of serene, self-contained art there are still few traces in the Southern literature of the present generation. The most fruitful subject for fiction that ever novelist had — to wit, the social relations between the old aristocracy which has lost its wealth, and has been slowly losing its prestige, and the non-slaveholders and newcomers who have pushed themselves, by means of their freshly acquired money, into formerly exclusive circles of society or into the emerging middle class with its eager social aspirations — has been, comparatively speaking, untouched; while the negro and the primitive mountaineer, who are sluggish obstructions to progress rather than active constituent forces therein, have been simply worked to death, to use an expressive if somewhat inelegant phrase.

But, some one may ask, while all this may be true of the writers of the New South, is it not also true of the writers of the entire country? Can one point to a thoroughly great creative artist in prose or verse in America at the present time? It is fortunate that an answer to this question is not important, since it would be attended necessarily with unpleasant consequences to the person rash enough to make it. What is important is the fact that there seems to be, in the East and in the West, a steady growth of the faculty for self-criticism, which is the only basis for a permanent literature, and which is at the same time an almost certain sign that a period of comparative literary sterility will be followed by one of healthy literary activity. Such a critical faculty, on the other hand, though by no means non-existent in the South, is nevertheless in a very rudimentary stage, and affords no clear warrant that the next generation of Southern writers will be able to maintain the position won by the painful and ever laudable labors of their predecessors, who since the close of the Civil War have demonstrated that, for native literary ability, the South is inferior to no other part of the Union.

That criticism in the South lags behind creative literature will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to run over a list of the really important Southern books published since the war, or to read what passes for criticism with the easy-going people of that section. No stress need be laid on the absence of critical journals, for the whole country has too few of these, and they could not well be kept up outside the large publishing centres. One must emphasize, however, the gush that Southern newspapers continue to lavish upon every native who makes the least name for himself in literature, provided he does not run counter to the prejudices of his section. One must also consider the uncritical character of most of the textbooks on literature and history specially prepared for Southern schools, and the ingenuous *naïveté* of the demand for such books, as well as the unremitting flow of bad rhetoric, bad logic, and bad history, in the shape of orations, pamphlets, and even volumes which give us metrical chronicles belated by five hundred years, and ethnological speculations as remarkable as those of a worthy clergyman who has recently connected the mound-builders of Tennessee with the inhabitants of the Ganges by discovering in the former traits and characteristics which he asserts to be "positively Hindoic." Other points to be noticed are the sensitiveness of Southern writers themselves, and of their friends and neighbors, to any treatment of their work that is not laudatory in the ex-

treme; the almost complete lack on the part of the public of facilities for getting books — the bookstores are execrable, as a rule — and for keeping in touch with literature; the apathy of the people with regard to literary matters in general, and their failure to recognize the transcendent importance of criticism and culture to the accomplishment of the political and economic reforms that are pressing upon them, — witness the late presidential campaign; and finally, the baleful intolerance, political, religious, and other, which, though weakening, still manifests itself in the press, in the pulpit, on the rostrum, and in the parlor, whenever it becomes necessary to question, even in a tentative way, the importance, or the propriety, or the truth of any idea that has in any way been labeled Southern.

This lack of the critical spirit displays itself in a special degree in one particular department of human thought. Strange to say, this department is one in which the Southerner has from time immemorial considered himself most proficient. He has pointed with just pride to great lawyers and jurists like Wirt and Marshall, and to such legal texts as Benjamin on Sales, and he has always been glad to see his sons undertake the study of law; yet it must be maintained that on no other subject are his ideas more confused. This is true not merely of constitutional law, in respect to which he makes serious errors because he does not take sufficient account of the lessons of constitutional history, but also of the most essential portion of juristic science, that which treats of the relation between the spread of ideas of legality and the political and social progress of a community. Law, like literature, in the South as in the rest of the country, is too often regarded as something to be studied apart; its relations to life are not thoroughly understood. Men will calmly admit that the law commands one thing, and then justify themselves for doing something just the reverse; and yet they believe that they are orderly, law-abiding citizens, and are conscious of no self-stultification. They will redress injuries in a fashion permissible only in countries where law has no sway, and will nevertheless claim that their civilization is of the highest grade. They undertake to reform bad courts and bad codes by committing fresh offenses against that majesty of the law which, as good citizens, they are under a moral obligation to defend, yet in business and in private life they are in every respect thoroughly awake to the demands of duty and honor.

Now, there can be but one explanation of such a state of things; and this is not found, as is usually supposed, in the presence of an alien and semi-barbarous race which has to be coerced by violent measures. It would seem possible to govern such a race without recourse to such measures; witness the experience of the English at Hong-Kong. If it be not possible, then the South is in a most deplorable state, and the revolting crime which brings a swift death to its black perpetrators will be followed by a far worse consequence, — the deterioration of a noble people. The trouble lies deeper than race antagonism. It lies in the fact that the educated classes of the South have not clearly understood the relations of law to society. They have not seen that when once the authority of the law has been questioned or defied among a civilized people the wedge of anarchy has entered the social and political fabric, and that it is in the nature of things for one violation of the law to lead to another, and to open the way for the wedge.

This fact has been only slowly perceived in America at large, owing to the newness of the country and to the mixed nature of its population; but while it is quite possible for a lynching to occur in Ohio, it would be surprising to find leading lawyers and clergymen of that State defending the perpetrators of the deed. The truth may as well be owned that the

educated men of the South — the divines, and lawyers, and even teachers and writers — either have not clearly understood what they were doing when they abetted or silently watched the numerous lynchings and homicides that have taken place around them, or have simply been afraid to speak out. The probability is that they have not really understood the matter, on account of their ignorance or forgetfulness of the fundamental ideas of legal science and of the rudiments of comparative history. It is only such ignorance that can prevent them from seeing that their connivance in crime is leading to its increase in forms so aggravated that at times one rubs one's eyes and wonders whether one is not reading an old chronicle rather than a modern newspaper. It is only such ignorance that keeps them from perceiving that the exercise of the natural authority they possess over uncultivated minds would quickly put a check on lynching and homicide. Nothing can be plainer than that a higher consideration for human life and property can speedily be secured in the South and in America at large, if the normal leaders of public opinion — the clergymen, the lawyers, the teachers, the editors, and the writers — will speak out, regardless of consequences. They are beginning to speak out in the South, and a few newspapers deserve high praise for the stand they have taken in the interest of law and morals. But criticism has still much to do in order to implant proper notions of legality in the minds of lawyers, who are supposed to be the guardians of that common law which is the proud heritage of English-speaking peoples, and proper notions of the sanctity of human life in the minds of clergymen, who are supposed to be the chosen ministers of the gospel of Christ.

The hindrances to the growth of a critical faculty that are enumerated above are not in the least exaggerated. The Southern critic of the present day is an isolated and struggling being, with few fellow workers whose successes he can emulate and whose mistakes he can avoid. Like the pioneers of old, he has to strike out alone through an unblazed forest, and to bide unaided the attacks of foes who rarely forsake the cover of their sheltering trees. Yet if his lot be hard, equally so, indeed, is the fate of the men who are allowed to exploit their own ignorance, and of the people who are gulled by such impostors. Sharp, plain criticism on the part of the daily press would speedily put an end to the production of the literary monstrosities that are so frequently issued in provincial towns, and would also destroy the market for the absurd "county histories" and other subscription books which wily agents, generally of alien birth, are daily unloading on innocent communities. The press does not speak out for fear of "hurting some one's feelings;" and so the ignoramus puts on his fool's cap, and the agent pockets his cash. So, too, the unscrupulous politician, relying upon the credulity of his audience and the tender-heartedness of the press, can deliver unrebuked, even in the larger cities and in university towns, harangues in which he has no difficulty in making political economy, history, in short all learning, sacred and profane, in the words of the poet, "blush, turn giddy, rave, and die."

The thorough-going pessimist, however, is quite as uncritical as the inveterate optimist; and it is time to look on the bright side of things, — for there is a bright side. The spirit of criticism, though not yet very active in the South, is by no means dead or dormant. Indeed, it is growing, and growing in a healthy way. Perhaps the most obvious sign of this growth is the fact, already mentioned, that intolerance of every kind is slowly passing away. A more concrete sign is the higher tone with regard to politics and lynching that some of the newspapers are able to take without losing many of their subscribers. But the best sign of all is the increase in the number

of young men who are turning their backs upon the traditional professions of law, medicine, and divinity, and taking special courses of study in Germany or at the North, with the intention of devoting themselves to teaching. These young men are rapidly gaining control of the colleges and schools of the South, and while not radical in their tendencies, they are, on the whole, liberal rather than conservative. They have hitherto done little strictly literary criticism; but they have imported critical and scientific methods into nearly every study, and the leaven is slowly but surely working. This is especially true of historical work, where the preconceived opinions of the average Southerner may be expected to be most influential. Thus far, few books have been written in which a bold stand has been taken with regard to questions that are at least smouldering, if not burning; but every monograph that is issued furthers the progress of critical inquiry, and nearly all bring facts to light that batter against the strongholds of prejudice. Even if there were no other evidence of progress, the work that is now being done by the various historical societies, from Richmond to New Orleans, would afford ample basis for a happy augury for the future.

Yet it is not in the literary or historical work of the New South, or in the increasing interest in art and science, that we find the most encouraging evidence of the growth of the faculty of self-criticism. Such evidence is furnished by an investigation of the progress that the New South has made in its systems of education, a progress which, beyond all doubt, marks the greatest advance that the present generation has made over its predecessors. Not that the ante-bellum South had no good colleges and cared little for the training of its youth. The old-time Southerner, whatever may be said to the contrary, valued education highly; but it was the education of his own children and of his own class. It is just here that the great difference between the old and the new order of things becomes manifest. The son of poor or middle class parents to-day has a thousandfold better opportunity to get an education than such a youth had two generations since. With all its deficiencies, there is a working system of public instruction in the South at present; fifty years ago a few of the States had a poor system in practical operation, and others a worse one on paper. The truth is that the first requisite for good free schools was wanting in the Old South, — to wit, real and intelligent interest in the subject on the part of the better classes. They could not see that there was a necessary link of causation between wretched "old-field schools" and a shiftless class of poor whites. Nor were they much more alive to the necessity for good private schools in the towns; for their civilization, delightful in many respects though it was, lacked the principle of solidarity. Here and there a good boarding or day school was in existence; but one has only to read the advertisements inserted by the schools in the newspapers of the period in order to see how backward Southern education was.

Now all is changed. In nearly every city of importance may be found one or more good or fair private schools that prepare for college, and the number of country boarding-schools is increasing. Some States are still backward, it is true, and there are too many pretentious academies that give only a smattering of learning, — a condition of affairs that is not surprising when everything is considered. But the main progress has been made along just the right line, that of truly public education for both whites and blacks. There is nothing in the history of the South that reflects greater credit upon its white citizens than the way in which they have borne taxation in order to educate the children of their former slaves. That their action was manifestly dictated by an enlightened self-interest

does not lessen the praise that is their due, for the prejudices which they had to overcome were enormous. They have spent millions for the education of a race that pays little in taxes, and is hardly capable of appreciating the benefits it receives. They have done this in spite of the fact that no good results of any moment will be seen by them or by their own children. They know the negro well, and they know that it is idle to hope that his race can be really elevated for centuries; they know also that with him it is especially true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" but they have acted on the principle that they must do for their wards (for the negro is the ward of the South, not of the nation) the best that is in their power, and so they have built schoolhouses and trained colored teachers, and are willing to raise whatever money may be necessary to render the work more efficient. If they have paid greater attention to their own needs, this is natural and plainly right, for the future of the South depends chiefly upon its white population. When the general poverty and the former supineness in the matter of public education are considered, the development of the white free schools in the South will seem no whit less remarkable than the interest that has been taken in the negro. The cities have shown surprising progress. Richmond, Charleston, Atlanta, Norfolk, Nashville, Houston, and other places have established schools which even the wealthiest citizens often prefer to private academies. The white high school of Houston, for example, gives instruction in Latin and German for four years and in Greek for two, and its graduates can easily pass into almost any college of the section.

But the good work is not confined to the large cities. Even the smaller towns and villages are trying to secure well trained teachers and to keep their schools open for as many months as possible. In the rural districts, owing partly to sparseness of population, no such progress has been made, but schools are increasing in number, are open for longer periods, and are at least supplied with better teachers than was the case a decade ago. There is, of course, much to be desired everywhere. Ignorant politicians blunder incessantly in the selection of textbooks and of teachers; salaries are too low, and the women teachers especially are overworked; mechanical methods of instruction prevail to a distressing extent; the bane of commonplaceness has set its seal everywhere: but these are faults common to the system, and not peculiar to the South. There is, however, one difficulty that confronts the Southern educator to a greater degree than his brethren of the East and the West can have any any conception of, — the intellectual torpor of the lower classes. Not only is a larger and more inert mass of illiteracy to be overcome in the South than elsewhere, but there is less active and effectual desire for knowledge on the part of the common people, and perhaps, one is sometimes tempted to think, of the upper classes. Any one who has taught both in the South and in the West will immediately contrast the intellectual apathy of the one section with the almost pathetic desire for information characteristic of the other. Lack of genuine culture is apparent in both cases, but the field of the Southern teacher is and must long remain less fruitful of results. Yet there are signs that even this great stumbling-block is being removed through the self-sacrificing labor of men and women whose best and almost only reward will be the approval of their own consciences.

In the department of higher education the outlook is likewise hopeful. All the Southern States, with one or two exceptions, have at last followed the example of Virginia, and are supporting in good earnest the universities they founded years ago. These state institutions do not vie with the better Western ones as yet, but that could hardly be expected, and in spite of all obstacles they are

steadily progressing, as will be apparent to any one who will consider the growth of the state universities of North Carolina, Texas, and Tennessee. The same statement may be made of the two large Church universities, Vanderbilt and Sewanee. In all these institutions good work is being done on modern lines by thoroughly competent men. The day of the broken-down clergyman-professor is over, and the trained specialist has taken his place. This change is not altogether for the better, since the delightful personality of many a genial old-time teacher has not been fully replaced by that of the self-absorbed doctor of philosophy, who sticks to his own subject, and does not lead his students wandering over the fields of culture, especially of the classics, in which the South has always excelled; but, on the whole, the combined forces of the specialists are producing more excellent results than the scattered forces of their easy-going predecessors ever did. In some of the denominational colleges, however, with which the South is literally cumbered, the old methods of instruction still prevail, or else have been replaced by methods that can be best described as "half baked." The small college that knows its own place and does its work thoroughly, like some of those long established in Virginia, is an excellent institution and ought to be preserved; but a college that is little more than a bad high school should be got rid of at once. The South has not a few such institutions, yet they are not showing any intention at present of committing hara-kiri. In fact, their number is increasing, and the churches are being squarely rivaled by prohibitionists, by various secret orders, and, if report says true, even by railroad employees. There are twenty-odd "universities" in Tennessee, to match their equally numerous sisters in Ohio. Of such is the kingdom of ignorance.

Yet if the small ordinary colleges cumber the field of education in the South, this is certainly not the case with the technical schools, for both whites and blacks, that are springing up in every State. Alabama has already done well for each race in this respect, and her example is being widely followed. For the negro, this sort of education, as President Booker T. Washington has shown, will be of prime importance, but its value to the lower and middle classes of the Southern whites will be scarcely less. With all her lands and mineral treasures to be exploited, the South has paramount need of trained farmers and engineers and mechanics, and these she is now able to get from the ranks of her own sons. Then, again, the intellectual torpor of the negroes and the poor whites will be best reached through the channels of technical and manual education, — a consideration of great weight in view of what has just been said about the deficiencies of rural schools and the small colleges. The agricultural and mechanical institutes ought to have the youths who get a smattering of culture at the inferior denominational colleges, and are then let loose on the community to become incompetent preachers and lawyers and physicians.

It may be observed that although the provisions for legal and medical education are still lamentably poor in the South, except in a few localities, there is a consistent effort being made to improve them by state requirements, in medicine at least, and by associations with slowly improving standards of graduation. Among the academic institutions, too, steady progress is being made toward the maintenance of rigid entrance examinations, and toward the abolition of the pernicious custom of allowing high schools to give degrees. The best colleges and schools have lately formed an association for the furtherance of these objects, and uniformity of requirements for admission is now being aimed at, in accordance with the schemes already adopted in New England and the Mid-

dle States. Thus the good work is being carried on under ever brightening auspices, even women coming in at last for a fair share of their rights; but it must be admitted that the South is not rich enough, or is not sufficiently awake to the needs of its higher institutions, to endow them fully. They are all struggling under difficulties that money could at once remove, and they have as yet attracted the eyes of few philanthropists.

The education that schools give is not, however, more important than that given by the family, the results of which are seen in the manners and morals of the individual, the community, and the race. Few persons will be found bold enough to deny that the South is better provided with schools and colleges than ever before, but not a few pessimists and sentimentalists never tire of proclaiming that it is daily losing the refinement and charm of manners that once characterized it. "You may have more factories, and even better schools and colleges," they say, "but give us the courtly manners and the easy social life of our fathers, who thought money matters vulgar, and lived for God and for their fellow men rather than for themselves." Put in this way the position of the sentimentalist has not a little apparent strength; and when he goes on to draw an idyllic picture of plantation life, to sketch this and that Southern Sir Roger de Coverley, to claim that even the ordinary conversation of the old-time men was permeated with poetry and philosophy, it is small wonder that impressionable youths swear by the past, and declaim selections from Toombs and Yancey before admiring crowds at college commencements. But it would be just as easy to persuade the same youths to don armor and sally forth to rescue distressed damsels; that is, it would be as easy if the said youths were at all logical and consistent. Like the poor the *laudator temporis acti* is always with us, and like the poor he takes no care of the progeny he may bring into the world. He is always uncritical, — indeed, he despises criticism, — and when you pierce his sentimentalism he flies into a rage and calls you names.

There is a singular mixture of error and truth in the ideas popularly held about the Old South, and there is little study of the social characteristics of the New. We are always tempted to underestimate our contemporaries and to glorify our predecessors, and this is what the sentimentalist school of Southern writers has consistently done, if not directly, at least by implication. Southern gentlemen of "'t is sixty years since" were not all courtly, and their grandsons of to-day are not all lacking in polish. External manners have undoubtedly changed: there is now less suavity, less punctiliousness, less attention to small details, than of old; but this was true of the South of 1860 as compared with that of 1760, and means nothing but progress in the direction of greater freedom and individuality in conformity with the rest of the world. If we are bent on lamenting the loss of courtly and chivalric manners, let us blame Washington for opposing George III.; or rather, let us blame time for having brought the Middle Ages to an end. Southern life in the past had its good side and its bad, determined, as the life of every generation is, by its environment. A careful study of it will reveal many noble and many ignoble features, just as a study of the life of any people will. Old-time men who were models of polish often had brothers noted for their bearishness and lack of personal neatness. Some men were scrupulous with regard to their debts, while others never thought of paying them. Ante-bellum judges were sometimes removed for dishonesty, and family skeletons, if not illustrated by woodcuts in the newspapers, were familiarly described by every gossip. There were many charms and graces of life which depended upon the aristocratic cast of society, and which are consequently

vanishing to-day; but there were also many foibles, faults, and even vices engendered by slavery which are in like manner disappearing. There is now less hospitality than of old, but there is more thrift; there is less refined and leisurely contentment, but there is more successful energy; there is less courtliness, but there is more individual freedom and originality; there is less pensive sentiment, but there is more radiant hope.

But while nothing can be more illogical than the position taken by the extreme sentimentalists, it would be folly to assert that the new generation has made an unbroken and uniform progress, or that it is not, at least in one important particular, less fortunate than those which preceded it. We may waive mere questions of ceremony and etiquette, for, as we have seen, the fact that men bow less low than their planter ancestors did does not prove that the courtesy innate in the Southerner has deteriorated in quality. We must admit, however, that there has been a breaking-down of the barriers of society in many localities that has done little good either to the representatives of the old or to those of the new order of things. That the aristocracy of birth and wealth should pass away was one of the natural consequences of Lee's surrender at Appomattox; but that it should be succeeded by an indiscriminate mixture of people and classes was by no means a necessary result. That a man should be allowed — nay, helped — to rise to any station in life that he is fitted to fill or adorn is one of the fundamental facts in democratic American life; but that a society of long standing and prestige should throw down its barriers to any newcomer simply because he has made money is not democratic or American in any true sense, but is absurd and destructive of genuine culture and social progress. Yet this is just what has happened in many a Southern city. Instead of preserving intact, even in the midst of poverty, their social lines and standards, the older families have in too many instances let things take their course; have received into their homes men and women whose manners betray their unfitness for good society; have allowed — nay, often encouraged — their sons and daughters to intermarry with the newcomers, and have then lamented to one another the degeneracy of modern times. If this premature promiscuity — which, combining with the free and familiar intercourse possible and proper in an aristocracy where every one knew every one else's pedigree, has developed a "fast set" in many a once innocent and unsophisticated Southern city — were characteristic of the newer States only, one would not be so surprised, but, unfortunately, it is found throughout most of the South. Charleston, indeed, has made a brave fight to keep up social barriers, but her example has been little followed, and her people have been regarded as stiff and old-fashioned. This they may be in a measure, but the fact remains that they have had the sagacity to perceive that social promiscuity is a heavy price to pay for material prosperity.

The comparative lack of social barriers is, then, a feature of the New South which renders it to a certain extent inferior to the Old; but in the near future social lines will be more strictly drawn, without doubt, and in the mean time the deprecated promiscuity will have infused into the older families new and enterprising blood, and will have rendered the *bourgeoisie* somewhat more amenable to culture than is usually the case in other countries. Nor must it be forgotten that family traditions are still being cherished by survivors of the former régime, as well as by organizations of all sorts among the younger people. Some of these organizations are absurd enough, but they doubtless do good on the whole, and even the most recalcitrant representatives of the past serve as useful brakes upon a rapidly evolving society.

The more one investigates the South

of to-day, the more one perceives that the pessimist has a very weak case; and in no way can this encouraging judgment be better substantiated than by a careful study of the college youths whom the same unfortunate worthy is often able to impress temporarily. No teacher who has been brought into contact with students drawn from most of the Southern States can fail to conclude that they are in the main a remarkably fine body of young men. In essential charm of manners they are not inferior to their grandfathers; in morals they are, on an average, distinctly better in some important respects, certain vices being now more frowned upon than was the case fifty years ago; in knowledge of the world and in intellectual curiosity they are plainly superior; in sheer mental power they are not inferior, at least; and in genial kindliness and *bonhomie*, and in that indefinable but supreme quality, manliness, they are capable of holding their own with the youth of any land and of any age. More high seriousness of purpose might be desired for them, and a better comprehension of the importance of the intellectual side of our nature, but being Southern boys, they have the defects of their own and of their progenitors' qualities. Still, when all is said, they impress any fair judge as being just the stuff out of which a great civilization ought to be evolved. They are as good Americans, in the true sense of that term, as are to be found in any section of the Union; they have inherited the best qualities of their ancestors; they are free from the clogs of slavery; and if they have yet to struggle against political and religious intolerance, they will surely emerge the stronger for the contest. But now let us pass from manners, which are changing, to morals and religion, which ought to be less affected by innovation, in view of the Southerner's intellectual conservatism.

In no respect save in regard to politics do the inhabitants of the various Southern States show more uniformity of character than in their attitude toward religion and morality. The ancient and inbred piety of the Anglo-Saxon has suffered little or no deterioration in his descendants south of the Potomac. There has always been a certain Puritan strain in the Southerner, even where he has no Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, and he has never quite reproduced the *insouciance* of the Cavalier whom he delights to talk about. He is, of course, a man of varied and strong passions, which he has never been noted for controlling, but at bottom he is more or less religious, and he holds morality in great esteem. He can, it is true, overlook or minimize certain violations of the Decalogue with a considerable amount of *sang-froid*, but they are such violations as have been rendered more or less natural by his environment. He has merely availed himself of a privilege which all nations have claimed, of reading the Commandments in various tones of emphasis. He has laid special stress on the ninth for generations, but until recently has slurred over the sixth. He hates a liar, but can shake hands with a man who has killed a fellow citizen, perhaps a near relative, in a street fight. This naturally seems queer to estimable gentlemen of other and more peaceful communities; they would prefer to elect the liar to Congress, and to put the murderer in solitary confinement. We have already discussed the Southerner's aberrations in the matter of lynching and homicide, and all we need notice here is the undoubted fact, which so many superficial investigators of human nature overlook, that men may be essentially pious and moral, and yet commit, or at any rate fail to condemn, violations of the moral code against which, if they lived under a different régime, they would be the first to inveigh. The Southerner is pious and moral, whatever the census statistics may say about his disregard of the sanctity of human life.

This need not be wondered at when we consider how far piety and morality are matters of feeling and training, and then remember the emotional and conservative character of the average Southerner. Modern liberalism of thought is naturally repugnant to him, and he has scarcely more use for an infidel than he has for a horse-thief. Reading and travel, to be sure, have somewhat modified this intolerance of late years, and various shades of unbelief will be encountered in the cities, in the newer commonwealths like Texas, and occasionally in the smaller towns. But as a rule, what a Southern clergyman has to contend against, in his work among the men of his parish, is not so much intellectual doubt as easy-going indifference. Yet even in the cities and among the men there is probably more attendance upon church than in any other part of the country, though this is chiefly true of the middle and lower classes. Among these, religion of an emotional type flourishes with a vigor that is almost preternatural. In many localities there is practically nothing but the church and its affiliated societies to dispute with the bar-room the laborer's leisure hours; and in such a contest the friend of culture cannot but side with the meeting-house, in spite of the apprehensions to which revivals, camp-meetings, and the other paraphernalia of emotional Christianity of a low type must give rise.

The religious eccentricities of Anglo-Saxons of the lower classes are sufficiently familiar, however, in all parts of this country and in England, and so is the dismal pall with which middle class piety has everywhere chosen to cover itself. Things are especially bad in the South in these respects, both on account of the emotional nature of the Southerner, and on account of the fact that there is not yet a sufficiently large foreign population to widen his ideas, and to teach him how to be God-fearing and happy at the same time. He certainly gets good and a fair amount of sober enjoyment out of his prayer-meetings and revivals and Sunday-school festivals, while it is reasonable to expect that the library, the museum, the art gallery, the concert hall and garden will in time come to liberalize him. Even now, on Sundays, he can take a spin on his "wheel," or a drive, or a horseback-ride, without exciting the animadversions that such depraved conduct would have elicited twenty years ago. And who knows but that, in the course of a few generations, he may get rid of the long black coat and the lugubrious countenance which make him an object of conspicuous solemnity as he walks to church, surrounded by his numerous progeny?

The lower and middle classes, however, are not the most important to our present purpose. Emotional religiosity is to be expected of them, and of the whole mass of the negroes. What we are mainly concerned with is the relation of the upper classes to the liberalizing movements of thought that are sweeping over the Western world. As has been said, their attitude is conservative, yet it would be wrong to ignore the many evidences of progress that are to be seen on all sides. Within the various churches there has been a decided awakening to the necessity for vigorous work, both social and specifically religious. The sleepy, self-satisfied congregation, that never roused itself save when some innovation like decorating the church with flowers at Easter (holly at Christmas was a permissible and long-honored custom) was proposed, is a thing of the past. Clergymen have stopped preaching in black gowns or swallow-tailed coats. They even do much of their visiting on bicycles as naturally as the frontier preacher used to do his on horseback, with a rifle and a pair of saddle-bags as his chief accoutrements. It is true that these facts relate to mere externals, yet they serve to indicate that in weightier matters a change is at hand. Theoretically dogma

still holds sway in all the churches, but it would be almost as strange to hear a "fire and brimstone" sermon in a fashionable church in the South as it would be to hear a similar deliverance in New York itself. Probably fewer persons would disavow belief in a material hell, or would rationalize on the subject of miracles, or would assume the truth of the theory of evolution, in the South than in the North or the West, but practically the average men of the three sections would understand one another on these points.

Still, it cannot be denied that religious intolerance has done much harm to the South in the past, and that it continues even now to exert its evil influence in the older States. Two of the most learned Biblical students of this country are Southern men, who could never have performed the best part of their work in their native section. Many a promising young man has left the South and gone North or West, because he found himself hampered by the religious, political, and social intolerance of his well meaning relatives and friends. No man likes either to be a pariah or to keep his religious and political opinions entirely to himself; hence when the Southerner outgrows the community in which he was born, he is tempted to transport his intellect and energy to a more propitious environment. This is true not merely of those who attach themselves to modern systems of non-religious thought, but of those whose æsthetic sense fails to be satisfied with the simpler and more primitive forms of worship so prevalent in the small towns and rural districts of the South. For such persons to associate themselves with either of the two great ritualistic churches would often bring suspicion of one sort or another upon them, and would certainly cause great heart-burnings to worthy families. So the young man often breaks the traces and goes to unnecessary extremes of irreligion, or finds a new and freer home for himself, or braves family displeasure by joining another church, or gives up the struggle and becomes a lukewarm member of a sect with which he has no sympathy. But on the whole, as we have seen, the lot of even these unfortunates is being lightened, and we are justified in concluding that while the South fortunately retains as a basis of character the inbred piety, integrity, and morality that characterized its citizens of the old régime in public and private life, it has nevertheless been affected by the liberalizing movements toward freedom of thought and action, and toward intensification of religious and moral earnestness, that have made themselves felt of recent years in all parts of the civilized world.

We have now traced, in a necessarily imperfect manner, the progress that the South has made in all the chief departments of culture, and have found that the outlook is in most respects distinctly encouraging. We have seen that criticism has yet much to do for the Southern mind, but we have also seen that the cause of popular education is making great headway. We have seen that political and religious intolerance is slowly but surely waning, and that manners and customs are losing the note of provinciality. We have seen that the Southerner's basis of character is a fine one, and that he is becoming, year by year, more thoroughly nationalized. We are therefore justified in concluding that whatever progress he makes in the future will redound not merely to his own credit and happiness and to the fame of his great ancestors, but also to that national glory which should be the object of the aspirations and endeavors of every loyal American.

W. P. Trent.

THE SEA-SHELL.

My love o'erflows with joy divine
  The ocean-girdled hills,
And with my breath each blowing pine
  And combing breaker fills;
The shadows of my spirit move
  The far, blue coast along,
Where of wild beauty first I wove
  The rainbow woof of song;
On these great beaches of the North
  My voices shoreward roll,
And when the blessèd stars come forth,
  All heaven is made my scroll.

I take the wings of morn; I soar
  Above the ocean plain;
From fountains of the sun I pour
  My passion's golden rain;
And when black tempest heaven shrouds,
  On eastern thunders far
I show the rainbow in the clouds,
  And give the West her star;
Soft blow the winds o'er fallen showers,
  And, cool with fragrance, sleep
Lies breathing through the chambered hours;
  I only wake and weep.

O mystic Love! that so can take
  The bright world in thy hands,
And its imprisoned spirits make
  Murmur at thy commands;
As if, in truth, this orb of law
  Were but thy reed-hung nest,
Woven by Time of sticks and straw
  To house the summer guest;
And so to me the starry sphere
  Is but love's frail sea-shell;
Oh, might she press it to her ear,
  What would its murmurs tell!

G. E. Woodberry.

CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS.

VIII.

THE CIVIL WAR.

"Black faces in the camp
Where moved those peerless brows and eyes of old."

BROWNING'S *Luria.*

FROM the time of my Kansas visit I never had doubted that a farther conflict of some sort was impending. The absolute and increasing difference between the two sections of the nation had been most deeply impressed upon me by my first and only visit to a slave-mart. On one of my trips to St. Louis I had sought John Lynch's slave-dealing establishment, following an advertisement in a newspaper, and had found a yard full of men and women strolling listlessly about and waiting to be sold. The proprietor, looking like a slovenly horse-dealer, readily explained to me their condition and value. Presently a planter came in, having been sent on an errand to buy a little girl to wait on his wife; stating this as easily and naturally as if he had been sent for a skein of yarn. Mr. Lynch called in three sisters, the oldest perhaps eleven or twelve, — nice little mulatto girls in neat pink calico frocks suggesting a careful mother. Some question being asked, Mr. Lynch responded cheerfully, "Strip her and examine for yourself. I never have any secrets from my customers." This ceremony being waived, the eldest was chosen; and the planter, patting her on the head kindly enough, asked, "Don't you want to go with me?" when the child, bursting into a flood of tears, said, "I want to stay with my mother." Mr. Lynch's face ceased to be good-natured when he ordered the children to go out, but the bargain was finally completed. It was an epitome of slavery; the perfectly matter-of-fact character of the transaction, and the circumstance that those before me did not seem exceptionally cruel men, made the whole thing more terrible. I was beholding a case, not of special outrage, but of every-day business, which was worse. If these were the commonplaces of the institution, what must its exceptional tragedies be?

With such an experience in my mind, and the fact everywhere visible in Kansas of the armed antagonism of the Free State and pro-slavery parties, I readily shared the feeling — then more widely spread than we can now easily recall — of the possible necessity of accepting the disunion forced upon us by the apparently triumphant career of the slave power. It was a period when Banks had said, in a speech in Maine, that it might be needful, in a certain contingency, "to let the Union slide;" and when Whittier had written in the original form of his poem on Texas, —

"Make our Union-bond a chain,
We will snap its links in twain,
We will stand erect again!"

These men were not Garrisonians or theoretical disunionists, but the pressure of events seemed, for the moment, to be driving us all in their direction.

I find that at the jubilant twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society (January 2, 1857) I said, in Faneuil Hall, "To-morrow may call us to some work so stern that the joys of this evening will seem years away. To-morrow may make this evening only the revelry by night before Waterloo." Under this conviction I took an active part with the late Francis W. Bird and a few other Republicans and some Garrisonian Abolitionists in calling a state disunion convention at Worcester on January 15,

1857; but the Republican party was by no means ready for a movement so extreme, though some of its leaders admitted frankly that it was well for the North to suggest that freedom was more valuable than even the Union. The Kansas question, it must be remembered, was yet impending, and it was still very possible that it might result in another Slave State, leading the way to others still. Moreover, passports were now for the first time refused to free colored men, under the Taney decision, on the ground of their not being citizens of the nation. It was also understood that, under this decision, slaveholders would be protected by the Supreme Court in carrying their slaves with them into Free States and holding them there. Such things accounted for the temporary development of a Northern disunion feeling about that time; and a national convention at Cleveland, following the state convention, had been fully planned by a committee of which I was chairman, — the call for this receiving the names of more than six thousand signers, representing all of the Free States, — when there came the formidable financial panic which made the year 1857 so memorable. As this calamity had begun in Ohio, and was felt most severely there, it was decided that the convention should be postponed, and this, as it proved, forever.

In the following year Senator Seward made his great speech in which he accepted fully the attitude, which was the basis of our position, that the whole anti-slavery contest was a thing inevitable, — "an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces," — and that the United States must and would "sooner or later become entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation." Either, Seward said, the plantations of the South must ultimately be tilled by free labor, or the farms of Massachusetts and New York must be surrendered to the rearing of slaves; there could be no middle ground. Lincoln had said, in the controversy with Douglas, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." In view of these suggestions, some of us were for accepting the situation, after our fashion, and found ourselves imitating that first mate of a vessel, who, seeing her to be in danger, and being bidden by his captain to go forward and attend to his own part of the ship, came aft again presently, touched his cap, and said, "Captain ——, my part of the ship is at anchor." It was doubtless well that the march of events proved too strong for us, and that the union feeling itself was finally aroused to do a work which the anti-slavery purpose alone could not have accomplished; yet we acted at the time according to our light, and we know from the testimony of Lincoln himself that it was the New England Abolitionists from whom he learned that love of liberty which at last made him turn the scale.

Then came the John Brown affair, as described in a previous chapter of this series; and there followed, in the winter of 1860, a curious outbreak in New England itself of the old proscriptive feeling. There ensued an interval when the Boston Abolitionists were again called upon to combine, in order to prevent public meetings from being broken up and the house of Wendell Phillips from being mobbed. Phillips was speaking at that time on Sundays at the Boston Music Hall, and it was necessary to protect the assembly by getting men to act together, under orders, and guard the various approaches to the hall. I was placed at the head of a company formed for this purpose, and it was strange to find how little advance had been made beyond the old perplexity in organizing reformers. There was more willingness to arm than formerly, but that was all. Mr. George W. Smalley has lately given a graphic description of that period, and has described these lovers of freedom as being "well organized;" but he

was not wholly in a position to judge, because he and another young man — the John W. LeBarnes already mentioned in connection with the abortive Virginia foray — had chivalrously constituted themselves the body-guard of Wendell Phillips, and were at his side day and night, thus being in a manner on special service. Their part of the work being so well done, they may naturally have supposed the rest to be in an equally satisfactory condition; but as a matter of fact the so-called organization was only the flimsiest shell. It consisted, while nominally under my command, of some forty men, half of these being Germans, half Americans: the Germans were inconveniently full of fight, and the Americans hardly awakened to the possibility of it. After going through the form of posting my men at the numerous doors of the Music Hall, each as it were on picket duty, I almost always found, on visiting them half an hour later, that the Americans had taken comfortable seats inside and were applauding the speakers, as if that were their main duty; while the Germans had perhaps got into some high discussion in the corridors, ending in an exhibition of pistols and in being carried off by the police. Expostulating once with one of my nominal lieutenants, an American, I referred to a certain order as having been disregarded. "Oh," he said calmly, "that was an order, was it? I had viewed it in the light of a suggestion." Inasmuch as one or two public meetings had been broken up by gentlemen of property and standing, who at least obeyed the directions of the bully who led them, this attitude of the defenders seemed discouraging. It was too much like that croquet party in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, where the game was disturbed by the fact that the attendants who were expected to stoop down and officiate as wickets kept constantly straightening themselves up and walking away.

I spent one night on guard at Phillips's house with his young henchmen, and was struck, then as before, with his high-bred bearing. Always aristocratic in aspect, he was never more so than when walking through the streets of his own Boston with a howling mob about him. It was hard to make him adopt ordinary precautions; he did not care to have the police protect his house, and he would have gone to the scaffold, if necessary, I firmly believe, like the typical French marquis in the Reign of Terror, who took a pinch of snuff from his snuff-box while looking on the crowd. This was never more conspicuously the case than at the annual convention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, just after a meeting on the anniversary of John Brown's execution had been broken up by a mob of very much the same social grade with that which had formerly mobbed Garrison. I did not happen to be present at the John Brown gathering, being in Worcester; but at the larger convention (January 24, 1861), held at Tremont Temple, I was again in service with the same body of followers already described to defend the meeting and the speakers, if needful. The body of the hall was solidly filled with grave Abolitionists and knitting women, but round the doors and galleries there was a noisy crowd of young fellows, mostly well dressed and many of them well educated, who contrived, by shouting and by singing uproarious songs, to drown the voices of the speakers, and to compel Phillips himself to edge in his sentences when the singers were out of breath. The favorite burden was, —

> "Tell John Andrew,
> Tell John Andrew,
> Tell John Andrew
> John Brown's dead;"

with more ribald verses following. It was not many months before those who took part in the meeting and those who tried to suppress it were marching southward in uniform, elbow to elbow, singing a very different John Brown song.

There was one moment during this session when it seemed as if an actual hand-to-hand conflict had come. There was a sudden movement at the doors, and a body of men came pressing toward the platform, along each of the aisles; and I know that I, for one, had my hand on my revolver, when the invaders proved to be Mayor Wightman with aldermen and police, on an apparently peaceful mission. He turned and announced, however, that he came to dissolve the meeting by request of the trustees of the building. This being promptly denied by the trustees, who were present, and who compelled him to read their letter, it was shown that he had been requested to come and protect the assembly instead, and this, with curious changeableness, he proceeded to attempt; at least securing partial order, and stopping the mob from throwing down cushions and furniture from the galleries, which it had already begun to do. The speakers at this session were Phillips, Emerson, Clarke, and myself, and it was on this occasion that Phillips uttered a remark which became historic. Turning from the mob, which made him inaudible, he addressed himself wholly to the reporters, and said: "When I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. . . . My voice is beaten by theirs [those of the mob], but they cannot beat types. All honor to Faust, for he made mobs impossible." At last the mayor promised the chairman, Edmund Quincy, to protect the evening session with fifty policemen; but instead of this he finally prohibited it, and when I came, expecting to attend it, I found the doors closed by police, while a mob of assailants, under their leader, Jonas H. French, were in possession of the outer halls. A portion of these, bent on mischief, soon set off in search of it among the quarters of the negroes near Charles Street, and I followed, wishing to stand by my friends in that way, if it could be done in no other. Lewis Hayden afterwards said that I should not have done this, for the negroes were armed, and would have shot from their houses if molested. But there was only shouting and groaning on the part of the mob, with an occasional breaking of windows, the party attacked kept indoors, and I went home undisturbed.

All these things looked like a coming storm. It was observable that men were beginning to use firearms more, about that time, even in New England. I find that in those days I read military books; took notes on fortifications, strategy, and the principles of attack and defense. Yet all these preliminary events were detached and disconnected; their disturbances were only like the little local whirlwinds that sometimes precede a tornado. There was a lull; and then, on the day when Fort Sumter was fired upon, the storm burst and the whole community awaked. One of the first things thought of by all was the unprotected condition of Washington. It seemed to me that there was one simple measure to be undertaken for its defense, in case of danger; so I went, on the very day when the news reached us, to several leading men in Worcester, who gave me a letter of recommendation to Governor Andrew, that I might ask him to appropriate a sum from his contingent fund, and to let me again summon Montgomery and his men from Kansas; going with them into the mountains of Virginia, there to kindle a back fire of alarm and draw any rebel force away from Washington. Governor Andrew approved the project, but had no contingent fund; Dr. S. G. Howe entered warmly into it, and took me on State Street to raise money, as did Mr. S. G. Ward, afterwards, on Wall Street in New York. One or two thousand dollars were pledged, and I went to Harrisburg to see Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania. He said that he would give a thousand dollars if John Brown could be brought back to life, and had my plan under consideration, when the rapid progress of events strengthened the govern-

ment enough to make any such irregular proceeding quite undesirable.

Coming back to Worcester, I was offered the majorship of the Fourth Battalion of Infantry, then hastily called into the United States service; and when I declined this, the position was offered to my old schoolmate, Charles Devens, who, though almost wholly ignorant of military drill, accepted it on condition that our best local drill-master, Captain Goodhue, should go with him as adjutant. My reasons for not accepting were various: first, that I doubted my competency; secondly, that my wife, always an invalid, was just at that time especially dependent on me; and lastly, that it was then wholly uncertain whether the government would take the anti-slavery attitude, without which a military commission would have been for me intolerable, since I might have been ordered to deliver up fugitive slaves to their masters, — as had already happened to several officers. I have often thought what a difference it might have made in both Devens's life and mine if I had accepted this early opportunity. I might have come out a major-general, as he did; but I dare say that the government gained by the exchange a better soldier than it lost. Meanwhile I went on drilling and taking fencing lessons; and a few months later, when the anti-slavery position of the government became clearer, I obtained authority from Governor Andrew to raise a regiment, and had about half the necessary ten companies provided for, in different parts of the State, when one of the sudden stoppages of recruiting occurred, and the whole affair proved abortive. It was understood with Governor Andrew that while I was to raise the regiment, I was to be only second in command, the colonel being Captain Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., an officer with whom, by a curious coincidence, I was later to have the most intimate connection. I had been engaged upon this organization between October, 1861, and February, 1862, and the renewed disappointment was very hard to bear. In several of my printed essays, especially at the end of that called A Letter to a Young Contributor, I find traces of this keen regret; and when finally a new nine months' regiment, the Fifty-First Massachusetts, was called out, in August, my wife being in somewhat better health, I could keep out of the affair no longer, but opened a recruiting office in Worcester. Being already well known among the young men there, through the athletic clubs and drill clubs, I had little difficulty in getting much more than the required number, giving a strong nucleus for a second company, which was transferred to the command of my friend John S. Baldwin, now of the Worcester Spy.

It is almost impossible here to reproduce the emotions of that period of early war enlistments. As I ventured to say in the preface to Harvard Memorial Biographies, "To call it a sense of novelty was nothing; it was as if one had learned to swim in air, and were striking out for some new planet." All the methods, standards, habits, and aims of ordinary life were reversed, and the intrinsic and traditional charm of the soldier's life was mingled in my own case with the firm faith that the death-knell of slavery itself was being sounded. Meanwhile, the arts of drill and the discipline were to be learned in practice, and the former proved incomparably easier than had been expected; it turned out that there was no department of science in which the elements were so readily acquired. As to the exercise of authority, however, it was different. It was no longer possible to view a command only "in the light of a suggestion." Moreover, we were dealing with a democratic society, on which a new temporary aristocracy of military rank was to be built, superseding all previous distinction; and the task was not light. Fortunately, I was older than many raw of-

ficers, — being thirty-eight, — and had some very young men in my company, who had been confided to me by their parents as to a father. Within my own immediate command I had hardly a trace of trouble; nor did I find the least difficulty in deferring to the general in command of the camp, who was by profession a working mechanic, and uneducated except in war. But the trouble was that he was on duty only by day, returning to his home every night, during which period the regiment became a heterogeneous mass of men, as yet little trained either to command or to obey. Discipline was not easy, especially in the case of some newly arrived company, perhaps in a high state of whiskey; and we had to learn to bear and forbear. I know that in the effort to enforce order I fell rapidly out of popularity, usually for my merits; and then inexplicably fell into it again, sometimes through acts of negligence. But nobody denied that my own company was at least in good condition, and from the moment we had a permanent colonel, and an admirable one, — afterwards General A. B. R. Sprague, now mayor of Worcester, — all went as it should. I was only a month with the regiment, but the experience was simply invaluable. Every man is placed at the greatest disadvantage in a higher military command, unless he has previously sown his wild oats, as it were, in a lower; making his mistakes, suffering for them, and learning how to approach his duty rightly.

There came into vogue about that time a "nonsense verse," so called, bearing upon my humble self, and vivacious enough to be widely quoted in the newspapers. It was composed, I believe, by Mrs. Sivret, of Boston, and ran as follows: —

"There was a young curate of Worcester
Who could have a command if he 'd choose ter,
But he said each recruit
Must be blacker than soot,
Or else he 'd go preach where he used ter."

As a matter of fact it came no nearer the truth than the famous definition of a crab by Cuvier's pupil, since I had never been a curate, had already left the pulpit for literature before the war, and was so far from stipulating for a colored regiment that I had just been commissioned in a white one; nevertheless the hit was palpable, and I always enjoyed it. I had formed even in a short time a strong attachment to my own company, regiment, and regimental commander; and one day, when the governor of Rhode Island had made his first abortive suggestion of a black regiment, I had notified my young lieutenants, John Goodell and Luther Bigelow, that such an enterprise would be the only thing likely to take me from them. A few days after, as we sat at dinner in the Worcester barracks, I opened a letter from Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, military commander of the Department of the South, saying that he had at last received authority to recruit a regiment of freed slaves, and wished me to be its colonel. It was an offer that took my breath away, and fulfilled the dream of a lifetime. This was long before Massachusetts took steps in the same direction; Kansas was enlisting a regiment of free negroes, and three similar regiments, formed by the Confederates in Louisiana, had been turned into Union troops by General Butler; but the first regiment of emancipated slaves as such had yet to be mustered in. There remained but one doubt: would it really be a regiment, or a mere plantation guard in uniform? This doubt could be determined only on the spot; so I got a furlough, went to South Carolina to inspect the situation, and saw promptly that General Saxton was in earnest, and that I could safely leave all and follow him.

The whole condition of affairs at what was to be for me the seat of war was then most peculiar. General Saxton, who had been an Abolitionist even at West Point, was discharging the semi-civil func-

tion of military governor. Freed slaves by thousands, men, women, and children, had been collected on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, and were being rationed, employed, and taught under the direction of missionaries, agents, and teachers from the North; these being sometimes admirable, but sometimes incompetent, tyrannical, or fanatical. Between these and the troops there existed a constant jealousy, and General Saxton, in a position requiring superhuman patience and tact, was obliged to mediate between the two parties. Major-General Hunter, at the head of the department, had been the very first to arm the blacks (in May, 1862), and had adhered, after his fashion, to that policy, — my regiment being a revival of that early experiment; but some of his staff were bitterly opposed to this policy, and thwarted him as soon as his back was turned, — a thing not difficult, as he was indolent, forgetful, changeable, and easily accessible to flattery. While, therefore, my regiment had a nominal support, it was constantly hindered: there were difficulties as to uniforms, medicines, and guns; it was often necessary to struggle to obtain more than a Cinderella's portion. This had the farther disadvantage that it tempted us, perhaps, to be sometimes needlessly suspicious; nor was our beloved General Saxton always free from over-sensitiveness. Incidentally, also, we found that in all connection with the regular army we must come in for our share of its internal feuds; and we discovered that old West Point grudges were sometimes being wreaked on our unoffending heads, General Saxton's enemies occasionally striking at him through us. He, on the other hand, distrusted the intentions of certain officers in regard to us, feared lest we should be sacrificed under any orders but his, and sometimes held us back from service when he might better have risked us. All these drawbacks were trifles, however, beside the pleasure of being fairly in military harness, and of bringing into the public service the warlike material which many still regarded with doubt.

There was also a happiness in dealing with an eminently trustful and affectionate race, and seeing the tonic effect of camp discipline upon the blacks. In this respect there was an obvious difference between them and the whites. Few white soldiers enjoyed serving in the ranks, for itself; they accepted it for the sake of their country, or because others did, or from the hope of promotion, but there was nevertheless a secret feeling in most minds that it was a step down; no person of democratic rearing really enjoys being under the orders of those who have hitherto been his equals. The negroes, on the other hand, who had been ordered about all their lives, felt it a step upward to be in uniform, to have rights as well as duties; their ready imitativeness and love of rhythm made the drill and manual exercises easy for them; and they rejoiced in the dignity of guard and outpost duty, which they did to perfection. It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that slavery, as such, was naturally a good preparation for military life, and the officers who copied the methods of overseers always proved failures. It was necessary to keep constantly before the men that they were much more than slaves, to appeal to their pride as soldiers, to win their affection also, and then to exercise absolute justice; and the officer who did all this could wind them round his finger. Through such influences it was needful to teach them, among other things, to obey the non-commissioned officers of their own color, and this they at first found hard. "I don't want him to play de white man ober me," was a frequent remark in such cases, and the objection had to be patiently met by explaining that color had nothing to do with it; that they obeyed their sergeants only as those sergeants obeyed their captains, or the captains yielded to me, or I took my orders

from the general. In a little while this became perfectly clear to their minds, and they were proud, not offended, when sent on some expedition under a sergeant of their own race. This was made easier by the fact that we had among the non-commissioned officers much admirable material; and the color-sergeant, Prince Rivers, was not only a man of distinguished appearance, but superior in the power of command to half of the white officers in the regiment. He had previously been the swell private coachman in Charleston; there had been a reward of one thousand dollars offered for him when he escaped from slavery; and once, when visiting New York as General Hunter's orderly, he had been mobbed in the street for wearing the United States uniform, and had defended himself successfully against half a dozen men, taking his position in a doorway. After the war he was appointed a justice of the peace in South Carolina.

It was a fortunate thing for both General Saxton and myself that each of us had been satisfied in advance of the essential courage of the blacks. In my case this was the result of a little experience, previously related, at the Burns riot, when a negro stepped into the Court-House door before me; in Saxton's case it came from his participation in the war between the United States troops and the Florida Seminoles, when he had observed, having both blacks and Indians to fight against, that the negroes would often stand fire when the Indians would run away. We were thus saved from all solicitude such as beset for a time the mind of that young hero, Colonel Robert Shaw, when he took the field, six months later, with his Massachusetts colored regiment. When I rode over to his camp to welcome him, on his first arrival, he said that while I had shown that negro troops were effective in bush-fighting, it had yet to be determined how they would fight in line of battle; and I expressing no doubt on this point, he suggested that it would always be possible to put another line of soldiers behind a black regiment, so as to present equal danger in either direction. I was amazed, for I never should have dreamed of being tempted to such a step; and he learned a lesson of more confidence when his men followed him upon the parapets of Fort Wagner, after a white regiment, in a previous assault, had lain down and refused to face the terrific fire from that almost impregnable fort.

The colored soldiers afforded to me, and I think to their officers generally, no disappointment whatever in respect to courage or conduct. As General Saxton wrote to a Northern committee of inquiry as to the freed blacks, they were "intensely human." They were certainly more docile than white soldiers, more affectionate, and more impulsive; they probably varied more under different officers and were less individually self-reliant, but were, on the other hand, under good guidance, more eager and impetuous than whites. They had also, in the case of my regiment, a valuable knowledge of the country. They were very gregarious, and liked to march together even on a fatigue party, singing as they marched, whereas white soldiers on such service were commonly to be seen tramping along singly. In regard to courage, there was not, I suspect, much difference. Most men have the ordinary share of that attribute; comparatively few are adventurous; the commander of any regiment, white or black, knew perfectly well erelong just which of his men would be likely to volunteer for a forlorn hope. Whether the better education and social position of white soldiers brought them more under the influence of what Sir Philip Sidney calls "the great appetites of honor" I cannot say; this being, it will be remembered, Sidney's reason for expecting more courage from officers than from enlisted men. It is quite certain, on the other hand,

that any want of such qualities was more than balanced by the fact that the black soldiers were fighting for their freedom and that of their families, this being the most potent of all motives. They used often to point out, in conversation, that they had really far more at stake than their officers had, since, if the Confederates conquered, or even if it were a drawn game, the negroes would all relapse into slavery, while their white officers would go back to the North and live much as before. This solicitude was at the foundation of all their enthusiasm; and besides this there was their religious feeling, which was genuine and ardent, making them almost fatalists in action, and giving their very amusements that half-pious, half-dramatic character which filled the camp every evening with those stirring songs that I was perhaps the first person to put in print, and that have reached so many hearts when sung by the Hampton singers and others. Riding towards the camp, just after dark, I could hear, when within a half-mile or thereabouts, the chorus of the song and the rhythmical clapping of hands; and as I drew nearer, the gleam of the camp-fires on the dusky faces made the whole scene look more like an encampment of Bedouin Arabs than like anything on the Atlantic shores.

Before I had joined the regiment, detachments of recruits had been sent down the coast of South Carolina and Georgia to destroy salt-works and bring away lumber; and after it had grown to fuller size, there occurred several expeditions into the interior, under my command, with or without naval escort. We went by ourselves up the St. Mary's River, where the men were for the first time actively under fire, and acquitted themselves well. The river itself was regarded by naval officers as the most dangerous in that region, from its great rapidity, its sudden turns, and the opportunity of attack given by the projecting bluffs. To this day I have never understood why our return was not cut off by the enemy's felling trees, which could have been done easily at several points. We were on a "double-ender," a steamer built for a ferry-boat, and afterwards protected by iron plates. There was often no way of passing a sharp curve, in descending, except by running one end ashore and letting the swift current swing the other extremity round, after which we steamed downwards, the engine being reversed, till the process was repeated. At these points the enemy always mustered in numbers, and sometimes tried to board the vessel, besides pouring volleys on our men, who at such times were kept below, only shooting from the windows. The captain of my boat was shot and killed, and I shall never forget the strange sensation when I drew his lifeless form into the pilot-house which he had rashly quitted. It was the first dead body I had ever handled and carried in my arms, and the sudden change from full and vigorous life made an impression that no later experience surpassed.

A more important enterprise was the recapture of Jacksonville, Florida, which had been held by the Union troops, and then deserted; it was the only position that had been held on the mainland in the Department of the South, and was reoccupied (March, 1863) by two black regiments under my command, with the aid of a naval gunboat under Captain (afterwards Admiral) Charles Steedman, U. S. N. We took a large supply of uniforms, equipments, and extra rations, with orders, when once Jacksonville was secured, to hand it over to white troops that were to be sent under Colonel John D. Rust; we meanwhile pressing on up the river to Magnolia, where there were large unoccupied buildings. These we were to employ as barracks, and as a basis for recruiting stations yet farther inland. It was of this expedition that President Lincoln wrote to General Hunter (April 1, 1863): "I am glad

to see the account of your colored force at Jacksonville. I see the enemy are driving at them fiercely, as is to be expected. It is important to the enemy that such a force shall not take shape and grow and thrive in the South, and in precisely the same proportion it is important to us that it shall." Our part was faithfully carried through, and no disaster occurred, though I had to defend the town with a force so small that every resource had to be taxed to mislead the enemy into thinking us far more numerous than we were; this so far succeeding that General Finnegan — afterwards the victor at Olustee — quadrupled our real numbers in his reports. We fortified the approaches to the town, drove back the enemy's outposts, and made reconnoissances into the interior; and Colonel Rust with his white troops had actually appeared, when General Hunter, with one of his impulsive changes of purpose, altered his whole plan, and decided to abandon Jacksonville.

Once more, after the arrival of General Gillmore, we were sent up a Southern river. A night was chosen when the moon set late, so that we could reach our objective point a little before daybreak; thus concealing our approach, and having the whole day to work in. It was needed on the South Edisto, for we found at the mouth of the river a solid structure of palings which it took the period of a whole tide to remove, and which, had not my lieutenant-colonel (C. T. Trowbridge) been an engineer officer, could not have been displaced at all. Even then only two out of our three small steamers could ascend the shallow stream; and of these, one soon grounded in the mud, and the other was disabled by a shore battery. The expedition — which should never have been sent without more accurate local reconnoissances — failed of its nominal end, which was the destruction of a railway bridge utterly beyond our reach. My own immediate object, which was recruiting, was accomplished, but at the final cost of health and subsequent military opportunities. As I stood on the deck, while we were in action with a shore battery, I felt a sudden blow in the side, doubling me up as if a Sullivan or a Fitzsimmons had struck me. My clothes were not torn, but very soon a large purple spot, called "ecchymosis" by the surgeons, covered the whole side, and for weeks I was confined to bed. I had supposed it to have been produced by the wind of a ball, but the surgeons declared that there could be no ecchymosis without actual contact, and that I must have been grazed by a grapeshot or an exploded shell. This was to have found myself only half an inch from death, yet, in Mercutio's phrase, it was enough. I was long in hospital, my life being saved from the perils of peritonitis, I was told, by the fact that I had never used whiskey. I came North on a furlough in 1863; went back too soon, as men often did; found the regiment subdivided and demoralized; and having to overwork in bringing it into shape, with the effects of malaria added, I had ultimately to resign in the autumn of 1864, after two years' service, foregoing all hopes of further military experience. Up to this time I had stood the influence of a malarial climate better than most of my officers, and had received from the major, a somewhat frank and outspoken personage, the assurance that I was "tougher than a b'iled owl."

During a part of my invalidism I was sheltered — together with my surgeon, who was also ill — by my friend Mrs. Jean M. Lander, widow of the celebrated General Lander, and well known in earlier days on the dramatic stage, — a woman much respected and beloved by all who knew her fine qualities. She had tried to establish hospitals, but had always been met by the somewhat whimsical hostility of Miss Dorothea L. Dix, the national superintendent of nurses, a lady who had something of the habitual

despotism of the saints, and who had somewhat exasperated the soldiers by making anything like youth or good looks an absolute bar to hospital employment; the soldiers naturally reasoning that it assisted recovery to have pleasant faces to look upon. One of Miss Dix's circulars read thus: "No woman under thirty years need apply to serve in government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, no curls or jewelry, and no hoopskirts." Undaunted by this well-meant prohibition, Mrs. Lander, who was then a little more than thirty, but irreclaimably good looking, came down to Beaufort, South Carolina, accompanied by her mother, in the hope of establishing a hospital there. A sudden influx of wounded men gave General Saxton, erelong, the opportunity of granting her wish, and she entered with immense energy into her new task. She had on her hands some fifty invalid soldiers, and had for their use an empty building, which had yet to be fitted up, warmed, and properly furnished; even the requisite beds were difficult to obtain. She would come in abruptly some morning and say to Dr. Rogers and myself, "Gentlemen, to-day I must remove every bedstead in this house to the hospital building. You have blankets?" We could only meekly respond that we had blankets, and that the floor was wide. Twenty-four hours after, it would be, "Gentlemen, this day the cooking-stove goes! Your servants can cook by the open fire?" Oh yes, our servants could easily manage that, we replied, and accepted the inadequate results. One day there came a rap at the old-fashioned door-knocker, and Mrs. Lander, passing swiftly through the hall, flung the portal open regally, as if it were in Macbeth's palace. We heard a slender voice explaining that the visitor was the Reverend Mr. So-and-So from New York, just arrived by steamer. "Mr. So-and-So?" said our prima donna. "Delighted to see you, sir! Can you dress wounds?" — this in Siddons tones. The poor man started back, and said apologetically, "Spiritual wounds, madam!" "No time for that, sir, now, — no time for that; there are still thirty men in yonder hospital with no beds to lie on; we must secure the common comforts first." Timidly explaining that he had come from the North to Beaufort for his health, and that he had been recommended to her for "a comfortable lodging," the pallid youth withdrew. It was no fault of his that he was forlorn and useless and decidedly in the way at a military station; but I could not help wondering if, after his return, he would preach a sermon on the obvious deference due to man as the military sex, and on the extreme uselessness of women in time of war.

I have given few details as to my way of living in South Carolina and Florida, because much of it was described a few years after in this magazine, and again in a volume called Army Life in a Black Regiment, which was translated into French by Madame de Gasparin in 1884. There was plenty that was picturesque about the life, and there were some things that were dangerous; we all fought, for instance, with ropes around our necks, the Confederate authorities having denied to officers of colored regiments the usual privileges, if taken prisoners, and having required them to be treated as felons. Personally, I never believed that they would execute this threat, and so far as we were concerned they had no opportunity; but the prospect of hanging was not a pleasant thing even if kept in the background, nor was it agreeable to our friends at home. In other respects my life in the army had been enjoyable; but it had been, after all, one of somewhat obscure duty. I had once received from an officer, then high in influence, what was equivalent to an offer of pro-

motion, if I would only write a letter to Senator Sumner asking for it; but this I had declined to do. As my promotion to a colonelcy had come unsought, so, I preferred, should any higher commission. For nominal rank I cared little, and I should have been unwilling to leave my regiment; but I should have liked to see great battles and to fill out my experience through all the grades, if it had been possible. I came nearest to this larger experience in the case of the aimless but bloody engagement of Olustee, where I should have commanded a brigade had not my regiment been ordered back, even after being actually embarked for Florida.

I never felt at all sure how far up in the service I might have climbed, even under the most favorable circumstances; for that was always a hard thing to predict of any one, in those days, even apart from the frequent occurrences of favoritism and injustice. I saw around me men who had attained a much higher position than mine without a greater outfit, perhaps, of brains or energy; but whether I could have shown that wide grasp, that ready military instinct, which belong to the natural leader of large numbers, I can never know; and I am afraid that I might always have been a little too careful of my men. Certainly, I should have been absolutely incapable of that unsparing and almost merciless sacrifice of them which made the reputation of some very eminent officers; while for the mere discharge of ordinary duty I might have been as good as my neighbors. After all, it must be admitted that marked military talent is a special gift, and a man who has not had the opportunity can no more tell whether he would have displayed that faculty than a man who has never learned chess can tell whether he might or might not have developed into a champion player. For the final result, my sagacious elder brother felt content, he told me, that I should leave the army with the rank of colonel only. He said, with his accustomed keen philosophy, "A man may go through his later life quite respectably under the title of colonel, but that of general is too much for a civilian to bear up under, and I am glad you stopped short of it." For myself, I felt that to have commanded, with fair credit, the first slave-regiment in the Civil War was well worth one man's life or health; and I lived to see nearly two hundred thousand (178,975) black soldiers marching in that column where the bayonets of the First South Carolina had once gleamed alone.

When I left the service, two years of army life, with small access to books, had so far checked the desire for literary pursuits, on my part, that I should have actually preferred not to return to them. I should have liked better to do something that involved the charge and government of men, as for instance in the position of agent of a large cotton-mill. This mood of mind was really identical with that which led some volunteer officers to enter the regular army, and others to undertake cotton-raising at the South. In few cases did this impulse last long; a regular army career in time of peace usually proving unattractive, as did also the monotony of the plantation. In my own case this unsettled feeling soon passed away, and the old love of letters revived; the editing of the Harvard Memorial Biographies affording an easy transition. The change to the ways of civil life, however, involved almost as great a transformation of tastes and habits as the original enlistment had brought; and this being the case, the present will plainly be a good point at which to close this series of Cheerful Yesterdays, with the understanding that in a succeeding volume of this magazine I may add a few more papers, under detached titles, in order to give a certain semblance of completeness to this whole retrospect of a somewhat varied career.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

IN QUEST OF RAVENS.

"Every pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardor of the pursuer." — KEATS.

WHILE M. Sylvestre Bonnard, Member of the Institute, was in Sicily prosecuting his memorable search for the Alexandrian manuscript of the Golden Legend, he fell in unexpectedly with his old acquaintances, M. and Mme. Trépof, collectors of match-boxes. Their specialty, as may be supposed, was not exactly to M. Bonnard's liking. Being a scholar and an antiquary, he would rather have seen their affections bestowed upon something more strictly in the line of the fine arts, — upon antique marbles, perhaps, or painted vases; but after all, he said to himself, it made no very great difference. A collector is a collector; and besides, Mme. Trépof always spoke of their pursuit (she and her husband were traveling round the world in furtherance of it) with a mixture of enthusiasm and irony that made the whole business truly delightful.

There we have the shrewd collector's secret. Whatever the objects of his choice, — postage-stamps, first editions, butterflies, or match-boxes, — they become for the time being the only objects worthy of a man's desire; but in talking about them, as of course he cannot altogether avoid doing, he keeps in mind the old caution about the pearls and the swine, and veils his seriousness under a happy lightness of speech. This is the better course for all concerned; and something like this is the course I mean to adopt in narrating my raven-hunt amid the North Carolina mountains, in May, 1896. The work was absorbing enough in the doing, but at this distance, and out of consideration for the scholarly reader, — who may feel about ravens as M. Bonnard felt about match-boxes, — I hope to be able to treat it with a becoming degree of disinterestedness.

My collecting, be it said in parenthesis, was in one respect quite unlike M. Bonnard's and Mme. Trépof's. It was concerned, not with the objects themselves, but with the sight of them. I wanted, not cured birdskins in a cabinet, but bits of first-hand knowledge in the memory and the notebook. Here at Highlands, this little hamlet perched far up in a mountain wilderness, ravens were common, — so I had read; and as I purposed remaining in the place for two or three weeks, I should no doubt see much of them, and so be able not only to "check the name," thus adding the species to my set of the *Corvidæ*, but to acquire some real familiarity with the bird's voice and ways. Such was my dream; but certainty began to fade into uncertainty from the day I drove into the mountains.

One of my first village calls, after a day's ramble in the country round about, was upon the apothecary, who sat sunning himself on the stoop in front of his shop, — a cheerful example of how idyllic a life "tending store" may become under favorable conditions. To begin with, as was natural, not to say obligatory, between a newcomer and an old resident, the altitude and climate of the place were discussed. Then, as soon as I could do so with politeness, I asked about ravens.

"Ravens?" said the doctor. "Ravens?" Surely the inflection was not encouraging. There *were* no ravens, so far as he knew.

"But the books say they are common here."

"Well, I am perfectly acquainted with the bird, and I have never seen one in Highlands in all my twelve years."

This might have seemed to end the matter, once for all; but as I walked away I remembered how often birds had

proved to be common where old residents had never seen them, and I said to myself that the present would be only another repetition of the familiar story. There *must* be ravens here. Mr. —— and Mr. —— could not have been mistaken.

Let that be as it might, this was my third day in the mountains, — the long ride from Walhalla counting for one, — and when I returned to the village, at noon, my first glimpse of a raven was yet to be had. However, a wide-awake farmer assured me that, as he expressed it, something must be the matter with Dr. ——'s eyes. *He* had seen ravens many a time; in fact, he had seen one within two days. Of course he had. The affair was turning out just as I had foreseen. It is a poor naturalist who has not learned to beware of negative testimony. The apothecary might sit on his stoop and shake his head; before many days I would shake a black wing in his face.

That afternoon I took another road, and though I found no ravens I brought back a lively expectation. I had stopped beside a pond, and was pulling down a small halesia-tree to break off a branch of its snowy bells, when a horseman rode up. We spoke to each other (it is one advantage of out-of-the-way places that they encourage human intercourse, as poverty helps people to be generous), and in answer to my inquiry he told me that the tree I was holding down was a "box elder." The road was the Hamburg road, or the Shortoff road, — one name being for a town, the other for a mountain, — and the body of water was Stewart's Pond. Then I came to the point. Did he often see ravens in this country? He answered promptly in the affirmative; and when I told him of my want of success and of Dr. ——'s twelve-year failure, he assured me that if I would come out to Turtlepond, where he lived, I could see them easily enough. He saw them often, and just now they were particularly noisy; he thought they must be teaching their young to fly.

How far was it to Turtlepond? I asked. "Seven or eight miles." And the road? Could he tell me how to get there? Oh yes; and he began. But I was soon quite lost. He knew the way too well, and I gave over trying to follow him, saying to myself that I would procure directions, when the time came, from some one in the village. The man was very neighborly and kind, invited me to get up behind him and ride, gave me his name, answered all my questions, and rode away. Here, then, were ravens with something like certainty and well within reach ("ra-vĕns," my new acquaintance had been careful to say, with no slurring of the second vowel), and Dr. —— to the contrary notwithstanding, I would yet see them.

The next morning, with a luncheon in my pocket and a minute itinerary in my notebook, I set out for Turtlepond. Important things must be attended to promptly. "You will be lucky if you find it," said the man who had laid out my route, by way of a godspeed; and I half believed him. He did not add, what I knew was on his tongue, "You will be luckier still if you find a raven;" as to that, also, he was welcome to his opinion. Ravens or no ravens, I meant to enjoy myself. What could a man want better than a long, unhurried day in those romantic mountain roads, with a bird singing from every bush, and new and lovely flowers inviting his hand at every turn? With fair weather and in a fair country, walking is its own reward.

To put the town behind me was the work of a few minutes. After that my way ran through the woods, although for the first half of the distance, at least, there was never more than a mile or two without a clearing and a house. This part of the road grew familiar to me afterward, I traveled it so often; and now, as I take it once more in my

mind, I can see it in all its windings. Here, as the land begins to decline from the plateau, or mountain shoulder, on which the village nestles, stands a line of towering conical hemlocks, — a hundred and fifty feet tall, at a moderate guess. Out of them came the nasal, high-pitched, highly characteristic *ank, ank, ank*, of my first Canadian nuthatch, — my first one in North Carolina, I mean. That, by the bye, was on this very trip to Turtlepond. I had been on the watch for him, and put him into my bird list with peculiar satisfaction. He was like a fellow Yankee, as was also the brown creeper that dwelt near by. This same row of hemlocks — beside a brook, as Southern hemlocks always are, with a thicket of laurel and rhododendron underneath — was also one of the haunts of the olive-sided flycatcher, another Northerner, who chooses the loftiest perch he can find from which to deliver his wild *quit-quequeeo*. Should this Carolinian representative of a boreal species ever be promoted to the dignity of sub-specific rank, as has happened to his neighbors the snowbird and the mountain vireo, I should bid for the honor of naming him, — the hemlock flycatcher.

By the time I reached this point, on a sultry morning, I was commonly ready for a breathing-spell, and by good luck here was a most convenient log, on which I used to sit, listening to the bird chorus, and waylaying any socially disposed mountaineer who might chance to come along on his way to the town; for Highlands, whatever an outsider may think of it, is in its own measure and degree a veritable metropolis.[1] The only man who ever failed to pull up in response to my greeting was a very canonical-looking parson. He was traveling up to Zion in a "buggy," and not unlikely was meditating his next Sunday's sermon.

If the religious condition of a community is to be estimated by the number of its meeting-houses, let me say in passing, then Highlands ought to be a very suburb of the New Jerusalem. Its population cannot be more than three or four hundred, but its churches are legion. "Yes," said a sprightly young lady, to whom the subject was mentioned, "if there were only one or two more, we might all have one apiece." Baptists, Methodists (of different sorts, — species and sub-species), Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Adventists, Unitarians, — all the sects seemed to be provided for, though I am not sure about the Catholics and the Swedenborgians. It is queer how conscientiously particular, and almost private, the worship of God is made. The Almighty must be a great lover of mint, anise, and cummin, one would say. I was reminded again and again of that sweet old Scripture: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

This digression, though suggested by the recollection of my serious-faced clergyman, is not to be taken as reflecting in any wise upon him or upon his calling. He was trying to do his duty, I have no question. If he felt obliged to have a pulpit and a uniform of his own, it was not that he differed from other people, but that other people differed from him. May his work prosper, and his days be long. He was traveling in a buggy, as I have said. Had he been on foot, no doubt he might have been readier to stop a minute to chat with an inquisitive stranger, — as ready, perhaps, as a more venerable pilgrim who happened along a few minutes later, and who not only stopped, but sat down, and, so to speak, paid me a visit: a little man, bent with his seventy-three years (he told me his age almost at once), who had come ten miles on foot that morning. In one hand he carried a live turkey, — with its legs tied, of course, — and in the other a chicken. Poor things, they were making their last journey. It was a "very

[1] All things go by comparison. "I always lived in the country till I came here," said my driver to me one day.

hot day," the old man thought. His cotton shirt was flung wide open for coolness, and as he mopped his face, having put down his burdens and taken off his hat, he talked in a cheerful, honest voice, most agreeable to listen to. Life was still a pleasant experience to him, as it seemed. I doubt whether he had ever tired of it for a day. He would sell the turkey and the chicken, buy a little tobacco and perhaps one or two other necessaries, and then trudge the ten miles home again. It is a great thing to have a market for one's produce, and a greater thing to be contented with one's lot.

Not far beyond this favorite resting-place — tempting even in the retrospect, as the reader perceives — is a house with a good-sized clearing, through which meanders a trout-stream, to the endless comfort of one of the younger boys of the family. I saw him angling there, one day, with shining success. What a good time he was having! He could hardly bait the hook fast enough. I leaned over the fence and watched him out of pure sympathy (he did not see me, I think, though there was nothing in the world between us — except the fish), and afterward I mentioned the circumstance to his father. "Oh, he is a great fisherman," was the proud response. For a boy that *is* a boy a trout-brook is better than all the toy-shops. The good man and his wife (New York State people, who had moved here twelve years before) treated me most hospitably when I came to know them, but on this first morning, having far to go, I went by without calling, pausing only to note the *chebec* of a least flycatcher, which seemed to be at home in their orchard trees. Its name is still Number 60 in my North Carolina list.

Another bend in the road, and I came within sight of the first of two mills. These had figured at considerable length in my chart of directions, and near them, as I now remember, I fell into some uncertainty as to how this chart was to be interpreted. I turned aside, therefore, to inquire of the second miller; but before I could reach him a blue yellow-backed warbler began singing from a treetop; and as he was my first specimen here, I must out with my opera-glass and find him. The miller surveyed my proceedings with unashamed curiosity, but he answered my questions, none the less, and for still another stage I kept on with the comfortable assurance that I was headed for Turtlepond.

If I failed to arrive there, it should not be for want of using my tongue. From the time I left Highlands I had inquired my way of every man I met. For one thing, I relish natural country talk; and if there is to be conversation, it must somehow be opened. I kept in mind, too, the skepticism of my Highlands informant, and by unhappy experience I had learned how easy it is, in cases of this kind, to go astray through some misunderstanding of question or answer.

So I sauntered along, with frequent interruptions, of course (that was part of the game), — here for a bird, there for a flower, a tree, or a bit of landscape. I recall especially great numbers of the tiny yellow lady's-slipper and beds of the white-flowered clintonia — the latter a novelty to me — just coming into bloom. Then, by and by, the road began a long, sidelong ascent of a mountain; but at the last moment, when I seemed to have left human habitations behind me for good, I saw across the narrow valley through the forest — the branches at this height being still in the bud — two men at work in a ploughed field. Here was one more opportunity to assure myself against contingencies, and with a loud "hullo" I gained their attention. Was this the road to Turtlepond? I shouted. Yes, they shouted back (a man who could not lift up his voice would be poorly off in that country); I was to keep on and on as far as the schoolhouse, just beyond which I must be sure to turn to the

right. Very good, said I to myself, here is something definite; and again I faced the mountain road.

That was a master stroke of precaution. But for it I might have walked till night, and should never have found myself at Turtlepond. I passed one more house, it is true, but there was no one visible about it, and when at last I reached the log schoolhouse, standing all by itself deep in the woods, it was locked and empty, and the "road to the right" was so obscure, so utterly unlike a road, that only for my last man's emphatic warning (how I blessed him for his good sense!) I should have passed it without a suspicion that it was or ever had been a thoroughfare. As it was, I looked at it and wondered. Could that be my course? There was no sign that horse or wheel had turned that corner for an indefinite period. Still, my instructions were explicit. This was certainly the schoolhouse, and at the schoolhouse I was to turn to the right. Lest I should be interpreting a preposition too strictly, nevertheless, I kept on for a piece in the way I had been traveling. No, there was no other cross-road, and I came back to the schoolhouse, rested awhile under a big tree, and then took the blind trail. Happily, it very soon became more distinct, more evidently a road in use; and being now on a downward grade, I jogged along in good spirits.

It was drawing near noon, and unless my jaunt was to measure more than eight miles I must be somewhere near the end of it. The mountain forest was especially inviting here, with a brook now and then and a profusion of ground flowers, beside the laurel and the azaleas; but I must not linger, I said to myself, as I might be obliged to spend an hour or two at Turtlepond. It was hardly to be assumed that the ravens would be waiting for me, to greet me on the instant. Meanwhile, a pileated woodpecker set up a lusty shout just in advance, and in another moment went dashing off among the trees, still shouting as he flew. He was no rarity in these parts, but it did me good to see his flaming crest and the flash of his white wing-spots. Then, when I had gone a little farther and could already discern the open valley, a kingfisher rattled and showed himself. He was the first of his kind, and went down straightway as Number 62. Perhaps Number 63 would be the raven!

Well, I emerged from the forest, the road turning rather sharply at the last and making down the valley with a brook on its left hand; and here I pretty soon approached a house. The two opposite doors were open (mosquitoes are unknown in this happy country), and inside, looking out of the back door in the direction of the brook, stood a woman and a brood of children. They were talking pretty loudly, as people may who live so far from human neighbors, and a hound stood silent behind them. I drew near, but they did not hear me. Then, rather than startle them rudely with a strange voice, I touched the fence-rail with my umbrella. Instantly the hound turned and began baying, and the woman, bidding him be quiet, came to the front door and answered my good-morning. Could she tell me where Zeb McKinney lived? I inquired. Yes, it was the next house down the road, "about a quarter." Hereabouts, as I knew, a "quarter" means a quarter of a mile. In Yankeeland it means twenty-five cents. The character of a people may be judged in part by the ellipses of their daily speech, — the things that are taken for granted by every one as present in the minds of others.

I believe I did not raise the question of ravens at this first house. For the instant it was enough to know that I had arrived at Turtlepond. But my eye was open and my ear alert. And surely this was a place for ravens and every wild thing: a narrow valley, tightly shut in, with nothing in sight but the crowding walls and a patch of sky. Aloft in

the distance, in the direction of Hickory Gap (so I heard it called afterward, and wished that all place-names were equally euphonious), some large bird, hawk or eagle, was sailing out of sight. What a groveling creature is man, in the comparison! Along the brookside grew splendid halesia-trees, full of white bells, and a more splendid crab-apple tree, — one of the glories of America, — just now a perfect cloud of pink buds and blooms and tender green leaves. Here sang catbirds, thrashers, wood-thrushes, robins, rose-breasted grosbeaks, a blue golden-winged warbler, and I forget what else. I had not traveled so far, half disabled as I was, to listen to birds of their quality. And the ravens? Well, at that moment they must have an engagement elsewhere. Perhaps they were still instructing their young in the art of volitation.

And now, having walked "about a quarter," I was at Zeb McKinney's. There was no need to inquire if he were at home. Through the open door I could see that the only occupants of the house were two women: one young, one very old and stiff. The latter, as was meet, came to speak to the stranger. No, Mr. McKinney was not at home; he had gone down to the sawmill. Ravens? Yes, they saw them once in a while, but she did not remember noticing any for some time back. The spring was just below the house; I should find a gourd to drink from.

I drank from the spring, pondered the woman's "once in a while," took a look about me, and then retraced my steps, having in mind a comfortable nooning-place, out of sight of the houses, where I would eat my luncheon, and observe the ravens at my leisure as they crossed from one mountain to another above my head. For all the unexpectedness of the old woman's dubious phrase, I was not discouraged. Why should I be? Mr. Burroughs did not find the English nightingale all at once, nor did M. Tartarin kill a lion on his first day in the Algerian desert; and if these men had exercised patience, so could I.

At the right spot, therefore, where the shade fell upon a handy stump, I took my seat. First a line or two in my notebook, and then I would dispose of my luncheon. At that instant, however, two boys came down the road; and when I spoke to them, they waited for no more explicit invitation, but planted themselves on the ground, one on each side of me. If I asked them a question, they answered it; if I kept silence, they sat and looked at me. For aught that appeared, they meant to spend the afternoon thus engaged. Pleasant as popularity is, its manifestations were just now a trouble. The ravens might fly over at any moment, and it was important that I should be undisturbed, — to say nothing of my dinner. I remembered the saying of Poor Richard, — "Love your neighbor, but don't pull down your hedge;" and at last, seeing that something must be done, I rose, moved a few rods, and then, dropping suddenly upon the grass, said, "Good-by." The boys took the hint, and ten minutes later I saw them beside the brook, trying their luck with the fish. The quality of selfishness had proved itself twice blest, as happens oftener than we think, it may be, in this "unintelligible world."

This part of the story need not be prolonged. The reader has already foreseen that my luncheon was finished without interruption. No raven's wing darkened the air. I lingered till the case began to seem hopeless. Then I loitered as slowly as possible up the valley, and at last took the ascending road through the mountain woods toward the log schoolhouse. By this time there were signs of rain, but with a three-hour jaunt before me it was useless to hurry. So at the schoolhouse corner I rested again, — partly to enjoy the sight of Rabun Bald, a noble Georgia peak, which

showed grandly from this point, — and then, all at once, thinking of nothing but the landscape, I heard a far-away cry, hoarse, loud, utterly strange, utterly unlike a crow's, and yet unmistakably coracious! That surely was a raven's voice. It could be nothing else. If I were out of the woods, where I could look about me! The bird, whatever it was, was evidently on the wing; the sound was now here, now there; but alas, it was receding. Fainter and fainter it became at each repetition, and then all was silent, till a heavy clap of thunder and a sudden blackness recalled me to myself, and I resumed the march homeward. Soon it rained. Then came a general pother of the elements, — wind, hail, lightning and thunder. Not far beyond me, as I now called to mind, there was a house, the only one I had seen on the mountain. I hastened forward, therefore, and took shelter on the piazza. A dog was cowering inside, too badly frightened to resent my intrusion or to bid me welcome. And there we stayed till the clouds broke. Then, refreshing myself with big hailstones which lay white in the grass, I took the road again for the long diagonal descent to the valley.

I was well fagged by the time I reached Highlands; but I had been to Turtlepond, and in my memory were some confused recollections of a few distant notes, probably a bird's, and possibly a raven's. To that complexion had the matter already come. It is marvelous how quickly certainty loses its color when once the breath of doubt touches it.

Two days afterward, finding myself not yet acclimated, I joined a company who were making a day's wagon-trip to Whiteside, the highest peak in the immediate vicinity of Highlands; a real mountain, said to be five thousand feet in height, but looking considerably lower to my eye, its surroundings being all so elevated, and the southern latitude, as I suppose, giving to it a more richly wooded, and consequently less rugged and alpine appearance than belongs to New England mountains of a corresponding rank. On the southerly side it breaks off into a huge perpendicular light-colored cliff, from which it derives its name and much of its local distinction. Above this cliff rises its knob of a summit, with the sight of which I had grown familiar as one of the principal points in the landscape from the hotel veranda.

The wagon carried us by a roundabout course to the base of this rocky knob, and there the majority of the party remained, while two ladies and myself clambered up a steep pitch to the summit, to take the prospect and to feel that we had been there, — and perhaps to see a raven; for Whiteside had from the beginning been held up to me as one of that bird's particular resorts. "Wait till you go to Whiteside," I had been told again and again.

What had looked like a pyramidal rock turned out to be the end of a long ridge, over which we marched in Indian file for a mile or more, picking flowers (the nodding *Trillium stylosum*, especially, of which each new specimen seemed pinker and prettier than the last) and admiring the landscape, — a boundless woodland panorama, with clearings and houses in Whiteside valley, and innumerable hazy mountains rising like waves of the sea in every direction. The world of new leafage below us, now darkened by cloud shadows, now shining in the sun, was beautiful far beyond any skill of mine to picture it.

We were still walking and quietly enjoying — my fellow tourists being, fortunately, of the non-exclamatory type — when the silence was broken by loud screams. "Ravens!" I thought, — for when the mind is full it is liable to spill over at any sudden jar, — and, dropping my umbrella, I sprang to the edge of the cliff. The bird was only a hawk,

soaring and screaming, too far away to be made out; a duck-hawk, perhaps, but certainly not a raven. "How you frightened me!" said one of the ladies. "I thought you were going to throw yourself over the precipice." My hobby-horse amused her, — as it did me also, — but she was herself too sound an enthusiast to be really unsympathetic. A New Jersey grandmother, she made nothing of a thirteen-mile tramp, a thorough drenching, and a pedestrian's blister, when rare flowers were in question, and the next morning would be off again before breakfast, scouring the country for new trophies. Like Mme. Trépof, she would have gone to Sweden in search of a match-box, had the notion taken her. As for ravens, she had already seen one, only a few days before my arrival. It flew directly over the hotel, and she recognized it at once, not as a raven, to be sure, but as "the blackest crow she had ever seen." A man who happened to be doing some carpenter's work about the house heard her exclamation, and told her what it was, and by good luck he was to-day our driver. It was wonderful how much encouragement I received in my amusing pursuit. If only there were fewer stories and more ravens! I was ready to say.

Yet if I said so, it was only in a fit of impatience. In point of fact, I received with thankfulness every such bit of evidence that Dr. ——'s gloomy prognostications were ill founded. On the very morning after this expedition to Whiteside, for example, I was on my way to the summit of Satulah, — an easy jaunt, and a capital observatory, — when I met a young man carrying a gun, and proposed to him the inevitable inquiry. Oh yes, he saw ravens pretty often; he had seen some within a month, he thought. They never flew over without calling out; which, as I interpreted it, might mean only that when they kept silence he failed to notice them. Here was more proof of the bird's presence; but the words "within a month" kept down any tendency to undue exhilaration.

That noon, at the hotel, I had an interesting ornithological conference with two residents of the town, both of them already well informed as to the nature of my crotchet. For a beginning, one of them told me that he had seen a raven that very forenoon, — and as usual it was "flying over." Then the talk somehow turned upon the whippoorwill, of which I had thus far found no trace hereabout, and they agreed that it was not uncommon at certain seasons. It was often called the bullbat, they added. They had seen it, both of them, I think, flying far up in the air in broad daylight, and crying *whippoorwill!* "Good!" said I. "I would rather have seen that than all the ravens in North Carolina." Here was a really novel addition to the familiar legend about the identity of the whippoorwill and the night-hawk, — a legend whose distribution is perhaps almost as wide as that of the birds themselves. But wonders were not to stop here. One of the men, the one who had that forenoon seen a raven, proceeded to inform me that catbirds passed the winter in the mud, in a state of hibernation. William —— had dug them up, and they had come to and flown away. He himself had never seen this, but he knew, as everybody else did, that catbirds disappeared in the autumn, there was no telling how or when, and reappeared in the spring in a manner equally mysterious. I hinted some incredulity, to his great surprise, intimating for one thing that it was well known that catbirds migrated farther south; whereupon he appealed to his companion. "Would n't you believe it, if William —— told you he had seen it?" he asked; and there was a shout of laughter from the bystanders when the second man, after a minute's reflection, answered bluntly, "No."

It would be too long a story to set down all the answers I received from the

many persons whom I questioned here and there in my daily peregrinations. One man was sorry he had not heard of me sooner. A cow had been killed by lightning somewhere on the mountains, a week or two before. That would have been my opportunity. Ravens are sure to be on hand at such a time. But it was too late now, as they never touch flesh after it has begun to spoil. Another man, a German, living some miles out of the village, said, "Well, in my country we call them ravens, but here they call them crows." They were a nuisance; he had to kill them. He knew smaller black birds, in flocks, but no larger ones. He and the apothecary — who now and then laughed good-humoredly at my continued failure, as I stopped to pass the time of day with him, or to ask him about the way to some waterfall — were, as well as I remember, the only witnesses for the negative; so that the question was no longer as to the presence of the birds, but as to the degree of their commonness and the probability of my seeing them. It would be too much to say that the whole town was excited over the matter, but at least my few fellow boarders at the hotel either felt or simulated a pretty constant interest. "Well," one or another of them would say, as I dragged my weary steps up the hill to the door, at the end of a day's outing, "well, have you seen any ravĕns yet?"

One day there appeared at the dinner-table a bright, rosy-faced, clear-eyed, wholesome-looking boy of nine or ten years, and the gentleman who had brought him in as his guest presently introduced him to me, with the remark that perhaps "Bob" could give me information upon my favorite topic. Bob smiled bashfully, and I began my examination. Yes, he said, he had seen ravens. How often, should he say? Why, almost every day. When did he see them last? Yesterday. How many were there? One. It was flying over. Did it call? Yes, they always did. How much bigger than a crow was it? Not much, but the voice was very different. This last was a model answer, — not at all the answer of a dishonest witness, or of an honest witness ambitious to make out a story. It was impossible to doubt him (his father and his older brother confirmed his testimony afterward), and yet I had been out of doors almost constantly for more than two weeks, and so far had not obtained the first glimpse of a large, wide-ranging, high-flying bird which this boy — who lived a few miles out of the village, it is true — saw nearly every day. Verily, as the unsuccessful man's text has it (and a comfortable text it is), "the race is not to the swift, . . . nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

I speak unadvisedly. I *had* seen ravens; I had seen them here at Highlands. But it was in a dream of the night. There were two, and they were "flying over," — yes, and calling as they flew. One of them was partly white, an albinistic peculiarity at which I do not remember to have felt the least surprise. But indeed, if I may trust my own experience, nothing surprises us in dreamland. There, as in fairyland, everything is natural. Perhaps the same will be true in a world after this.

Meantime, if my eyes were holden from some things, I saw many others as I traveled hither and thither, now to a mountain top, now down one of the roads into the warm lower country, now to some far-away woodland waterfall. The days were all too short and all too few. Like a sensible man, to whom years had brought the philosophic mind, I had more than one string to my bow, and toward the end of my three weeks the very thought of ravens had mostly ceased to trouble me. Then, on my last day in the village, I met a barefooted boy near the hotel. "Howdy?" said I. "Howdy?" he answered; and then he asked, "Did you git to see your ravĕns?" Who is this, I thought, and how does he know

me? For I am not used to being famous. But I answered No, I had seen no ravens. How did he know I wanted to see any? "I saw you at Turtlepond," he said. He was out there with his cousin, Cling Cabe. With that it all came back to me. He was one of the boys who had paid me such flattering noonday attentions, and of whom I had taken so shabby a leave. I was glad to see him again. But he was not yet done with his story. Probably he had carried the burden of it for the last fortnight. "Two ravens flew over just after you left," he said. Was he sure they were ravens? Yes, his uncle Zeb[1] saw them, and said they were. Well, it was plainer and plainer that I had mistaken my game. I must leave it for younger eyes to see ravens, — in the flesh, at least. "Your old men shall dream dreams," said the prophet.

It was May 27 when, after an early breakfast, I left Highlands in a big mountain-wagon, bound for Boston by the way of Dillsboro and Asheville. I had come into the mountains from the south, and was going out in a northerly direction. The road was not highly recommended; it would be a rough, all-day drive, but it would take me through a new piece of country; and as for the jolting, I fancied that by this time I had become hardened to all that the steepest and stoniest of roads could inflict upon a passenger. On that point, I may as well confess, though it does not concern the present story, I was insufficiently informed.

It had been agreed that I should take my own time, making the trip as natural-historical as I pleased. "It fares better with sentiments not to be in a hurry with them," says Sterne, and the same is true of sciences and other pleasures. Again and again I ordered the horses stopped as we came to some likely piece of cover, but little or nothing resulted. There were singers in plenty, but no new voices. After all, I said to myself, one does not study ornithology to any great advantage from a wagon-seat. Yet I remember one lesson — an old one rehearsed — that the morning brought me.

Soon after getting out of the village we passed Stewart's Pond. This had been one of my most frequent resorts. A considerable part of several half-days had been idled away beside it, and more than once I had commented upon the singular fact that its shores, birdy as they were, harbored no water-thrushes, while in several similar places I had heard them singing for more than a fortnight. There was something really mysterious about it, I was inclined to think. The place seemed made for them, unless, perhaps, the damming of the stream had rendered the current too sluggish to suit their taste. Now, however, as we drove past, and just as I was bidding the place good-by, a water-thrush struck up his simple, lazily emphatic tune. "Here I am, stranger," he might have been saying. Had he been there all the time? I did not know. One's investigations are never complete, even in the most limited area.

We had not gone many miles farther before we took what was for me a new road, which turned out presently to be like all the others: a road running mostly through the forest, uphill and downhill by turns, with here and there, at long distances, a solitary cabin, unpainted, perhaps unwindowed, yet pretty certainly with a patch of sweet-william and other old-fashioned flowers in the "front yard." The rudest one of all, in the very lonesomest of clearings, had before the door a magnificent eglantine bush that would have made the fortune of any Northern gardener. The mountain side might be all aflame with azalea and laurel, but the woman's heart must have

[1] The great "war governor" and senator of North Carolina was born among the mountains of the State; and from what I heard, he seems to have left his name

> "to be found, like a wild flower,
> All over his dear country,"

as truly as Wallace ever did in Scotland.

a bit of garden, something planted and tended, to make the cabin more like a home.

For some hours we had been traveling thus, and were now come to an open place in the town of Hamburg, so the driver told me. Here, all at once, I nudged him with a quick command to stop. "There it is!" I cried, as I whipped out my opera-glass. "There 's a raven!" "Yes," returned the driver, "that 's the bird." He was flying from us in a diagonal course, making toward a hill or mountain, — at a comfortable distance, in the best of lights, and most admirably disposed to show us his dimensions; but he was silent and in tremendous haste.

> "Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he."

If you would only *say* something! I thought. But he did not "call out," perhaps because he was not "flying over." I held the glass on him till he passed out of sight, — a really good look, as time counts under such circumstances. Yes, at the last moment I had seen a raven! Would the driver, when he got back to Highlands to-morrow evening, have the goodness so to inform Dr. —— for his comfort?

Another thing I had accomplished: I had supplied three male Hamburgers with abundant material for a week's gossip; for even in my excitement I had been aware that we had halted almost directly in front of a house, — the only one for some miles, I think, — in the yard of which three men were lounging. I looked at the bird, and the men looked at me. It gave me pleasure afterward to think what a story it must have made. "Yes, sir, it 's gospel truth: he pulled out a spy-glass and sat there looking at a raven. I reckon he never see one before."

I speak of excitement, but it was a wonder to me how temperate my emotions were, and how quickly they subsided. Within a half-mile our progress was blocked by a large oak-tree, which the wind had twisted partly off and thrown squarely across the road. The driver had brought no axe along, and was obliged to go back to the house for help, leaving me to care for the team. Straight before me loomed the Balsam Mountains, a dozen peaks, gloriously high and mountainous; not too far away, yet far enough to be blue, with white clouds veiling their lower slopes and so lifting the tops skyward. I looked at them and looked at them, and between the looks I put the raven into my notebook.

For the day it kept its place unquestioned. Then, long before I reached Massachusetts, I punctuated the entry with a question mark. The bird had been silent; its apparent size might have been an illusion; and my assurance of the moment, absolute though it was, would not bear the test of time and cold blood.

Here ended my raven-hunt. I had enjoyed it, and would gladly have made it longer, — in that respect it had been successful; but the "collection" I was to have made, my little store of "first-hand knowledge," had fared but poorly. As far as ravens were concerned, I was bringing home a lean bag, — a brace of interrogation points.

Bradford Torrey.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE.

XXIII.

March 14. After dinner this evening I went to see Mrs. Blodgett; for, miserable as I felt, my mental suffering was greater than my physical. The footman told me she had just gone upstairs to dress for a ball, but I sent her a message begging for a moment's interview; and when he returned, it was to take me to her boudoir, — a privilege which would in itself have shown me how thoroughly I was forgiven, even if her greeting had been less warm.

In a few halting and broken sentences I told her of my love for you. She was so amazed that at first she seemed unable to believe me serious; and when I had persuaded her that I was in earnest, her perplexity and curiosity were unbounded.

Why had I behaved so? For what reason had I never called on Maizie? Such and many more were the questions she indignantly poured out, and she only grew more angry when I answered each by "I cannot tell you." Finally, in her irritation, she demanded, "What have you bothered me for, then?"

"I want you to tell me, if you have the right, whether Miss Walton is engaged to Mr. Whitely," I answered.

"Practically," she snapped.

"She has told you so?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied; adding, "How do you like your own medicine?"

"Mrs. Blodgett," I pleaded, "if you understood what it means to me to know the truth, you would not use this to punish me for what I cannot help. If I could tell any one the story of my life, I should tell you; for next to — to one other, you are dearer to me than any living person. If you love me at all, do not torture me with suspense."

She came and sat down by me on the lounge, and took my hand, saying, "Mr. Whitely asked Maizie to marry him four years ago, but she said she would not marry a business man. He would n't give up trying, however, though he made no apparent headway. Indeed, Maizie told me herself, last spring, just before she sailed, that she could never love him, and she was convinced that loveless marriages were wrong, being sure to end in unhappiness or sacrifice of one or the other. So I thought it would come to nothing. But he persisted, and he 's succeeded, for she told me last week that she had changed her mind, and was going to marry him."

"Do you know why she has done so?" I asked drearily.

"I think it is that book of his. Not merely is she pleased by the position it 's given him as a writer, but she says it has convinced her that he is different from what he appears in society; that no man but one of noble character and fine mind could write from such a standpoint."

I sat there dumb and stolid, yet knowing that all my past suffering had been as nothing to this new grief. Oh, my blindness and wickedness! To think, my darling, that it was I who had aided him to win you, that my hand had made and set the trap! Why had I not ended my wretched existence three years ago, and so, at least, saved myself from this second wrong, tenfold worse than that I had endeavored to mend? For my own selfish pride and honor, I had juggled, deceived you, Maizie, the woman dearer to me than all else, and had myself doomed you to such a fate.

I suppose I must have shown some of the agony I felt, for Mrs. Blodgett put her hand on my shoulder. "Don't take it so to heart, Rudolph," she begged, giving me that name for the first time.

"There can still be much true happiness in your life."

I only kissed her hand in response, but she instantly pressed her lips on my forehead. "I am so sorry," she sighed, "for I had hoped for something very different."

"Mr. Blodgett told me," I answered; and then I spoke of the resolution I had come to last night.

When I had finished, she said, "We won't talk of it any more at present, Rudolph, for Agnes' sake as well as yours, but perhaps by and by, when the suffering is over, you will come and talk to me again; for if you ever feel that you can be a good husband to my girl, I shall not be afraid to trust her to you, if you can gain her consent."

I rose to go, and she remarked, "Yes. You must n't stay, for as it is, my dressing will make us very late. If the carriage is at the door, tell Maxwell to drive you home, and then return for us. You must n't walk in the slush with that horrid cough of yours. Does your landlady give you blankets enough? Well, tell her to make a steaming glass of whiskey toddy. Wrap some woolen round your throat and chest, and go straight to bed. Why, Rudolph, you are not going without kissing me good-night?" she continued, as if that had been my habit, adding, "Some day I shall make you tell me all about it."

I went downstairs, intending to follow her directions; but as I passed the drawing-room door I heard the piano, and thought I recognized, from the touch, whose fingers were straying at random over the keys.

"Is n't that Miss Walton?" I asked of the servant, as he brought me my hat and coat.

"Yes, Dr. Hartzmann. Miss Walton is to go to the ball with the ladies, and is waiting for them to come downstairs," he told me.

I left him holding my coat, and passed noiselessly between the curtains of the portière. Your back was turned to me as you sat at the instrument, and I stood in silence watching you as you played, till suddenly — was it sympathy, or only the consciousness of something alien? — you looked around. I should almost think it was the former, for you expressed no surprise at seeing me standing there, even though you rose.

"Don't let me interrupt you," I begged.

"I was only beguiling the time I have to wait," you replied.

"It will be a favor to me if you will go on," I said, and without another word, with that simple grace and sweetness natural to you, you resumed your seat and went on playing, while I sat down on the divan.

Your bent, like mine, was for some reason a sad one, and what you played reflected your mood, stirring me deeply and making me almost forget my misery. Presently, however, I was seized with a paroxysm of coughing; and when I had recovered enough to be conscious of anything, I found you standing by me, looking both startled and compassionate.

"You are ill, Dr. Hartzmann," you said.

"It is nothing," I managed to articulate.

"Can I do anything for you?" you asked.

"Nothing," I replied, rising, more wretched than ever, because knowing how little I deserved your sympathy.

"It would be a pleasure to help you, Dr. Hartzmann, for I have never been able to show any gratefulness for your kindness over my book," you went on, with a touch of timidity in your manner, as if you were asking a favor rather than conferring one.

Won by your manner, before I knew what I was doing, I spoke. "Miss Walton," I burst out, "you see before you the most miserable being conceivable, and you can save me from the worst anguish I am suffering!"

Your eyes enlarged in surprise, both at my vehemence and at what I had ut-

tered, while you stood looking at me, with slightly parted lips; then you said sweetly, "Tell me what I can do."

I had spoken without thought, only conscious that I must try in some way to save you. For a moment I hesitated, and then exclaimed, "I beg of you not to marry Mr. Whitely!"

Like a goddess you drew yourself up, even before you could have perceived the full import of my foolish speech, and never have I seen you look more beautiful or queenly than as you faced me. After a brief silence you answered, "You can hardly realize what you are saying, Dr. Hartzmann."

"I am indeed mad in my unhappiness," I groaned.

"You owe me an explanation for your extraordinary words," you continued.

"Miss Walton," I said, "Mr. Whitely is not a man to make you happy, and in hopes of saving you from him I spoke as I did. I had no right, as none can know better than myself, but perhaps you will forgive the impertinence when I say that my motive was only to save you from future misery."

"Why should I not be happy in marrying Mr. Whitely?"

"Because you are deceiving yourself about him."

"In what respect?"

"His character is other than you think it."

"Be more specific."

"That I cannot be."

"Why not?"

"It would be dishonorable in me."

"Not more so than to stop where you have."

"I cannot say more."

"I do not recognize your right to be silent. You have said too much or too little."

"Maizie," called Mrs. Blodgett from the hall, "come quickly, for we are very late."

"I shall insist, at some future time, upon your speaking more clearly, Dr. Hartzmann," you said, as a queen would speak, and picking up your wrap, without a parting word, you left me standing in the middle of the drawing-room.

I came home through the cold, and have sat here regretting my foolishness and groping for the right course to pursue. Oh, my darling, if only my honor were at stake, I would sacrifice it. I would gladly tell you the whole story of my deception, even though I disgraced myself in your eyes. But try as I may to prove to myself that I have the right, I cannot, for I feel that more than my own honor is concerned. I shall speak to you of Mr. Whitely's hardness, and beg you to ask Mr. Blodgett if he would give Agnes to Mr. Whitely or advise you to marry him. My heart yearns to aid you in your peril, but I can think of nothing more that I can do. May God do what I cannot, my dearest. Good-night.

XXIV.

March 15. I was so miserable with my cough to-day that I could not summon the energy to drag myself to Mr. Blodgett's office, and did not leave my room till after eight, when your note came.

"Miss Walton," it read, "feels that she has the right to request Dr. Hartzmann to call this evening, in relation to the conversation uncompleted last night."

I understood the implied command, and thought that I owed what you claimed, while feeling that in obeying I could for this once forego my scruple of entering your door. The footman showed me into the library, and left me there. It was the first time I had seen it since my thirteenth year, and I cannot tell you the moment's surprise and joy I felt on finding it absolutely unchanged. Even the books were arranged as formerly, and my eye searched and found, as quickly as of yore, all the old volumes full of plates which had once given us such horror and pleasure. For the instant I for-

got my physical suffering and the coming ordeal.

When you entered the room, you welcomed me only with a bow. Then seeing my paleness, you said kindly, "I forgot your cough, Dr. Hartzmann, or I would not have brought you out in such weather. Sit here by the fire." After a short pause you went on: "I hope that a day's thought has convinced you that common justice requires you to say more than you did last night?"

"Miss Walton," I replied, "to you, who know nothing of the difficult and hopeless position in which I stand, my conduct, I presume, seems most dishonorable and cowardly; yet I cannot say more than I said last night."

"You must."

"I can hardly hope that what I then said will influence you, but if you will go to Mr. Blodgett and" —

"Does Mr. Blodgett know what you object to in Mr. Whitely?" you interrupted.

"Yes."

"I went to Mr. Blodgett this morning, and he told me that he knew of no reason why I should not marry Mr. Whitely."

"Then, Miss Walton," I answered, rising, "I cannot expect that you will be influenced by my opinion. I will withdraw what I said last night. Think of me as leniently as you can, for my purpose was honorable."

"But you ought to say more. You" —

"I cannot," I replied.

"You have no right to" — But here a servant entered, with a card.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you announced, when the man had gone, "I wrote Mr. Whitely yesterday afternoon, asking him to call this evening, with the intention of accepting his offer of marriage. He is now in the drawing-room, and unless you will have the fairness, the honesty, to explain what you meant, I shall tell him all that has occurred, and give him the opportunity to force you to speak."

"I shall only repeat to him, Miss Walton, what I have said to you."

You stood a moment looking at me, with a face blazing with indignation; then you exclaimed, "You at least owe it to him not to run away while I am gone!" and passed into the drawing-room.

You returned very soon, followed by Mr. Whitely.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you asked, "will you repeat what you said last night to me?"

"I advised you not to marry Mr. Whitely, Miss Walton."

"And you will not say why?" you demanded.

"I cannot."

"Mr. Whitely," you cried, "cannot you force him to speak?"

"Miss Walton," he replied suavely, and his very coolness in the strange condition made me feel that he was master of the situation, "I am as perplexed as you are at this extraordinary conduct in one who even now is eating bread from my hand. I have long since ceased to expect gratitude for benefits, but such malevolence surprises and grieves me, since I have never done Dr. Hartzmann any wrong, but, on the contrary, I have always befriended him."

"I have been in the employ of Mr. Whitely," I answered, "but every dollar he has paid me has been earned by my labor. I owe him no debt of gratitude that he does not owe me."

"You owe him the justice that every man owes another," you asserted indignantly. "To make vague charges behind one's back, and then refuse to be explicit, is a coward's and a slanderer's way of waging war."

"Miss Walton," I cried, "I should not have spoken, though God knows that my motive was only a wish to do you a service, and I would give my life to do as you ask!"

For an instant my earnestness seemed to sway you; indeed, I am convinced that this was so, since Mr. Whitely ap-

parently had the same feeling, and spoke as if to neutralize my influence, saying to you, "Miss Walton, I firmly believe that Dr. Hartzmann's plea of honorable conduct is nothing but the ambush of a coward. But as he has been for two years in the most intimate and confidential position of private secretary to me, he may, through some error, have deluded himself into a conviction that gives a basis for his indefinite charges. I will not take advantage of the implied secrecy, and I say to him in your presence that if he has discovered anything which indicates that I have been either impure or criminal, I give him permission to speak."

Even in that moment of entanglement I could not but admire and marvel at the skill with which he had phrased his speech, so as to seem absolutely open, to slur me by innuendo and yet avoid the risk of exposure. It left me helpless, and I could only say, "I have not charged Mr. Whitely with either impurity or criminality."

You turned to him and said, "This conduct is perfectly inexplicable."

"Except on one ground," he replied.

"Which is?" you questioned.

"That Dr. Hartzmann loves you," he answered.

"That is impossible!" you exclaimed.

"Not as impossible as for a man not to love you, Miss Walton," he averred.

"Tell Mr. Whitely how mistaken he is," you said to me.

I could only stand silent, and after waiting a little Mr. Whitely remarked, "You see!"

"It is incredible!" you protested. "You must deny it, Dr. Hartzmann!"

"I cannot, Miss Walton," I murmured, with bowed head.

"You love me?" you cried incredulously.

"I love you," I assented, and in spite of the circumstances it was happiness to say it to you.

You stood gazing at me in amazement, large-eyed as a startled deer. I wonder what your first words would have been to me if Mr. Whitely had not turned your mind into another channel by saying, "I do not think that we need search further for Dr. Hartzmann's motives in making his innuendoes."

"Miss Walton," I urged, "my love for you, far from making your faith in me less or my motive that of a rival, should convince you that I spoke only for your sake, since you yourself know that my love has been neither hopeful nor self-seeking."

I think you pitied me, for you answered gently, and all traces of the scorn you had shown just before were gone from your face and manner.

"Dr. Hartzmann," you said, "I cannot allow myself to listen to or weigh such indefinite imputations against Mr. Whitely. I will give you one week to explain or substantiate what you have implied; and unless within that time you do so, I shall accept the offer of marriage which he has honored me by making. Do not let me detain you further. Good-evening."

I passed out of the room a broken-hearted man, without strength enough to hold up my head, and hardly able in my weakness to crawl back to my study. As I sit and write, every breath brings with it the feeling that a knife is being thrust into my breast, and I am faint with the pain. But for this racking cough and burning fever I might have made a better fight, and have been able to think of some way of saving you. Oh, my dearest love, the sacrifice of life, of honor, the meeting ignominy or death for your sake, would be nothing to me but hap—

XXV.

January 10, 1895. This evening I have for the first time re-read this — I know not what to call it, for it is neither diary nor letter — the story of my love;

and as I read, the singular sensation came over me that I was following, not my own thoughts and experiences, but those of another man. Five years ago, half mad with grief, and physically and nervously exhausted to the brink of a breakdown, I spent my evenings writing my thoughts, in the hope that the fatigue of the task would bring the sleep I sought in vain. Little I then wrote seems to me now, in my new life, what I could ever possibly have confided to paper, much less have felt. Yet here is my own handwriting to vouch for every word, and to tell me that the morbid chronicle is no other than my own. I cannot believe that mere years have brought so startling a mental change, and I therefore think that much of it is an expression, not of myself, but of the illness which put an end to my writing. If proof were needed of the many kinds of men each man contains, this manuscript of mine would furnish it; for the being I have read about this evening is no more the Donald Maitland of to-night than — Ah, well, to my task of telling what has wrought this change, since it must be written.

For four weeks I was confined to my bed with pneumonia, and the attack so weakened me that I did not leave my room for five weeks more. During that time Mrs. Blodgett's kindness was constant, and her face is the only memory that stands out from the hours of my acute torture. While I was convalescing, she came once, and sometimes twice, each day, bringing me flowers, fruit, jellies, wines, and whatever else her love could suggest. It was amusing to see her domineer over the doctor, trained nurse, and landlady, and I soon learned to whom to make my pleas for extra liberty or special privileges. No request, however whimsical, seemed too much for her affection, though my demands were unceasing, in the selfishness of my invalidism. Only one thing I dared not ask her, and that was not from fear that it would be refused, but from cowardice. I longed to have her speak of you, but during those weeks she never mentioned your name.

The day before Mrs. Blodgett left town she took me for my first airing in her carriage, and told me that she was leaving a man and horses in town for a month longer in order that I should have a daily drive. "Mr. Blodgett really needs a carriage more in the summer than he does in the winter, but he never will consent to let me leave one for him, so I 've used you as an excuse," was the way she explained her kindness. "By the end of the month I hope you will be well enough to come up and make us a visit in the Berkshires, for the change will be the very best thing for you."

"I hope to be at work again by that time," I said.

"You are not to see pen or paper till the 1st of October!" she ordered; and when I only shook my head, she continued, "For three years you 've been overworking yourself, and now the doctor says you must take a long rest, and I 'm going to see that you have it."

"You mean to be good to me, Mrs. Blodgett," I sighed, "but if you knew my situation, you would understand that I must get to work again as soon as possible."

"I don't care about your situation," she sniffed contemptuously, "and I do care about your health. I shall insist that you come up to My Fancy, if I have to come back to the city to bring you; and when I once get you there, I shan't let you go away till I choose."

Loving my tyrant, I did not protest further, though firm in my own mind as to my duty. As it turned out, I need not have denied her, for the end of the month found me with but little added strength; and though I tried to work two or three times, I was forced to abandon the attempts without accomplishing anything. My wonder is that I gained strength at all, in my discouragement over the loss of Mr. Whitely's work, my

three months' idleness, the heavy doctor's bills, and the steadily accruing interest on the debt.

On the 21st of June Mr. Blodgett came to see me, as indeed he had done daily since Mrs. Blodgett left town.

"The boss writes," he announced, "ordering me to come up to-day, and directing that before I leave New York I am to do forty-seven things, ranging in importance from buying her the last novels to matching some white" — he looked at his letter, and spelled out — "'f-l-o-s-s' as per sample inclosed. I have n't time to do more than forty-five, and I 'm afraid I 'll never hear the last of the remaining two unless you 'll save me."

"How?"

"Well, three times in her letter she tells me that I 've got to bring you, the last time as good as saying that my life won't be an insurable risk if I don't. Since she puts so much stress on your presence, it 's just possible that if I fill that order she 'll forget the rest."

"I would go, Mr. Blodgett, but" —

"Oh, I understand all that," he interrupted. "Of course, if you stay in the cool fresh air of the city, you won't run any risk of the malaria the Berkshires are full of; I know the New York markets have peas as large and firm as bullets, while those in our garden are poor little shriveled affairs hardly worth the trouble of eating; our roads are not Belgian blocks, but only soft dirt, and we have n't got a decent flagged sidewalk within ten miles of My Fancy. I understand perfectly that you 'll get well faster here, and so get to work sooner; but all the same, just as a favor, you might pull me out of this scrape."

I need not say I had to yield, and together we took the afternoon express. On the train we found Mr. Whitely, — as great a surprise, apparently, to Mr. Blodgett as it was to me.

"Hello!" exclaimed the banker. "Where are you bound for?"

"I presume for the same destination you are," Mr. Whitely replied. "I am going up to see Miss Walton, and if Mrs. Blodgett cannot give me a night's hospitality, I shall go to the hotel."

"Plenty of room at My Fancy, and I 'll guarantee your welcome," promised Mr. Blodgett pleasantly. "Here 's the doctor going up for a bit of nursing."

Much to my surprise, my former employer entered the compartment, and, offering me his hand, sat down by the lounge I was stretched upon. "You 've had a serious illness," he remarked, with a bland attempt at sympathy.

I only nodded my head.

"I hope you will recover quickly, for you are needed in the office," he went on.

I could not have been more surprised if he had struck me, though I did not let it appear in my face.

"Whitely 's been trying to go it alone on his editorials, and the papers have all been laughing at him," chuckled Mr. Blodgett. "Just read us your famous one, Whitely, — that one about The Tendency of Modern Art, with the original Hebrew from Solomon you put in."

I saw my employer redden, and in pity for his embarrassment I said, "I do not think I shall ever come back to the office, Mr. Whitely."

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "You committed an unwise action, but business is business, and I see no cause why we need let a single mistake terminate a relation mutually profitable."

"I have learned that one cannot sell one's honesty without wronging other people, and I shall never do it again."

"This is purely sentimental," he began.

Mr. Blodgett, however, interrupted by saying, "Now don't go to exciting the doctor, for he 's to sleep on the trip. Besides, I 've got something in mind better than the job he 's had under you, Whitely. Come and have a smoke, and leave him to nap a bit."

They left me, and I set to puzzling

over many questions: how you would greet me at My Fancy; how you would welcome Mr. Whitely; what was the meaning of his friendliness towards me; and what new kindness Mr. Blodgett had in store for me. Finally I fell asleep, to be awakened only when we reached our destination.

Agnes met us at the station, and at the house Mrs. Blodgett gave me the warmest of welcomes, but not till I came downstairs before dinner did you and I meet. Your greeting was formal, yet courteous and gracious as of old, almost making me question if our last two interviews could be realities.

Before the dinner was finished Mrs. Blodgett ordered me to the divan on the veranda, and sent dessert and fruit out to me. You all joined me when the moment came for coffee and cigars; but the evening was cloudy and rather breezy, and presently Mrs. Blodgett said it was too cold for her, and suggested a game of whist indoors. "You must stay out here," she told me, "but if you feel cool be sure to use the shawl."

You turned and said to Mr. Whitely, "You will play, I hope?" and he assented so eagerly that it was all I could do to keep from laughing outright when you continued, "Agnes and Mr. Whitely will make your table, Mrs. Blodgett, so I will stay here and watch the clouds." The whole thing was so palpably with an object that I felt at once that you wished to see me alone, to learn if I had anything more to say concerning Mr. Whitely; and as I realized this, I braced myself for the coming ordeal.

For a few moments you stood watching the gathering storm, and then took a chair by the divan on which I lay.

"Are you too honorable," you began, — and though I could not see your face in the darkness, your voice told me you were excited, — "to pardon dishonorable conduct in others? For I have come to beg of you forgiveness for a wrong."

"Of me, Miss Walton?"

"Last April," you went on, "Mrs. Blodgett brought me a book and asked me to read it. A few pages revealed to me that it was a journal kept by an old friend of mine. After reading a little further, I realized for the first time that I was violating a confidence. Yet though I knew this, and struggled to close the book, I could not, but read it to the end. Can you forgive me?"

"Oh, Miss Walton!" I protested. "Why ask forgiveness of me? What is your act compared to the wrong" —

"Hush, Don," you said gently, and your use of my name, so long unheard, told me in a word that the feeling of our childhood days was come again. "Tell me you forgive me!" you entreated.

"I am not the one to forgive, Maizie."

"I did wrong, and I ask your pardon," you begged humbly. "Yet I 'm not sorry in the least, and I should do it again," you instantly added, laughing merrily at your own perverseness. Then in a moment you were serious again, saying, "I never received the letters or the photograph, Donald. My uncle confesses that he put them in the fire." And before I could speak, a new thought seized you, for you continued sadly, "I shall never forgive myself for my harshness and cruelty when you were so ill."

"That is nothing," I replied, "since all our misunderstandings are gone. Why, even my debt, Maizie, ceases now to be a burden; in the future it will be only a joy to work."

"Donald!" you exclaimed. "You don't suppose I shall let you pay me another cent!"

"I must."

"But I am rich," you protested. "The money is nothing to me. You shall not ruin your career to pay it. I scorn myself when I think that I refused to see you that night, and so lost my only chance of saving you from what followed. My pride, my wicked pride! It drove you to death's door by overwork, to give

me wealth I do not know how to spend. You parted with your library that I might let money lie idle in bank. I forced you to sell your book — your fame — to that thief. Oh, Donald, think of the wrong it has done already, and don't make it do greater!"

"Maizie, you do not understand" —

"I understand it all," you interrupted. "You must not — you shall not — I won't take it — I" —

"For his sake!"

"But I love him, too!" you pleaded. "Don't you see, Donald, that it was never the money, — that was nothing; but they told me his love — and yours, for they said you had known all the time — was only pretense, a method by which you might continue to rob me. And I came to believe it, — though I should have known better, — because, since you never wrote, it seemed to me you had both dropped me out of your thoughts as soon as you could no longer plunder me. Even then, scorning you, — like you in your feeling over my neglect of your letters, — I could not help loving you, for those Paris and Tyrol days were the happiest I have ever known; and though I knew, Don, that I ought to forget you, as I believed you had forgotten me, I could not do so. That I turned you away from my house was because I did not dare to meet you, — I knew I could not control myself. After the servant took the message, I sobbed over having to send it by a servant. I have never dared to speak in public of either of you, for fear I should break down. Try as I might, I could not help loving you both as I have never loved any one else. If I had only understood, as your journal has made me, — had only known that my name was on his lips when he died! No money could pay for what he gave to me. Could he ask me now for twice the sum, it would be my pleasure to give it to him, for I love him dearly, and"—

"If you love him, Maizie, you will let me clear his name so far as lies within my power."

For an instant you were silent, and then said softly, "You are right, Donald, we will clear his name."

I took your hand and touched it to my lips. "To hear you speak of him" — I could go no further, in my emotion.

There was a pause before you asked, "Donald, do you remember our talk here last autumn?"

"Every word."

You laughed gayly. "I want you to know, sir," you asserted, with a pretense of defiance, "that I don't believe in love, because I have never found any that was wholly free from self-indulgence or self-interest. And I still think" —

Just then Mrs. Blodgett joined us, and inquired, "Have you told Rudolph, Maizie?"

"Yes."

"I went to see how you were the moment I heard of your illness," she said, with a certain challenge in her voice, "and I found that book lying on your desk just where you stopped writing from weakness. I read it, and I took it to Maizie."

"It was kismet, I suppose," was all I could say, too happy to think of criticism, and instantly her manner changed and she wiped her eyes.

"I had to do it," she sobbed.

"You have been too good to me," I answered, rising and taking her hand.

"There, there," she continued, steadying herself. "I did n't come out to behave like this, but to tell you to go to bed at once. I 'm going to your room to see that everything is right, but don't you delay a minute after I 'm gone," and she disappeared through the doorway.

I turned to you and held out my hand, bidding you, "Good-night, Maizie," and you took it, and replied, "Good-night, Don." Then suddenly you leaned forward, and, kissing my forehead, added, "God keep you safe for me, my darling."

I took you in my arms, and gave you back your kiss twofold, while saying, "Good-night, my love."

XXVI.

A man does not willingly spread on paper the sweetest and tenderest moments of his life. When half crazed with grief and illness I might express my suffering, much as, in physical pain, some groan aloud; but the deepest happiness is silent, for it is too great to be expressed. And lest, my dears, you think me even less manly than I am, I choose to add here the reason for my writing the last few pages of this story of my love, that if you ever read it you may know the motive which made me tell what till to-night I have kept locked in my heart.

This evening the dearest woman in the world came to me, as I sat at my desk in the old library, and asked, "Are you busy, Donald?"

"I am reading the one hundred and forty-seventh complimentary review of my History of the Moors, and I am so sick of sweets that your interruption comes as an unalloyed pleasure."

"Am I bitter or acid?" she asked, leaning over my shoulder and arranging my hair, which is one of her ways of pleasing me.

"You are my exact opposite," I said gravely.

"How uncomplimentary you are!" she cried, with a pretense of anger in her voice.

"An historian must tell the truth now and then, for variety's sake."

"Then tell me if you are too engaged to spare me a minute. Any other time will do."

"You are seriously mistaken, because no other time will do. And nothing about me is ever engaged, as regards you, except my affections, and they are permanently so."

"I 've come to ask a favor of you."

"Out of the question; but you may tell me what it is."

"Oh, Donald, say you will grant it before I tell you!"

"Concealment bespeaks a guilty conscience."

"But sometimes you are so funny and obstinate about things!"

"That is what Mr. Whitely used to say."

"Don't mention that wretch's name to me! To think of that miserable little Western college making him an LL. D. because of your book!"

"Never mind, Maizie; here 's a letter I received an hour ago from Jastrow, which tells me the University of Leipzig is going to give me a degree."

"That he should steal your fame!"

"My Moor is five times the chap my Turk was."

"But you might have had both!"

"And gone without you? Don't fret over it, my darling."

"I can't help" —

She always ends this vein by abusing herself, which I would n't allow another human being to do, and which I don't like to hear, so I interrupted: "Jastrow says he 'll come over in March to visit us, and threatens to bring the manuscript of his whole seventeen volumes, for me to take a final look at it before he sends it to press."

"The dear old thing!" she said tenderly. "I love him so for what he was to you that I believe I shall welcome him with a kiss."

"Why make the rest of his life unhappy?"

"Is that the way it affects you?"

"Woman is born illogical, and even the cleverest of her sex cannot entirely overcome the taint. After you give me a kiss I bear in mind that I am to have another, and that makes me very happy. But if you kiss Jastrow, the poor fellow will go back to Germany and pine away into his grave. Even his fifty-two dia-

lects will not satisfy him after your labial."

"Oh, you silly!" she exclaimed; but, my dears, I think she is really, in her secret heart, fond of silliness, for she leaned over and — There, I 'll stop being what she called me.

"We 'll give him a great reception," she continued, "and have every one worth knowing to meet him."

"He is the shyest of beings."

"How books and learning do refine men!" she said.

"I am afraid they do make weaklings of us."

"Will you never get over the idea that you are weak?" she cried; for it is one of her pet superstitions that I am not.

"You 'll frighten me out of it if you speak like that."

"You are — well — that is really what I came to ask for. You will, Donald, won't you?"

"The distinction between 'will' and 'won't' is clearly set forth in a somewhat well-known song concerning a spider and a fly."

"Oh, you bad boy!"

"Adsum."

"I 'm really serious."

"I never was less so."

"I should not have become your wife if I had dreamed you would be such a brute!"

"You 'll please remember that I never asked you to marry me."

She laughed deliciously over the insult, and after that I could not resist her.

"You have," I said, "a bundle in your left hand, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a blue ribbon, which you sedulously keep from my sight, but which I can see in the mirror."

"And you 've known it all this time! Perhaps you know too what I want?"

"Last spring," I told her, "I knocked at the door of your morning-room twice, and receiving no answer, I went in, to find you reading something that you instantly hid from sight. There were on the lounge, I remember, a sheet of tissue paper and a blue ribbon. I suspect a connection."

"Well?"

"My theory is that you have some really improper book wrapped in the paper, and that is why you so guiltily hide it from me."

"Oh, Donald, it gives me such happiness to read it!"

"That was the reason I asked you why you had tears in your eyes, when I surprised you that day. Your happiness was most enviable!"

"Men never understand women!"

"Deo gratias."

"But I love it."

"I don't like to hear you express such sentiments for so erotic a book."

"Oh, don't apply such a word to it!" she cried, in a pained voice.

"A word," I explained, "taken from the Greek *erotikos*, which is derived from *erao*, meaning 'I love passionately.' It is singularly descriptive, Maizie."

"If it means that, I like it, but I thought you were insulting my book."

"Almost five years ago," I remarked, "a volume was stolen from my room, which I have never since been able to recover. Now a woman of excessive honesty calmly calls it hers."

"You know you don't want it."

"I want it very much."

"Really?"

"To put it in the fire."

"Don!"

"Once upon a time a most bewitching woman wrote a story, and in a vain moment her husband asked her to give it to him. She" —

"But, my darling, it was so foolish that I had to burn it up. Think of my making the heroine marry that creature!"

"Since you married the poor chap to the other girl, there was no other ending possible. If the book were only in existence, I think Agnes and her husband

would enjoy reading it almost as much as I should."

"How silly I was! But at least the book made you write the ending which prevented me from accepting him that winter. What a lot of trouble I gave my poor dear!"

"I met the 'poor dear' yesterday, looking very old and unhappy despite his LL. D."

"Oh, you idiot!" she laughed. And she must like imbeciles, too, for — well, I 'm not going to tell even you how I know that she 's fond of idiots.

"Why do you suppose he 's unhappy?" she asked.

"My theory is that he 's miserable because he lost — lost me."

"I 'm so glad he is!" joyously asserted the tenderest of women.

"Nevertheless," I resumed, "it was a book I should have valued as much as you do that one in tissue paper, and you ought not to have burned it."

"I am very sorry I did, Donald, since you would really have liked it," she said, wistfully and sorrowfully. "I should have thought of your feelings, and not of mine."

This is a mood I cannot withstand. "Dear heart," I responded, "I have you, and all the books in the world are not worth a breath in comparison. What favor do you want me to do?"

"To write a sort of last chapter — an ending, you know — telling about — about the rest."

"Have you forgotten it?"

"I? Never! I could n't. But I want to have it all in the book, so that when Foster and Mai are older they can read it."

"I have no intention of sharing, even with our children, my under-the-rose idyl with the loveliest of girls. And when the children are older, they 'll be far more interested in their own heart secrets than they are in ours."

"Still, dear," she pleaded, "they may hear from others some unkind and perverted allusions to our story; for you know what foolish things were said at the time of our marriage."

"If I remember rightly, some one — was it my mother or Mr. Whitely?" —

"Both," she answered.

"— spread it abroad that I had trapped an heiress into marriage by means of an alias."

"Was n't it a delicious version!" she laughed merrily. "But no matter what 's ever tattled in the future, if Foster and Mai have your journal, they will always understand it."

"Maizie," I urged, "if you let those imps of mischief read of our childish doings in this old library, they 'll either finish painting the plates in Kingsborough, or burn the house down in trying to realize an Inca of Peru at the stake."

"But I won't read them those parts," she promised; "especially if you write a nice ending, which they 'll like."

"Won't it do to add just a paragraph, saying that our fairy godmamma found and gave you the journal, and that then we 'lived happily ever after'?"

"No, Donald," she begged. "I want the whole story, to match the rest."

"Five years ago I knew the saddest and most dejected of fellows, whose misery was so great that he wailed it out on paper. But now I know only the happiest of mortals, and he cannot write in the lugubrious tone of yore — unless a lady of his acquaintance will banish him from her presence or do something else equally joy-destroying."

"Are you trying to bribe me into giving you a rest from my presence for a time?"

"Undoubtedly," I assented. "It 's a fearful strain to live up to you, and it is beginning to tell on me."

"If I did n't know you were teasing, I should really be hurt. But I should like to ask you one thing."

"And that is?"

"In your journal — well — of course I know that you were — that I am not

— that your love made you think me what I never was in the least, Donald," she faltered, "but still, perhaps — Do you remember what Mr. Blodgett said? I hope you like my reality as much as your ideal."

"Have n't you changed your idea of me, Maizie?"

"Oh yes."

"And therefore you don't love me as much?"

"But that 's different, Donald," she observed seriously.

"How?"

"Why, you treated me so strangely that, inevitably, I did n't know what you were like; and though you interested me very much, and though your journal brought back my old love for you, still, what I did was more in pity and admiration and reparation than — and so I could fall deeper in love. While you, being so much in love already, and with such a totally different woman" —

"Only went from bad to worse," I groaned. "Yes, I own up. I have done the worst thing a man can do. I have fallen in love with a married woman. And the strange thing about it is that you are not jealous of her! Indeed, I really believe that you are magnanimous enough to love her, too, though it 's natural you should not like her as much as you do some others. But next August I 'll leave her and go to India to study for my new book."

"The married woman will go too," she said calmly.

"I should n't dare risk her among those hill tribes."

"And she won't risk you where it is n't safe for her to go."

"I was only thinking of your lovely complexion," I explained.

"Old mahogany is very fashionable," she laughed.

"Can nothing make you stay at home?" I asked beseechingly.

"I wonder if there ever was a husband who did not love to tease his wife?"

"The divorce courts have records of many such unloving wretches."

"What I want," she told me, returning to her wish, "is to have you take it up just where you left off. Tell about your pneumonia, and how Mrs. Blodgett found your journal, but did n't dare give it to me till the doctor said you would recover; and then tell of my sending you flowers and jellies and everything I could think of, by her, to help you get well. How" —

"I should have eaten twice as much and recovered much more quickly if she had only let me know from whom they really came," I interjected.

"And tell how I would n't listen to that scoundrel till you should have a chance to justify yourself; how, the moment I had read your diary, I wrote and rejected him, and would not see him when he called; how he would not accept his dismissal, but followed me to the country; tell how dreadfully in the way he was that evening, till Mrs. Blodgett and Agnes and I trapped him into a game of whist" —

"You Machiavellis!"

"Tell all about my confession, and how we all spoiled you for those months at My Fancy. Oh, were n't they lovely, Donald?"

"I thought so then."

"But not now?"

"A gooseberry is good till you taste a strawberry. There was a good deal too much gooseberry, as I remember."

"Then tell how the papers and people chattered about your assuming your true name; and how they gabbled when we were married; and how, on our wedding day, we endowed the hospital ward" —

"Have n't you made a slip in the pronoun?"

"I 'll box your ears if you even suggest it again; half of the money was what you earned — endowed the hospital ward in memory of *our* dear father, and how happy we 've been since."

"You 've made a mistake in the last pronoun, I 'm certain."

"You will write it to please me?"

"Oh, Maizie, I can't. It 's all too dear to me."

"Please, Don, try."

"But" —

She interrupted my protest. "Donald," she said, the tenderness in her face and voice softening her words, "before knowing that I loved you, you insisted that debt must be paid. Won't you pay me now, dear?"

"I don't owe you money, Maizie!" I cried. "I owe you everything, and I 'm a brute to the most generous of women. Give me the book, dear heart."

"You 'll make it nice, like the rest, won't you?" she begged.

"I 'll try." And then I laughingly added, "Maizie, you still have the technical part of story-telling to learn."

"How?"

"I can't write all you wish and make it symmetrical. In the first place, we don't want to spend so much time on Whitely as to give him a fictitious value; and next, to be artistic, we must end with our good-night that evening."

"Well, that will do, if you 'll only tell it nicely."

And that, my dears, is why I write again of those old days, so distant now in time and mood. What is told here is shared with you only to please my love, and I ask of you that it shall be a confidence. And of Another I ask that each of you in time may find a love as strong as that told here; that each may be as true and noble as your mother, and as happy as your father.

Good-night, my children; good-night, my love. May God be as good to you as he has been to me.

Paul Leicester Ford.

AROUND DOMREMY.

It was a dark plunge into the Maid's country, through driving rain, about nine o'clock in the evening. We were hungry, for there had been nothing but madeleines and champagne where we had hoped to find dinner. This sensation vanished, however, when we stepped into void night, lost even from the little world of Domremy. This was Domremy-Maxey, the railway station. Across an unseen valley and the bridged Meuse lay Greux and Domremy.

The traveler who arrives in the daytime, and takes the kilometer or so afoot, will fall at once under the spell of the ancient Lorraine marches. But I would rather approach first as we did, and realize the sordidness through which the Maid sprung. All the trivialities of life are forced back into their natural place, and you are conscious of bracing for the shock of most rugged peasant existence in a spot that has probably changed as little as any in the world during the past four hundred years. It is the spirit of the hills which meets you at her doorway.

The station-master, seeing our helpless state with some contempt, sent his boy into the unknown for a wagon. He then beckoned us to an inner room, and opened a hinged pane in a window. He listened mysteriously, satisfying himself that he was not overheard. It was most impressive. A round-bodied, rosy man is usually benevolent, however. He leaned toward us and whispered behind his hand, "Hotel Ferbus, monsieur-dame, Hotel Ferbus!"

We remembered afterwards that he did not praise Hotel Ferbus; he simply imparted the name, and we caught it as something precious. His manner was

the same as that of a Parisian modiste when she presses a garment upon you at two prices, — "For you, for you alone, madame!" When a gaunt woman arrived, driving like a witch of the night, we repeated the name again and again to her. "Hotel Ferbus! We will have nothing but Hotel Ferbus!" The boy, following with a belated man, heard our directions in silent disapproval which was discernible by lantern-light. I have no doubt that boy had seen his master send victim after victim to Hotel Ferbus in Greux, thus extracting toll for a friend before the traveler could escape to a decent little inn in Domremy.

When we next saw the woman who drove us, she told us she knew the chambers in Hotel Ferbus were not convenable, but what could be said? Monsieur was the good friend of Madame Ferbus. This woman's horse was a great raw-boned creature like herself, with the same animal patience in its face. It had the gait of a camel, and threw itself violently into darkness. Our wheels grated against the walls of houses in Domrémy-Maxey. Our driver had a lantern beside her on the seat, and it showed her bare head, giving one the sense of terrible emergency, so that merely plunging into the dark valley and rolling upon the bridge was an adventure. But she put us down safely in what seemed to be the angle of a poultry-yard, and was the entrance to the Hotel Ferbus.

This primitive inn had a drinking-room with a sanded floor; a best room with a cupboard bed, where some German ladies were sitting, ready to laugh with us at our common predicament; a kitchen; and three upstairs chambers. The innkeeper was a woman. There is yet no lack of woman's prowess in the Maid's country. Chickens were roosting along rough stairs which led to the chambers, but the beds did not lack linen sheets. Evidently, a housewife of northern France would go without wooden shoes before she would permit her beds to go uncanopied and unprovided with the best linen to be found in shops about her.

Domremy is less than half a kilometer from Greux. It seems almost possible to throw a ball from one village to the other, yet each has its ancient church. "Domremy," says a current description of the place, "is divided by the little brook of Trois-Fontaines, an affluent of the Meuse." But you will look in vain for any such little brook. Greux is divided by a narrow stream,—the villagers abbreviating its name to "Trois,"— a full, gurgling throat of water which soon spreads out in shallows where the geese love to tread. This trifling misstatement about Trois-Fontaines illustrates the general haziness which so many biographers throw around Jeanne d'Arc. "She lived near Vaucouleurs," we read, when Vaucouleurs — twenty kilometers from her birthplace — seemed nearly as remote to her as Paris. She never saw the town until she went there to be sent into France. Bermont, Bury-la-Côte, Goussaincourt,— a long chain of villages stretched betwixt the Maid and Vaucouleurs.

With the return of sunlight we found in Domremy a very decent inn, diagonally opposite the church. Besides straggling along one street by the river Meuse, the Pucelle's town has a small overflow of houses betwixt two spurs of the long height following the river's course. That whole valley of the Meuse is something to remember in dreams. It gives you a feeling of nearness to the sky. Thrifty vineyards show on the slopes, and along the upland south of Domremy is a dense growth of oaks. The Meuse is not a large stream nor a brimming one at midsummer. Verdure creeps to its edge, though it has not the look of a depressed course in a grassy meadow, like the Indre in another part of France.

The Maid's church has a square, low tower, in which there is now a clock that strikes the hour twice. It is startling, after an interval of three minutes, to hear the strokes solemnly repeated, as if this

were a region where you were driven to take note of time.

A very gnarled and miserably crippled old woman sat on the church steps when we entered, such a creature as Jeanne would have waited upon tenderly. I gave her three copper coins, and she turned a blessing on my head which poured steadily for a quarter of an hour. From my crown to my shoes, within and without, in all my desires and hopes, with the favor and protection of all the saints, especially the high guardianship of St. Michael, she blessed me, until it was embarrassing to be so beatified for a few coppers. She may have had credit with heaven. At any rate, it is not a bad thing, when you set about any serious undertaking, to be copiously blessed by an old woman.

This parish church of Domremy has a pretty interior; not ambitious or imposing, but full of harmonious colors, with light and space in its arches. The most interesting spot is that chapel-like corner where Jeanne prayed, — the humble little soul, so far from the high altar! Here an altar has for several years been dedicated to her. The adored of her people had no need to wait on the process at Rome to be the saint of Domremy. Banners are stacked as tribute before her. Marble votive tablets crowd the wall beside the altar. A white pillar opposite is covered with pencil inscriptions left by passing pilgrims: —

"Honneur à Jeanne d'Arc."

"Salut à Jeanne d'Arc, la Vierge Lorraine."

"Honneur à Jeanne d'Arc, la Vierge Lorraine, de deux jeunes mariées en voyage."

And so on, from the "young married" to the young soldiers and countless strangers who do not append their initials. The most impressive fact in Domremy is the brooding presence of the Maid. Every inhabitant feels a proprietary interest in that great memory. It is evidently transmitted from parent to child, a valuable inheritance. The place was long ago a shrine, and people who live around a shrine partake of its dignity.

The sweetest nature in this world cannot escape the sarcastic critic, who grows funnier in proportion to his density to mighty spiritual stress. Jeanne's love-compelling presence kept her neighbors from ridiculing her, but doubtless folks in Toul and Neufchâteau heard of her pretensions with as much amusement as the times permitted. When you are utterly incapable of any achievement yourself, the next best thing is to heap contempt on one who may be capable of it. Jeanne d'Arc should be the peculiar saint of those who bear scorn from their fellows while they labor upon their ideals alone. But in our day no Frenchman makes a jest of the Maid of France. She is his miracle. To speak odiously of her would be unpardonable blasphemy. Voltaire has that base distinction to himself.

There is a wretched kneeling statue, on a pedestal, at the right of the church entrance. South of Domremy, upon a plateau of the height, under the oak woods where Jeanne often prayed, a huge white Basilica was nearly finished. In this new church daily mass is to be celebrated for the soldiers of France. At its front, the centre of a group containing St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, is a touching and beautiful figure of the Maid hearkening to the Voices.

The picture of her shed-shaped home is familiar to everybody. The house stands back beside the rear of the church, on a lower plane of ground. The floor is now flagged with stone, and the white-breasted chimney lightens a dark interior. There are only three rooms in this house, one of which was used for fuel. But the child's real home was bounded only by the horizon. She worked in the fields and ran on the hills, she helped her mother wash the family woolens in the

Meuse, and on Saturday afternoons in summer she went with other children to tend her pet lamb in the grassy ravine behind Bermont. Seven villages may now be counted from one hill over that populous valley. Less populous in her time, and harried by raiders, it was even then the forerunner of the French côte of continual settlements along a river-front.

Pigs, geese, and goats run in the paved streets of Domremy. A few well-built houses have walls and gardens about them, but the general domicile is a strong low stone cottage, having a coping around the manure heap under its window. The barnyard smell, however, is lost in the freshness of the hills. Southward, and far beyond the Basilica, a fine château is in sight, but it had no part in the life of the Maid, and no feudal rights over her village.

In summer, on the anniversary of Jeanne's birth, a tide of pilgrims rushes through the Meuse valley. Ordinarily, nothing could be quieter than this pastoral Domremy life. The long twilight of the hills descends, and the cows are brought home by dark-eyed slender girls. A woman in a white cap, short skirts, and wooden shoes comes down from the uplands, with a vineyard pannier on her back heaped with luzerne for the cattle. It is so still that you can almost hear the gliding Meuse ripple on shallows. Then the church clock strikes twice, and the bell rings, and you hear also the bell in Greux. A patter follows on the paving. Domremy convent sends out its little flock of pupils, led by nuns, to their evening devotions. The firelight shines through house doors. Perhaps a child may be heard setting up its plaintive twilight wail. The innocent people get early to bed, and even at the wine-shop there are no lingerers.

On this sweet monotone of existence the world sometimes breaks with rude shock. The whole village came out to look at a bareheaded man in a cart, tied hand and foot with ropes. He had a rough crime-marked face, but complained volubly to the people who gathered around. They all looked at the prisoner; some replied; their attitude expressed humanity rather than sympathy. A gendarme walked behind the cart. He allowed his prisoner a glass of water, but no wine. The man drank, and resumed his cigarette, giving his tongue liberty between puffs.

"Il fume!" exclaimed the innkeeper's daughter, astonished that any one could console himself in such a situation. She told us he was a voleur; and worse still, an anarchist! The peasants of Domremy breathed more comfortably as the cart moved on. Such faces as his usually make their last appearance with a glassy grin in the Paris morgue. But they have their amusements meanwhile.

We had far more stirring sights in Domremy. One ceremony is worth going to France for, although Jeanne's townspeople have so often beheld it that they regard it with little attention. The jingle of bridles, clatter of hoofs, and rolling of heavy wheels brought us to the windows in time to see a regiment of French troops forming, on their way to Neufchâteau. The gun-carriages waited between house-rows. Men mounted on horseback, at a word from the officer, wheeled into line, facing the church and the Maid's birthplace. At another word, out went every right hand with its weapon. They presented arms to Jeanne d'Arc! How little it entered into the mind of the Libératrice that more than four hundred years after her death the troops of France would do her honor!

As soon as this act of homage was completed the men broke ranks, and took turns in dismounting and entering the church. All day, indeed, while this military body trailed through Domremy, soldiers might be seen hurrying in and out. Not one seemed capable of passing the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc without pausing there to bend his knees.

The road to Neufchâteau crosses the Meuse bridge almost opposite the church, and passes through Goncourt, a kilometer or two farther south. Here the mail arrives, for there is no post-office in Domremy. Along this track Jeanne's family and neighbors, driving their cattle and carrying what they could with them, fled from Burgundian raiders to Neufchâteau.

To reach Bermont you go in the opposite direction, northward, through Greux, and in doing so you cross the line into the Vosges country. Bermont, however, is not on the road. A rough track, better suited to pilgrim feet than to carriage-wheels, crosses a field and ascends wooded heights. Bermont château stands in sight, the tiny ancient chapel appearing to form one wing. To this chapel Jeanne often climbed joyfully, lingering there on her knees while her playmates went on down into the ravine, to dance or run on the grass, which is wonderfully green and fresh about the spring. "I do not remember that I ever danced," she said at her trial, "after I knew I had to go into France."

When the châtelaine of Bermont sees visitors approaching, she has the chapel bell rung in salutation, and comes herself to unlock the door, fluttering with pleasure at the homage done the shrine which she guards. She lives here with her brother and one servant during the summer, and returns to Orleans for the winter. The peasants in Domremy venerate the Maid; mademoiselle at Bermont adores her. The care of Bermont has been commended by the Pope, by a document wherein special indulgences are granted to those who come there to pray.

Though the chapel is small, its vaulted top gives it dignity. It is very dim, light coming from the east over the high altar. There are other windows on the north side under the eaves, but these are shrouded in shrubbery. On the left of the high altar is an ancient wooden image of the Virgin holding the Child in her arms. The Child clasps in his hands a bird.

It is a steep descent down a thickly wooded hillside into the ravine behind Bermont chapel. The charm of this place, so moist and green, shady yet sparkling with light, is enough to have drawn the children from Domremy through every generation. Limpid water overflows from the spring and runs away among trees in a brook which makes just noise enough to give a voice to the silence. The châtelaine assured us that Bermont spring was full of health-giving properties; though, with French caution, she added some lumps of sugar to the draught.

Returning from Bermont, and again taking the road towards Vaucouleurs, you pass Goussaincourt at a twist it makes, climb the long shoulder of the Vosges hills, and come to Bury-la-Côte. Among the manure heaps of Bury it is easy to find the Laxart house, a good stone cottage, with the quaintest window and portal in that part of France.

Here is Jeanne's actual starting-point. Durand Laxart took her in his cart from this door to the captain of Vaucouleurs. She set forth from Bury-la-Côte on the journey from which she never turned back. You grope through a long, dark entry into the living-room and stand on an earthen floor. One window looks over the Meuse. There is a white-breasted chimney as in the Domremy cottage. The small brown joists are almost within reach, an arm's-length above. One who has courage to brave its odors, in its present dishonored state, may imagine that room again lighted by hearth fagots, and a voice piercing the stillness, — "Compère, I must go into France!"

The least reverent member of the party remained outside, however, exchanging English for French with a puzzled villager who kindly acted as guide. The raw wind of an American prairie

seemed to blow briskly through Bury-la-Côte, but the guide was as insensible to this influence as she was to the house's desecration. She thought no less of Durand Laxart's cottage because it now sheltered chickens and geese.

"It 's an old place, you say?"

"Oui, monsieur," she responded, understanding the questioner's meaning only.

"Old enough to stink?"

"Oui, oui, monsieur, très-ancienne; où Jeanne d'Arc restait."

"Old enough to stink worse than the rest of Bury-la-Côte?"

"O, oui, monsieur!"

"Then I shall hold my nose out here."

"Oui, monsieur," piously assented the woman; for though it was impossible to catch the exact meaning of an American, it was equally impossible that he should fail to venerate any spot blessed by the passing of the Maid.

The peasant, closely associated with dumb creatures in his labor, has a brother's tenderness for them. He will house his draught-animals next his own chamber. No doubt, if Durand Laxart could return to Bury-la-Côte, he would commend the present use of his cottage, and would rather see it sheltering fowls than standing in empty ruin. We could not learn why the modern owner failed to keep the place sightly. Perhaps few pilgrims come to look at it. A little labor and no outlay of money would restore it to the state it was in four hundred and sixty years ago, allowing for the natural discoloration of wood and stone by time. These simple shrines of Europe make dwellers in a land of hastily built houses and sheet-iron business cliffs very low-spirited.

In the Meuse valley, as in other parts of France, the holdings are scattered. A man's vineyard may be on the hill slope, and his luzerne field a kilometer or so distant. His cottage and garden represent another oasis. If he is very rich, he will own many spots in the landscape. The ancient estates alone may be measured in continuous arpents and included within one boundary. Peasants were small landlords along the Meuse in Jeanne d'Arc's time.

The ancient way to reach Vaucouleurs was by the road winding up and down among the Vosges hills on the west side of the Meuse. This track Jeanne followed in Durand Laxart's cart; and many towns may now be counted where stretches of chalky soil then brightened the darkness of the short late winter day. Wherever you go, the sensation of being near the sky accompanies you. The hills lean thereagainst, with cushions of shifting vapor.

But the modern way to reach Vaucouleurs is to take a train at Domremy-Maxey and whiz over the twenty kilometers in a few more minutes.

Vaucouleurs — met in the dusk on the way down to Domremy — brought one's heart to the lips, and made one lean from the carriage window to look at the twinkling town, exclaiming joyfully, "This is Vaucouleurs! Now we are in Jeanne d'Arc's country! From the castle gate here she set out to Chinon!"

Encountered in the glaring white daylight of Vosges hills, it was still satisfactory as the great town of Jeanne's childhood, though, like most ancient walled places, it has nearly obliterated its former girth. A line of dark wall and one old tower remain in the centre. This wall once continued uphill to the Gate of France, that southern portal renamed from Jeanne's undertaking. A finer bit is below and a little northeast of the castle. This stanch survival of northern wall shows the kind of house which used to be built into fortifications; its dark stones are gloriously clothed in vines.

The main street of Vaucouleurs is called Rue Jehanne d'Arc. With tiny winding ascents and descents branching from it in all directions, it leads to a fine open square; crossing that, you will find a house of three stories, with yel-

low shutters and a small iron balcony, in a block with other houses. In a high niche on its front stands an image of the Virgin with a fleur-de-lys underneath. On this spot was the wheelwright's home, where Jeanne stayed during her three weeks of waiting. She daily crossed the square westward and ascended a flight of stone steps leading to the castle.

The ascent winds betwixt walls deep as canals. The ruins of the castle are giving place to another huge white Basilica in the Maid's honor, and this will inclose the crypt of the old chapel where she prayed daily to be sent into France. This province seems as remote from Parisian France in our day as it was in 1429, when cut off from the Dauphin by five hundred miles of debatable ground.

The castle foundations are very deep. In one place, under a gateway, where workmen were picking, they unearthed many forgotten bones. These crumbled easily at a touch. Some skull-fronts were thicker than an ox's. And they needed so to be, in their day, when deeds of arms were done with mace and battle-axe, and a man's helmet was so heavy that he gladly loaded it on the horse of his squire during his light moments of riding without encounter.

Locust and plane trees, cottonwood, box elder, and maple grow along the terraces of Vaucouleurs' hillside, and in the wide alluvial strip which separates it from the Meuse. Everywhere the garden, hidden for its owner's delight, may be detected within high inclosures. It is here, however, that one is sincerely convinced that the rivers of France must sometime run soapsuds. A hill tributary to the Meuse, swift and narrow, is stained by the labors of the washerwomen, who kneel in rows, their boxes in front of them and their paddles whacking. Echoes drop back from the castle height. These unreserved laundresses have great dignity. You cannot help feeling they are conferring some kind of public benefit, and the thanks of the state are due them. Yet with all such contributions along its course the Meuse runs limpidly green, as if only bruised grass were hidden in its depths.

The peasants have a form of salutation which one does not hear outside this valley, — "Bon jour, monsieu'-dame!" with a sharply rising inflection on the last word. They are a long-limbed, well-built, hardy race. The old woman who brought luggage to the inn on a wheelbarrow was apt with her load, and by no means appealed to compassion. There lingers a hint of Jeanne d'Arc in the girls who walk about in wooden shoes, dark-eyed, gentle-mannered, and quickly kind. They have not the heavy stupidity of peasants farther west. These were always a freer people. A shady court in Vaucouleurs showed as in a picture six or seven girls who had drawn their chairs together, all sewing on some white stuff. Becoming conscious that strangers passed and glanced in, — for who could help glancing in at a picture? — they took up a song and sung it together, neither offensive nor defensive, devoting themselves to working and singing. One was reminded of the Maid's attention to the task set before her, and her simple indifference to the world outside of that.

The principal church of Vaucouleurs is not very interesting. Its side door, which is most frequently used, is so placed as to be seen at the top of a long, ascending street, like a shrine to reward the climber.

This pilgrimage into the Maid's country is not for people who must have the luxuries of Paris; though at any inn, except the one in Greux, meals are served in courses and on delicate china, and the best bleached linens cover your canopied bed. In Greux, even, the kindness of your hostess atones for her rude provisions. But one who goes reverently into that Meuse valley of rainbow lights leaves and remembers it with an aching regret akin to the long homesickness of

the Maid. Her cradle is worthy of her. St. Michael might have floated over those hills, and St. Catherine and St. Margaret may well have met her in the oak woods. In all France the greatest tribute to her memory is this valley's devotion to her. You hearken to the bells of Domremy and Greux and Bury-la-Côte, and wish that you also might distinguish Voices.

Around Domremy there are, of course, many sights which escape the eye of one who comes on a pilgrimage. The uplands are indeed very stony; but you forget that in recalling the story that here the Maid was once blown along without touching the ground, and she herself saw nothing strange in this until her companions cried out. Or the skylark circles down from the zenith to fall rejoicing on the hilltop. It is a beautiful and in some measure a blessed country where the skylark lingers and Jeanne d'Arc was.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

THE FARTHEST VOYAGE.

Upon a voyage soon must thou be gone,
Longer than admiral e'er sailed. Thou, who
Art all unskilled to manage ship or helm,
Without a chart or azimuth or clue,
Thyself the pilot and the crew,
Art called to rival and outdo
The mighty captains of the watery realm, —
Columbus, Madoc, Hudson, De Leon.

The hour approaches, near or far,
The ship will clear the harbor bar;
The pilot, watching with keen eyes,
Will see the lights of land he steered by fast
Vanish and sink behind the mast,
And like a lighted city left astern
The world on the horizon cease to burn,
And feel the deck in grasp of Ocean sink and rise,
While in his face the mists of the Unknown
Fall damp, as though by some great trade-wind blown.

Is there a word to say or sing
To which the heart may cling,
When, anchor up, the final start is near,
And one by one the harbor-lanterns disappear, —
A saying large enough, a prophet's dole,
To serve as compass for the soul,
When naught is left aloft, before, behind,
Save endless paths of wave and star and wind?

Hear what the stars revealed to me,
The secret of the sea.

Who for the condor reared the Andes' crest
Hath many a summit where the soul of man may nest.
Arcturus keeps a hidden saying for my ear,
Aldebaran hath that to tell which I must hear.
Offshore a friendly gale
Awaits to swell the sail
And steer the bark afar
To friendly ports in orb and star.

This is the secret sweet
Whose knowledge fires the stars and waves the wheat.
'T is what the meadow knows
In spring when the arbutus blows,
Nor quite forgets amid December's gloom.
It is the secret of the corn-flower's hue
And of the heaven's blue.
I learned it on the hillside where I lay,
When in the hazy, long September day
A million asters burst in bloom,
A million spikes of goldenrod
Lifted heads and smiled in the face of God.

I learned it when Katahdin's pinnacle
Bore me all night amid the vast
From star to star, — each as it passed
Saluting me and crying, All is well! —
Until night ended, and the dawn
On the horizon lay uncurled,
A great, lit haven, whither, near and nearer drawn,
The globe, as some great ship with canvas furled,
Arriving, damp with the night dew,
On every side a pæan grew
Of welcome, welcome home!
And louder yet from gulf and crimsoning dome
Day's thousand trumpets blew
Wild welcome to the world.

Ay, as God lives, a sweetness greater than we know
Abides in death, as zones of summer bud and blow
Undreamed of while men shiver in a hut of snow.
There is prepared a mightier surprise
Than any dares to dream, or hope for, or surmise.

William Prescott Foster.

THE JUGGLER.

X.

It was with a mild countenance and a chastened heart that Tubal Sims rode up to his own door, the next evening, and slowly dismounted, his old brains, stiff with the limited uses of a narrow routine, dazed and racked by the brisk pace which they had been fain to conserve in the wide circuits which they had traveled in his absence. Never had the cabin on the river-bank looked so like home; never had home seemed so like heaven. For Tubal Cain Sims, in his secret soul, cared little for the bedizenments of crowns, and the superfluities of harps, and the extravagance of streets paved with gold, and the like celestial scenery of his primitive hymnology. The sight of Jane Ann Sims on the porch, her bulky arms akimbo, the flutter of Euphemia's pink dress with the dark red roses from the slope of the dell where the spring lurked, could have been no dearer to him if they had had wings, — which appurtenance, however, in his lack of spiritual imagination, would have reduced them to a turkey-like standpoint or other gallinaceous level. He hardly remembered to dread Jane Ann's questionings; and perhaps because of this beatific ease of mind, the humble works of fiction, which the puritanical might denominate lies, that had occupied his faculties during his return journey, were exploited with a verisimilitude which received the meed of credulity. He stated that the thought of Jerry Gryce, his brother-in-law, and a paralytic, dwelling in Piomingo Cove, had weighed so on his mind, in wakeful hours of the night, that he had felt obliged to rise betimes and journey thither to see that all was well with him. And a cheerful report he was able to give of that invalid, — for indeed he had stopped at Gryce's on the way back, — who had charged him with some asperity, however, being a superstitious man, to have a care how he took the liberty of dreaming about him, or nourishing presentiments in which he was concerned, or viewing visions. "I kin do all my own dreamin' an' ghost-seein' too, thanky kindly," he had said satirically.

Jane Ann Sims was the less penetrating as she herself had developments of interest to detail. In a wheezy, husky whisper that had less the elements of confidential relation than a shriek might have compassed, she made plain the altered state of Euphemia's affections and the understanding which she and the juggler had reached.

It is wonderful how little mental capital a man need possess to deceive the cleverest wife. Tubal Cain Sims, seated in the open passage, tilted far back against the wall in his chair, his saddle on the floor beneath his dangling feet and his mare cropping the grass beside the step, sustained every appropriate pose of surprised interest as successfully as if Mrs. Sims's story were new to his ears. How could she, even if infinitely more astute, have dreamed that it was the recital of these same facts which he had overheard that had sent him straight to Colbury with the instant determination to have his would-be son-in-law incarcerated on a criminal charge, before more romance could come of the juggler's stay in Etowah Cove? She had expected opposition, having divined Tubal Sims's objection to his guest from his perturbed and unwontedly crusty manner, and was scarcely prepared for the mildly temporizing way in which he received the disclosure.

"Humph — a — waal, we-uns will hev ter gin it cornsideration, Jane Ann, a power o' cornsideration, an'" — he suddenly remembered his piety — "some pray'r. Watch an' pray, Jane Ann."

"I'm ekal ter my prayin' 'thout yer exhortin's," she retorted, with proper spirit. "An' ef ye don't wanter set Phemie agin ye, ye 'd better do yer own prayin' powerful private." She could not forbear this gibe, albeit at the idol of them both. It was in graver and agitated mood that she revealed how the idea of an elopement had seemed to appeal to the young man's mind, — so much, indeed, that she began to fear he would welcome any parental opposition which would make it practicable. And here she found Tubal Cain at one with her own thoughts, so a-quiver with her own fears that she felt all at once bolder, as if by communicating them they had mysteriously exhaled. Not so Tubal Cain Sims. It is to be doubted whether in all his life he was ever so earnestly and markedly benign and courteous as when he again met the juggler. His whole manner was so charged with the sentiment of placation that the young man's quick discernment easily divined his state of mind and his covert terrors. It eliminated for the present any other course of action than drifting along the smooth tides of love's young dream, for no elopement was possible when there was naught from which to flee.

What wonderful days they were, as the full, strong pulses of June began to beat with the fervors of July! The long, ripe hours from early dawn to the late-lingering twilight held all the choicest flavors of the year. Never was the sunset so gorgeously triumphal; never was the dawn so dank with dew, so fresh of scent, so winged with zephyrs. The wilderness rang to the song of the thrush and of the mocking-bird, not less vocal than with the impulse of spring. The brimming river yet ran deep in its rocky channel, and the voice of the cascade below the mill in the full-leaved joyous woods could be heard for miles on a still night. How still were these nights of silent splendor, with the stars so whitely a-glitter in the deep blue spaces above, and a romantic mystery on the mute purple mountains below, and the great bespangled gossamer Galaxy, as if veiling some sanctity of heaven, scintillating through all the darkness! Not till late — till so late that no one was awake to heed or behold — a yellow waning moon with a mystic glamour would glide over the eastern summits, and in its precarious hour before the flush of early dawn illumine the world with some sad forecast, with slow troublous augury of change and decline and darkness.

Flowers in myriads budded at night to blow in the morning. Everywhere the strong, rich, vigorous growths unfolded to the sun. The leaves were thick in the woods, the shadows were dark and cool, and rivulets glanced in the midst of them like live leaping crystal. Anywhere down deep ravines, did one look long enough, were to be seen all the creatures of woodland poesy, evoked from the glamours of the June, — hamadryads at their bosky ease, and oreads among the craggy misty heights, and naiads dabbling at the margin of sheltered springs, and elves listening alert with pointed ears to the piping of the wind in the reeds.

These June days seemed to Royce as if he held them in perpetuity, — as if there could be no change save for the slow enhancement of all the charms of nature, bespeaking further perfections. The past was so bitter; the present was so sweet; and he thought no more of the future. He was content. He had developed a certain adaptability to the uncouth conditions of the simple life here, or love had limited his observation and had concentrated it. All the artificialities of his wonted standards had fallen from him, and he was happy in the simplest way. He wondered that he should ever have thought the girl beautiful and charming hitherto, so embellished was her loveliness now; as if she too shared the ineffable radiance and grace of the June, like the fair and faintly tinted roses known as the maiden's-blush that grew just outside the door. He had told her

that they were like her, and when he learned the old-fashioned name he wore one always stuck in the clumsy, ill-worked buttonhole of his blue-checked cotton shirt. So pervasive was the sentiment of happiness in the house that it suffused even the consciousness of the two old people; Jane Ann accepting it willingly and with vicarious joy, and Tubal Cain yielding after many a qualm of doubt and tremor of fear, and still experiencing strong twinges of remorse. He had been led to believe, by the crafty sheriff's show of indifference to his disclosure, and repeated rejection as naught the significant points of the suspicion he had entertained, that he had been wrong from the first in his conclusion. He had begun to argue from the officer's standpoint, and he was amazed and somewhat dismayed to perceive how slight were the grounds on which any reasonable charge could be based. As this conviction grew more decided, he began to anticipate, with an ever increasing terror, the possible visit of which the sheriff had casually spoken. Although he was sure now that, officially considered, it could but be a flash in the pan, still it would reveal to the juggler his host's hideous suspicions and flagrant breach of hospitality, and from this Tubal Sims winced as from corporeal pain. He thought that the sheriff already considered him a preposterous fool; and albeit that judgment from so great a man—for Tubal Cain Sims's self-conceit had been much abated by his trip to Colbury—was humiliating to his pride, it would be far more poignant, multiplied by the number of inhabitants in the Cove, when published abroad and entertained by every man who dwelt in its vicinity. Moreover, it would deliver the graceless informer, bound hand and foot as it were, into the power of Jane Ann Sims, and it might prove the wreck of Euphemia's happiness and prospects in life; and he had begun of late to value these. Whenever he was not mulishly resistant, he fell much under the influence of Jane Ann Sims, and her views of the preëminent qualities of the juggler's mind and manners and morals affected his estimate. She laid great stress on the fact of the young man's elaborate education, and was wont to toss her large head with a vertigo-provoking lightness as she averred, "Phemie warn't a-spellin' year in an' year out ter marry one o' these hyar Cove boys ez dunno B from bull-foot!" And Tubal Cain would sneer in sympathetic scorn, as if both he and his wife were not in precisely that sublime state of ignorance themselves. He shared her pride in a plan which the juggler had evolved to open a school in the little "church-house" when the crops should be laid by, and in the fact that this suggestion had met with the readiest acceptance for miles around, despite the prejudice touching his feats of magic.

One night, Jane Ann Sims, with the dish-cloth in her hand, was alternately wiping the supper dishes in the shed-room and cheerfully wheezing breathless snatches of a most lugubrious hymn, while Royce and Euphemia sat on the steps of the passage, where the moon, now in her first quarter, drew outlines of the vines on the floor, with here the similitude of a nest, whence now a wakeful, watching head protruded, and now a lifted wing, and now a downy, ball-like bulk; and here, with indistinct verges, a cluster of quivering trumpet-flowers, all dusky and blurring, like the smudging black-and-white study of some impressionist artist. Tubal Cain Sims, seeking company, was aware, as he entered his domicile, that he would find no welcome here, so he betook himself, with his pipe in hand, to the leisurely scene of his helpmeet's labors. There triumph awaited him, for Jane Ann Sims left the table and the dishes to the tallow dip and the candle-flies, to sink down in a chair and detail the fact that while he was gone to the blacksmith's shop to get his team shod a wonderful event had happened. Parson Tynes had been here again!

Tubal Cain Sims's lower jaw dropped. Parson Tynes figured in his mind only as the troublous advocate of a dead-and-gone love, and he thought it a breach of the peace, in effect, to seek to disinter and resuscitate this ill-starred attachment. He growled adversely, but he did not reach the point of articulate remonstrance, for Jane Ann Sims majestically waved her limp dish-cloth at him as a signal to desist, and opened her mouth very wide to emit the cause of her prideful satisfaction in a loud and wheezy whisper, — which discreet demonstration came sibilantly to the ears of the young people outside, the only other human creatures within a mile, and occasioned them much unfilial merriment.

Parson Tynes no longer dwelt on marrying and giving in marriage. Ambition had been his theme. It seemed that once, not long ago, being in Colbury when a conference was held, he had had the opportunity to preach there through some wild rumor of his celebrity as a mountain orator; and afterward a certain visiting elderly minister had taken him aside and urged him to study and to cultivate his gifts, and above all to acquire a delivery. The visiting minister, being a man who appreciated the Great Smoky Mountains as a large and impressive element of scenery, and having never seen them except gracing the horizon, did not realize that in all their commodiousness they had scant accommodations for learning. On his part, Tynes did not appreciate any special superiority in the delivery of the men he had heard. His slow drawl and his mispronunciations were, of course, unperceived by him, and, speaking from a worldly point of view, he was chiefly refreshed at the meeting by the consciousness that there were many more ideas in his sermon than in that of the visiting city minister. He wondered satirically how the good man would have received the converse of his charge had he dared to exhort him in turn to cultivate thought and acquire ideas. The meeting had done Tynes no good. It had only hurt his pride, and roused a certain animosity toward the larger world outside his life and the round of his work, and caused him to contemn as spurious the pretensions of the luckier clergy. He did not accord the advice he had received a single thought, so much more important it seemed to him what a preacher says than how he says it. But Jane Ann Sims had talked much and pridefully to her cronies in the Cove about the juggler's "readin's," and their fame had reached the parson's ears. Shortly after, he chanced to encounter Royce at the mill, and for the first time was impressed by the charm of a cultured enunciation in a naturally beautiful voice. "I'd like powerful well ter speak like *that*, now," he said to himself, with a sudden discrimination of superiority. And this afternoon he had come to say that he had heard of the projected school, and that he would like to know whether the juggler had ever been taught elocution and was qualified to impart his knowledge. Royce had read for him, — or rather, had recited from memory, — and Tynes had been surprised and delighted, and had averred that he read "better 'n all the men at the conference shook up in a bag together, the elderly minister at the bottom."

"But ye would hev been s'prised, Tubal," said Mrs. Sims, her fat face clouding and her dimples turning to creases, "ter hev viewed the gamesome an' jokified way ez John Leonard conducted hisself ter the pa'son — plumb scandalous — made a puffeck laffin'-match o' the whole consarn; though arter a while the pa'son seemed some less serious, too. But he an' John Leonard air a-goin' ter meet every day, beginnin' day arter termorrer, in the schoolhouse, ter take lessons in readin'. An' the pa'son pays him fur it. Jes' think o' that!" Her hand with the limp dish-cloth in it extended itself impressively. "Teachin' the pa'son — the pa'son, mind ye — ter read!"

Tubal Cain Sims sat electrified by the honor. Now and again his stiff old visage relaxed with a broad smile, and this some grave thought suddenly puckered up. In the midst of his satisfaction and his appropriation of the honor that had descended upon his house, ever and anon a secret thought of his earlier distrust of the juggler intruded with a vaguely haunting fear of the promised visit from the sheriff. This he had latterly put from him, for the long silence and the passage of time warranted him in the conclusion that it had been merely a device of the officer to satisfy a meddlesome old fool, and was from the beginning devoid of intention. He hardly dared to wonder what Jane Ann Sims would have thought of his folly, as he remembered that from the moment of the juggler's entrance on that stormy evening she had rated the young guest as highly as now. But then, it had never been her chance to hear those strange, mysterious utterances from the turmoils of his midnight dreams.

"Jane Ann," Tubal Sims said, with quavering solemnity, "I know this hyar young man be powerful peart, an' thar 's nobody in the kentry ter ekal him, not even Pa'son Tynes ; but what would you-uns think ef ye war ter hear him call out, like I hev done, in the night, — 'way late, 'bout the darkest hour, — 'Fur his life ! — his life ! — fur his life ! — what can I do ! — fur his life ! — his life ! — it must be ! — his life ! ' "

As he mimicked the cabalistic phrases that had so strongly laid hold upon his imagination, the very inflections of the agonized voice were duplicated. The sentiment of mystery, of awe, with which the air was wont to vibrate was imparted anew. The despair, the remorse of the tones, sent a responsive thrill like a fang into the listener's heart. Jane Ann Sims, her face blank and white, sat staring dumbly as she listened. The leaves darkly rustled close to the window. Dim moonlight flecked the ground on the slope beyond with shadow and a dull suffusive sheen. The wind, rushing gustily past, bowed the flame of the guttering tallow dip, feebly flaring, in the centre of the table. As she put out her hand mechanically to shield it from extinction, the motion and the trifling care seemed to restore her mental equilibrium.

"That sounds powerful cur'ous, Tubal," she said gravely, and his heart sank in disappointment with the words and tone. He had expected Jane Ann Sims to flout the matter aside loftily, and indignantly decline to consider aught that might reflect on her much admired guest. It was he himself who began to feel that it was of slight moment and hardly worth detailing ; the sheriff had barely listened to it, without lifting an eyelash of tired and drowsy eyes. He was sorry he had told Jane Ann. What a pother women are wont to stir up over a trifle !

"Why ain't you-uns never spoke of it afore ? " she demanded.

"Kase I 'lowed 't would set you-uns agin him," said the specious Tubal tentatively.

Jane Ann sniffed contemptuously. "Waal, I ain't been 'quainted with no men so powerful puffeck in all thar ways ez I kin be sot agin a youngster, what eats a hearty supper, fur talkin' in his sleep. I 'd be a powerful admirer of the 'sterner sex,' ez Pa'son Greenought calls 'em, ef I knowed no wuss of 'em 'n that."

"Wha— wha— what ye goin' ter do 'bout'n it, Jane Ann ? " sputtered Tubal Cain, seeing her ponderously rising, determination on her strong features.

"I be goin' ter ax him what he means by it, that 's what," said Jane Ann. And before Tubal Cain could protest she was leaning out of the window and wheezily calling to the young people slowly strolling along the slope before the door.

"Kem in, chil'n. I want ter ax John Leonard a kestion."

She met him at the door of the passage, the tallow dip in her hand, glowing with a divergent aureola of white rays against the dusky brown shadows and green

leaves of the vines opposite. He paused, expectant, while Euphemia, in her green dress, stood on the sill amongst the swaying vines, hardly distinguishable from them save for her fair ethereal face, looking in as if from elf-land, so subtly sweet was its reminiscent expression. But he was intent of attitude, with a question in his waiting eyes; not lingering in the world he had left, but already a denizen of this.

His face changed subtly as Jane Ann Sims, watching him narrowly, repeated the words of his somnolent speech. "What air ye talkin' 'bout, John Leonard, whenst ye say them words agin an' agin an' agin, night arter night?" she asked him inquisitively.

He did not hesitate. Still, he had a strange look on his face, as if summoned many and many a mile thence. "I dream that I am dead, sometimes, and others need me back again, and I cannot go. I can do nothing. I often dream that I am dead."

It so fell out the next day that this seemed no dream. He was so surely dead that he walked the ways of this world an alien. He was not more of it than if the turf in the far cemetery, beside the marble that bore his name, grew green and lush with its first spring veritably above his breast. He had no premonition of the deterioration of the spurious animation which had of late informed the days. The dawn came early, as was its wont in these slow diurnal measures of July, and cheer came with it. The explanation he had given of his strange words was more than satisfactory, and all about him was instinct with a sort of radiant pleasure in him which reflected its glow into his own heart.

As he stood in the passage lighting his pipe, after breakfast, he noticed a salient change in the landscape. No smoke was rising from the high promontory where was situated the primitive kiln of the lime-burners.

"Ye jes' f'und that out?" said Tubal Cain, with a chuckle, as, tilted against the wall in his chair, he listlessly dangled his feet. "Thar ain't been no lime bu'nt thar fur six weeks." He chuckled anew, so cordially did he accept the sentimental cause of the juggler's lapse of observation. "I reckon that thar lime is made up inter morter an' air settin' up prideful ez plaister now, an' hev done furgot it ever war rock."

The young man placidly endured the raillery; in fact he relished it, for it was proof how genuine had been his absorption, and he was deprecatory of self-deception. That alert commercial interest never quite moribund prompted his next question.

"I don't see that lime is used in the Cove," he said, reflecting on the stick-and-clay chimneys, and the clay daubing in the chinking between the logs of the walls of the houses. "What was the purpose of that extensive burning of lime, Mr. Sims?"

"Ain't you-uns hearn?" demanded the host, with another cheerful grin expanding his corrugated leathern-textured countenance. "Pete Knowles would n't tell a-fust; he got the job somehows."

"Afraid of underbidding." The juggler nodded comprehension of the motive.

"So he bu'nt, an' bu'nt, an' bu'nt, an' the lime it piled up in heaps in that thar dry rock-house what 'minds me powerful o' the sepulturs o' the Bible. But it air six weeks sence they bar'led it up an' wagoned it off 'bout ten mile or mo'."

"What did they want it for, and who are 'they'?" inquired Royce, still interested.

"'They' is them hotel men over yander at the Sulphur Springs, an' they wanted the lime ter plaister the old hotel what ain't been opened afore sence the war. They 'lowed 't war cheaper ter git the lime bu'nt at the nearest limestun rocks 'n ter buy it bar'led an' haul it fifty mile from a railroad."

This was a proposition of a kind that

might well secure the juggler's business-like consideration. But his eyes were fixed with a sudden untranslated thought. His pipe had turned unheeded in his hand, fire, tobacco, and ashes falling from it into the dewy weeds below the step, as he stood on the verge of the passage. His expressive face had altered. It was smitten with some prophetic thought, and had grown set and rigid.

"A hotel! Summer resort, of course. I did n't know there was anything of the sort in the vicinity," he said at last. "What kind of place is it?"

"I dunno!" exclaimed Sims, dangling his feet back and forth in an accession of contempt. "*I* never tuk the trouble ter ride over thar in my life, though I hev knowed the hotel ter be a-runnin', ez they call it, fur thirty year."

Royce stood in silence for a time, moodily leaning his shoulder against the wall of the house, one hand thrust in his leather belt, the other holding the pipe at an angle and a poise which would seem to precede an immediate return of the stem to his mouth. But he did not smoke. Presently he put the pipe into his pocket, drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered down the road; then climbing a fence or two, he was off in the woods, as safe from interruption as if in the midst of a trackless ocean. He walked far and fast with the constraint of nervous energy, but hardly realizing the instinct of flight which informed his muscles. When at last he flung himself down at the foot of great rocks that stood high above a shelving slope in woods so dense that he could not see farther than a yard or two in any direction, for the flutter of the multitudinous leaves and the shimmer of the interfulgent sunshine, he was saying to himself that he was well quit of all the associations of his old world; that he had found safety here, a measure of content, a means of livelihood, and the prospect of a certain degree of simple happiness when he should be married to a girl whom he had learned to love and who loved him, — a beautiful girl of innate refinement, who had mind enough to understand him and to acquire an education. He would do well to still resolutely that sudden plunging of the heart which had beset him upon the knowledge that his old world was so near at hand, with all those endearing glamours as for the thing that is native. What avail for him to hover around them, to court the fate of the moth? He remembered with a sort of terror the pangs of nostalgia which had so preyed upon him, and should he deliberately risk the renewal of these poignant throes, possibly spent forever? Regret, danger, despair, lay in the way thither; why should he long to look in upon scenes that were now as reminiscences, so well could he predicate them on experiences elsewhere? He wondered, fretfully and with a rising doubt of himself, that when he and Euphemia had climbed the mountain and looked down at the shimmer of the small towns in the furthest valley, and he had felt no stir of wistfulness, he should have interpreted his tranquillity as a willing renunciation of the life he had left, — as if the treadmill limitations and deprivations and mental stagnation of a village were the life he had left. And suddenly — though he had chosen this spot because it shut him in, because naught could be seen to deflect his errant mind, in order that he might realize and earnestly grapple with this wild and troublous lure — the illusions of a sophistry glimmered even in these scant spaces. He was reconciled, he told himself, to his destiny. It was only his imagination that vaguely yearned for the status he had left. With a touch of reality the prismatic charms of this bubble of fancy would collapse. Or the glimpse of conditions native to him, the sound of familiar speech as of his mother tongue, the sight of men and women as compatriots in this long exile as of a foreign land, would prove a refreshment, a tonic, an elixir, renewing his strength to endure. He was a coward to deprive

himself — for fear of discontent — of something to enjoy in the present, to remember, to look forward to, in recurrent years.

He had not thought to notice when the dwindling shadows betokened noon and the waiting dinner which Euphemia had made ready with many a remembrance of his preferences. The sun was westering apace when, as if impelled by a force beyond his control, he found himself in the country road, forging ahead with that long swift stride, the envy of his comrades of the pedestrian club of his urban days. His heart seemed to divine the way, for he scarcely paused to debate which fork to pursue when the road diverged; he gave no heed to the laurel jungles on either hand, or, further on, to the shady vistas under the towering trees; he only perceived at last that the density of the woods had diminished. Soon peaked and turreted roofs appeared among the thinning boughs, and as he crossed an elaborately rustic foot-bridge, coquettishly picturesque, flung across a chasm where deep in the brown damp shadows a silver rill trickled, he recognized this as an outpost of artificiality. A burst of music from a band thrilled his unaccustomed ears; a vast panorama of purple and azure mountains, a vermilion sun, a flaring amber sky, great looming gray crags, and the bronze-green sunlit woods beyond were asserted in an unfolding landscape; he heard the laughter cadenced to express the tempered mirth of polite society, and the stir of talk. The verandas of the two-storied hotel were full of well-dressed people. His swiftly glancing eye marked the dowagers; the very costumes were familiar, — black grenadines or silks with a subdued inclination toward a touch of lavender decoration, and some expert softening of the ravages of time by the sparing use of white chiffon or lace, with always something choice in the selection of dainty shawls on the back of a chair near at hand (how often had he resignedly borne such a wrap over his arm in the meek train of a pretty girl's chaperon!): he knew the type, — clever, discreet, discerning. On the lawn two games of tennis were in progress, the white of the flannel costumes of the men enhanced in the sun against the green grass. Along the road beyond, two or three smart little carts were coming in with the jauntiest of maidens in daintily tinted summer attire and sailor hats. An equestrian couple — the young man of a splendid physique and elegantly mounted — went by him like a flash, as he stood, dazed and staring, by the rail of the bridge. He retained barely enough presence of mind to dodge aside out of the way, and he received a volley of sand, covering him from head to foot, from the heels of the horses before they disappeared in the woods at the steady hand-gallop. On the crag at the verge of the bluff were groups of young people, strolling about or seated on the ledges of the cliff, the young men dangling their feet over the abysses beneath, such being the accepted fad; now and then, one not emerged from the hobbledehoy chrysalis would, by means of grotesque affectations of falling, elicit small complimentary shrieks, half terror, half mirth, from the extremely young ladies whom he favored with his improving society. At one side there was a meeting of fir boughs, a dank and cool dark vista, a great piling of fractured and splintered rocks, a sudden descent, and down this bosky way was so constant a going and coming that Lucien Royce divined that it led to the hidden spring.

He stared at the distorted scene through the tears in his eyes. To him who had never had a home it was home, who had never dreamed of heaven it was bliss. He would have given all he could imagine — but, poor fellow, he had naught to give! — to be able to communicate in some mysterious way the knowledge of his quality to one of those high-nosed, keen-eyed elder women, of com-

posed features and fine position and long social experience and much discrimination in the world's ways, and to have her commend his course, and counsel prudence, and pity his plight. He looked at the elder men, whose type he also knew, — men of weight in the business world, lawyers, bankers, brokers, — and he thought what a boon might be even the slightest impersonal conversation with one of his own sphere, his equal in breeding, in culture, in social standing. He was starved, — he had not realized it; he was dying of mental inanition; he was starved.

The next moment two of the tennis-players, ending the diversions of the afternoon with a walk, approached the bridge: the man in his immaculate white flannels, his racket carried over his shoulder; the girl in her picturesque toggery. Royce, dusty, besprinkled with sand, conscious of his coarse ill-made jeans clothes and his great cowhide boots, colored to the roots of his hair as her eyes fell upon him. In adaptation to the custom of the mountaineers, who never fail to speak to a stranger in passing, they both murmured a "Good-evening" as they went by. Royce, rousing with a galvanic start, lifted his hat to the lady, hardly realizing why the young man should glance at him in obvious surprise and with elevated eyebrows as he hastily put up his hand to his natty white cap in response. For one moment Royce pondered fruitlessly on the significance of this trifling incident. The solution of the mystery came to him with a monition of added caution. The social training of the mountaineer does not comprise the ceremony of touching the hat in salutation. If he would sustain the rural character he must needs have heed, since so slight a deflection was marked. He heard them laughing as they went, and he thought, with all the sensitiveness incident to a false position, that he was the cause of their mirth, the incongruity of this "million of manners" with such a subject. With an aversion to a repetition of this scene he betook himself out of the way of further excursionists, noticing that several couples were slowly strolling in the direction of the bridge. But as he moved forward from under the shadows of the fir and into the clear space of the lawn he could scarcely sustain the observation which he felt leveled at him, Argus-eyed, from the verandas, the lawn, the tennis-court, the crags. His pride was in arms against his humble plight. His face burned with shame for his coarse garments, the dust, the very clumsiness of his rough boots, the length of his overgrown silky red-brown hair, his great awkward hat, the uncouth figure he cut in respectable society. But despite the flush on his cheek, and a thrill hot and tingling ever starting with each searing thought to his dry eyes, as if tears were to be shed but for the sheer shame of it, he laughed scornfully at his pride, and despised himself to be so poor, so forlorn, so outcast of his native world, yet so yearning for it. "What odds is it?" he said to himself. "They don't know me. Lucien Royce is dead, — dead forever." He walked on for a few minutes, the trained gait of an athlete, his graceful bearing, the individuality and distinction of his manner, all at their best, mechanically asserted as an unrealized protest in some sort that those lorgnettes on the verandas should not conceive too meanly of him. "I suppose I thought the ghost of a dude like Lucien Royce would be a mighty well set up affair, with a sort of spectral style about him and an unearthly chic. But what does it matter what they think of a nonentity of a stray mountaineer like this? Lucien Royce is dead, — dead forever!"

He had merely ventured partially to skirt the lawn, bending his steps toward the shelter of a small two-storied building at the nearest corner of it, and somewhat down the road. The lower portion of this structure, he perceived, was used as a store, containing a few dry goods,

but dispensing chiefly pins and needles, especially hairpins, and such other commodities of toilet as the guests might have forgotten or exhausted or could be induced to buy. He paused in the doorway: even the sight of the limited stock ranged decorously on the shelves, the orderly counters, the smooth countenance of the salesman, seemed pleasing to him, as reminiscent of the privileges of civilization.

"Can we do anything for you, sir?" asked the clerk suavely.

Royce caught himself with a start. Then speaking with his teeth half closed to disguise his voice, and drawling like a mountaineer, he said, shaking his head, "Jes' viewin' the folks some."

He had a sense that the imitation was ill done, and glanced furtively at the face of the man behind the counter. But the clerk was devoid of speculation save as this faculty might explore his customers' pockets. Royce noted, however, a second warning, and since the sun was down and the lawn depopulated, save for here and there a hastening figure making for the deserted verandas, he ventured out in his shabby gear upon the plank walk that stretched along the bluff where no crags intervened, but the descent was sheer to a green and woodsy slope below. The early tea was in progress; the band that for some time had been heralding its service, playing within the quadrangle, was silent now, and the shadows were abroad in the mountains; mists were rising from dank ravines on the opposite range. A star was in the flushed sky. A whippoorwill's plaintive tones came once and again from the umbrageous tangles that overshadowed the spring. Yellow lamps were flaring out into the purple dusk from the great looming unsubstantial building. He marked the springing into sudden brilliancy of a row of windows on the ground floor, that revealed a long, bare, empty apartment which he identified as the ballroom. There would be dancing later on. A cheerful clicking as of ivory against ivory caused him to pause abruptly and peer down the slope below, where a yellow radiance was aglow amongst the trees and rocks and precipitous descents. It came from the billiard-room in the pavilion picturesquely poised here among the rocks and chasms, and looking out into a wild gorge that gave glimpses of the darkening valley, and the purple glooms of the mountains towering along the horizon. It was the airiest type of structure. With only its peaked roof and its supporting timbers, the floor and the flights of steps, it seemed free to the breeze, so wide and long were the windows, all broadly open. Royce, looking down into its illuminated interior, glowing like a topaz in the midst of the dark foliage that pressed close about it, had a glimpse of the green cloth of the tables, the red and white balls, the dexterously poised cues, the alertly attitudinizing figures, — still loitering in white flannels, although the lights now agleam in bedroom windows told that all the world had begun to dress for the ball, — and heard the pleasant, mirthful voices.

Why did he linger here, he asked himself, as he repressed the natural mundane interest which almost spoke out his criticism as he watched the game with the eye of a connoisseur. This was not for him. He was not of this world. He had quitted it forever. And if he were mortified to fill a place in a sphere so infinitely removed from that to which he was born and entitled, would it better matters to emerge from his decent obscurity and his promised opportunities, his honest repute and his simple happiness, to the conspicuous sensation as the cynosure of all eyes in a criminal trial, and to the permanent seclusion of a felon's cell? For that was what he risked in these hankerings after the status and the sphere from which he was cast out forever.

He was in the darkening road and plodding homeward before this admonition to his own rebellious heart was con-

cluded, so did the terrors of that possible ignominious fate dominate his pride, and scorch his sensibility, and lay his honest self-respect in the dust. He was tired. The drops stood on his forehead and his step lagged. Thrice the distance in the time he had walked it would not have so reduced his strength as did the mental perturbation, the inward questionings, those tumultuous plungings of his strong young heart. He was pale, and his face was lined and bore some vague impress of the nervous stress he had sustained, when he came up the steps of the open passage at Sims's house, and Jane Ann bent her anxious flabby countenance toward him.

"Waal, before the Lawd!" she exclaimed, holding the tallow dip in her hand so as to throw its light full upon him, — and he divined that at frequent intervals in the last two hours she had emerged thus with the candle in her hand to listen for his step, — "hyar the chile be at last! Whar in the name o' sense hev ye been, John Leonard?" she demanded, as Phemie fluttered out, pale and wistful despite her embarrassed laughter at the folly of their fright, and old Tubal Cain followed stiffly, with sundry grooves of anxiety added to the normal corrugations of his face.

"In the woods," replied the juggler; and then realizing that he spoke with a covert meaning, "I lost my way."

He slept the sleep of exhaustion that night, and the next day he rose refreshed in body, and with the resolutions of his sober reflections confirmed.

"I am not such a snob as to care for the mere finery of existence, the mere wealth and show and fashion," he argued within himself. "It 's partly the folly of my youth to care so much for those young fools over yonder, — so much like myself, or like what I used to be, — and dancing, and tennis, and wheeling, and flirting, and frivolity. A certain portion of these amenities has been the furniture of my life hitherto, and I am a trifle awkward at laying hold on it now without them. I love the evidences of good breeding, because I have been taught to respect them. I am prejudiced in favor of certain personal refinements, because I was reared to think a breach of them as iniquitous as to crash all the ten commandments at one fell swoop. I revere culture and literary or scientific achievement, because I appreciate what they require in mental capacity, and I am educated to gauge the quality of their excellence. I should like to have some conversation, occasionally, with people near my own calibre in social status and mind, and with similar motives and sentiments and way of looking at things. But I *can* live without a ballroom and a billiard-table, and by the Lord, I 'll brace up like a man and do it contentedly."

He went off cheerfully enough, after breakfast, to meet Tynes in the little schoolhouse. There he recited, in forgetfulness of his troubles, poems that he loved, and bits of ornate prose that he recalled, for he had a good memory; and he delivered sundry sound dicta touching the correct method of opening the mouth and of the pose of the body, and a dissertation on the physical structure of the vocal organs, illustrated by diagrams which he drew on the fly-leaf of the reading-book, and which mightily astonished Absalom Tynes, who learned for the first time that such things be. The leaves of the low-swinging elms rustled at the windows; the breeze came in and stirred up the dust; the flying squirrel who nested in the king-post of the roof, and who had had an early view of the juggler upon his first appearance in this house, came down and sat upon a beam and with intent eyes gazed at him. Tynes, in an unaccustomed station among the benches used by the congregation, watched and listened with unqualified commendation as Royce stood upon the platform and made the little house ring with his strong, melodious young voice. Abdicating the vantage-ground of spirit-

ual preëminence, Tynes subordinated his own views, and when he read in his turn sundry of the secular bits of verse embalmed in the Reader — he seemed to think there were no books in the world but school-books and the Bible — he accepted corrections with the mildest docility, and preserved a slavish imitation of the spirited delivery of his preceptor. He rose into vigorous rebellion, however, when, with many a "Pshaw!" Royce rejected the continued use of the elementary Reader for the vital defect of having nothing in it fit to read, and took up, as matter worthy of elocutionary art, the Bible. Tynes, struck aghast by the change of delivery, the reverent, repressed, almost overawed tones, the deep, still gravity of the manner, listened for a time, then openly protested.

"That ain't no way ter read the Bible," he stoutly averred. "Ye hev got ter thunder it at the sinner, an' rest yer v'ice on this word an' lay it down on that, an' lift it up" —

"Ding-dong it, you mean," said the juggler, shifting quickly to his habitual tone.

"The sinner ain't ter be kep' listenin' ter sech ez that. Jes' let yer v'ice beat agin his ear till he can't keep the gospel out 'thout he be deef," Tynes contended.

"Yes, and his senses accommodate themselves to the clamor, and his consciousness sways back and forth with the minister's voice, and he does n't hear more than one half of what is said, because the fellow yells so loud that the sound drowns out the sense. But the congregation looks pious, and folds its arms, and rocks itself back and forth with the rhythm of the sing-song, and the whole thing is just one seesaw. Do you believe that 's the way St. Paul preached on Mars' hill?"

Tynes was suddenly bewildered. His manner assumed a sort of bridling offense; it seemed somewhat profane to speculate on the character of St. Paul's delivery. "Your way ain't the way the men read at the conference, ennyhow," he urged; for the conference, despite his wounded pride, had become a sort of standard.

"I 'll bet my old hat there was n't anybody there who could come within a mile of my reading," glibly wagered the juggler, unabashed.

Tynes reflected doubtfully a moment. "I dunno *what* 's the matter with it," he said. "It hurts me! I could n't git my cornsent ter read that-a-way. It sounds like ye jes' been thar yestiddy, an' it all happened fraish, an' ye war tellin' 'bout it, an' ye hed n't got over the pain an' the grief of it yit — an' mebbe ye never would."

In the pause that ensued the juggler trifled with the pages, his eyes cast down, a smile of gratified vanity lurking in the lustrous pupils.

"Well," Tynes said abruptly, "go on, John Leonard, go on."

But as the reading proceeded, the face of the slight and pallid man sitting on the bench — now and again wincing palpably from the scenes enacted before him, from the old, old words all instinct with the present, from the terrible sense of the reality of those dread happenings of the last night in Gethsemane, and the denial of Peter, and the judgment hall — all at once lighted up with a new and vivid gleam of animation. The chapter was at an end, the lingering musical cadences of the reverent voice were dying away, and as the reader lifted his head there were tears in his eyes, and the fisher of men had seen them.

"Ye ain't so far from the kingdom, John Leonard," he said, in solemn triumph.

The juggler recoiled in a sort of ashamed self-consciousness. "Don't deceive yourself!" he exclaimed. "It is only my literary sensibility. All the four Gospels — speaking profanely — are works of high artistic merit, and they can floor me when nothing else can."

But the worldly ambition of Tynes

had suddenly fled. He was baiting his hook and reeling out his line; here was the prospect of a precious capture in the cause of religion. He might not learn to read the Bible in John Leonard's illusive and soul-compelling way, — and he hardly knew if he cared to do this, so did it seem to penetrate into the very mystery of sacred things which had less poignancy under the veil of custom and indifference and a dull sense of distance in time and place, — but he would learn of him in secular things, he would remain by him, and now and again insidiously instill some sense of religious responsibility; and the soul of this sinner would indeed be a slippery fish if it could contrive to elude his vigilance at last.

He listened indulgently as the juggler declared he would have no more of the Reader, insisting that such literature would wreck his mind. But Tynes, for his own part, was not willing to trust himself to learn the arts of elocution from the sanctities of the Holy Book read with that immediate and vital certainty which tore so at his heart-strings.

"I wonder," he said, his narrow, pallid face brightening with the inspiration, "I wonder ef thar ain't some o' them books ye speak of over yander ter the sto' what that valley man keeps at the Sulphur Springs? They all bein' valley folks, mebbe he hev some valley books ter sell ter 'em."

"I have no doubt of it!" cried the juggler in delighted anticipation. He looked down for a moment, dubious of the wisdom of the course, but with a quick joy beating at his heart. It was but natural, he said to himself, recognizing the access of pleasure, that, young and debarred as he was from the society of his equals, he should experience a satisfaction in these fleeting glimpses of life as he had once known it, and in its attraction for him was no harbinger of regret and rue. Moreover, he judged that it would excite less attention for him to buy the book in person — he would make it appear that he was on an errand for some cottager of the summer sojourners — than if this ignorant parson should overhaul the literature of the Springs, with some wild tale of lessons from an elocutionary mountaineer. As to danger, he would hold his tongue as far as he might, and he deemed that he looked the veriest mountain rustic in the garb he so despised. "Rather a jaunty rural rooster, perhaps," he said to himself, "but as rural as a cornfield."

Charles Egbert Craddock.

IN THE STORM.

I HUDDLED close against the mighty cliff.
A sense of safety and of brotherhood
Broke on the heart: the shelter of a rock
Is sweeter than the roofs of all the world.

Charles Edwin Markham.

ON BEING CIVILIZED TOO MUCH.

THERE are certain phrases which people use, feeling that they express something fundamental and radical, although exactly what that something is they seldom take pains to inquire. Such is the phrase "close to nature." In the most obvious sense, a man is close to nature who prefers the country to the city, sunshine to steam heat, out of doors to indoors; who loves to buffet wind and weather, and to wander alone in the woods. So, also, a man may be described as close to nature if he deals with natural forces and objects at first-hand, as when he builds his own house, raises his own crops, milks his own cow, breaks his own colts, and constructs and sails his own boat. All these things and many similar things city people hire others to do for them, but country people know how to shift for themselves. A man who can tell the time of day by the sun is to that degree both more instructed and closer to nature than one who has recourse to a watch made by somebody else; and so of him who by natural signs, such as moss on the tree-trunks, can tell the points of the compass without the assistance of a gilded weathercock surmounting a church steeple.

Closeness to nature, in this sense, is wholesome and important to mankind; nay, it is so important that without it the human race could not long exist. The city, as we are often told, must continually be recruited from the country; and it has been remarked by President Eliot that the survival of particular families in the United States — families so strong in character as to give them in some measure a natural leadership in the community — depends upon the maintenance of a home in the country. An ideal arrangement would perhaps be one in which every family should retain its country home; one generation tilling the soil, the next leading a professional or mercantile or artisan's life in town or city, the third returning to the farm, and so on until the line was exhausted. For a generation or two, possibly for several generations, if the circumstances are favorable, a city family may keep its standing; but commonly, even in the second generation, there is a diminution of force, and in the third generation, if there be one, something as a rule gives out, — the digestion, or the heart, or the liver, or the moral character. The most successful and the ablest professional man whom I know is the son of a New Bedford whaling-captain. There is a continual stream of college-bred country boys pouring into cities like New York and Boston, and ultimately they take chief positions there at the bar, in politics, in medicine, and among the clergy. In short, man can retain his strength only by perpetually renewing his contact with Mother Earth.

But there is another and a more important sense in which a man may be described as close to nature. There are in all of us certain natural impulses, or instincts, which furnish in large measure the springs of human conduct; and these impulses, or instincts, as they may be called with some exaggeration, are apt to be dulled and weakened by civilization. While they are still strong in a man, he may be said to be close to nature, in the essential meaning of that expression. He has a certain spontaneous promptitude of action and of feeling, akin to that which is displayed by all dumb animals. Man is a compound of feeling and intellect. In the savage, feeling predominates, and the intellect plays a very subordinate part. But now take your savage in hand, cut his hair, put trousers on his legs, give him a

common school education, an air-tight stove, and a daily newspaper, and presently his intellect will develop, and will exercise more and more control over his feelings. Pursue the process a little further, and soon you will have a creature who is what we call over-sophisticated and effete, — a being in whom the springs of action are, in greater or less degree, paralyzed or perverted by the undue predominance of the intellect. In every age and in every country, in the most civilized nations, and also, I suppose, in the most savage tribes, men will be found who illustrate all stages of this process. In fact, the difference is one between individuals more than between ages or races. Still, every age as well as every nation has a type of its own, which may be close to nature or far from nature. Man is at his best, does the greatest deeds and produces the greatest literature, when there is in him a perfect balance between the feelings and the intellect; when he is neither an emotional nor an intellectual being, but a happy compound of both. Such was the character of the age which produced Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney. If it were otherwise, if mere intellect could take the place of feeling, if knowledge could have the dynamic force of natural impulse, then indeed we might believe in that most absurd of all dreams, the perfectibility of human nature. For there is no limit to the progress of science and of education. In fact, however, every step in civilization is made at the expense of some savage strength or virtue. It is only now and then, in the history of the world, that a fortunate race strikes the right balance between the barbarism behind it and the sophistication into which it is soon to fall. "Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is given, something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts." [1]

To be close to nature is, then, to preserve certain primeval impulses, or instincts, of which the most impotant are the following: the instinct of pugnacity, the instinct of pity, and the instinct of pride. Nature herself has decided against the man who has lost these primeval impulses. He does not survive, he does not conquer and overspread the earth: and this appears most plainly when the instinct of pugnacity is considered. This instinct we share with the beasts of the field. If a dog has a bone, and a strange dog comes up and tries to take it from him, the result is a fight, which ends in the killing or disabling, or perhaps simply in the intimidation of one animal, so that the other is left to enjoy the bone of contention. In that humble contest we find the principle of most great wars. When the instinct is weakened, when people get too far from nature, they hire others to fight for them, as the Romans did in their decadence; and when that stage is reached the end is not far off. Nature will not tolerate the suppression of the instinct of pugnacity.

But this instinct is far more beautifully shown in questions of honor than it is in questions of mere property; and here too we find ourselves at one with the inferior animals. Dogs can insult one another as well as men can; and they have the same instinct to resent an insult. You will sometimes see two dogs walking around each other on their toes and growling, until presently one flies at the other's throat, and they fight it out. The bravest man who ever died on the field of honor was actuated by the same impulse; and though dueling may be a bad and foolish manifestation or exercise of the instinct, still the instinct itself is a good one, and upon its existence depend, in the last analysis, the

[1] Emerson, in the essay on Self-Reliance.

prosperity and permanence of nations. Before the time of the Civil War in this country, and even after the war had begun, the South thought that they would have an easy victory over the North, because, as the South supposed, the North had lost the instinct of pugnacity. They thought that we were so given over to trading and dickering, to buying and selling, that we could not fight. They thought that we were too far from nature to fight. The event proved that they were greatly in error. But nations have lost the instinct of pugnacity, they have become incapable of fighting; and when they have reached that stage, they have perished.

It is easy to see how the instinct of pugnacity is or may be weakened in the process of civilization; but it is not quite so easy to recognize the subtle way in which the instinct of pity, also, is weakened or perverted by the same process. We have all felt the instinct of pity. If we hear the cry of a drowning man, we have an impulse to jump in after him, or at least to throw him a rope. If our neighbor is ill or bereaved, our hearts go out toward him, as we say. Nature speaks in us. Upon this primeval instinct is based all pity, all charity, all benevolence, all self-sacrifice; and this instinct, too, we share not only with the savage, but also with the very beasts of the field. "The moral sense," Darwin remarks, "is fundamentally identical with the social instincts." And then he goes on to say: "The social instincts, which no doubt were acquired by man, as by the lower animals, for the good of the community, will from the first have given to him some wish to aid his fellows and some feeling of sympathy. Such impulses have served him at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong." In other words, Darwin bases not only benevolence, but the moral sense itself, upon the instinct of pity.

Of course, one does not mean that the instinct of pity is precisely the same in the brute or in the savage that it is in civilized man. There is far more pity among civilized than among savage people. The instinct gains as well as loses from civilization. It must remain a capricious, uncertain thing until, in the process of civilization, it acquires the strength of a principle, of a rule of life, of a conscious duty. This is the first effect of civilization. But the second effect — the effect, that is, which results when the intellect overbalances the feelings — is to dwarf and stifle the healthy instinct of pity; to make man a cold, calculating, and therefore an inefficient though it may be a conscientious person. The point is this: when it is a question of duty toward one's neighbor, the first impulse, the natural impulse, is a good one, — nature tells us to befriend him. But then reason wakes up, selfish considerations present themselves to the mind, and perhaps the natural impulse is overborne.

Let us suppose that there is an accident in the street, and a child is about to be run over. A man is standing by, who might be described as close to nature. Without a moment's reflection, he dashes into the street to save the child's life at the risk of his own. There is no time for reflection; he cannot stop to think that it is his duty to save the child, or that the Humane Society may award him a medal for it; he has not even time to consider that he may be ashamed of himself afterward if he does not do it. He springs to the child's aid because he cannot help it; because he has an impulse to do so, just as he would have an impulse to save his own life. But let us suppose that the man who stands by is of a different character, — not so close to nature, although he may be a better man, more conscientious, a more valuable member of society. He too feels the impulse of pity, the instinct to save the child; but in him this impulse is not so strong; the selfish considerations that arise in his mind combat with it, and while he is

struggling to perform his duty the moment flashes by, the child is run over; all that can now be done is to take the victim to a hospital, and that he will do, even at much personal inconvenience.

I do not intend to assert that the one is exclusively a savage, and the other exclusively a civilized type. Both kinds of men undoubtedly exist in barbarous tribes, both kinds exist in civilization; but the tendency of civilization, or of what we call civilization, is to produce the man who stands still in the moment of peril to another, — the man who is far from nature, who has lost something of primeval instinct. An illustration might be found in the case of General Gordon, whom the English government left to perish in the city of Khartoum. This, indeed, is an apt illustration, because the dangerous situation of Gordon appealed to all three of those main primeval instincts which I have mentioned, namely, the instincts of pity or benevolence, of pugnacity, and of pride. England was moved to go to Gordon's assistance, first, out of pity for him; secondly, out of anger against his enemies; and thirdly, out of wounded pride, because it was a British citizen whose life was threatened. The members of the Liberal government felt these impulses, of course, as other Englishmen felt them, but they were precisely in the situation of Rousseau's philosopher, whose impulse to do a generous act was stifled by the selfish motives which occurred to his mind; and in this case, also, the selfish dictates of reason got the upper hand of the primeval instinct. Gladstone and his cabinet found many reasons for leaving Gordon to his fate. He had got himself into the scrape, they said, and they were not responsible for the result: if a rescue were attempted, it might not be in time; an expedition would cost a large sum of money, and might involve England in a war, and so on. In short, the government did nothing, until they were compelled at last by popular clamor to do something, and then the expedition under Lord Wolseley was dispatched — but too late.

If now the question of going to Gordon's rescue or of leaving him in the hands of his enemies had been submitted, not to the Liberal government, but to the hedgers and ditchers of England, to the farmers or sailors, — to any body of men close to nature in the sense that I have indicated, — can it be doubted what the result would have been? But such men, it might be objected, would be thoughtless; they would not count the cost. That is precisely their merit, — they would not count the cost even if they had to pay it themselves, in money or in blood. England has become what she is partly by not counting the cost, by venturing upon forlorn hopes, by carving out her own path with what seemed at the time to be a reckless disregard of other nations. It was a different spirit which left Gordon to his fate, and which, later, held in check the army and navy of Great Britain while the Turks butchered the Armenians and ravished their women.

Mr. Watson's sonnet eloquently describes the degeneracy in this respect of the English government: —

"I had not thought to hear it voiced so plain,
Uttered so forthright, on their lips who steer
This nation's course! I had not thought to hear
That word re-echoed by an English thane,
Guilt's maiden-speech when first a man lay slain,
'Am I my brother's keeper?' Yet full near
It sounded, and the syllables rang clear
As the immortal rhetoric of Cain,
'Wherefore should *we*, sirs, more than they — or they —
Unto these helpless reach a hand to save?'
An English thane, in this our English air,
Speaking for England? Then indeed her day
Slopes to its twilight, and, for Honour, there
Is needed but a requiem, and a grave."

There always has been, and probably there always will be, this strange anomaly, as it seems at first sight; that is, a moral obtuseness in the very class which is supposed to be the most moral, which

is perhaps the most conscientious, and which certainly is the best educated. The reason is plain. It is because, in this highly educated, sophisticated class, the intellect has passed beyond its legitimate borders; it has taken the place, in large measure, of those primeval instincts which exist in uneducated men and in children. The oft-quoted saying, "There is nothing so cruel as an idea," means, I suppose, that there is nothing so cruel as a man possessed by an idea. Such a man has cast off the restraints of nature. The natural impulses in him are stifled, and the misleading conclusions of the intellect have taken their place. The sensible people, the well-educated, respectable people of the day are almost sure to be on the wrong side of every great moral question when it first arises. They mean to do right, but they trust to their logical faculties instead of to their instincts; and the consequence is that they are eager to stone those very reformers of whom, in later years, they become the most ardent admirers. These men are for unrestricted vivisection to-day, just as they were for slavery forty years ago.

In what we call the uneducated part of the community there is a striking unanimity of judgment, which is conspicuously lacking among the clever and educated people. This was strangely shown when the Civil War broke out. At that time, among the leaders of the people, there was an extreme discordance of opinion. Most of them thought that it would be impossible to preserve the Union; to many it seemed that the Union was not a thing of very great value, — certainly not so valuable as to warrant a civil war for its preservation; not a few considered that the Southern States had a right to secede, and should be permitted to exercise that right; hardly anybody thought that the North could be united in a single, direct policy; and there was only one point upon which all the public men were agreed, namely, that patriotism had died out of the country, and that only low and selfish views prevailed. This comes out very strongly in the correspondence of the time. The leading men of that day, with perhaps some exceptions, wrote to one another in a despairing mood. They had no conception of the mighty force which was soon to be aroused. But it was for the people, not for their leaders, to decide what should be done when the South seceded; and the decision was made with a wonderful approach to unanimity. The people did not sit down to reason the matter out; still less did they go to war for a theory or as a matter of duty. They went to war from impulse, from the natural, inherited instinct to defend that intangible entity which we call our country, — not the soil, for the soil of the South belonged to the people of the South. But there was an instinctive feeling at the North that a dismembered United States would lose its dignity and its pride, and the idea of consenting to such a dismemberment was not to be tolerated. Men who had never suspected that they were patriots, who had never dreamed of being such, found themselves driven to war by an impulse which they could not resist.

No doubt it will be the same in the future. When any great moral emergency arises, the people will act upon it with substantial unanimity, because they decide such matters, not by balancing arguments, but by trusting to their instincts. On the other hand, popular government would probably be impossible in a nation of clever, well-educated people. If everybody were sophisticated and artificial, if everybody reasoned about everything and took care not to act from natural impulses, harmonious political action would become impossible. We should have at first factions instead of parties, then individuals instead of factions, and then chaos. There is an approach to this condition of things in France to-day.

In Mr. Lecky's latest book there is a remarkable passage tending to uphold the theory which I maintain; and it is the more remarkable because the fact which Mr. Lecky states was forced upon his observation, and it does not readily find a place in his political philosophy. He says: "It has been the opinion of some of the ablest and most successful politicians of our time that, by adopting a very low suffrage, it would be possible to penetrate below the region where crotchets and experiments and crude Utopias and habitual restlessness prevail, and to reach the strong settled habits, the enduring tendencies, the deep conservative instincts, of the nation. Such an idea was evidently present in the minds both of Louis Napoleon and of Lord Beaconsfield, and it probably largely influenced the great statesman who based the German Constitution on universal suffrage." Bismarck himself has said: "True public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious, and social convictions, of a very simple kind, deep down in the national life, and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers."

There is one political party or group in the United States from which, I think, a lesson can be drawn in this matter, namely, the Mugwumps. I have a great respect for them, — the sort of respect that a man naturally has for the party to which he himself belongs, or almost belongs. The Mugwumps, man for man, are about the most conscientious, the most moral, the best educated persons of our day. And yet there has always been a deep distrust of them among the people at large. I do not mean among the politicians; the politicians hate them because they are irregulars in politics. The people dislike them, in a measure because they resent what they believe (perhaps erroneously) to be an assumption of superiority on the part of the Mugwumps, but in the main, it seems to me, because they have an instinctive feeling that the Mugwumps are governed by principles entirely different from those which govern them, and are deficient in certain respects in which the mass of the people are not deficient. This is exactly the case. The Mugwumps, almost without exception, are the kind of men whom I have endeavored to describe, — the over-sophisticated; they are persons who are far from nature, who distrust their natural impulses, who have substituted the feeble and erratic conclusions of the intellect for the natural promptings of the heart.

We have had recently a striking illustration of this. In the Venezuelan affair the President and his Secretary of State acted not without thought, and yet with an instinctive perception of what the honor and the ultimate welfare of the country demanded. They trusted to that instinctive perception, and the nation responded with remarkable unanimity. Even the bitterest enemies of Mr. Cleveland, in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, supported him, and the people at large, whatever their political opinions, supported their representatives. Mr. Cleveland, every one would admit, is a man close to nature, both in his virtues and in his failings, and it was almost inevitable that in such a matter as this the great bulk of his unsophisticated fellow countrymen should be at one with him. Those who objected to his policy were but a small minority. In the whole country, so far as I know, only five papers of any importance failed to support the President's position. These were the Boston Herald, the Providence Journal, the Springfield Republican, the New York Evening Post, and the New York World. Setting aside the World, which acted from well-known motives of private hatred, these are all Mugwump papers, or papers leaning in that direction.

Here, then, was a remarkable coincidence. The Venezuelan affair did not in the least touch upon peculiar Mugwump principles; it was not a matter of civil service reform or of any other reform. Moreover, the position taken by the Mugwump papers was not the result of concerted action on their part; it was a position for which each paper had an obvious predilection from the start, although undoubtedly they bolstered up one another afterward. I assume that these journals were wrong. Some of my readers may refuse to grant the assumption, but at all events this much is clear, that the Mugwumps are not in sympathy with the rest of their countrymen. In some respects, at least, they stand apart from the main current of national life. The difference between them and the great mass of the people is the difference between those who are far from nature and those who are close to nature. The Mugwumps belong to the former class, and in fact they are extreme representatives of it. Their conduct in the Venezuelan affair justified that popular distrust of them which I, for one, had always regarded as a mistake, but which I now perceive was founded upon the vague perception of a real truth.

In literature, even more than in politics, one sees the evil effects of getting far from nature. In a peculiar sense, literature is the business and the amusement of persons who are over-sophisticated. In fact, to take literature seriously is in itself almost a sign of decadence. It is remarkable that the times in which the greatest works have been produced were precisely those in which the least fuss was made over literature or over those who produced it. Shakespeare cut but a small figure in his day, and there were but few critics, essayists, or poetasters in his time. The greatest writers, almost without exception, being themselves close to nature and strong in natural impulses, have had a healthy contempt for their own occupation. Sir Walter Scott and Carlyle are familiar examples of this truth. But when literature is at a low ebb, the talk made about it, and the number of persons who are busy with it in one way and another, are always vastly increased.

There is a primeval or basic taste for literature. That is, it is natural for man even in a savage state, still more in childhood, to like stories in prose or in rhyme. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of pleasure which childish readers have derived from Robinson Crusoe, for example. Who can forget the exquisite thrill of mingled horror and curiosity which he felt when Crusoe discovered the print of a human foot upon the sands of his uninhabited island! To develop and refine this natural taste is the object of a literary education, and to lay down rules for gratifying it is the chief function of literary criticism. But there comes a time when readers and critics are so sophisticated, so far from nature, that to all intents and purposes they have lost their taste for literature, and occupy themselves with the rules and principles of literary art, or with the search for some novelty to stimulate their jaded palates.

Pleasure and pain, it should always be remembered, are the only safe guides of criticism. The first, the all-important question which the critic has to ask himself is, Does this work give me pleasure or does it give me pain, or am I indifferent to it? Criticism is of no value unless the critic has this lively, instinctive taste. Charles Lamb was a superlatively good critic because his tastes were so wholesome and so strong, — strong because they were wholesome. A good thing in literature gave him the most deep and lively pleasure, and to talk about the good thing prolonged the pleasure; so that Lamb's criticism was delightful for him to write, and it is delightful for us to read. Now, Lamb was one whom it is impossible not to recognize as being close to nature. He had almost

the confidence of Sterne in his own impulses and intuitions.

On the other hand, in a sophisticated age and among sophisticated people, works of literature or of the other arts almost cease to give pleasure; and a new criterion is adopted, which is, Does this thing conform to the rules? *Ought* I to like it and approve of it? I once heard a dramatic critic maintain with vehemence that a certain actress was deserving of the highest praise, and that the public were to blame for not caring much to see her act. "But," he was asked, "does her acting give you any pleasure? You are going to see her play to-night, for instance: do you look forward to the evening as something delightful to anticipate?" "No," he was candid enough to answer, "I can't say that I do." "Why, then," was the next inquiry, "do you call her a great actress?" "Oh," was his reply, "she is a great *artist*." That expressed perfectly the academic or sophisticated attitude of those who have got so far from nature that they cease to apply the test of pleasure or of pain. In other words, they endeavor to estimate chiefly by the intellect what nature intended them to estimate chiefly by their feelings.

I remember another occasion — if the reader will pardon me for recalling it — when, in a gathering of literary men, a dispute arose as to who was the greatest living poet in the United States. Some declared for this and some for that contemporary bard, but he who was most positive in his opinion fixed upon —— as the man. For this preference he gave many well-sounding reasons; but finally one of his opponents put the following question to him: "Can you repeat a single stanza, or a single line, or even a single phrase from ——'s poems?" And he was forced to acknowledge that he could not. He had derived no pleasure from ——'s poems, but nevertheless he thought that he must be a great poet because his poetry seemed to fulfill certain conditions that had been established by literary criticism. Such a man is hardly more competent to be a judge of literature than a tea-taster who had lost the sense of taste would be to fix the grade of teas.

Savages and children have a natural love for good bright colors, such as scarlet and blue; and their taste in this respect could be justified, if any justification were necessary, on physiological grounds. Everybody knows that these colors tend to raise the spirits, and therefore to improve the health; so much so, in fact, that they have been found efficacious in madhouses, in cases of melancholia. This natural, healthy sense of color may of course be cultivated and trained, so that those who possess it can learn to appreciate the beauty of more delicate shades; and in such persons there will be a happy union of natural taste with cultivation. But among the "æsthetes" of twenty years ago there was a marked absence of natural taste for color, which they supplied by a conventional and affected partiality for unlovely and depressing shades.

Nordau, in his famous work on Degeneracy, ascribes the perverted literary tastes of the present day to physical reasons, to weakness or disease either of the brain or of the nervous system. His notion, as I understand it, is that civilization and science will supply all that man can need to make him sane and successful, and that ignorance and disease are the only sources of danger. But history and experience show that there are other sources of danger, and that humanity may become ineffective without being ignorant or diseased: the project of converting man into an intellectual machine, governed solely by science and religion, will not work; it has been tried by almost every race which ever emerged from barbarism, and it has always failed. The true problem is, not to eradicate the savage in man, but so to train and control him that his strength of feeling, his spon-

taneousness and promptitude, shall be at the service of man's higher powers. It is for this reason that religion, which acts upon the feelings, has been, as a factor in civilization, a thousandfold more important than science, which can move only the intellect.

Nordau ascribes all those manifestations of degeneracy with which his book is concerned to a common spirit of lawlessness, an unwillingness to be hampered by morals or precedent or principle, or to submit to any kind of discipline. But all this is true rather of the degenerate authors of whom he treats than of the people who admire or affect to admire them. If we look about us, we do not see much lawlessness or much hysteria among the followers of Christian science or of Ibsen. These people are not immoral, nor ignorant, nor hysterical. On the contrary, they are usually well-to-do, well-informed, well-behaved persons, and — especially among the female portion of them — decidedly clever. Their trouble is that they are far from nature, — they have no strong root of opinion in themselves, no absolute standards, no instinctive way of separating the false from the true; and consequently they are at the mercy of every new fad as it arises. Moreover, being vaguely conscious of their own deficiencies, they have a natural readiness to take hold of any new idea or system which wears to them an aspect of strength. They cannot distinguish between strength and an hysterical appearance of strength, or between what is original and what is merely bizarre. The peculiar literary manifestations of the present day indicate an atrophy, from over-sophistication, of all genuine, natural taste for literature. Such are the chap-books, the yellow-books, and those other similar publications, composed largely by effeminate poets, who derive their inspiration sometimes from their vices and sometimes from their illnesses. "You asked me," writes one of these in a dedication, "what my aim was in those 'dramatic interludes,' which, collectively, I called 'vistas.' I could not well explain, nor can I do so now. . . . The most intimate, in the spiritual sense, [was written] when, during recovery from a long and nearly fatal illness, Lilith came to me in a vision, and was withheld in words, as soon as I could put pen to paper." Let any one compare the preface to the Endymion with this kind of thing, and he will see the difference between a man and a manikin.

And yet how little do these degenerate authors matter! How small is the section of society which even knows of their existence! Nordau himself mistakes his clinical room for the world. Leave the close air of the office, the library, or the club, and go out into the streets and the highway. Consult the teamster, the farmer, the wood-chopper, the shepherd, or the drover. You will find him as healthy in mind, as free from fads, as strong in natural impulses, as he was in Shakespeare's time and is in Shakespeare's plays. From his loins, and not from those of the dilettante, will spring the man of the future.

Henry Childs Merwin.

MR. SLOANE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

"After all, let them condense, suppress, and mutilate as they please, it will prove very troublesome to make me disappear altogether." Yet on first glancing at the brave frame in which the Century Company has placed Professor Sloane's portrait of the Little Corporal, it seems for a moment that Napoleon was wrong, — *qu'on a réussi à le faire disparaître tout à fait.* A more careful examination, however, shows our suspicions to be ungrounded; for if we look curiously between the pictures, a rivulet of text is discovered which justifies the great leader's confidence in his future. The outlines of his portly person may be obscured, as in his coronation robes, but *disparu — tout à fait* — no!

While it is the text, we are almost ashamed to say, to which we propose to invite the reader's attention, we will pause for a moment before the "Persian apparatus." We wonder if Mr. Sloane does not sometimes long for Horace's unassuming chaplet of myrtle, his companions are so simply clad: Fournier in a close-fitting jacket of Lyncolne grene; Pierre Lanfrey neatly attired in olive; Seeley in his butternut coat; Thiers somewhat more conspicuous, indeed, but with a solid simplicity befitting the reign of the Bourgeois King. May not such display give rise to animadversions, if not to downright suspicions, among the more serious-minded? The student, at least, has learned by hard experience to shun sumptuous exteriors, yet nothing, perhaps, with half the external pretensions of Mr. Sloane's work has ever before come into his hands. Will he not promptly assume that it is not for him, and in so doing sadly limit the scope of the book's usefulness? He ought, however, to recollect that by some perversity of the publishers even good books may be adorned with inappropriate or absurd illustrations. Henri Martin's scholarly history of France, for example, has a picture of the *moyen âge*, and another of Louis XIV. in pantalets, surrounded by his court, the latter not necessarily without interest. And this brings us to the question of a possible canon of criticism in dealing with illustrated historical works.

Our newer methods of pictorial reproduction have made it possible to provide the reader, often in an inexpensive form, with a profusion of more or less judiciously chosen illustrations. In the present work, the Century Company has (*not* inexpensively) included "eighty-eight reproductions of the masterpieces of painting in their original colors, and two hundred and twenty full-page engravings in tint and black and white." This newly developed power of accurately reproducing a variety of illustrative material can, if rightly used, do much to render our notions of the past vivid and correct and the study of history engaging. Germany has furnished a veritable model in the magnificent history of the world, in separate treatises, edited by Professor Oncken. One is filled with astonishment, on opening the volumes of the series, to discover the abundance of material available in almost every field of history. From France we have the beautiful colored facsimiles of mediæval illuminations in the new history of the French language and literature edited by M. Petit de Juleville. In our own country, Miss Putnam's William the Silent and the new edition of Mr. Fiske's American Revolution may be cited as good examples of judicious illustration. But there is surely a distinction to be made between Titian's Charles V. and Meissonier's 1814, between a facsimile of that wonderful philological monument the Oaths of Strass-

burg and A Wounded Cuirassier quitting the Field. The publishers of Mr. Sloane's work either have failed to recognize any such distinction, or have perversely neglected it. Not only have they violated every sound principle of selection, but by producing volumes in size somewhere between an unabridged dictionary and an atlas, and by using utterly irrelevant pictures, they have done all they could to deter the reader from the letterpress, and hopelessly to distract such attention as he may painfully bring to bear upon the historian's modest contribution to the work. Few maps are given; some even of those which appeared in the magazine have been suppressed, presumably because they were scarcely genteel enough. Much contemporaneous illustrative material of the greatest interest has been entirely overlooked: the caricatures of the period, for instance, which are more amusing and assuredly more instructive than pictures of Josephine choosing a new frock, and of Moreau, with his back to us, looking over a snowy precipice. A mediæval historian asks us to forgive his digressions, for these, he confidently claims, delight the reader as the tasty side-dish (*sapidum et extraneum mensæ appositum ferculum*) gladdens the heart of the hungry. But if the *hors d'œuvres* become too numerous, they threaten at once our stomach and our purse.

Mr. Sloane enjoys the great privilege and advantage of being the first to give to the English-reading public the benefit of the scientific investigation of the Napoleonic period, which has been so actively prosecuted during the past twenty or thirty years by European scholars. The layman had fallen sadly behind, and if he sought the best available accounts of the time was still thrown upon translations of the treatises by Thiers and Lanfrey, — works of great scholarship, indeed, but marred by partisan spirit. What Fournier has done for German readers Professor Sloane has aimed to do for us; he has put it in our power to overtake, for the moment, the scholar. This is a great service; it is the primary merit of the work, and one to which we must not permit ourselves to be blinded by any fault of detail. The task is a very difficult one. Of all biographies, that of Napoleon is by far the most arduous for the biographer, both because of the vast range of Napoleon's activities, which identify his life, during a decade and a half, with the history of Europe, and because of the overwhelming mass of historical material to be examined. We may add to these difficulties the perturbing effects of the violent extremes of feeling which Napoleon aroused in his contemporaries, and which have perpetuated themselves until our own day. As M. Aulard once said to us, all historians of the French Revolution fall into two classes, those who favor the Revolution and those who do not. This somewhat primitive classification applies quite as well to those who have dealt with the succeeding period, although even among the subjects of the Empire some cool heads, like Miot and Pasquier, may be discovered. The success of Mr. Sloane's work — and it has received a species of ovation rarely accorded to historical treatises since the days of Prescott and Motley — is largely attributable to the public's well grounded conviction that it has at last an impartial account of the great Emperor of the French. The first question which the average intelligent reader asks, upon taking up a history, is whether the writer is unbiased. To him fair-mindedness appears the prime essential, since he cannot, like the scholar, sip honey even from the most poisonous diatribe. In respect to its impartiality, the most captious critic could find no fault with Mr. Sloane's attitude. He neither exhibits the complacent confidence of Thiers that everything worked together for the glory of France, nor joins Lanfrey in his zealous search for new

traits of gratuitous fiendishness. There is, on the other hand, none of the namby-pamby of O'Connor Morris, who solemnly concedes that, with all his virtues, Napoleon "was not a pious or a scrupulous man."

Satisfied on the question of impartiality, the reader next asks, Does the work contain anything new? Newness, however, is relative. What is new to the public at large may, of course, be commonplace to the student. At certain stages in historical research, rare geniuses like Ranke and Macaulay have been able to treat great periods in a way to gratify both the scholar and the public, but such instances are exceptional, for the scholar demands a highly concentrated and explicitly substantiated account, which is too often unintelligible or distasteful to the general reader. Such happy appeals at once to the learned and to the simply intelligent and cultivated must become more and more infrequent, since the activity of research and what M. Brunetière has aptly called the *furor de l'inédit* almost preclude the possibility of pursuing time-consuming archival study, and at the same time mastering and presenting for the benefit of the public the vast range of already accessible material. In no instance would it be more difficult to perform this double task than in dealing with Napoleon. Even if we exclude second-hand accounts, which almost without exception are quite worthless, a small library could be made up of the published primary sources relating to Napoleon and his times. An Italian savant has begun a critical bibliography for this period, of which five little volumes have been published, reaching the letters "Bern." Napoleon's correspondence alone, including supplementary collections, fills forty or fifty stout volumes, while scores of those who fought his battles, conducted his affairs, or frequented his court have left each his record, filling its foot or so of shelf-room. We no longer hang upon the words of Bourrienne or Madame Junot, but Miot de Melito, Marmont, Madame de Rémusat, and Baron de Marbot may not be neglected. The literature of Germany is as abundant and almost as important as that of France itself; for it was in Germany that the Napoleonic régime left its most lasting effects, and there the first definite reverses were encountered. Much that offers itself as material is mere gossip, or is so diluted as to be quite properly ignored, and thus the really essential sources for a scientific account of Napoleon's career need not exceed, perhaps, three or four hundred volumes. But estimate the available material as we may, it is overwhelmingly great, so pray let us not demand or expect anything from the archives in a biography prepared for a popular magazine. Let us be thankful to have an unbiased account, based upon or controlled by Napoleon's own letters, Sandoz-Rollins' reports, Czartorsky's reminiscences, and the publications of Bailleu and Vivenot from the Prussian and Austrian archives. Let the story be but impartially and honestly retold from the material to be had in the libraries of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, and the public may be assured that the archives hide little which can substantially modify the tale.

In one portion of his field, however, Professor Sloane claims to have gone farther than this, and in dealing with the early youth of Napoleon to have added something to even the scholar's knowledge. Misled by special study of an essentially obscure, and in its details relatively unimportant phase of the subject, he has devoted two thirds of his first volume, no less than one sixth of the entire work, to his "lanky" hero's adventures before the 13th Vendémiaire. The result is an ill-starred attempt to combine a contribution based upon original investigation with the requirements of a popular history. The student had already at his disposal at least two special works upon the early life of Bona-

parte, — Jung's, in three volumes, with many interesting documents, and Böhtlingk's Napoleon Bonaparte. Of the former Mr. Sloane has very properly made use, and he might much better have prepared a brief technical paper embodying any additions to or rectifications of the investigations of his predecessors, and thus spared the reader a most wearisome excursus. Should we ever learn the details of the origin and history of Shakespeare's strained relations with Sir Thomas Lucy, it would still be inexpedient, in our biographies of the poet, to allow such knowledge to interfere in any way with the fullest and clearest account of his later literary achievements and surroundings. Accounts of Lieutenant Bonaparte's Essay on Love or of the vicissitudes of his mother's mulberry plantation may perhaps gratify the reader's curiosity, but such things might well have given way to a full statement, for example, of the condition of France when Napoleon became its ruler, or of the New Germany of 1803. It is these general considerations which furnish the real key to Bonaparte's success, rather than trivial if more immediately personal incidents. Mr. Sloane is evidently half conscious of this, and makes repeated attempts to show the reader how the Corsican episodes discover the genius of later years.

While discreetly rejecting some of M. Jung's fantastic theories, Mr. Sloane seems in one place to have been led into error or obscurity by his predecessor. In speaking of the reasons for the elder Bonaparte's visit to Versailles in 1779, he says: "Necker was trying his promising schemes. There was among them one for a body consisting of delegates from each of the three estates, — nobles, ecclesiastics, and burgesses, — to assist in deciding that troublesome question, the regulation of the imposts. The Swiss financier hoped to destroy in this way the sullen, defiant influence of the royal intendants. In Corsica, the governor and the intendant both thought themselves too shrewd to be trapped, securing the appointment from each of the Corsican estates of men who were believed by them to be their humble servants. The needy suitor, Charles de Bonaparte, was to be the delegate at Versailles of the nobility." Elected in the summer of 1778, the deputies arrived at Versailles in January, 1779. Their presence there is attested by documents which M. Jung has printed from the archives, providing that the three *députés de Corse*, one from each estate, shall be indemnified for their expenses. Both M. Jung and Mr. Sloane assert that these gentlemen were appointed and summoned to Versailles in consequence of Necker's reforms. Neither writer appears to realize that he has either made a startling historical discovery, or fallen into an error which any one familiar with the history of the eighteenth century should have avoided. What were these mysterious deputies doing at the French court? Necker, according to his daughter, never even dreamed of reviving the Estates General. In a memorial to the king in 1778, it is true, he advocated a system of provincial assemblies which were designed partially to replace the intendants; but the first of these assemblies was tentatively established in Berri, by a decree of July 12, 1778, a month after the date assigned by Jung for the election of Charles Bonaparte as a deputy of Corsica. The matter is easily explained, however, for Corsica was one of the provinces of France which enjoyed the privilege of sending deputies to the court, and the elder Bonaparte and his companions had doubtless been chosen to present the *cahier* of the Corsican assembly to the king.

Of the young Bonaparte's early career Mr. Sloane says most truly: "The story of his reception and adventures in Corsica has no fascination; it is neither heroic nor satanic, but belongs to the dull and mediocre realism which makes up so much of commonplace life. It is diffi-

cult to find even a thread of continuity in it: there may be one as to purpose; there is none as to either conduct or theory." Reviewing the hero's life up to his definite departure from Corsica at the age of twenty-three, our author sympathetically adds: "It is impossible to conceive of a lot more pitiful or a fate more obdurate than his so far had been. There was little hereditary morality in his nature, and none had been inculcated by training; he had nothing of what is called vital piety, nor even sincere superstition. A butt and an outcast at a French school under the old régime, he had imbibed a bitter hatred for the land indelibly associated with such haughty privileges for the rich, and such contemptuous disdain for the poor. He had not even the consolation of having received an education. His nature revolted at the religious formalism of priestcraft; his mind turned in disgust from the scholastic husks of its superficial knowledge. What he had learned came from inborn capacity, from desultory reading, and from the untutored imaginings of his garden at Brienne, his cave at Ajaccio, or his barrack chambers. What more plausible than that he should first turn to the land of his birth, with some hope of happiness, usefulness, or even glory! What more mortifying than the revelation that in manhood he was too French for Corsica, as in boyhood he had been too Corsican for France! . . . But the most prominent characteristic of the young man was his shiftiness, in both the good and the bad senses of the word. He would perish with mortification rather than fail in devising some expedient to meet every emergency; he felt no hesitation in changing his point of view as experience destroyed an ideal, or an unforeseen chance was to be seized and improved. Moreover, repeated failure did not dishearten him."

As has already been remarked, the task of depicting Napoleon's career is one of peculiar difficulty, since it is impossible to disassociate his personal history from the eventful history of his times. The French Revolution, which rendered his achievements possible, must necessarily be dwelt upon at some length; the conditions, not only in France, but in Europe at large, must be explained, if the reader is to understand even the elements of Napoleon's imperial policy. Thus, the biographer, do what he may to narrow his field, must write or reproduce the history of Europe during a fateful and complicated period of transition from the old order to the new; for the Europe of 1815 was not the Europe of 1792, in spite of the efforts of the Congress of Vienna artificially to restore some of the old appearances. A writer undertaking a life of Napoleon may, of course, presuppose a knowledge of the history of the period. But he might as well presuppose at the same time a knowledge of Napoleon himself, and lay down his pen. If the reader is familiar with the treaty of Campo Formio, the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Continental Blockade, he must be already acquainted with the Emperor of the French. The failure adequately to describe the stage upon which Napoleon and his fellow actors played constitutes the most conspicuous weakness of the work before us. In the first place, the Revolution, which was the primary and essential explanation of Napoleon's success, is treated with neither discrimination nor accuracy. The events described are ill chosen, and indicate no thorough grasp of the most significant phenomena of the period. The Reign of Terror is portrayed in the good old lurid fashion, and Sorel, Aulard, and Stephens would seem to have written in vain. We find the extraordinary assertion that "a single circumstance" — namely, the military organization of Carnot — "changed the French Revolution from a sectarian dogma into a national movement." Was the abolition of the feudal system a sectarian dogma? Was not the great national victory of civil liberty (which is

the most correct definition of the French Revolution) assured, long before Carnot became a member of the Committee of Public Safety? Marie Antoinette and the Count of Artois may have believed a restoration of the *ancien régime* to be possible, but even the most devoted royalists agreed, before Louis' deposition, that the old system was gone, never to return. Besides the larger misconceptions, there are a number of minor blunders and misstatements which are difficult to extenuate. For example, Mr. Sloane says that after the fall of the Bastille the king "came to *reside* among his people in Paris." Louis' stay in the capital did not extend beyond two or three hours. Napoleon is spoken of as receiving a certificate in the fall of 1790 to prove that he was "devoted to the *new republican order*." This was several months before a republic was dreamed of, except by a half dozen enthusiasts like Desmoulins. "A rude and vigorous but eerie order of things had been inaugurated on November 24, 1793, by the so-called republic." To what does this refer? Other inaccuracies of statement might be noted which cannot be justified simply by the necessity of conciseness.

On turning from Mr. Sloane's description of affairs in France to his treatment of the conditions in the various states included in Napoleon's sphere of action, the inadequacy of his work becomes still more apparent. He assumes that the reader is familiar with complexities of German territorial relations which must be carefully explained even in books destined for Germans themselves. The reader will certainly fail to realize Napoleon's place in history if he is not given to understand that the territorial reconstruction of Germany in 1803 was one of the most significant events in the history of Europe for several centuries. This general want of clearness in presenting the great world-interests of the Napoleonic régime is intensified by inaccuracies similar to those already noted in the case of France. Almost everything in the meagre account of the important treaty of Lunéville is sadly topsy-turvy. "The Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his land, and, like him of Modena, received no other compensation except a grant from the Breisgau in Germany; the Rhine from source to mouth was to be the French boundary." But there was, in reality, no hint of giving the dispossessed sovereign of Tuscany any portion of Breisgau. As for making the Rhine the boundary of France from its source to its mouth, it is hardly necessary to say that Napoleon never contemplated that, even at the height of his power. Article VI. of the treaty says explicitly that the Rhine shall hereafter form the boundary between the French Republic and the German Empire "from that point where the Rhine leaves Swiss territory to the point where it reaches Batavian territory." The Frick valley, in northern Switzerland, Mr. Sloane speaks of as about to be handed over to Austria, but the house of Hapsburg had been the happy possessor of the district for at least five centuries. The purpose really was, according to the treaty, to make this territory a part of Switzerland, to which it belongs geographically.

If, then, we look at Napoleon's career as dominated and explained by two great groups of circumstances, — by the conditions in France and Europe on the one hand, and by his own psychological make-up on the other, — it will be generally admitted that Mr. Sloane has been but moderately successful in elucidating the environment of the man. He tells us little which serves to explain how such insanely ambitious schemes as those of Napoleon came to be gratified, nor has he enabled us to measure the greatness of Napoleon's work even in France, not to mention the lasting effects of his influence upon Germany and Italy. But if the attempt to describe European conditions by innuendo has failed, Mr. Sloane

is more fortunate in his analysis of Napoleon's character and aims, and of his "supernal greatness."

He rightly attributes to Napoleon an idealism which was one of the chief secrets of his success; at bottom, perhaps, a selfish, personal ambition, but of such magnificent scope, so free from the trammels of immediate possibilities, that it may well be called idealism. "Never was a man more practical in his own eyes, or, from his own point of view, more concrete and direct in his motives or conduct. Seizing every opportunity as it arose, he was the type of what is to-day called in France an opportunist. But for all that, not the least element of his supernal greatness was an ever present idealism." Napoleon himself realized his double nature, and the presence of qualities perhaps never before combined in so high a degree in the same man. He once explained to Madame de Rémusat that he had, even as a very young man, the capacity of reveling in seemingly quite hopeless dreams of future greatness, and then, turning abruptly from the idealist into the man of expedients and hard sense, he could dwell upon immediate possibilities, and grasp all the details with an instinct for the merely practical most rarely associated with the tendency to build air-castles. Admit a supreme development in the same individual of these two contradictory and almost mutually exclusive qualities, take from him all hampering respect for morality and all regard for the bonds of affection, why should he not succeed?

Mr. Sloane refuses to fix the origin of Napoleon's ambitious plans so early as some have done. "Many historians proclaim," he says, "the existence of a great life-scheme, declaring that with satanic power the boy had prearranged every detail of his manhood. Of this there is not the slightest proof." Our author, in placing the conscious formulation of Napoleon's projects in the year 1803, when he was thirty-four years old, appears to have overlooked the remarkable passage in the memoirs of Miot de Melito, reporting a conversation in June, 1797, with the conqueror of northern Italy.

"I found Bonaparte," Miot writes, "at the magnificent residence of Montebello [near Milan], on the 13th of Prairial, in the midst of a brilliant court, rather than the headquarters of an army. Severe etiquette was already maintained in his presence. His aides-de-camp and officers were no longer received at his table, and he exercised great care in the choice of those whom he did admit, it being considered a rare honor, obtained only with difficulty. He dined, so to speak, in public, and during the meal the inhabitants of the country were admitted to the dining-room and allowed to feast their eyes upon him. He showed himself, however, in no way embarrassed or confused by these exhibitions of esteem, and received them as if he had always been accustomed to such tributes. . . . Bonaparte took us for a walk in the extensive gardens of his beautiful residence. The promenade lasted towards two hours, during which the general talked almost continuously. . . . 'What I have done so far is nothing,' he said to us. 'I am but at the opening of the career I am to run. Do you suppose that I have gained my victories in Italy in order to advance the lawyers of the Directory, the Carnots and Baras? Do you think, either, that my object is to establish a republic? What an idea! A republic of thirty millions of people with our habits and vices! How could such a thing ever exist? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass away in time, like all the others. What the French wish is glory and the gratification of their vanity; as for liberty, of that they have no conception. Look at the army! The victories which we have just gained have given the French soldier his true character. I am everything to him. Let

the Directory attempt to deprive me of my command, and they will see who is master. The nation must have a head, a head who is made illustrious by glory, and not by the theories of government, fine phrases, or the talk of idealists, of which the French understand not a whit. Let them have their playthings, and they will be content. They will amuse themselves and allow themselves to be led, if the goal is but cleverly disguised.'" Miot, it may be said, is one of the most discreet and reliable of those who have given us their impressions of the period, and we have no reason to doubt that the swellingly audacious young general of twenty-seven said something very like the report just given.

Mr. Sloane concedes that Napoleon's motives, during the early months of the Consulate, may "properly be stigmatized as those of personal ambition; but they were much more. Half educated and half barbarous as he was in his disdain of human limitations, there was in his heart a clear conception that good can come only of good, and therefore he had a definite purpose to do the most possible in order to illuminate his own rise by the regeneration of society." Yet this was mere calculation, for Mr. Sloane confesses that "even the notion of duty, not to speak of its practice, was foreign to him; generosity, honesty, and sincerity were utopian conceptions of which his world and his experience had never known. The attractive visions and ideals of virtue which mingled with the speculations of Rousseau or Voltaire had become, like the mirage of the desert, empty illusions that heighten the barrenness of self-interest and ambition beneath them. Human greed, passion, vanity, — such, Bonaparte declared, are the motive forces by which kings rule; the justice of governors was for him the safeguarding of comfort, of material prosperity, and of the superstitions which, under the name of religion, create a moral power necessary to the public order." Voilà tout. Mr. Sloane would have us note an occasional gleam of generosity, such as the regard shown for the venerable Wurmser at the surrender of Mantua, or Napoleon's announcement, "in words full of pathos," to General Clarke of the death of his nephew. "But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men were not those which he revealed to the world."

That Napoleon regarded the Peace of Amiens simply as a short armistice, and asserted, as early as 1802, that he was doomed to fight almost without intermission throughout his term of office, Professor Sloane doubts; urging that "the notices of the time which have come down to us from those not in the thick of plot and intrigue — men like Rapp and others of his kind — create a different impression, that Bonaparte was heartily sick of war, and really desired peace. Yet it is impossible to feel sure of the First Consul's innermost desire, in view of the great army at his back, eager for war, and still posted at the most advantageous points of Europe. Where such an army exists there must be a powerful military party, and such a party must influence a great general. . . . But the charge that already in 1802 France was the destined victim of Bonaparte's ambition, and all Europe but its tool, remains unproved. He was not yet convinced that war was essential for the extension of his influence, and there is no proof until two years later that his dreams of western Europe had taken definite form."

In regard to the title "Emperor," which Napoleon chose for the new hereditary dignity, Mr. Sloane says: "The word has acquired a new significance in our age, but then it still had the old Roman meaning. It propitiated the professional pride which had taken the place of republicanism in the army, and while plainly abolishing democracy, it also bade defiance to royalism." But

can it be true that after eighteen centuries of constant usage with an altogether different connotation, the word had retained any of its original meaning of "general" or "commander"? Charlemagne was the Emperor *par excellence* of French popular tradition, and with the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and his theoretically imposing office all were of course familiar; but did any one, except the scholar, ever think of the origin of the term? Did any considerable number of the upstart army officers of the time know their Livy and Sallust well enough to have their "professional pride" tickled by this delicate allusion, on the part of their new ruler, to his military origin? Had the word lost its "old Roman meaning," a few months later, when Francis I. assumed the title "Emperor of Austria," or did he choose the term to propitiate the warlike courtiers?

The usefulness of Mr. Sloane's work is much impaired by a heaviness of style and an awkwardness of expression which sadly try the reader's patience. A sentence must often be re-read before its meaning becomes clear. The defective structure of sentences and paragraphs impedes the reader, for Mr. Sloane constantly violates that elementary rule of rhetoric which requires words to be so arranged as to produce a flow of ideas, instead of eddies and countercurrents of thought. In a serial history carelessness might perhaps be extenuated, on the ground that the publication by installments offers an exceptional temptation to eleventh-hour composition, with all its attendant evils. There is, however, no excuse for permitting these inadvertences to find their way into the final edition. We may pass over such minor infelicities as "pregnant step," "baubles necessary just so long as they were useful," the eye's "penetrating quality which veiled the mind within," "I shall not endure it," or even "*ancient* friend:" these do not hinder, although they may offend the reader. The prevailing vice is an unskillful arrangement of words and sentences; for example, the latter part of the following extract: "It is not entirely clear where Buonaparte was during this time. It is said that he was seen in Valence during the latter part of January, and the fact is adduced to show how deep and secret were his plans for preserving the double chance of an opening in either France or Corsica, as matters might turn out. The love affair to which he refers in that thesis on the topic to which reference has been made would be an equally satisfactory explanation, considering his age."

Attempts to relieve the dreary monotony by an occasional recourse to the figurative are not more successful. Speaking of Napoleon's career of ambition, Mr. Sloane says: "His career had been marked by many blunders, and he had often been brought to a stand on the verge of some abyss which threatened failure and ruin; yet, like the driver of a midnight train, he kept the headlight of caution trimmed and burning. Careless of the dangers abounding behind the walls of revolutionary darkness which hedged his track, he ever paused before those immediately confronting him, and sometimes retreated far to find a hazardless circuit. Brumaire was almost the only occasion of his larger life on which, unwary, he had come in full career upon an open chasm. Fate being propitious, he was saved. Lucien, with presence of mind, opened the throttle, and, by releasing the pent-up enthusiasm of the soldiers at the critical instant, safely drove the machine across a toppling bridge."

This want of ease and naturalness is the more felt since Mr. Sloane is but an indifferent story-teller. We may perhaps experience a slight thrill at Lodi, but we are left cold at other equally exciting junctures. Surely, even the most modern historian need not sacrifice every jot of romance upon the altar of scientific precision. He ought, indeed, to

shift the emphasis, and to point out that certain events have been invested with a fictitious glamour which must disappear as we look at the facts more carefully; but every ardent investigator will find new and neglected phases of his subject susceptible of enthusiastic treatment. It may well be that the crossing of the St. Bernard was quite as commonplace as Mr. Sloane depicts it; certainly there was little danger; many of the French troops crossed by other routes, and as Thiers long ago pointed out, Napoleon did not plan the expedition with the idea of taking the Austrians in the rear. The magnificent culmination of the campaign was an afterthought. Mr. Sloane's phlegm is justified in this instance; but if the drama must be thus robbed of a thrilling situation, the reader might have been compensated by a more vivid presentation of some of the less familiar events. Even a slight tincture of controversy might have helped. We all feel more interested in the events which Napoleon and his admirers can be shown to have grossly misrepresented; we enjoy, on the other hand, the refutation of the surly suggestions of his enemies. Controversy, however, Mr. Sloane has sedulously avoided, — deterred, doubtless, by Lanfrey's ill-humored use of polemic. Still the reader cannot but feel aggrieved when he discovers Napoleon to have been so much less interesting than he had supposed.

There should be no hesitation, nevertheless, in declaring the book, in spite of all drawbacks, a most important addition to our historical literature. It may be cumbersome in style, it may show signs of haste and carelessness, it may fail to compass the whole world-embracing field of Napoleon's influence; it can still justly claim to be the only fair-minded and scholarly biography of Napoleon in English which we possess. Its general excellence serves to throw its imperfections into relief. The work is evidently the result of such prolonged and painstaking research that, could it but receive the careful revision it merits, and be freed from the encumbrances which hinder a wide and useful circulation, Mr. Sloane's would probably long remain the great standard Life of Napoleon I.

MEN AND LETTERS.

THE NEW PATHOS.

It would be a curious study that should trace in detail the changing form of pathos in English fiction of the past fifty years. To state the case summarily, the novelist who, in his pathetic moods, used to be effusive, demonstrative, and melodramatic, jealous lest one tearful touch should escape the reader, has become restrained, epigrammatic, almost symbolic in his rendering of the sorrowful. Dickens's ostentatious making ready of the handkerchief set our fathers all sniveling, as they now indignantly assure us, skeptics that we are. But his pathos leaves the modern reader, if not "most unusual cam" along with Pet Marjorie, with quite other emotions than the tragic; whatever feeling of depression it produces relates more to the author himself, his taste and that of his contemporaries, than to the long-drawn sufferings of Little Nell and the others. Thackeray did his weeping more quietly. He had his moments of oh-ing and ah-ing, but his supreme strokes of pathos were the silent and controlled quivering of a strong man under a grievous blow. He could leave George Osborne lying dead

on his face, with a bullet through his heart, on the field of Waterloo, without so much as an exclamation point to remind the reader that here was the place for moist eyes. Colonel Newcome's Adsum gets only one sentence of comment. This is one of the qualities in which Thackeray anticipated the taste of a coming generation; certainly, in this particular of conveying poignantly the smart and despair of life he still beats Dickens off the earth in a way to satisfy Mrs. Carlyle.

There evidently was a powerful literary tradition leading writers of a half-century ago to think that grief must be made luxuriously expansive. Charlotte Brontë is a good example of the spell which this tradition laid upon a novelist of even her strength and poise. She was far from being a deliquescent and hysterical female; yet read such sentences as the following from Villette, really intended to make people weep: —

"Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and blood do we trace the record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our own experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence. Tired wayfarer, gird up thy loins; look upward, march onward. Pilgrims and brother mourners," etc.

Is this Charlotte Brontë or Marie Corelli?

It surely has rained since then, as the Spaniards say. Something has happened to make the pathos of Dickens seem absurd, though our tears still flow for those who know the way to their fountain. Ian Maclaren is a very specialist in pathos; he is all a-drip with it. Often you wish he were not quite so insistent upon it; that the hortatory instinct of his calling, or something else, did not lead him to "improve" his pathetic situations so faithfully. Yet through it all he is, by comparison, swift, condensed, reserved. But it is, of course, to Barrie that one must turn for a master in this kind. He marks the extreme yet attained in the passing from the exuberant and iterative woe of Dickens. "Let it be told in the fewest words," he himself writes when coming to the heart-break at the end of Margaret Ogilvy. It is pathos reduced to its lowest terms in point of language; made intense only by the event, by a look or gesture, changing cheek or trembling lip. The old luxury of grief, the cries, the beating of the breast, are gone. The sky does not turn black, — we have got beyond that "pathetic fallacy." The writer neither lectures nor nudges you; he puts the uncolored fact before you, lets the rest be silence, and turns away that he may not seem to be curiously looking for your tears — if you have any.

Does all this argue that manners have really changed, as well as literary taste? Do we take our sorrows more stoically than our grandfathers did? That depends upon who we are and who our grandfathers were. The unconventional classes in society are now what they have always been. Having emotions of any kind, why should they conceal them? Children of nature, their grief is as immoderate as their laughter. Sorrow which did not shriek, lie on its back and kick, with a plucking of hair in its hand as certificate of sincerity, would be looked on with suspicion by them. It is, in part at least, a social convention which leads to the heart putting its own bitterness under lock and key. It is not good form to display powerful emotion of any kind. Now, fifty years have undoubtedly extended outwards and downwards the sway of social conventions. So it would be true that many more people nowadays feel the weary weight of the unintelligible world upon them without crying out so unguardedly; and in this sense it may be said that manners have really undergone a transformation.

Thus there would be reason for as-

serting that the new pathos in fiction is more realistic than the old; it sees and sets forth the fact more accurately. But it may well be that there is a larger truth to be considered; that novelists have, perhaps, not simply become more closely observant, have not merely disciplined their style and cut away the verbiage, but have been gradually emancipating themselves from a literary tradition imposed upon English literature from without. Classic grief was wonderfully expansive. Homer's heroes groaned and raved and wept as freely as a modern football captain or prize-fighter in defeat. The Greek chorus appealed for tears in the frankest manner. So of the great historic literatures of the south of Europe; their pathos was as unrestrained and expressive as the emotional life of the men and women from whom they drew their ideas of it. That is the point: Greek and Latin pathos, Italian and Spanish and French pathos, was wordy, passionate, uncontrolled. But it was realistic. It came from the life. It flung off all measure and restraint, because those meridional peoples were fluent and demonstrative, and without a thought of concealment in their sorrows. May not this idea of pathos have passed into English as a part of the great literary tradition taken over? May it not be that its incongruity with our cold, secretive northern strain has only of late been more clearly perceived? Whatever be said to this, the process of change in our treatment of the pathetic seems easy to establish. The old manner of first-rate writers is now seen only in writers of the second or third class. The masters no longer think that if they wish to see their readers weep, they must do a good deal of conspicuous blubbering themselves. The new pathos is that of the sigh, the averted gaze, the tender touch; not the loud asseveration of anguish too great to be borne.

Rollo Ogden.

PLAYS AND NOVELS.

One marked characteristic of the present drama, here in America at least, is that so many plays are founded upon novels. Twenty years ago playwrights were all for adaptations from the French or German. That sort of thing is now uncommon; the present fashion is to dramatize novels.

Seeing plays and reading about them, talking them over and being with persons who are interested in such things, one may easily be led to think the new fashion an advance on the old. True, a dramatic hack will perhaps make a mediocre play from a good novel, just as, twenty years ago, he could "adapt" a fair play from something in French or German. If the novel be popular, people may go to see the play whether it be good or bad, just because they like to see characters they have read about. But most things have their drawbacks; there are some points in the present vogue that seem rather good.

Professor W. L. Phelps remarks in a recent article that "this copying of the Elizabethan method of translating novels into plays is almost ideally bad." The closer and more intimate "relation between these two forms of art" will be, he thinks, "very unfortunate for both." Mr. Phelps does not profess to discuss the question at length; he touches it only so far as it concerns his more general subject. Looking into the matter more closely, one sees some aspects of the case that he did not consider.

One point that is not ideally bad is the use in the drama of material already familiar to the audience. A man who is making a play out of a popular novel has a really fine opportunity, — an opportunity which has been seized by almost all the great dramatists of the world. It is not copying the Elizabethan method, merely (and I should call it very unconscious copying in any case); it is copying the Greek tragedians as well, it is

copying Goethe and Racine, it is copying almost every great dramatist before the year 1800. In comedy, originality of plot would seem of advantage: such at least was probably the opinion of Aristotle, and such was certainly the usage of Aristophanes and Molière, of Goldsmith and Sheridan. But in tragedy, or in many powerful plays which, though we hesitate to call them tragic, are yet not comedies, there is something in having, as the great dramatists always have had, material well known to the audience. It may well be that the modern spur to originality, or rather to novelty, has been really a drawback to the English drama; at any rate, Shelley in The Cenci, Coleridge in Revenge, Browning in A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Tennyson in The Cup, did not have the advantage of familiar material.

It is true that Ibsen, Sudermann, Echegaray, Pinero, among contemporary dramatists, follow the habit of our time, and so did Victor Hugo and Dumas fils. "During this century," says Mr. Phelps, "unless the contrary was distinctly stated, the playwright was supposed to have created plot as well as dialogue: hence, originality, particularly desirable in the depressed condition of our stage, has been at a premium." Certainly, the present habit in literature does demand, as a rule, originality of motive. This may well come from the preëminence of the novel. In poetry we do not always demand it. Browning generally conceived his plots, but Tennyson, in the Idylls, chose a familiar legend-cycle. Rossetti was original in theme, but William Morris usually chose old subjects. In the closet-drama of our century, novelty of plot has not been a *sine qua non*. In this respect, Atalanta in Calydon has only followed Prometheus Unbound and Samson Agonistes.

Mr. Phelps remarks that Shakespeare's motive in making plays out of novels "was simple and blameless: he selected this material, not because it was popular, but because it was convenient." But without blaming Shakespeare (just noting that he was not above working over old plays according to the theatrical demand of the moment), it may easily be held that one great reason why such material was convenient was just because it was popular. Familiar material has advantages for author, audience, and critic. It relieves the dramatist from the temptation to push "originality" to extremes, — a temptation which not long ago led our playwrights to all kinds of extravagance in "realistic" situation. It relieves the audience of the mere curiosity to see how the play will turn out, and enables it to appreciate, or even to perceive, interesting matters which might otherwise pass unnoticed. It gives the critic certain bases for comparison, and for consideration of true dramatic effect.

It is true that a number of the recent dramatizations have been worth very little. The Seats of the Mighty (a singularly undramatic story as a whole) was a failure, and Trilby, doubtless, was carried by no especial excellence of its own. But not all recent dramatizations are of popular novels. Two good plays of this season were Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Romola; both novels are well known, but hardly popular. Last season there were Carmen and Cavalleria Rusticana. Recently written, though not yet on the stage, are Henry Esmond and The Master of Ballantrae. This is not hurrying to make money out of the popular whim: it is doing the same thing that Mr. Comyns Carr did in King Arthur, or Mr. Gilbert when he wrote Gretchen; it is taking advantage of an opportunity that has always been open to the dramatist.

There are certainly some directions in which the present custom is really an advantage to those who like to appreciate a play in its strictly dramatic power. There have been, of late, some curiously excellent opportunities for speculation as to what we mean by the expression "strictly dramatic." Mr. Hamilton's

play of Carmen at once challenges comparison with the opera and the story. Such a triple presentation is not very common; it occurred a little while ago in the case of Cavalleria Rusticana, when Signora Duse, for the moment, put in the shade the work of Mascagni and of Verga. Generally, however, we have to content ourselves with comparing an opera and a play, or a play and a novel. This play was immensely interesting; it seems inferior to the opera, because in the opera no Carmen has been able to avoid giving us drama as well as music. And in the opera we are apt not to discriminate between musical effects and dramatic effects, as in the final moments of The Huguenots and of Cavalleria Rusticana, which are not musical at all. Musical effect aside, the play of Carmen is beyond comparison better. In the first and second acts one is haunted by a longing for the music; in the third and fourth one shakes the feeling off, and sees that the dramatic power alone is sufficiently absorbing.

Of course a man who makes a play from a story need not be a mere adapter. He need not follow his story slavishly; in some cases it is better not to do so. Mr. Shipman brings The Master of Ballantrae to an end with the duel between the brothers; and rightly, because there ends the really dramatic part of the story. Mr. Stoddard, on the other hand, clinging closely to the text of Tess of the D'Urbervilles, ends with a scene at Stonehenge which is a horrible drop from the scene before.

Rather the best acting seen in New York last winter was that of Mrs. Fiske in this very Tess, and yet I suppose three persons out of four, in talking of the play afterward, said, "But not my idea of Tess." Nor was it Mr. Hardy's, for Mrs. Fiske gave an intellectualized Tess that the novelist had not in mind, nor, in all probability, the dramatist. In other words, just as Mr. Stoddard, taking well known material, fashioned a play, so Mrs. Fiske, taking the play, fashioned a character. She made, perhaps, the only character she could have made; one cannot easily imagine her the Tess of the novelist. So the question as to the actor's right to change the conception comes down, in this case, to the dilemma that Mrs. Fiske must either make a new Tess, or have nothing to do with the character. This question of the right of the interpreter is carried a step farther by Mr. Daly's version of The Tempest, of which one of the papers remarked, "If we have not The Tempest of Shakespeare, we have at least a superb representation built upon it." Mr. Daly is not an actor; but such a manager is in a sense more than an actor, for he conceives a whole play as an actor conceives a single part.

The casuistries thus arising are many, but of course they are matters to be discussed by two or three friends before the fire or in a club corner. In print they become dull. It is worth noting, however, that these questions as to the dramatic character, as to the rights and responsibilities of the playwright, the actor, the manager, are aroused by the present fashion of making plays from novels. They show that there is some life in the dramatic world, and after all that is what we want. Just now we have not in America an Ibsen, nor even a Pinero. Still, it is something to be alive. People who are alive are often ridiculous, often vulgar, often ignorant. It is bad to be ignorant, ridiculous, vulgar, but the evil is sometimes outgrown. The important thing is that here we have a popular tendency. A popular tendency is a thing to reckon with: we cannot merely decry it out of hand; we must ask ourselves whether it stifles artistic work or offers it opportunity. In the present case, in spite of inartistic accompaniment, there is certainly an opportunity for any one who can understand it.

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